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*Godey's magazine*



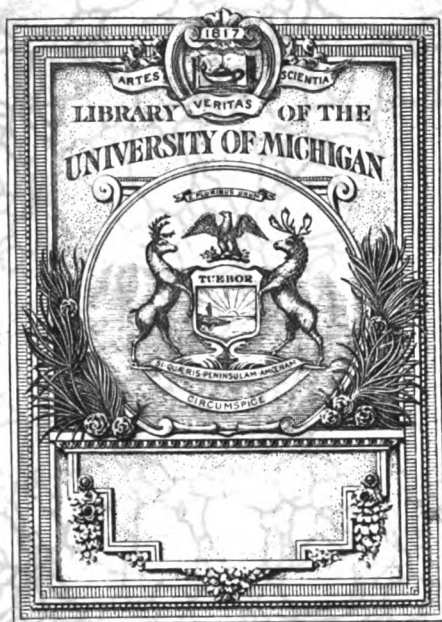
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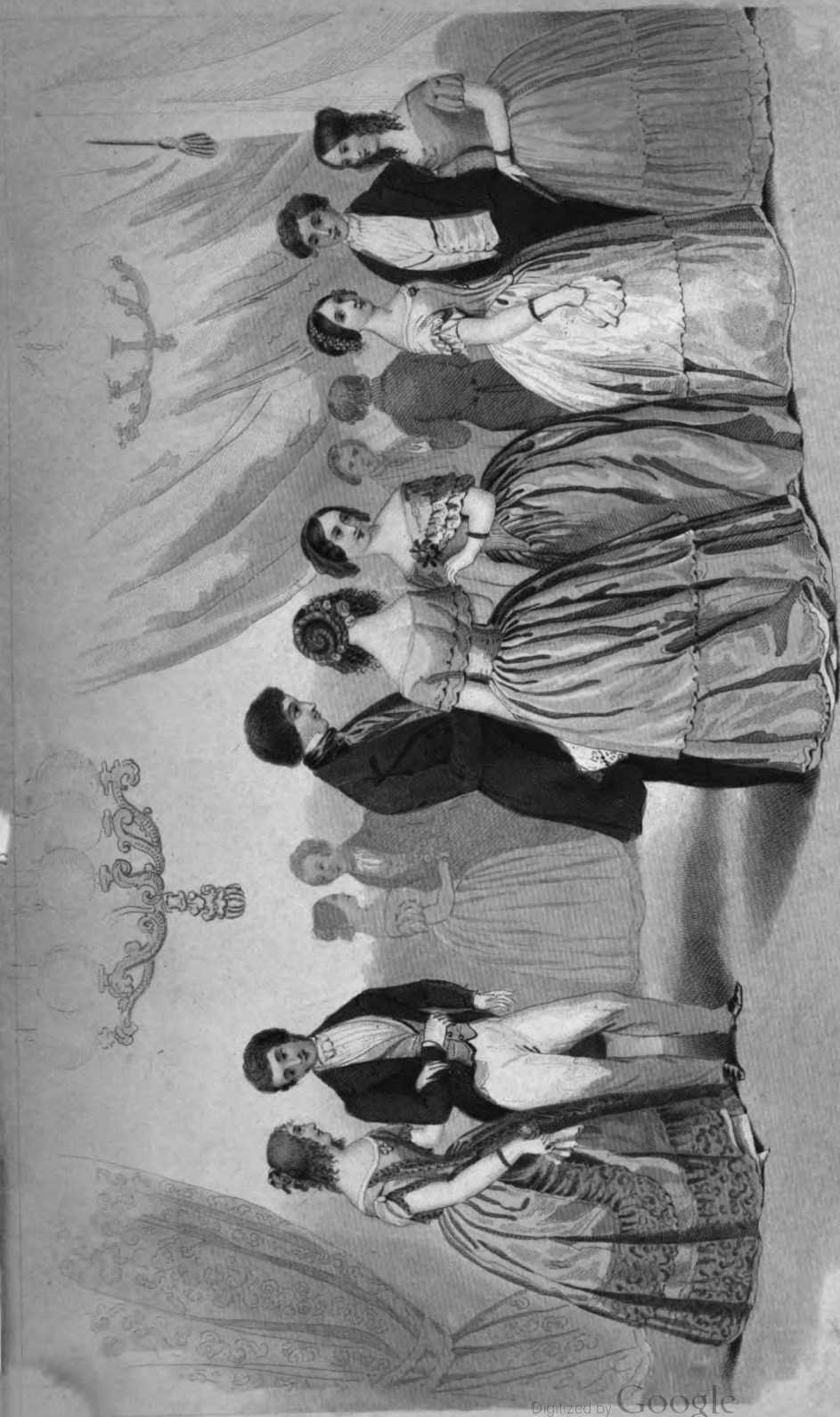












GODEY'S "AMERICANISED" PARIS FASHIONS.

T. Humphrys & Co.

G O D E Y ' S  
M A G A Z I N E  
AND  
L A D Y ' S B O O K .

EDITED BY  
MRS. SARAH J. HALE  
AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

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VOL. XXXIV.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE,  
1847.

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Health and Beauty.  
A Portion of the Alphabet in Crotchet.







Designed by AL. P. K.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

Painted by W. H. W. W.

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1847.

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### PIERRE, THE ORGAN BOY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(See Plate—"Sickness and Health.")

"Go 'way—go 'way from here!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, throwing open the window shutters and addressing in angry tones an organ boy who had stationed himself in front of the house, and was filling the air with the not very melodious tones of his poor instrument. "Clear out from here, or I'll have you taken up for a vagrant and sent to the workhouse," he added, as the startled lad ceased playing and hastily lifted his organ to be gone.

"Idle, loafing vagabonds!" muttered Mr. Thornton, as he drew in his head and partly closed the shutters he had thrown open so suddenly. "If I had my way I'd send every rascal of them to the workhouse. What right have they to disturb peaceful citizens with their horrible din? I'd as lief hear an old tin pan and a poker as one of these squealing organs."

Thus grumbled Mr. Thornton as he resented himself and took up the newspaper he had thrown down in a passion. Two or three circumstances combined to put Mr. T. in an unamiable humor. In the first place, his family had been absent in the country for some weeks with his oldest child, who was an invalid, and he was left at home to keep bachelor's hall. He could only manage to visit them about twice a week. On his last visit, Caroline was not so well as usual. She was too feeble to sit up. To his earnest inquiries, the physician replied evasively. On this day, the third since he had seen or heard from his family, he had intended going out to visit them, but letters by the morning's mail notified him of the return of two dishonored bills, for which it was necessary that he should make provision in order to save his own credit, as they had been discounted. Besides, an old and good customer from the west was in town, and it would be necessary

for him to be at the store when he called. These causes combined would probably keep him from seeing his family for at least a couple of days longer, and made his humor a very unamiable one, as may be supposed from the expression of it when the organ boy's music broke suddenly upon his ear.

Mr. Thornton, notwithstanding the very unfavorable light in which he is presented on his first introduction to the reader, was not a passionate, ill-natured man; but he was governed by impulse, and easily affected by external circumstances. He was much attached to his family, and particularly to Caroline, whose ill health and the uncertainty of her recovery from the disease under which she labored, touched all his feelings for her with unusual tenderness. All the while that he was absent from her he felt uneasy, and was inclined to fretfulness. The particular reason of his tirade against the organ boy was the following editorial "expression" which he had just read in one of the morning newspapers, the conductor of which happened to have a very exquisite taste for music.

"HORRIBLE NUISANCE—*Music Grinding*.—We beg leave most earnestly to call the attention of the city authorities to the horrible nuisance of music-grinding, which prevails in our city to a most outrageous extent. Scarcely an hour in the day passes that you are not disturbed by a crowd upon your pavement, and, worse accompaniment, the ear-piercing din of a bad hand-organ, turned by some loafing vagabond who is too lazy to earn his living in some honest, useful employment. Sometimes a grinning, chattering monkey, or a dozen white mice are thrown in to season the entertainment; and sometimes—to give the nuisance a climax—there is a squalling wife thumping upon her clattering tamborine, while her children are neglected at home

"There is no question that this thing is a great evil. It encourages vagabondism and disturbs peaceful citizens. If there was any way of getting rid of the wretches when they have once stationed themselves on your pavement, it would be some abatement of the evil; but there is none. Your quota of music you have to take, pay or not pay. If you tie up your purse-strings, they will play a quarter of an hour under your window in the vain attempt to loosen them; if you fling them a shilling in hopes they will take it and begone, they will play a quarter of an hour in return for your bounty. There is but one fellow that we can get rid of without taking our allowance of music so bad as to put our teeth on edge. He came along one day and planted himself right opposite to where we had seated ourselves by the window, and struck up such awful music that our hands went to our ears instinctively. In hopes that he would go off after getting what he was grinding for, we threw him a sixpence and motioned for him to be gone. With the coolest impudence in the world he looked up at us, grinding with one hand while he pocketed his money with the other. 'Go—go 'long,' said we, impatiently. 'I never goes on for less than a shillin',' he replied, turning still more vigorously and eyeing us with a half-comic, half-resolute expression. We threw the other sixpence instantler, and the air became at once silent. About every fortnight this fellow takes his stand opposite our window, and gets his shilling to pass on! But it's too serious a matter for a joke. In the hope of getting his honor, the mayor, to take the thing in hand and suppress it, we called upon him one day and related this incident. He appeared to take the matter into serious consideration, although the twinkle of his eye did not make us think him very deeply in earnest. Thus far we have heard of no arrests of these vagrants. We now publicly call upon him to do something to abate the nuisance. It is his duty, and we demand of him, in the name of hundreds of his aggrieved fellow-citizens, protection from this growing evil."

Mr. Thornton felt the force of this article when he read it; he saw with the editor's eyes, and his own mind came to the same conclusions. Street musicians were all a set of idle vagabonds, and should not be allowed to annoy people in the way they did. Unfortunately for the poor organ boy, who was a stranger in a strange land, with no means in his power of earning bread for himself and a sick sister but his organ, he had happened to play before Mr. Thornton's door just at the inauspicious moment when the latter had finished the editor's tirade against "music-grinding," as he was pleased to call it.

Pierre Merlin started in alarm at the angry exclamations of Mr. Thornton. Although he could not understand the words that were uttered, he comprehended, from the tones of his voice and the expression of his face, that a threat of consequences was in what he said. Hurriedly he

moved off, and did not again venture to play on his organ until he was several squares distant from the house of Mr. T. Pierre was of a gentle, timid disposition, but love for his sick sister made him firm and brave in meeting his lot in life and striving to overcome its evils. The children were orphans in their old home in sunny France, and had been tempted to visit America from having heard through those who had friends there, much that made the land desirable. There were none to dissuade them from their purpose, for none felt much interest in them. To America they came. Not until they were a few days in Philadelphia, without friends, without the means of support, and with only a few francs in their pockets, did they understand the great error they had committed. Marie was younger than Pierre by two years, and he was but sixteen. She had thought but little herself about the change of home. She had confidence in Pierre, and was ready to go wherever he thought it best for them to go. Under this feeling and with this confidence she had accompanied him to the United States.

They had been in the country for only a few weeks when Marie began to droop. She was pining for the vine-clad hills and bright streams of her own land. The bloom left her cheek that had lost its roundness; her eye was sad and full of tears just ready to gush forth. They had been taken in by a countryman of their own, who happened to find them at the hotel where they went on first landing, and where they stayed until all their money was gone. This person thought that Marie would make an excellent domestic for his wife, and that Pierre would serve him as an apprentice in his business of cordonnier. To Marie's low spirits and failing health was added labor beyond her strength, and Pierre's own position was by no means an easy and agreeable one. Of that he would not have complained had Marie been well and happy; but he could not bear to see her look so pale and weary, and to find her so often weeping.

"I wish we were home again, Pierre," Marie said to her brother one day, expressing for the first time the feeling that had long subdued all others, while her lip quivered and her eyes became blind with tears.

"Home in France, Marie?" said Pierre, quickly. "Then we will go home."

"But how are we to get home? We have no money."

"I will earn money," said the boy, with a brave look and a confident tone.

"But how, Pierre? How?" asked Marie, doubtfully, and yet with anxiety.

"I'm strong—I can work—I can earn money," said Pierre.

"Mr. Martin will not give you money for your work?"

"No; but I won't stay here. I will do something for money."

"What *can* you do, brother?"

This question Pierre could not answer very satisfactorily, but his confident manner inspired Marie with hope. Weeks passed, however, without any way opening before the lad's anxious eyes by which he could earn money. In the meantime Marie's condition became more and more distressing to him. She grew paler and weaker; yet no eye but his seemed to notice the change, nor did any heart but his feel for her any sympathy. She was to Mrs. Martin a good household drudge, and was treated as such. If kind words had accompanied her daily toil, they would have lightened it; but there were no kind words for her ear except those spoken by her brother.

One day a customer in the shop, a Frenchman, mentioned to Mr. Martin that a man living near him had died leaving a wife and child without the means of support. The man had only been in the country a short time, and had supported his family by going about the streets with a hand organ.

"He was doing very well," remarked the customer, "with his organ, and would soon have got a little ahead. It is a great pity for his widow. I don't know what she will do. I think her an excellent woman."

Pierre thought a good deal about the poor widow and the organ, but said nothing to any one. As soon as night came around he went to see the woman. She was in sorrow and trouble, but there was something about her that Pierre liked. He asked a great many questions about the business her husband had followed, and learned that he sometimes made as much as two dollars a day—rarely less than one. Finally he proposed to pay her three dollars a week to board himself and Marie, and one dollar rent for the organ. To this the woman gladly assented. Marie was very happy when Pierre told her what he had done, but Mr. and Mrs. Martin were angry, and said that they should not go, that they could and would compel them to stay. Poor Marie was dreadfully frightened, but Pierre told her, as soon as they were alone, not to cry, for he knew that Mr. Martin could not make them stay.

"We will go away this very evening as soon as it is dark," he said, "and if they come for us we will not go back."

"But they may force us to go back," said Marie.

"They can't; I know they can't. Robert says we are not bound by law, and that we may go away if we please—and Robert knows."

Robert was the oldest apprentice of Mr. Martin, and had answered the anxious question which Pierre had put to him, truly.

Without further debate, the children, as soon as night came and they could get away unobserved, tied up their clothes in two stout bundles, and stole away from the house of Mr. Martin. As soon as the Frenchman discovered their absence, he was very angry, and went with threats to the house of the poor widow. But she was

unmoved by them, and told him that if the children preferred her house to his they were very welcome to stay. Finding that both Pierre and his sister, as well as the poor widow, were not to be moved by anything he said, Mr. Martin went away and left them to themselves.

It was quite time that Marie was removed from the service of her hard mistress. On the second day after she had entered her new home she was taken very ill, the consequence of over-exertion and exposure to cold, and remained sick for a long time. Pierre went out with his organ, and was able to earn enough to pay the widow the four dollars a week as agreed upon, and a small sum over. But it was very fatiguing for him to carry the organ all over the city and to stand in the hot sun to play; and often after he had stood before a house and played for some time, he had to pass on without receiving even a penny. Sometimes he was driven off with threatening words, and sometimes rude boys would annoy him sadly; but he was patient and persevering. For Marie's sake he was willing to bear anything. If for a time he would grow weary and despond of ever earning enough to take them back to their old home, the thought of his sister, whose cheek grew paler and paler, would inspire him to new efforts.

On the day that Mr. Thornton so angrily drove him from before his house, he had met with two or three similar repulses, and when evening came and he returned home to Marie, he was sad and dispirited. On the next day, instead of going about the streets as heretofore, Pierre left the city and wandered some distance into the country, playing from house to house as he passed along. At almost every place where he stopped he was offered refreshments, besides having a few pennies or a coin of greater value dropped into his hand. So grateful to his spirit was the kindness he received, that he lost the sense of weariness which he usually experienced, and wandered on farther and farther from the city, meeting with a warmer welcome as the distance increased.

As early as it was possible for him to leave his business, Mr. Thornton, on this day, mounted his horse and rode at a rapid speed into the country to see his family. His anxiety for Caroline had become very great. She seemed worse when he last saw her, and his fears were much excited in consequence. An hour's ride brought him to the pleasant farm-house where his family were boarding for the summer. Giving his horse to the servant who met him at the gate, he entered the house and passed into the parlor, but found no one there. The sound of an organ struck upon his ear, but not quite so offensively as on the day before. Stepping to the window that looked out into the pleasant yard in the rear of the house, a scene met his eyes that caused a dimness to come over them. Caroline was sitting in an easy chair, with her mother by her side, a light breaking out from her young face such as he had not seen



glowing there for weeks. Two younger children were dancing just before her, and the music that gave life to the whole scene was from the organ of the lad he had driven from his door on the previous day with angry words and menace. Silently he regarded the group before him, and particularly the delicate, mild, but sad face of the minstrel boy whom he saw to be a stranger in a strange land. From his face his eyes turned to that of his sick child, and in his heart he thanked the lad, and felt that music was indeed a blessing.

For a long time Mr. Thornton stood silently gazing on the scene without, his thoughts reverting to what he had done on the previous day and to the feelings he had then entertained. At length he stepped into the yard, and at his appearance the music ceased and the children gathered round him. Caroline smiled sweetly as he took her hand and placed on her cheek a tender kiss.

"How are you, my dear?" he asked.

"I feel better now, father," she replied; "better than I have felt all day."

"What has made you feel better, dear?"

"It is the music, I believe. I have felt so much better since I heard it."

While Mr. Thornton was talking to Caroline, the lad, who was no other than Pierre, lifted his organ and walked hastily away. He had recognized Mr. T. as the man who had spoken threateningly to him on the day before, and he was now going off in alarm as fast as he could.

Seeing this, and guessing at the cause, Mr. Thornton called after Pierre; but the boy only retreated the more rapidly. He could not understand what was said to him, but believed that the man who had driven him away the day before was angry at seeing him there. Finding that he still retreated, Mr. Thornton started after him, and on overtaking him laid hold of his arm, and when the boy looked up fearfully in his face, he smiled so kindly upon him that tears came into his eyes. Then placing a dollar in his hand, he motioned him to return. The lad went back gladly.

"Now, Thomas," said Mr. Thornton to his oldest son, who was about twelve years of age,

"you must try your French upon this organ boy and see if you cannot get something of his history from him. I am sure it must be interesting."

All gathered around Pierre, while Thomas spoke to him in French. At the first word uttered in his native language, the lad's face brightened as if a gleam of sunshine had gone over it. With earnestness he related his history, which at short intervals was interpreted to the eager listeners by Thomas. When the lad spoke of Marie, his eye wandered off with a sad expression to the face of Caroline. She, too, was a pale child of Sickness, and the tremulousness of his voice told that his love was full of anxious fear.

Deeply was the heart of Mr. Thornton touched by the lad's story. "How little," he said to himself, "do we know of the hopes and fears, the cares and peculiar anxieties of those around us. How quick are we to take offence where none is meant, and to find fault where there is no real occasion. It hardly seems possible that I could have been angry with this poor boy."

Mr. Thornton kindly inquired of Pierre where he lived, and when the lad finally went away, with a heavier purse and a lighter heart than he had owned for many days, he promised that he would call and see him and do something towards aiding him in his earnest wish to return to his home in France.

Mr. Thornton was as good as his word. In a few days he went to see Pierre and his sister. In Marie he felt even more interest than in the boy. Thomas, his oldest son, was with him, and when he informed Marie that his father would send them home in a ship that was about sailing for Havre, the little girl sank down in tears beside him, and clasping his knees, invoked the blessing of Heaven upon him.

In a week Mr. Thornton had the pleasure of seeing them on ship-board—a light in Marie's eye and a flush of returning health on her cheek—and of receiving their ardently expressed thanks for his kindness. It need hardly be said that the merchant felt happier by far than on the day he drove from his door, with angry words, the poor organ boy.

## IDA.

BY MARY C. DENVER.

BEAUTIFUL Ida, to thy deep dark eye  
A thousand thoughts flow up unceasingly,  
Like sparkling fountains leaping toward the sky:

Bearing a beauty with them that might rest  
In purity upon angel's breast,  
Could they but reach those mansions of the blest.

And music, like the dropping of a tear,  
That, could it penetrate an angel's ear,  
Angels would pause and turn aside to hear.

And why not? From the heart in which they lie  
They come in throngs, to be received on high,  
And sparkle in the diadem of the sky.

## THOUGHTS ON MARRIED LIFE.

"FEEL'ST thou no joy, no quiet happiness,  
No soothing sense of satisfaction, in  
Loving, and being loved? Is there no weight  
Removed from the heart, in knowing there is one  
To share all, bear all with thee? To soothe grief,—  
Yea, to soften away its human pain  
By a superior love, the cup to temper  
With words of consolation and sweet hope,  
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet,  
Forgotten in the love that offers it!"

**MARRIED LIFE**—how interesting, how full of meaning, the very phrase! What a variety of agreeable associations does it call into existence! The theme itself has given origin to the most fascinating productions of the poet's mind; and has ever been, especially to those in the bloom of life, a favorite subject, fraught with the most cheering hopes; the sweetest and fondest anticipations. Why is this? It is excusable—it is both innocent and reasonable.

We are naturally social beings. The human heart, prompted as it were by a rational instinct, seeks an object to love, with whom there can be "an unreserved community of thought and feeling;" and much of the pleasure which we realize in this life is in consequence of the active operation of this socializing principle. So that, as a general practice, it is neither wise nor desirable for man to live and move in an isolated state; nor should he determine to pursue a selfish life of single blessedness without having some very stringent reason to justify such a course.

The happiness of man, in paradise itself, was seemingly incomplete without a suitable counterpart, and the virgin mate was no sooner prepared than they were matched; and an example was then given to be imitated by their descendants, whose duty and privilege it is to secure eligible companions to share with them the responsibilities and enjoyments of life.

At the commencement of our race, and that too in the judgment of Infinite Wisdom, it was "not good that the man should be alone;" and as the nature of man in this respect continues the same, what was good for him then must be good for him now. "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." Moreover He who gave this positive direction has further declared, that "Marriage is honorable in all."

Every kind of sincere and faithful friendship among the children of men is productive of some solace, amidst the ills and evils incident to humanity. Now, if this be true, then, how much greater and purer must be the happiness enjoyed by him who has a definite character in view—a

particular object of special regard—for whom he cherishes the strongest affection; one who can sublimate his every joy, and sweeten his every sorrow; between whom and himself there exists constantly a free, full and delightful interchange of views and feelings! Verily, this is the consummation of earthly bliss. And we use not the language of amatory extravagance when we say, that, there is no attachment so strong, no affection so fervent, and no tenderness so great, as that which is originated and cherished by the marriage relation. The persons united are joined together in an alliance unquestionably more intimate than any other which does or can exist among mankind. So very intimate is it, that, "they are no more twain but one flesh." It is a complete union of amity and love, of life and fortune, of interests and sympathies, of comfort and support, of desires and inclinations, of usefulness and happiness, of joys and sorrows.

Such indeed is the true nature of the union ordained to exist between husband and wife; and yet such a union is frequently viewed by many persons with feelings of fear and suspicion, which sometimes seriously operate against the formation of it. These persons will warily surmise and tell us, that the marriage state is comparable to a lottery, because those who enter it cannot foresee, with absolute certainty, what shall be the real character of their destinies in life,—they are unable to determine, beforehand and with unerring exactness, what shall be the proximate and remote effects consequent upon such a change of relation. Certain it is, that the state in question will determine the happiness or misery of the parties united. But to assert, that it resembles in every instance a game of chance, detracts from its inherent dignity and importance, as well as reflects upon the wisdom and goodness of Him who kindly instituted it. Besides, such an assertion is at variance with the truth. Because it is not in the nature or legitimate tendency of marriage to produce wretchedness or any unexpected calamity. Misery, in whatever form it appears, is not its natural fruit, but a monster-excrecence of foreign growth. Should, therefore, any infelicity accrue to persons

married, it ought in justice to be attributed to something else than the mere change of relation :—this, we admit, may possibly occasion it, but it cannot be the proper cause of it, and surely is no valid objection to such a change itself.

As the union in question is an infrangible one—except in very rare cases—and as it will decide the weal or woe of the parties concerned, it should not be consummated prematurely or precipitately. Attachments formed immediately, or from first impressions, are in many instances of an evanescent kind, and often productive of disappointment and chagrin,—hence, as it is not wise generally to act from the impulse of the moment in anything, much less is it so in a question involving consequences of the greatest importance. Moreover, he who conceives an exclusive partiality for a lady, founded solely upon her personal charms, should beware of the results!—the lily or the rose, however lovely and attractive, must fade and fall,—but the qualities of the heart and mind are permanent, and susceptible of increasing culture and improvement. And those who marry merely “for convenience,” or with the mercenary hope of living in ease and banqueting in affluence, must lay out their accounts to meet with incidents calculated, if not intended, to wound their feelings and mortify their pride.

The ordinance of marriage, as established by the Creator, invariably contemplates a union of a singularly close and endearing character, founded on mutual consent, and a reciprocity of love regulated by prudence. When this is the case, it will require no unusual degree of perspicacity to foresee the consequences. A union of this description is, and will be productive of happiness—happiness *sui generis*. Very much, however, depends on the persons united,—the views they entertain, the feelings they cherish, and the conduct they exhibit,—or, on the amount of practical attention that is given to the obligations arising out of the conjugal state.

We have intimated that marriage, being an ordinance of divine origin, is both designed and adapted to promote the comfort of our race. But it should not be forgotten, that, in instituting it, the beneficent Author of our being appointed various indispensable duties, which are incumbent upon all those who enter into this relation—duties, the proper discharge of which cannot but enhance and sweeten the peculiar felicity of such a relation; and duties, the culpable and inexcusable neglect or omission of which will also most certainly occasion conjugal indifference and domestic discord. If this be true—and we think it will not be even called in question—then we will here be excused for stating, briefly, some of the most important of these duties; and, in doing so, we would have our married friends, especially the more youthful portion, to impress them on the tablet of their memory, and carefully observe them in their lives:—in this, we consult your present and future welfare.

As husband and wife it is your place, severally, ever to entertain and cherish a high esteem and mutual love for one another; this, indeed, is the proper basis of the strongest and purest amity.

Repose implicit and unwavering confidence in each other: let the demon-monster, jealousy, find no resting-place in your breast,—to this end, never upbraid each other with the meanness or comparative obscurity of each other's parentage,\* and never reproach each other on account of any personal or mental defect; neither should the husband, in the presence of his wife, enthusiastically praise the sterling qualities of other women, nor should the wife, in the presence of her husband, invidiously eulogize the seemingly incomparable character of other men.

Cultivate a spirit of mutual and generous forbearance, carefully avoiding anything like angry contention or contradiction. Beware of the first dispute, and deprecate its occurrence.

Kindly and patiently bear with each other's infirmities and weaknesses, to which human nature is ever liable in its present fallen state. Constantly endeavor, by all proper means, to promote each other's happiness and usefulness: so far from thinking it a task to please, devise ways and seek opportunities to do this very thing; and let your whole deportment unequivocally indicate that the one is only happy, when fully assured of the contentment and happiness of the other. Encourage each other under the various ills of life, for an entire exemption from these cannot be expected in this world, where absolute perfection does not exist. A wife, particularly, should try to make her husband's residence inviting and delightful to him,—it should be a sacred retreat, to which his heart may always turn from the corroding cares and anxieties of life, and turn to meet the pleasant smiles and cordial welcome of an ever-cheerful wife: and in her dress, she should not only study his taste, but always appear neat when with him.

Attend upon and comfort one another in sickness. On occasions of this kind, oh, how seasonable and soothing are the kind and unremitting attentions of an affectionate wife, ever ready to anticipate each little want, and minister to the gratification of every innocent desire!—and should not she share largely in the kindly offices of her husband, when she is herself prostrated on the couch of languishing?

By honesty, industry, and judicious economy—avoiding the extremes of extravagance and parsimony—provide for each other's temporal support. In every undertaking the husband should consult the wife, and he should engage in no important enterprise without her advice and approbation; because their interests are identical, courtesy—if not necessity—demands consultation, and if the enterprise should not succeed, he is relieved from

\* Even should any exist, for

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;

Act well your part, there all the merit lies.”

her reproaches and those of his own feelings.\*  
Pray for and encourage one another in the things  
which pertain to God and your never-dying souls.

Strive to have your affection for each other to  
increase in strength and purity, and let it be ex-  
ercised in subordination to that supreme love  
which God demands and deserves. And ever  
live together as heirs of the grace of immortal life  
and glory.

These duties, faithfully performed, will carry  
with them a rich, a priceless reward, the relation  
to which they belong, will then prove a channel  
—deep and wide—of special happiness.

We cannot well resist the temptation of insert-  
ing here, by way of conclusion, a poetic effusion  
from the pen of Lindley Murray, which we ad-  
mire both for its rhythm and sentiment:—

“TO MY WIFE.

“When on thy bosom I recline,  
Enraptured still to call thee mine,  
To call thee mine for life;  
I glory in the sacred ties,  
Which modern wits and fools despise,  
Of Husband and of Wife.

“One mutual flame inspires our bliss,  
The tender look, the melting kiss,  
E’en years have not destroyed;  
Some sweet sensation, ever new,  
Springs up and proves the maxim true,  
That Love can ne’er be cloyed.

“Have I a wish,—’tis all for thee;  
Hast thou a wish,—’tis all for me;  
So soft our moments move,

\* There is an English proverb that says,  
“He that would thrive,  
Must ask his wife.”

That angels look with ardent gaze,  
Well pleased to see our happy days,  
And bid us live—and love.

“If cares arise—and cares will come—  
Thy bosom is my softest home;  
I’ll lull me there to rest:  
And is there aught disturbs my fair?  
I’ll bid her sigh out every care,  
And lose it in my breast.

“Have I a wish?—’tis all her own;  
All hers and mine are all in one—  
Our hearts are so entwined,  
That, like the ivy round the tree,  
Bound up in closest amity,  
’Tis death to be disjoined.”

This is a proper spirit. The grammarian had  
a kind heart as well as a correct mind, and was  
doubtless happy in having one for his nearest and  
dearest companion, between whom and himself  
there was such a perfect oneness of much of that  
which is essential to domestic comfort. Now,  
were the thoughts and feelings, embodied in the  
foregoing stanzas, always entertained and cherish-  
ed by every husband and wife, and at the same  
time carried out in acts of a corresponding charac-  
ter, what an incalculable amount of bliss would  
be found in our apostate world!—bliss, that would  
be almost a foretaste of the ineffable felicity be-  
longing to heaven itself, where natural relations  
are supplanted by moral, but where human affec-  
tion will be purified and rendered perfect forever.  
And why is it not so?—or, who is responsible for  
the non-existence of this bliss! Patient reader,  
let the monitory voice of conscience answer.

J. A. M.

## THE CHILD TO HER PLAYMATE.

BY ANGELA HULL.

SISTER, come back! I do not love  
To hear my sweet bird sing,  
Nor see the flowers as they bend  
Beneath the zephyr’s wing.  
I do not love to see the sun,  
Its glad beams on the earth,  
For then I think how oft we two  
Have laughed in joyous mirth.

I do not love the fairy bow’r  
Where we were wont to play;  
The flowers are fresh and blooming still,  
But then—thou art away!  
The books are there we used to read,  
As, seated side by side,  
Thy arm around me, we forgot  
How fast the hours glide.

The stream whereon we used to sail  
Our fairy bark of shell,  
No longer mirrors the sweet face  
I used to love so well.

The butterfly, with varied wing,  
Bends down the tiny flow’r,  
But then it looks not half so well  
As in that cherish’d hour

When thou wast here, and hand in hand  
We chas’d the gaudy thing,  
And wept to see the down that came  
From off its painted wing.  
Sister, come back! I watch for thee,  
And weep for thee alone;  
I call thee, yet no voice is here  
In thy low soothing tone.

They tell me thou wilt ne’er return  
To comfort my sad heart;  
That thou hast found another home,  
And we must dwell apart.  
Oh, sister! take me to that home;  
I care not where it be,  
So I but kiss thy willing cheek,  
And gaze once more on thee!



# IRON.—A POEM.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—PSALMS, LXXXV. 11.

As, in lonely thought, I pondered  
On the marvellous things of earth,  
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered  
At their beauty, power and worth,  
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—  
Oh! that God would make me know,  
Through the spirit's clear revealing—  
What, of all his works below,  
Is to man a boon the greatest,  
Brightening on from age to age,  
Serving truest, earliest, latest,  
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,  
Shaggy, desolate and lone,  
Their scurred heads were threat'ning o'er me,  
Their dark shadows round me thrown;  
Then a voice, from out the mountains,  
As an earthquake shook the ground,  
And like frightened fawns the fountains,  
Leaping, fled before the sound;  
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,  
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear—  
While the deep response came slowly,  
Or it must have crushed mine ear!

"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—crashing,  
Like the battle-axe and shield;  
Or the sword on helmet clashing,  
Through a bloody battle-field:  
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—rolling,  
Like the far-off cannon's boom;  
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,  
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom!  
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—swinging,  
Like the summer winds at play;  
Or as bells of Time were ringing  
In the blest Millennial Day!

Then the clouds of ancient fable  
Cleared away before mine eyes;  
Truth could tread a footing stable  
O'er the gulf of mysteries!  
Words, the prophet bards had uttered,  
Signs, the oracle foretold,  
Spells, the weird-like Sybil muttered,  
Through the twilight days of old,  
Rightly read, beneath the splendor,  
Shining now on history's page,  
All their faithful witness render—  
All portend a better age

Sisyphus, forever toiling,  
Was the type of toiling men,  
While the stone of power, recoiling,  
Crushed them back to earth again!  
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,  
Imaged man in mental chain,

While the vultures, on him feeding,  
Were the passions' vengeful reign;  
Still a ray of mercy tarried  
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,  
For this mystic faith had married  
Vulcan to the Queen of Love!

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—  
These were one in nature's plan;  
Humble toil and heavenward duty—  
These will form the perfect man!  
Darkly was this doctrine taught us  
By the gods of heathendom;  
But the living light was brought us,  
When the gospel morn had come!  
How the glorious change, expected,  
Could be wrought, was then made free;  
Of the earthly, when perfected,  
Rugged Iron forms the key!

"Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"  
This the Word of God makes known,—  
Thence are harvests men to nourish—  
There let Iron's power be shown.  
Of the swords, from slaughter gory,  
Ploughshare's forge to break the soil;—  
Then will Mind attain its glory,  
Then will Labor reap the spoil,—  
Error cease the soul to wilder,  
Crime be checked by simple good,  
As the little coral builder,  
Forces back the furious flood.

While our faith in good grows stronger,  
Means of greater good increase;  
Iron, thundering war no longer,  
Leads the onward march of peace;  
Still new modes of service finding,  
Ocean, earth and air it moves,  
And the distant nations binding,  
Like the kindred tie it proves;  
With its Atlas-shoulder sharing  
Loads of human toil and care;  
On its wing of lightning bearing  
Thought's swift mission through the air!

As the rivers, farthest flowing,  
In the highest hills have birth;  
As the banyan, broadest growing,  
Oftenest bows its head to earth,—  
So the noblest minds press onward,  
Channels far of good to trace;  
So the largest hearts bend downward,  
Circling all the human race;  
Thus, by Iron's aid, pursuing  
Through the earth their plans of love,  
Men our Father's will are doing,  
Here, as angels do above!

## MY FIRST HUNTING AND FISHING.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"That's what I call a title distinguished for its femininity," says a roguish-eyed friend, peering saucily over my shoulder.

"Ah, never you mind, Fred; it's a harmless little fancy of my own," as the lady said when she led her footman to the altar.

I love to look upon a sportsman. I don't mean one of your moustached amateurs, who sallies out once a year, perhaps, in white gloves and gaiters, and with scarce manly strength sufficient to hold his fowling-piece at arms' length—one whom you might fancy mistaking a hen for a pheasant, and taking aim at her through an eye-glass, while it requires no violent exercise of the imaginative faculty to behold her placing her claw upon her bill and performing certain contemptuous gyrations therewith. Bah! not such an one—*his* has been bad shooting from the very root; he has never known a good aim; his whole existence has missed fire. But a full-chested, strong-limbed, spring-footed, keen-eyed, fearless-hearted, born and predestinated Nimrod! One who snuffed power in his cradle, whose first known amusement was peppering the cat with potatoe-balls from a pop-gun—one who from his boyhood has gone forth shooting and to shoot, feeling within himself a divine right to scatter the plumage of the proudest young turkey that ever strutted on a prairie; to call down in the crack of a rifle the circling eagle from the arch of heaven; to bring to a death-halt the bounding career of the finest stag that ever tossed his antlers through the wilds or snuffed the air on the peaks of the Alleghanies.

Such an one, oh, most courteous reader, allow me to present to you—Harry Grove the younger, son of the colonel, and a citizen of the west. He has been and is the very cousin of cousins; was my first tutor in mathematics and mischief, philosophy and play-acting, history and horsemanship, logic and leaping fences—a very jewel of a joyous-spirited fellow, full of fun, frolic and frankness; with a heart "as large as all out-doors," and as warm as all in-doors, and with just sufficient beauty to save himself from vanity and susceptible damself from a too sudden bestowal of their unsolicited affections. Yet I have remarked the dash of the dare-devil in his composition to be peculiarly captivating to young ladies just out, who have been Puritanically reared. I do not intend to intimate that my well-beloved kinsman is that horror of careful mammas, "a wild young man." I am inclined to believe that the goodness of people, nowadays, is in inverse proportion to their pretensions. Harry Grove makes few pretensions—*ergo*, he is

quite good enough to serve as a hero, in these degenerate times, when our mental dishes to be palatable *must* be slightly spiced with wickedness.

But Harry is not my present hero—I am my own heroine—yet he will figure largely, though secondarily in "this strange, eventful history."

Though the very embodiment of health, in the main, Harry had once a long and distressing illness. We came near losing him the summer he was fifteen. As soon as the crisis of his fever was passed, I, by special request, was appointed sick-room companion and supernumerary nurse. I never left him for a day. Though a fragile child of ten years, I never wearied of those heart-prompted cares; my whole soul was whelmed with joy, gushing heavenward with fervent thanksgiving to the God of life. Ah, is it not a blessed thing to behold eyes beaming upon us, all light and love, we had thought to have seen dim with the eclipse of death—smiles on the lip, a glow on the cheek we had thought to have seen stiff with the rigidity which no affection and no passion may move, touched with the icy chill which not even a mother's last, lingering kiss may melt into warmth—to see the spirit of life pervading that form we had thought to have lain away in silence and dust forever!

One beautiful and summer-like morning in September, when Harry was just strong enough to walk about the yard with the assistance of a cane, a large hunting party left our town, taking conveniences for camping out, provisions and wine—armed and equipped as the law of sporting directs, for a week's crusade against all sorts of game to whom Heaven had given the freedom of the woods, and who had been obligingly fattening themselves to furnish glory and good-living to as arrant a set of scapegraces as ever broke college with a whoop and hurrah!

Half-a-dozen merry fellows came dashing and ha-ha-ing up to our door for Harry's elder brothers, who were to join them. Harry, like a noble, manly boy as he was, strove hard to be happy with and for them, but I saw his lip quiver as he offered his favorite dog and gun to a young stranger from the city. At last, with many regrets, politely and earnestly expressed, that the invalid could not accompany them, they were off—all gone! Harry watched them sadly as they wound up the hill opposite the window, and when the last of all, his noble hound, after giving one long, wistful look backward, turned again and disappeared, the poor boy, sighing deeply, sank back into his arm-chair and covered his face with his emaciated

hands. Presently I saw fast tears gliding through the pale and almost transparent fingers! They were the first I had seen him shed, and seemed wrung from my own heart; so, winding my arms about his neck, I spoke words of affection and good cheer, which, though childlike, were effectual. He began by calling himself hard names—he was a “woman,” “a girl,” a “very baby, and a booby-baby at that.” Then he drew up his head, and curled his lip, and dashed away his tears, and “Richard was himself again.”

“Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose!”

“Oh, Cousin Harry,” I exclaimed, “there are flocks of birds in the orchard. Go out and shoot them! I’ll carry the gun.”

“What gun, Grace? Did you not see that they took them all?”

Here was a damper; but trust a woman, even in embryo, for scheming. I sat out instantan on an exploring expedition. Every chamber and closet in the roomy old mansion was ransacked, and finally my labors were rewarded by finding among some rubbish in the attic, a clumsy musket, once belonging to our grandfather. Its battered appearance was presumptive evidence of its having gone through the “seven long and bloody wars;” but there were barrel and stock entire. It was a *bona fide* engine of destruction and death, and I bore it away in triumph, though with a slight shudder, as I thought how many red-skins it might have sent to their spiritual hunting-grounds.

Harry smiled as, with a mock-heroic air, I presented arms, but laughed outright when he came to examine the musket.

“Why, Grace,” said he, “there is no hammer to this lock!”

After a little explanation as to the offices of the important agent in the discharge of fire-arms which had thus inopportunistically “come up missing,” I suddenly exclaimed—“I have it now! You just load the gun, and pour the powder into the pan, and I will follow with a coal of fire in the tongs, and—and I think I dare touch it off, cousin.”

I thought Harry would have died of extravagant merriment. He rolled on the floor in a perfect paroxysm of laughter, but after becoming calm, vowed he would take up with my proposition for its very fun and oddity.

So behold us sallying forth—Harry, to whom a strange strength seemed given, bearing the gun, and I very busily engaged in efforts to keep coal and courage alive.

The first bird at which we took aim was a “chipmunk,” who sat on the fence leisurely gnawing a kernel of corn. Never shall I forget the moment when Harry whispered “now!” I reached out the tongs, but a sudden mist came over my eyes; then a quiver started from my heart and ran along my arm; the coal descended on to Harry’s wrist instead of into the pan: he, with an exclamation more hot than holy, dropped the gun; the gun fell on to the coal and then went off, frightening

away the “chipmunk” with its report, but (believe it or believe it not, my reader,) sending a “whizzing death” through the fat sides of a toad, which we had before remarked demurely seated on a stone near where we stood.

This laughable accident having restored to Harry his good nature and to me my courage, the gun was re-loaded, a new coal procured, my eyes and nerves were true to me—there was a flash, a smoke, a stunning report, and

“Lo, the struck blue-bird stretched upon the plain!”

At last, wearied with our labors and satisfied with glory, we gathered up our spoils and turned homeward.

It is strange, but though many years have passed, I still remember distinctly just what game I held in my pinafore on that day—viz.: one blue-bird, two chipping-birds, a meadow-lark and a red-breasted robin. The toad I did not count. All of these, with the exception of the robin, a part of whose neck only had been carried away, were literally shot to pieces.

To my disappointment, I found none but servants to whom to display the proofs of my valor. My sweet cousin Alice was at school, and my aunt and uncle taking their morning drive. I waited impatiently for their return, and meeting them on the portico, held up my bloody trophies, exclaiming—“See the game that Cousin Harry and I shot while you were gone!” The colonel, patting my cheek, pronounced me “a brave girl;” but my aunt, sadly smiling, said only—“This must have been the robin that sung on our lattice at prayer-time this morning. Poor bird! its song of praise is ended!”

This gentle reproof quivered like an arrow in my heart. I turned hastily, threw away the mangled remains of all but the robin, and with that sought my room. There I folded the dead bird to my breast, and wept over it bitter and passionate tears. I was agonized with contrition when I thought me that He who had created worlds on worlds had not disdained to mould that tender form, to tint its plumage with one of the colors glowing in the bow which He hung in the Heavens, and to breathe the soul of song into its trembling little bosom. Then bowing down my head, I fervently promised never, never to take from a happy-winged creature the existence which the Father of all in His wisdom had bestowed. Thank Heaven, that vow is yet unbroken—the necessary destruction of wasps, musketoes and horse-flies always excepted.

## CHAPTER II.

THREE years had passed since the woman in my nature got the better of the heroine, and the day of my first hunting closed in tears. Methinks that the glorious maid of Orleans, the night after a battle, may have wept over the dying and the dead,

even as I wept over those birds. What an absurdity is the doctrine that there is no sex in soul. I would even then have laughed contemptuously had I seen Harry Grove whimpering over the most beautiful songster that ever flashed its plumage in the morning sun. But to return. Three years had passed since my daring exploits as a huntress, and I was again spending a few merry weeks with the Groves. Please picture to yourself, my obliging reader, a tall, slender girl of thirteen, just out of short frocks, but retaining still her long, black, Kenwigsian braids, having a downward look with her eyes commonly, and gifted with a

"complexion  
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,"

and you have my daguerreotype at that period of my humble existence.

It was summer, and Harry came home for a vacation, accompanied by two college friends. As one of the young gentlemen was hopelessly lame, hunting was out of the question, and fishing parties on the lake took its place. Every favorable morning their boat put off the shore, and every evening they returned, famously dirty and hungry, with wet feet and dry canteens, and generally, with the exception of Harry, cursing their luck. I well recollect that, however large the party, Harry always insisted on furnishing the fishing-tackle. The colonel once remonstrated with him on this extravagance, but was archly reminded that "he who spares the rod spoils the child," and that as a good parent he should "give line upon line" as well as "precept upon precept." So the old gentleman turned laughingly away, being, like all other amateur soldiers, proverbially good-natured.

Those parties were, I regret to say, made up of the sterner sex exclusively, but after Harry's friends had left, I proposed one morning that he should take Cousin Alice and myself to the lake on a fish-ing excursion.

"Alice is quite skillful," he replied; "but do *you* understand angling?"

"No; but there is nothing which I cannot learn."

"Very well, my modest coz; put on your bonnet, and we will go down and practice awhile by catching small fish for bait in the old mill-pond."

The sheet of water to which my cousin referred was nothing more than an enlargement and a deepening of the stream which ran through our town. The mill which its waters once turned had been destroyed by fire, and all the fixtures so fallen to decay that Harry remarked, that *as a mill-pond* it was not worth a *dam*, but a capital place for catching bait, nevertheless. I did not smile approvingly at this profane pun—not I—but reminded the offender, with chilling dignity, that I should be full fourteen in eleven months and nine days.

After spending a half-hour in initiating me into the mysteries of angling, Harry took a station farther up stream. Near me lay a small log, extending out into the pond, the top only lying above

the water. Wearied at last with sitting on the bank, and catching not even a "glorious nibble," I picked my way out to the very end of this log and cast my bait upon the waters. Presently I marked an uncommonly large "shiner" glancing about hither and thither, now and then tantalizingly turning up his glittering sides to the sunlight. My heart was in my throat. Could I manage to get that fish on to my hook, it were glory enough for one day. Reader, have you ever seen a "shiner?" Is he not the most *finifine*, dashing, dandyish, D'Orsay of the waves that ever *cut a swell* among "sheepsheads," or coqueted with a young trout.

The conduct of this particular fish was peculiarly provoking. It was in vain that I clad the uninviting hook in the garb of a fresh young worm, and dropped it, all quick and quivering, down before his very nose. Like a careful wooer who fears "a take in," he would not come to the point; he had evidently dined, and like an old Reformer, played shy of the Diet of Worms.

At last, as though a sudden appetite had been given him which required *abatement*, he caught the worm, and the hook caught him, and—and—but language fails me—

Ye may tell, oh, my sisters in author-land, of the exquisite joy, the intoxicating bliss which whelms a maiden's heart when love's first kiss glows on her trembling lip; but give to me the rapturous exultation which coursed through every vein and thrilled along every nerve as my first fish bent the top of the slender cane toward the water!

But, ah, the instability of human happiness! That unfortunate "shiner" was strong—very. I had just balanced myself on the rounded three inches of the log; I now saw that I must drop the rod and lose the fish or lose my balance and win a plunge. Like a brave girl, as I flatter myself that I am, I chose the latter. Down, down I went, into six feet depth of water, pertinaciously grasping the rod, which, immediately on rising, I flung, with its glittering pendent, high and dry on the shore; and having given one scream, only one, went quietly down again.

Just then, Harry, who had heard my fall at first, reached the spot, plunged in, caught and bore me safely to the bank. When I had coughed the water from my throat and wiped it from my eyes, I pointed proudly toward my captive "shiner." Alas! what did I behold!—that fish, *my fish*, releasing himself from the hook and floundering back into his native element! Yes, he was gone, gone forever, and for one dark moment,

"Naught was everything, and everything was naught!"

I need not tell of our walk homeward, of the alarm and merriment which our appearance created; or how I was placed in bed and half-smothered with blankets; how a nauseous compound was sent up to me, which Harry kindly quaffed and grew ill as I grew well. All such matters can be safely left to the imagination of my intelligent reader.

I will but add that though of late years I have angled more extensively and successfully, have flung a lucky hook into the beautiful rivers and glorious lakes of the west, have dropped *occasional lines* into the waters of American literature, I have

never since known that pure, young delight, that exquisite zest, that wild enthusiasm which led me to stake all on one mad chance and brave drowning for a "shiner."

## THE EMPTY CRADLE.

(See Plate.)

"And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above."

THE death of a little child is to the mother's heart like the night dew on a plant from which a bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in fresher greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which he has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his fair brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all the hard pas-

sages and cares of life. The world is no longer with her. She lives in the past, so sweet with human love and hope—in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy. She has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright, fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are emblems of the far brighter hopes now dawning on her day-dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the New Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head reposing on the breast of the kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there, in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that Book—to her emphatically the Word of Life—now lying closed on her toilette table, which she daily reads: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## THE "EVE" OF POWERS.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

A FAULTLESS being from the marble sprung—  
She stands in beauty there,  
As when the grace of Eden 'round her clung—  
Fairest where all was fair!  
Pure as when first from God's creating hand  
She came, on man to shine;  
So seems she now, in living stone to stand—  
A mortal, yet divine!

The spark the Grecian from Olympus caught,  
Left not a loftier trace;  
The daring of the sculptor's hand has wrought  
A soul in that sweet face!  
He won as well the sacred fire from heaven,  
God-sent, not stolen down:  
And no Promethean doom for him is given,  
But ages of renown!

The soul of beauty breathes around that form  
A more enchanting spell;  
There blooms each virgin grace, ere yet the storm  
On blighted Eden fell!

The first desire upon her lovely brow,  
Raised by an evil power;  
Doubt, longing, dread, are in her features now—  
It is the trial-hour!

How every thought that strives within her breast,  
In that one glance is shown!  
Say, can that heart of marble be at rest,  
Since spirit warms the stone?  
Will not those limbs, of so divine a mould,  
Move, when her thought is o'er—  
When she has yielded to the tempter's hold,  
And Eden blooms no more?

Art, like a Phoenix, springs from dust again—  
She cannot pass away!  
Bound down in gloom, she breaks apart the chain  
And struggles up to day!  
The flame, first kindled in the ages gone,  
Has never ceased to burn;  
And westward, now, appears the kindling dawn  
That marks the day's return!





## THE SKEPTIC IN LOVE.

### A STORY FOR COQUETTES.

BY EPES SARGENT.

#### I.

"At length, thank Fortune, we are alone, Josephine."

"And why do you thank Fortune for that, Mr. Smith?"

"Because it gives me the opportunity that I have long coveted, and yet hesitated to embrace—the opportunity of declaring—that is of—of—"

"Of what, sir? Pray speak out. You know how fond I am of candor."

"In one word, then, Josephine, I—I love you."

"And is that all? How provoking! I presumed you had something interesting to say—something piquant—something new."

"Ah! you are jesting, Josephine. I pray you, be serious."

"Then you must change the subject; for it is one that will not admit of gravity."

"The season is hastening to its close, Josephine. Summer is near; and I must soon rejoin my family at the north. I may not have, before my departure, another opportunity of speaking with you. In friendship's name, if by no tenderer appeal, I beseech you to give me a moment's earnest attention."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"That coldness is assumed, I see it is. Ah, Josephine, your heart can surely distinguish the tones of true affection. It is not the gallantry of the ball-room that I proffer you now, but the homage of my fervent, my unspeakable love. Vouchsafe to me the hope that I may love you hereafter, not merely as the most beautiful of your sex, but as a wife."

And with these words Mr. Smith knelt at the lady's feet. But she with a disdainful gesture rose, and exclaimed:—

"When and how, sir, have I given you authority, by my conduct, to address language of this import to me?"

"When and how, Josephine?" returned the young man, rising, and riveting a gaze of intense earnestness upon her, as if doubting whether or not she was making sport of him by the inquiry. "Is not the report of our engagement current in all the circles, wherein you visit? At every ball during the season, have I not neglected all others present to bestow upon you my undivided attentions—and have not those attentions been received—ay, not only received, but encouraged? Have I not a thousand times protested more eloquently than words could do it, by looks and actions, that

I was deeply, passionately enamored, and have you not suffered me to repeat, time and again, those protestations, without intimating either to the world or to myself that they were unacceptable? Ah, Josephine, do not trifle with a heart over which you have such absolute sway. Let your lips tell me what your eyes have so often affirmed—tell me that mine is not a hopeless passion."

Josephine moved with the step of a tragedy queen towards the door, and placing her hand upon the knob, turned and said:—

"When Mr. Smith has cured himself of the folly, which has led him to the declaration he has done me the honor to make, I shall be most happy to receive him once more as a friend."

And Josephine quitted the room.

It was true, as Smith had asserted, that she had given him abundant encouragement to make the offer, into which we have seen him betrayed. Josephine De Valville was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest planters in Louisiana. Few observers were so fastidious as not to admit that she was singularly beautiful. In stature she was somewhat *petite*, but the symmetry of her figure was such that nothing seemed wanting to its perfection. Her features were just the features to catch the gazer's attention, even among a crowd of beautiful women. Her eyes of a dark, rich slate color, *riante*, sparkling and animated in their expression—her mouth as delicately curved and tinted as the daintest sea-shell—her exquisitely moulded forehead, over which fell curls so fine and thick that they felt like down to the touch—imparted a combination of traits to her countenance, which extorted ejaculations of admiration from the most obtuse judges of the beautiful.

Josephine was in the habit of passing her winters in New Orleans. Deprived of her mother while yet an infant, she had entered society at an age when many young ladies have hardly left the nursery. The consequence was, that long before her heart could learn to distinguish between real and fictitious affection—between the common-places of flattery and the utterance of true feeling—she had become so accustomed to the adulation of ball-room dangles and men of the world—that what an unsophisticated girl would regard as a formal offer on the part of an admirer, Josephine would laugh at as the rhodomontade of a half-jesting spirit. Often when a mere child with *pantallettes* and braided hair, her father's friends would make love to the little lady in sport, until Jose-



phine came to look on love, which is a very serious matter to some people, as a joke rather the worse for wear. Ah! her heart had never been touched.

"But who is Smith?" asks the reader.

All that I know of Smith is, that he came to New Orleans from one of the great northern cities as the agent of a mercantile house. Combining with the vocation of the man of business the habits, tastes and appearance of the gentleman, he easily found access to the choicest society. It was at her father's own house that he first met Josephine; and thenceforth he embraced all opportunities, and they were numerous, of enlarging the acquaintance. There were few young men, who could more fluently discourse on topics grateful to a lady's ear; and Josephine encouraged his attentions without troubling herself to inquire into his motives. But what was amusement to her was death to her victim. He was all the while adding fuel to the flame that she had kindled; but Josephine's heart was as innocent of love as an iceberg is of vegetation.

After the interview, of which the reader has already been informed, Smith resolved to seek a final understanding. He made an early morning call, expecting to find her alone. But one Mr. Fitzfool, an opulent dangler, was present in the drawing-room; and Josephine was apparently listening with a pleased attention to his innocent babble about the newest flirtations, the last great ball, and the merits of the waltzers. She bowed carelessly to Smith as he entered—addressed to him a common-place observation of ordinary courtesy, and then resumed her conversation with Fitzfool, who had raised his eye-glass upon the entrance of the intruder. Smith took up a French copy of "*Picciola*" and tried to read; but his brain was in a whirl, and his thoughts were all with Josephine. Every time she laughed, the sound chilled his heart, as if an ice-cold hand had been laid upon it. "Is it not appalling"—he murmured to himself, "the extent to which I love this woman?" And as the interrogation passed through his mind, another laugh from her was the response.

At length Fitzfool took his leave. Smith threw down the book he had been holding, and drew near to Josephine, and looked her in the face.

"Josephine," he said, "may I ask it of your friendship to answer me one question with the most perfect frankness and sincerity?"

"Do not doubt, Mr. Smith," was the reply, "that if I give you any answer, it will be a true and candid one."

"If you knew how much rested upon your answer, Josephine, I am sure it would be an honest one. Do not suppose that I am uttering the rant of an ordinary lover. As heaven is above us, I speak no idle or unmeaning words. This is the most critical moment of my life. Nay, my life hangs upon it."

"Really, Mr. Smith, I am growing quite curious; pray, what is your question?"

"Do you, Josephine, positively forbid my entertaining even the distant hope of ever winning your consent to be my wife?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith, most positively, most conclusively, most irrevocably."

"Be guarded, I beseech you, Josephine, in your language, and understand well the spirit of my inquiry. I do not ask if you love me now, but I would know, with all respect, believe me, whether your indifference springs from perfect freedom and vacuity of heart, or whether you prefer any other suitor to myself."

"Now," thought Josephine, "by an innocent fib I can put a stop to his plaguing me in this way."

She paused; and then hanging her head as if half ashamed of the falsehood, she replied: "Mr. Smith, pray regard the confession as confidential—yes, I do prefer another."

Smith seemed confounded for some moments as if he had received a stunning blow. He looked in her face without speaking, then turned, took up his hat from the floor, where he had dropped it; and, with one mighty effort stifling his emotion, said in firm tones, "Do not fear, Miss De Valville, that I shall ever again molest you upon this subject. Forget my presumption in mistaking what was mere friendly partiality on your part, for an indication of your heart's preference. I am amply punished for my folly. Farewell!"

"You will be at Mrs. Dazzle's ball to-morrow night, of course?" said Josephine, carelessly.

"It is a question whether I shall have it in my power," replied Smith, with a strange smile. "Good morning!"

The ball took place the next night, and all the fashion of New Orleans was assembled on the occasion. Josephine was present, and never had she seemed in such exulting spirits or looked more radiantly beautiful. During a pause between one of the dances, while the musicians were retuning their instruments, she saw a knot of young men collect about one of their number, who had apparently been communicating the news of some occurrence, which created a profound sensation. Josephine's curiosity was excited, and she determined to find out what was the matter. Beckoning one of the group to her side, she asked, "What is it, Mr. B——? I am dying to know."

"You will know it in the morning," replied Mr. B——. "It is not appropriate news for a ball-room."

"Leave me to be the judge of that. Come, tell me, and by way of reward, you shall dance the next waltz with me."

"Since you insist, this is it," replied the youth, thus importuned. "Your friend Smith was found shot through the heart this evening in the public street. He undoubtedly committed suicide."

Josephine turned pale, and seemed to shudder for a moment. And then the exclamations from her lips flowed in this wise: "How very shock-

ing! What a foolish fellow! I really believe he did it out of spite. Well: he has spoiled our amusement for the rest of the evening. Of course, you don't expect me to waltz with you now, Mr. B.—?"

"I do not desire to waltz with you ever again, Miss De Valville," said B—, turning on his heels; for he had heart enough to feel chilled and repelled by the cold-blooded indifference with which she had received the news of the death of one whom her own frigidity had driven to despair.

But Josephine was not passionless. The master-spirit of her destiny had not yet crossed her path, that was all.

## II.

The calamitous circumstances of poor Smith's death were soon forgotten in the fashionable world, to which they had communicated a momentary shock. Two years rolled away; and the season of 184— commenced in all its gayety and glory. Josephine had now reached the plenitude of her fascinations and power as a belle. She was more beautiful than ever; and apparently more indomitable. Of the many suitors who sighed at her feet, it was evident that she cared just about as much for one as for another.

The dancing at one of Mrs. R.'s brilliant assemblages was beginning to flag. Josephine, wearied and oppressed by a slight headache, had retired to one of the embrasures of the windows, and seated herself upon an ottoman. Two or three new-fledged dandies were bending over her, making tender inquiries after her health, and striving to engage her attention, while she, with a sort of froward indifference, was motioning them away, when suddenly some object in the adjoining room appeared to engage her attention.

"Tell me, Flutterwell, who is that gentleman, who seems but to have just arrived, if we may judge from the manner in which our hostess greets him?" asked Josephine.

Flutterwell detached his quizzing-glass from his white vest, rubbed it with his handkerchief, and deliberately adjusting it to his eyes, after a pause, replied: "Never saw him before in my born days—'pon my word can't inform you—but if you have any particular object in knowing, I'll inquire, shall I?"

"Do just as you please," said Josephine, petulantly.

"Now, really, Miss De Valville—'pon my word—you cut me to the heart when you—aw—look at me in that killing—may I say killing?—manner. But just to show you how much I am your slave, I'll go and make inquiries into the biography of the individual, who seems to have attracted your notice, happy dog!"

And so saying Mr. Flutterwell walked out of the room as if he were picking his way over egg-shells, which he was reluctant to break. In five minutes he returned. But in the mean time the

object of his inquiries had entered the room where Josephine was seated. She seemed to be regarding him with an earnestness of admiration, which drew upon her the remarks of several of her own sex. But on seeing Flutterwell returning, she withdrew her glance, and seemed to relapse into her former mood of indifference.

"He is unmarried, to begin with," said Flutterwell. "His name is Smith—he is from the north—and a lieutenant in the army—served with renown in the Florida war—was accounted the bravest man in the ranks—escaped from a fight with half a dozen Indians, in which he killed them all with his own hand—in short, he comes here on some government mission, to inquire into the state of our frontier fortifications. There! I've told you the best I know of the man; and now I'll tell you the worst. He is a Yankee—he doesn't play billiards—he is shy of the ladies—he reads books—and, what is most disgusting of all, he doesn't know how to waltz."

Josephine rose, and taking Flutterwell's arm, sauntered into the adjoining apartment. The lieutenant had preceded her there.

At the dozen balls which succeeded Mrs. R.'s in rapid succession, Josephine invariably met the lieutenant. He seemed to have made the acquaintance of all the principal ladies in society, but as yet had not sought an introduction to her, who had fondly regarded herself as deserving to be the paramount object of attraction. She was piqued and mortified at his apparent indifference; and when finally he made her acquaintance, it seemed more the result of accident than of inclination on his part. They met at the house of a mutual friend during a morning call; and, without consulting either party, the lady of the house introduced the lieutenant. Another ball took place that night; and he could not do more than ask the honor of Josephine's hand in the dance.

We will not describe in detail the progress of that acquaintance, which was destined to have so powerful a bearing upon the happiness of our heroine. We need only remark, that the lieutenant was always respectful, though cold; and, that in proportion to his frigidity, the enamored Josephine appeared to betray more and more the depth and fervor of an attachment, which began now to be a matter of public observation and comment. It is said that love cannot exist without hope. Josephine proved that there could be an exception to the rule. A word of common-place courtesy, a distant bow, or an icy, melancholy smile from the lieutenant, were enough to feed the fatal passion, on which she now brooded with an intensity, of which no one had believed her nature capable. She lost all taste for society and amusement, except so far as it might afford her the means of being in the society of the man for whom she was ready to make any sacrifice.

The spring was drawing near; and the lieutenant, having brought to a satisfactory conclusion the public business on which he had been en-

gaged, was making preparations to leave New Orleans to join his friends at the north. A letter announcing the illness of a favorite sister, suddenly determined him to quit the city the next morning. Ordering his attendant at the hotel to see that all his trunks were packed, he took a carriage and drove round to bid farewell to the many acquaintances from whom he had received attentions. He hesitated as he entered the street where Josephine resided; but suddenly recollecting that an unanswered note of invitation from her to a small family party lay upon his mantel-piece, he resolved to call and decline it in person. It was the hour of morning calls; and several ladies and gentlemen were assembled in her spacious and richly-furnished drawing-room. As Josephine caught sight of the noble figure of the lieutenant, as he was ushered by the servant into the apartment, she stopped short in the midst of a conversation in which she was engaged, and, with sparkling eyes and a smile of triumph lighting up all her features, rose, and hastily advanced to greet him. The lieutenant received her proffered hand with that frigid politeness which was habitual in his manner towards her. How different was the cordiality of look and tone with which he turned to greet Miss H—, one of the ladies present! But if others noticed the change, Josephine was blind to it.

After interchanging a few of those conventional common-places, which the lieutenant could utter as gracefully as any one, he rose and approached Josephine, who was vainly trying to appear to be listening to the fulsome flattery of a newly-imported *exquisite*, whom one of the ladies had brought to see her for the first time.

"I am sorry I shall not be able to be present at your little gathering to-morrow evening," said the lieutenant.

"Why so?"

"I leave New Orleans for New York to-morrow morning."

At this announcement, sudden and unexpected, Josephine's perturbation was strikingly apparent. The color fled from her cheeks. Her heart beat and rose so as to choke her utterance. It was some moments before she could regain her composure sufficiently to say with an unsuccessful attempt to disguise her emotion:—

"But one day's delay can make no difference to you. Indeed, you must attend my party. I shall not let you off."

"News I have just received of the illness of one of my sisters, will compel me to deny myself the pleasure of remaining on any pretext. Indeed, Miss De Valville and ladies, I must bid you good-by."

"But—but you will return next winter?" said Josephine, with an attempt to command her voice and to force a smile, the sound and sight of which were almost painful to the spectators.

"I see no present prospect of returning for many years—if ever—but need I say, that if duty shall ever lead me back, inclination will most

heartily welcome its guidance. Good morning, ladies!"

The lieutenant bowed and withdrew. Josephine made a movement towards the bell-rope, that she might give her customary signal to the servant to open the street-door for the departing guest, but her strength failed her, and, swinging round, she sank into the arm-chair, upon the back of which she had been leaning.

The evening had set in before the lieutenant found himself in his own apartment at the hotel. He had still many preparations to make and some important letters to write; and it was with the determination of completing his arrangements with all possible dispatch that he took his seat at his writing-table. He had hardly dipped his pen into the ink when a note was brought to him. The superscription was in a delicate female hand. It was a message from Josephine, requesting him to let her see him that evening if it was only for five minutes. The lieutenant bit his lips.

"Tell the bearer of this note to wait for my reply," said he to the negro in attendance.

He then expeditiously penned a reply, in which he briefly stated, that it would be impossible for him to comply with Miss De Valville's summons, but that he would be very happy to fulfill any commission she might honor him with.

Having dismissed his attendant with this reply, he applied himself to the epistolary task before him; but he had not been engaged long in writing when a knock at his door gave signal of another interruption.

"Well, what is it, Horace?" he asked, somewhat petulantly.

"Two women want to see you, massa," replied Horace. "One is a white lady, and th' other a colored lady. Wheugh!"

"It must be some mistake. However, show them in," said the lieutenant.

And the females were ushered in by Horace, who seemed disposed to tarry to see the result of the interview.

The taller of the females, however, who was veiled, pointed to the door until he took the hint and quitted the room. Then throwing back her veil she disclosed the features of Josephine De Valville.

The lieutenant rose and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"And can you not divine the motive that has brought me here?" asked Josephine in a tone at once of humiliation and tenderness.

The lieutenant looked inquiringly at the colored girl, by whom she was accompanied.

"She is a deaf mute," said Josephine; "and so devoted to me, that I fear not to trust her with the dearest secrets of my heart."

"I pray you to be seated, Miss De Valville," said the lieutenant.

Josephine complied; and then placing both hands before her eyes, she remained silent, and with heaving bosom seemed to be struggling with an agony of tears. The colored girl knelt by her

side, and affectionately tried to look into her face; but, on a wave of her mistress's hand, she betook herself to a distant corner of the room, and stood there immovable as a statue.

"Sir, you need no explanation of this visit," at length Josephine faltered forth—"my tears, my anguish proclaim all."

"Proceed, Miss De Valville," said the lieutenant, with an iron-hearted deliberation of tone and a freezing manner.

"O sir, be merciful—be merciful!" she exclaimed, in a voice choked by sobs—"and do not compel me to humiliate myself farther."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the lieutenant, with an air of innocent inquiry.

"Listen to me, then," she said, curbing her emotion by a violent effort of the will. "Young as I am, I have been nearly ten years a spoiled child of society. I have had suitor after suitor kneel at my feet and woo me with the earnestness of desperation. But never, I affirm to you, was my heart even for a moment touched by the faintest thrill of emotion akin to love, until—"

"Until what, Miss De Valville?"

"Until I saw you—listened to you—loved you, as never woman loved before. Is it manly in you to extort from me such a confession?" And thus saying, Josephine bent her head and wept passionately.

"Have I solicited your confidence, madam?" asked the lieutenant with a haughty coldness.

Lifting her head abruptly, Josephine looked him in the face, and continued:—

"Have you not been aware long since of the infatuation which has possessed me, and which you have fed by your presence and your attentions, distant as they always were? Tell me, have you not been aware of this?"

"Yes."

"And you still had the cruelty to encourage the fatal passion, which you saw enveloping in its inextricable folds my very soul!—You knew this—and you would not seasonably protect me from your presence!"

"I would not."

"Alas, sir, common humanity—"

"Humanity!" exclaimed the lieutenant springing to his feet, and bending on her a glance which made her cower—"Humanity! Josephine De Valville, profane not that word by your utterance! I have heard your story—now listen to mine. I had a brother—a younger brother—the pride, the joy of my father's household—how dearly I loved him I will not say, for you have not the heart to comprehend me. He visited this city, and daily wrote me a journal of his adventures, his plans and purposes, his hopes and fears. At length he wrote me that he was in love. He confided to me a description of every look the loved one gave him, of every word she uttered. 'She *must* love him,' I exclaimed as I read. He thought so too; and, emboldened by my acquiescence in his conviction, he sought an explana-

tion—declared his passion, and was laughed at for what the lady had the heartlessness to call his presumption! Frenzied with disappointment at finding himself deceived, betrayed, the wealth of his affection wasted,—he committed suicide—the news killed his mother, brought a premature old age upon his father, and desolated the happiest household in the village of his birth. You, you, Josephine De Valville, were the heedless creator of all this misery!"

With a groan Josephine sank despairingly upon the floor. "Forgive, forgive!" she murmured; "I knew not you were brothers."

"Revenge has come to me unsought for," resumed the lieutenant. "It was through no deliberate design that I crossed your path. No one can accuse me of seeking to gain your affections. I have never overstepped the limits of frigid respect in my intercourse."

"True, most true!" sobbed Josephine. "It was in my madness that I accused you. Your conduct has been generous, noble, and the opposite of mine. But forgive me—say, that you forgive me!"

"I do, Miss De Valville, most unreservedly. Rise, I beseech you; and now that you have found that you yourself have a heart, let me hope that you will manifest some consideration hereafter for the hearts of others."

"O fear not I shall again put myself in the way of temptation," sighed Josephine; "but make this allowance for me, sir, when you recall this unhappy meeting: remember that I was bred a skeptic in love, and never believed in it till I felt too painfully its power. Enough! You have forgiven me. I have but one favor more to ask—it is, that you forget me."

The lieutenant bowed; and Josephine beckoning her attendant to her side, leaned upon her for support. Then nerving herself for the effort, she murmured, "Farewell, sir," and turned to depart.

"Farewell, Miss De Valville," returned the lieutenant. "We part in kindness, do we not? Trust me, if I have ever harbored a thought of rancor towards you, it is effaced from my heart. I wish you all happiness."

"Happiness!" sighed Josephine, in a tone of bitter incredulity. "But why would I thus resist my fate? Once more, sir, farewell!"

And dropping the veil over her face, she leaned upon the shoulder of the slave, and with a crushed and humbled spirit quitted the room.

The lieutenant paced the floor for a couple of minutes after she had gone, and then simply muttering to himself, "she will get over it soon," he resumed the labors upon which he had been engaged. He left New Orleans the next morning for the north. The ensuing summer he married Miss O'N—, to whom he had been for some years attached. Soon after the news of his union reached New Orleans, Josephine De Valville was the inmate of a convent. She has since taken the black veil.

## LAST WORDS TO THE DEAD.

BY ELIZA PRATT.

A HYMN was sung at early morn, where an old chapel stood,  
And mournfully its sad tones broke the hushed glen's solitude,  
Where many an humble grave lay low beneath the sheltring trees,  
That gave forth a wild spirit tone to every passing breeze;  
And reverent seemed the group that knelt, with heads uncovered, there,  
While the deep voice of a holy man filled the still morning air.  
Oh, those were blessed words he spoke o'er the unanswering dead,  
While they gently laid the soft green turf upon her quiet bed;  
Then solemnly their voices rose to the blue, tearless sky,  
As swept through the reposing woods the parting melody,  
Till distance caught the last faint tone, a sad one of farewell,  
And silence on the new made grave for one brief moment fell.  
'Twas broken by an old man's voice—"And thou art laid to rest!  
Wherefore! oh, wherefore, is it not as ever on my breast?  
Beloved! beloved, can this be so! Hast thou thy home forsaken,  
And with thee all its pleasantness to earth's dark bosom taken?  
Oh, my old heart was fresh and green, for wert thou not its spring?  
The sunshine and the dews are gone!—the flowers are withering!  
There is not one on earth to bring the summer back to me;  
Life's loveliness for aye has fled, my gentle one, with thee.  
Now let me bend this white head down, and weep on the cold sod,  
And try to hush my selfish grief—for art thou not with God?"  
Then a band of youthful voices breathed the old man's last words o'er—  
"Thou'rt with thy God! thou'rt with thy God! we shall not see thee more!  
We will miss thee when we turn our steps to the forsaken hearth  
That shall never, never ring again, as once it did with mirth.  
Oh, fondly will we oft forget, and think to meet thine eye,  
And through the dreamy evening hours, speak as if thou wert by;  
Then vainly turn our longing gaze to the half-opened door—  
Thou'rt gone to God, and we on earth may hear thy step no more."

And as they, weeping, passed away, through the low whispering trees,  
A sound of mourning and of prayer came back upon the breeze.  
It died upon the mother's grave—that sad, bewailing tone,  
And the churchyard, with its holy dead, again was left alone.  
On—on flew the glad summer hours—when, from the tossing wave,  
Another and yet wilder sound rushed to that quiet grave.  
A lone voice from a distant land—whose tones of deep lament,  
With wailings of the ocean wind were sorrowfully blent.  
"Oh, the spot is green and beautiful where my dead mother lies,  
With a thousand golden clouds above in her own native skies;  
Those blue, mysterious skies that shroud her spirit from my sight,  
While I gaze through the long troubled day and in the sleepless night.  
Oh, mother, sad have been the hours, and slowly they have passed,  
Since I looked into thy loving eyes, and on thy gray hairs last!  
Could I have knelt beside thee when thy parting words were spoken,  
I might have borne away some spell to keep this heart unbroken.  
Had I but caught one angel smile to those who bowed there given,  
Methinks I would not sorrow thus that thou art gone to Heaven.  
But woe for thy poor absent child! Her heart beat high with life,  
While thine grew faint and sorrowful in the last weary strife;  
Her eye lit up with earthly hope while thine was growing dim,  
Her laughter ringing lightly while they sang the funeral hymn.  
Oh for some calmer thoughts to still remorseful memory's cry!  
Oh for some spirit's love to bear this grief above the sky;  
Beyond the sky—to where thou art, beloved and glorious one,  
With thy earthly tear-drops wiped away—thy earthly labors done.  
Dare I but hope that yet awhile, and I shall be with thee,  
Although our graves be parted wide by mountain and by sea?  
Oh, thine is green and beautiful among the Summer flowers.  
And mine—it matters not how fast speed on these lonely hours—  
Let my sleep be beneath the wave, or in the loneliest wild,  
So that I hear thy voice in Heaven whisper once more,  
"My child."

## THE MAN WHOM EVERYBODY PITIED.

BY J. K. PAULDING, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "THE OLD CONTINENTAL," ETC.

THERE is nothing in which mankind make so many mistakes as in estimating the happiness of others. We often envy those who are objects of pity, and waste our commiseration on those who are in reality worthy to be envied. The hovel is not necessarily the abode of misery nor the palace of pleasure; the beggar may be happier than the king, and the slave than his master. He who is at the top of the ladder is in perpetual fear of falling, while the man at its foot thinks only of rising. The outside of the house is not always the criterion of the comforts within, nor can all the gifts of fortune atone for what nature has denied. A cheerful and contented mind is the best gift which Providence can bestow on man; and a patient submission to the inevitable rubs of life, though often mistaken for hardened indifference or stupid insensibility, is a much surer basis of happiness than an insatiable craving for its enjoyments. Instead, however, of an essay, a mode of instruction entirely out of vogue in this story-telling age, I prefer illustrating my theory by giving a sketch of a "poor devil," as he is usually denominated among his neighbors in the country, who sometimes pity him for his folly, at others for his poverty.

Jubilee Posey, as might be shrewdly deduced from his name, was predestined to happiness in this world. He was born with a cork jacket on, and fated to float while all the rest of the crew were drowning. He was born poor, has been all his life poor, and will most undoubtedly die poor, unless he should become rich by some great misfortune and cheat the world out of the moral of my story. His father was an old revolutionary hero, who, among other exploits, with the aid of two or three of his neighbors, captured one of the British squadron which, as is recorded in history, sailed up the Hudson and set fire to the good old Dutch town of Sopus, vulgarly called Esopus. The vessel grounded near the shore in ascending the river, and as the tide receded, inclined towards the land, so that her deck became completely exposed to the fire of an old swivel, procured from the neighborhood by the old revolutionary hero, and the flag was pulled down at the first fire. The vessel being, however, full of men, the party on shore was too weak to attempt taking possession, and recourse was had to some "regulars" stationed at a position some miles distant, who came, took possession, claimed and received the prize money, and thus robbed the real captors of both the honors and profits of their gallantry. But the old man was not without his reward, in

the pleasure he derived from telling the story whenever occasion offered—and indeed when it did not offer—during the rest of his life, which was lengthened almost to the age of the patriarchs, for he afterwards obtained a pension, and, as has been shrewdly observed, pensioners seldom or never die.

The revolutionary hero, however, did at last die, and his pension with him, leaving behind the character of a simple, worthy old soul, whose only fault was telling long stories, an aged, infirm wife, a dumb daughter, and our friend Jubilee, who, in his livery of rags and tatters, was always as merry as a cricket, and during his boyhood, might be seen every day in the week, and, if the truth must be told, sometimes on Sunday, making dirt pies in the road, playing at gambols with a queer little mongrel cur with whom he was on terms of the strictest intimacy, or sitting with a stick, a piece of twine and a pin hook at the end of it, fishing for mummy chubs at the side of a lazy, unmusical stream, aptly called Black River, with most exemplary patience, laughing at nothing.

At the period of his father's death, Jubilee was about fifteen, or perhaps sixteen years old, and though from the hour of his birth he had never enjoyed any single one of what are called the comforts of life, was steeped in poverty to the very lips, surrounded by age, decrepitude and infirmity, and an object of pity or contempt to everybody—still it may be said, with perfect truth, that he had never experienced a single hour of actual suffering. The death of his father, however, and the loss of his pension, threw the whole family on Jubilee for support. The mother was aged and infirm, the daughter dumb and an idiot. But Jubilee was one who always adapted himself to circumstances. If fortune gave him a buffet on one cheek, he laughed and turned the other. He had idled away his boyhood, and it might truly be said of him that he had steered clear of that "little learning" which the poet says "is a dangerous thing," and that "too much learning" which, according to Festus, "maketh a man mad." He could hardly tell a B from a bull's foot; yet he did not want for common sense, and was gifted with more than ordinary shrewdness, though everybody wondered how he came by either. The neighbors all pitied the poor lad, but, as is usual in such cases, only speculated on how the poor Poseys could manage to keep clear of the county poor-house. "I'll soon show you," said Jubilee, laughing ready to split his sides. The neighbors held up their hands and threw up

their eyes, and pitied him more than ever for being such a nunny as not to be miserable when he had such special occasion.

All at once Jubilee underwent a complete metamorphosis in everything but his inveterate predisposition to laughter. He sought employment, and the neighbors readily gave it; for however human nature may be scandalized, the man who is willing to help himself will generally secure the help of others. In a little time everybody was anxious to employ him, for he laughed himself, made others laugh through sympathy, and did more work in a day than any youth of his inches in twenty miles round. Squire Smith White Brown, the richest man in the township, used frequently to employ him, and though he sometimes could not resist the contagion of his merry spirits, would often shake his head and say—"Poor Jubilee, I can't help pitying him. He is insensible to his situation. According to all common sense and reason, he ought to be miserable, and yet he seems as happy as the day is long. The fellow must be either a natural fool or a natural philosopher, though, to tell the truth, I don't know exactly the difference."

With all his labor and economy, however, poor Jubilee, though he manfully fought the good fight, could hardly keep the gaunt spectre poverty from the door; and if he sometimes succeeded in this, the fiend would either fly through a broken pane in the window or squeeze through the keyhole. Want, like the wind, finds its way through every cranny of the homely hovel; and Jubilee, when he came home of evening with a light pocket and heavy pence, found so many uses for his money that it always gave out before its time. Age with increasing infirmity brings increasing wants, and the years of the old mother increased much faster than her wisdom. In the fatuity of almost second childhood, she became querulous and impatient, and sometimes vented her ill humor on the poor dumb girl, who, idiot as she was, could distinguish looks, though she could not comprehend words, and would creep into a corner and weep bitterly. It was at such times, and such only, that the buoyant spirit of Jubilee sunk under him for a moment, and that the neighbors might have been excused for pitying him; but the sturdy hickory sapling only recoils the more irresistibly by being bent to the ground, and his cheerful spirit soon regained its level. On one of these occasions an old female neighbor, a very worthy woman, as times go, happening to be present, exclaimed, when she got home—"Well, I must say, that Jubilee Posey's heart is as hard as a blacksmith's anvil. Anybody that can laugh with such a load of misery on his back is an object of pity."

Jubilee was often urged to permit his mother and sister to be placed in the county poor-house. At that time—and would it were so now—the poor of this country cherished that proper pride which revolts at a dependence on public charity; and never was it known, except among the most

worthless or helpless of the human race, that a grown-up child consigned a parent to a hospital or poor-house to get rid of his or her maintenance. It inflicted indelible disgrace both on children and all their kindred, when age and decrepitude were abandoned to the care of strangers, and their latter days bereft of all the kind ministrations of filial or kindred love. But the times are altered, and it is feared not for the better in this respect. Charity now goes begging for customers; the ties of kindred and the obligations of filial duty are gradually weakened by the interference of strangers, who volunteer the performance of those offices which God and nature have solemnly delegated to filial affection and kindred blood. It is painful to observe how that pride of independence, which is one of the very best preservatives from meanness, idleness, extravagance and beggary, and those holy ties of kindred affection and kindred blood that constitute the best and brightest links of the social chain, have become, as it were, almost neutralized by a mawkish spirit of universal charity, which, while it undermines the one, usurps the functions of the other. Parents have become ambitious of having their children educated at the public expense; children are not ashamed of thrusting their parents on public charity to get rid of their maintenance; and the solid substance of the domestic affections is in imminent danger of being sacrificed to the phantom of universal benevolence. Jubilee, though the slave of toil and the victim of poverty, always rejected the temptation of relieving himself of a burden by imposing it on the public. "No," would he say; "the old woman and the poor dumb girl shall never eat any other bread than mine while I have strength to earn it for them." The neighbors all pitied Jubilee for having such a burden on his shoulders, but for all this he seemed to grow more cheerful every day, and laughed louder than any ten rich men in the country. Perhaps the consciousness of being a dutiful son and a kind brother lightened his spirits, though it always seemed to me he had not the least idea that he was either one or the other, and merely obeyed the impulse of a kind heart without the least consciousness that he was doing anything extraordinary.

In process of time the old mother, after living to become a burden to herself and all around her—except Jubilee, who never carried, or at least never felt he carried a burden in his life—departed this world, which, though it had treated her somewhat roughly, she still loved, as a mother loves a wayward child which is continually trying her patience. The people about the neighborhood had said ten thousand times at least, that as she had nothing in this life to live for, it would be a great blessing for her to die. But the old woman was of a different way of thinking. She clung to existence with all the tenacity of youthful anticipation, and the habit of living seemed to supply the absence of all that makes life desirable. There appears to be a positive pleasure in living

and breathing in this goodly world in spite of all that has been said or sung in its disparagement; and instead of shaking our wise heads in pity or wonder at the phenomena, it would be better were we to rejoice and be thankful that there are still sources of enjoyment in this life to poverty, old age and decrepitude.

Jubilee looked serious for some time after this event, which caused him to be still more pitied—for everybody said he ought to be glad at this relief from one of his burdens, and his being otherwise was only another proof of his folly. Habit, however, soon resumed its influence, and he was again as merry as ever, though he shortly after committed another act of folly which drew down on him divers violent shakes of the head from the female overseers of the poor. He hired a little damsel to take care of his sister, and whistled and sung at his work more blithely than before, although divers wise people held up their hands and predicted that his extravagance would ruin him at last. Squire Smith White Brown went so far as to stop him one day as he was passing by a tavern, where the squire generally halted at least fourteen times a week to give lectures on temperance and talk politics. In truth, he was a great politician, and had attained his high dignity through the influence of a county member to whom he gave long credits, the squire being a shopkeeper in the county town. However this may be, he called Jubilee to him and gave him a long lecture on temperance and economy, which our hero heard with great gravity, though he was overheard laughing at least two miles on his way after taking leave of the squire.

Providence—according to the decision of the neighbors—again interfered in behalf of Jubilee, who some two years after the death of his mother followed the poor dumb girl to the grave, which was dug close by her side. Again he drew down the denunciations of the areopagus of the neighborhood—first by being very sad, and afterwards by recovering his spirits and laughing as merrily as ever. “He ought to rejoice that the poor creature is gone,” said Mrs. Poodle. “He ought to be ashamed,” quoth Mrs. Noodle, “at not being more sorry, for after all the poor soul was his sister.” Both, however, pitied him heartily—at least so they said—one for grieving without cause, the other for laughing at nothing. Poor Jubilee was now left alone—at least he had no one at home but the little girl he had hired to take care of his sister. The awful rural tribunal which presides amid the groves and fields, and exercises despotic sway over village lads and lasses, at once decided it would be exceedingly improper that the aforesaid little damsel, being now rescued from the protecting wing of the dumb sister, should any longer officiate as housekeeper to Jubilee the bachelor. Scandal began to twang her trumpet, rousing the tongues of elderly ladies and venerable dryades of the woods, and one day the little housekeeper came home from a neighboring

village—consisting of three houses and a milliner shop—her eyes red with weeping, just as Jubilee had finished his daily labors at Squire Smith White Brown’s cider press. With his usual good nature he inquired the cause of this strange phenomenon—for there was no weeping or gnashing of teeth in his domicile.

“The whole world is talking about you and I,” exclaimed she, in a burst of eloquence watered by torrents of tears.

“And what does the whole world say about you and I?” asked Jubilee.

“They say—they say—they—they——”

“But what *do* they say?”

“They say that—that—that you and I are no better than we should be.”

“Well, there’s no great harm in that—it’s all true as Gospel.”

“True? Why, you wicked, you abominable man; you ought to be ashamed of yourself to join in with the world in taking away the character of a poor girl without father or mother. You know—you know, Jubilee, there isn’t one word of truth in the whole story.”

“What story?” asked he, astonished at this ebullition. “What else does the world say?”

“Why, they say—they say”—and the little damsel covered her face with her hands and burst into a real inundation of tears—“they say if we an’t married it’s high time we should be.”

Hereupon Jubilee began to whistle, after which he rubbed his hands, and catching the little woman round the waist, kissed her most reverentially a great many times. Finally, he burst into a grand explosion of laughter, and whipping the little woman up under his arm, carried her forthwith to Squire Smith White Brown, where they were married in a twinkling. After this the squire bethought of cautioning Jubilee against hasty marriages among poor people; and the affair was no sooner known to the whole world, as the bride called it, than the whole world denounced the whole affair, not only as a violation of decency, being his sister had not been dead above three months, and a most aggravated act of impudence, inasmuch as the bride was as poor as Job’s turkey and the bridegroom still poorer. The universal decision was, that, being so poor, they would undoubtedly have a prodigious number of children, one-half of whom would die of want or neglect, and the other half come on the parish.

But it seemed as if Jubilee was destined to bring disgrace on the prophets and inflict blindness on second sight. His wife certainly brought him a goodly number of children, and sometimes threw doublets, as they say at backgammon. On these occasions people redoubled their predictions, but Jubilee only laughed twice as much as he did before.

“What in the world will become of the poor creatures?” said Mrs. Noodle to Squire Brown, one day. “Suppose Jubilee Posey was to break



his leg or get the rheumatism, or suppose his wife were to die and leave a house full of little children—this last one makes eight—what would become of the poor little wretches? Why, the oldest is not twelve. It's absolutely flying in the face of Providence."

"To be sure it is," quoth the squire. "Do they think Providence has nothing to do but take care of children? I'll go and give them a good lecture."

Accordingly he mounted his trusty steed, and after stopping at the aforesaid tavern to wet his whistle, proceeded at a stately pace towards the lowly dwelling of Jubilee Posey. It was just after sunset, in a long twilight of June, when the squire, approaching the asylum of poverty, distinguished peal after peal of joyous laughter becoming gradually louder the nearer he came. "Did ever anybody know or hear of such a stupid, unfeeling set?" thought the squire. "Of all the miserable sinners I know, they have the least reason to be merry. It is a sin and a shame for people to be laughing when they don't know but that in less than a month they may all be on the parish. But, after all, what can we expect from such stupid, ignorant fools?"

Thus cogitating in the sanctuary of his infinite wisdom, he rode on, and turning a sharp corner, came suddenly in view of the group whence this unseemly merriment proceeded. The whole family, parents, children, dogs, cats and pigs, were congregated in front of a log-house, little better than a hut, whose only appendage of rural beauty was a large oak tree, which quite overshadowed it, and whose gigantic body and wide-spreading limbs, hoary with moss, seemed to be authentic chronicles of ages past. There was a little grass growing beneath the shade, but it aspired not to the honors of a lawn, and on this was displayed a group whose merriment and heartfelt peals of ringing laughter never found their prototype on the sacred lawn of the monarch or under the windows of a palace.

The squire, who had spent his whole life in heaping up the sand hill of riches, and could not conceive even the abstract idea of happiness derived from any other source, instead of contemplating the merry group with that complacency which it seemed calculated to inspire, shrugged his shoulders in token of contemptuous pity, and giving three loud hems, rode up majestically, as became a magistrate. Never did fairy rout, disporting by moonlight on the dewy lawn, by the side of some twittering stream coursing its way through forest shades, when, perchance, disturbed by the intrusion of some blundering rustic lout, disperse more rapidly than did the merry group under the old oak tree. Jubilee alone stood his ground, or rather he came forward "louting low," with hat in hand, to greet his dignified visitor, who he supposed had come to offer him some welcome job. He wished him to dismount, but the squire stiffly declined, and placing himself

erect in his stirrups, while Jubilee stood respectfully by his horse's side, addressed him with great solemnity as follows:—

"Jubilee Posey, as a justice of the peace, and an overseer of the poor besides, I have thought it my duty to come over and talk seriously to you on the folly, not to say wickedness of your conduct. Hem!"

Jubilee looked up in the face of the squire with all the simplicity of innocent wonder. His conscience was clear of all offence, and he felt a great inclination to laugh, for just then he felt uncommonly happy from the influence of the scene I have just sketched.

The squire having cleared his throat with a succession of "hems!" and gathered his wisdom together, continued his exhortation:—"Jubilee Posey, as a justice of the peace and overseer of the poor, as I before observed, I consider it my duty—as I said before—to talk to you seriously on the folly, not to say wickedness of your conduct."

"Why, what have I done, squire?" asked Jubilee, smiling.

"Done, sir? Why, you have married a wife; and not content with that, you have got a household of children, when you have no business to have either one or the other."

"Why, squire, I didn't know there was any harm in getting married; and as for children, that comes natural, you know."

"No harm? But I tell you, sir, there is great harm in a man getting married without any means of making his wife comfortable, and having a pack of children with ragged clothes and dirty faces, who are born for nothing but to suffer hunger, cold, and all the miseries of poverty."

"Not while I have health and strength to work for them," said Jubilee, somewhat proudly.

"But suppose you were to die to-morrow, what would become of them then?"

"Providence, I trust, would protect them," answered Jubilee, meekly.

"Pooh," quoth the squire, "there is no use in talking to you!" and turning his horse abruptly, he trotted off, muttering to himself—"These poor sinners, who have no other dependence, are always trusting to Providence. We shall see what will come of it."

As the squire departed in wrath, Mrs. Posey, who was a little curious, though a right saving, striving, good-natured soul, came forth and asked Jubilee what had passed. Whereupon he told her the whole story, and they had a hearty laugh together.

But Jubilee was destined to be sorely tried in this world. The scarlet fever came among them and swept away half his little flock, the expenses of whose medical attendance he could not pay, for all his savings were expended on their coffins and their graves. But the doctor was—like very many of his profession—a kind-hearted man, and when Jubilee asked him if he would trust him till he could get on his legs again, he answered—

"Till the day of judgment, and welcome." His generosity was rewarded, for Jubilee paid him before the year was out. He had begun to laugh as blithely as ever, when that fatal malady, which seems often to lurk about the house from year to year to gorge itself with the kindred blood of those it has already devoured, again made its appearance, and carried away his two youngest and best beloved. The squire and Mrs. Noodle thought it a great blessing for him to be rid of so many burdens, but it was a long while before Jubilee laughed again. Laugh, however, he did, in good time, for not only does Heaven temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but the shorn lamb to the wind, and those who are destined to carry heavy burdens have strong backs to bear them. The buoyancy of his spirit floated him above the tide of misfortune, and again he was warming himself in the sunshine of his mind, when one cold winter Saturday night he was returning home from a distance of several miles with the earnings of the week in his pocket. A storm of mingled hail, rain and snow came on, and pelted him so sorely that he determined to take a short cut through a path which led over a rugged, rocky mountain covered with wood, which might save him some two or three miles. The night became excessively dark, and the gloomy shadows of the trees, which were principally evergreens, increased the obscurity. The path was intricate and little worn; he became bewildered, lost his way, and falling over a precipice of rocks, broke one of his legs and dislocated his right shoulder. He lay awhile insensible, but at length recovered to suffer and almost despair. He called for help, but was only answered by the wind that moaned and shrieked among the trees. There was not a house within less than the distance of a mile, and that was a lonely hut tenanted by a tough old man, who lived principally by shooting and setting traps for rabbits and partridges. After calling until he was convinced it was all in vain, Jubilee, by the aid of his left arm and leg, managed to crawl to the foot of the precipice, which luckily projected beyond the perpendicular, and by still greater good fortune, in groping about discovered a hole in the rock, into which he made his way with great pain and difficulty. It was filled with dry leaves, driven in by the winds, and here he spent the remainder of the night in pain and misery, until towards morning, when exhausted nature overcame his agonies and he fell into a deep sleep.

From this temporary cessation he was roused by a quick and furious barking of dogs, a couple of which were darting back and forth before his asylum with violent gestures of deadly hostility.

Presently some one approached, and he heard him calling to the dogs, which refused to obey, and only barked more furiously. Approaching still nearer, the person muttered to himself—"What the plague can have got into these stupid creatures, I wonder?" Then coming still nearer, while the barking of the dogs became an eager whine, he perceived the hole, and exclaimed—"Consarn me if I don't believe they have got the fox that stole my chickens t'other night. I'll give him a blast, by jingo, at a venture." And poking his rifle into the hole, he was about making good his words, when Jubilee cried out lustily—"Hollo, neighbor Culver, what are you about?" Whereupon neighbor Culver withdrew his gun, and stepped back in such a hurry that he fell over a stump and his gun, for the first time within the memory of man, exploded without bringing down any game.

But the longest story must have an end, and being a little tired ourself, it is fair to conclude the reader is not far from being out of all patience, it being seldom that the latter is so long-winded as the former. Neighbor Culver was at length brought to recognize the voice of neighbor Posey, whom he assisted in drawing forth, and carried on his shoulders to his hut, whence in good time he was transported home in a lamentable condition. His shoulder was terribly swollen, and the injury to his leg was a compound fracture, which, owing to the exposure and long delay in setting, if that had been possible, soon assumed an appearance which required amputation. Jubilee slowly recovered, with the loss of a leg and a shoulder that ever after remained so stiff that it was of no use to him. It may well be supposed that everybody pitied him more than ever, and yet he was not an object of pity. When he thought of the children he had lost, he said to himself, "Providence has indeed provided for them!" and he was not only resigned but glad. The little he can now do, aided by the industry and management of his wife, and the kindness of the good doctor, who declares he has put out all the fees he ever received from him at interest, and pays him about four times the amount, seems to keep the wolf from the door, and Jubilee continues to be the merriest man in all the country round, though Squire Smith White Brown pronounces him a downright fool, and Mrs. Noodle pities him terribly. He is still living, and I have his permission to publish his biography. When I made the request, he laughed like a whole swarm of flies, and replied—"Oh yes, and welcome. I shall be quite proud to be held up as an example to the rising generation."

## AUNT MAGWIRE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WIDOW BEDOTT.

Don't care a snap for him, hay? Now, Nancy Harrinton, I want to know if you think you're a gwine to make me believe such a story as that? I know better. I can see as fur into a millstone as anybody—and I know and have know'd for better'n six months how't you and Jasper Doolittle tuck a notion to one another. 'Tis extraw-nary how gals will talk! If you don't care a snap for him, what makes you go with him to lectures, and concerts, and sleigh rides, and all kinds o' dewins? Don't tell me you don't care a snap for him. He's a real nice young man tew—stiddy and industrus and dewin well—you never'll have a better chance in yer life—mabby he haint said nothin pertickler to you yet—but that's no sign he aint a gwine tew as soon as he gits his curridge up. He's ruther bashful, you know—it takes them sort o' fellers longer to come to the pint in such matters; they want considrable spurrin up, and I advise you not to let nobody else hear you say you don't care nothin about Jasper Doolittle—trouble comes o' them kind o' speeches. I know by experence—I come purty nigh losin yer uncle Joshaway by makin an unprudent remark o' that nater. I'll tell you how 'twas, and mabby you'll take warnin by it. I remember egzakly when 'twas—'twas in the month o' March, about tew year and a half arter sister Bedott was married; yer uncle and me'd ben keepin company all winter: he come t' our house every Sabberday evenin reglarly, besides always scein on me hum from singin-school and evenin meetins, and so forth—'twas town talk that we was engaged—Joshaway Magwire and Melissy Poole—that was the story all round. But all this time, mind you—he hadent said a word tew me about havin on him, though I was suspectin every day when he would. You see he was awful bashful. Well, one night, ('twas in the month o' March,) we was a gwine hum from singin-school—nary one on us dident say nothin for some ways. At last yer uncle ham'd and haw'd tew or three times, and then says he to me, says he, "Melissy!" says I, "hay?"—but he dident continner for some time—arter a spell he ham'd and haw'd agin—and he says to me, says he "Melissy!"—says I, "Well—what?"—but still he dident continner. At last I see we was a gittin purty nigh hum—so I says to him, says I, "Joshaway—what was you a gwine to remark?" So then he says, says he, "I was a gwine to say—" but his curridge failed and he dident finish. Afore long we come to the gate, and there we stopt, (we used to stop awhile at the

gate in a ginerall way,) and says he, "Melissy!" says I, "Joshaway Maguire, what dew you want?" "Why," says he, "I was a gwine to ax you—" Jest then yer granf'ther Poole opened the door and come out, and so yer uncle went off and I went in. Well—next day Hanner Canoot come in t' our house—and she begun to joke me about yer uncle—now I never *could* bear Hanner Canoot—she was a reglar mischief makin old maid—always a meddlin with every body's bizness in the place—and as sure as she see a young cupple appearantly attached to one another, she'd insinuate syn or other aginst 'em. She couldent git no sweetheart herself, and it made her awful cross-grained and mad at them as *could* git 'em. I hadent never had no diffikilty with her—but I dispised her—and yer gram'ther Poole used to say to me fraquently, "Melissy—dew be kerful what you say afore Hanner Canoot—she's a dann-gerous critter!"—and I *was* kerful in a ginerall way. And then, you see, ther was another thing about it—there was her brother, Josiar Canoot—he'd ben tryin to be perlite to me tew or three year—and I wouldnt keep company with him, nor have nothin to say tew him—and Hanner she knowd it, and she felt awful spiteful to me on account o' that. Speakin o' Siar Canoot—the last time I was up to Wiggletown, yer Aunt Bedott telled me he was quite pertickler to her. He haint never ben married. I spose nobody wouldnt have him—he was so lazy and so consarn-ed disagreeable, and so awful humbly. Why his hair was as red as blazes—and he hadent no nose at all—and what ther was on't turned right up straight. When yer Aunt Bedott tell'd me about his steppin up to her, I says, says I, "I hope you won't incurridge him, Silly—for he's a poor shiftless critter." "Why no he aint, nother," says she: "he's ben in the millentary and got to be Cappen Canoot." "I don't care for that," says I; "'twouldnt make no difference to me if he was *General*—he's Si Canoot and always will be." Well, I felt awful worried about it, and when I come hum, I telled yer uncle on't, and says he, "O don't you be afeard o' Silly's marryin him. I'll be bound he haint no idee o' marryin her. She always thinks the men has serus intentions if they look at her"—that's what yer *uncle* said—and I don't say but what 'tis so—sister Bedott's a curus critter—tho' she's a nice woman in the main. Well, I was a gwine to tell what Hanner said; she begun to joke me—and says she, (I was a spinnin on a gret wheel you know,) well she begun at me and says she,

"Melissy, they tell curus stories about you,"—whiz—whiz—whiz went the wheel, and I pertended I didnt hear her. Arter a spell she spoke up louder, and says she, "Melissy—they tell strannge stories about you and Joshaway;"—whiz—whiz—whiz went the wheel, and I made as if I didnt hear a word, she said—so bymebye she turns to yer gram'ther, (she was a settin there,) and says she—"How is it, Miss Poole?—when's that are weddin a comin on?" "What weddin?" says mother, says she—"Why, Melissy and Joshaway Magwire, beshure," says Hanner, says she. "Never—not as I know on," says mother, says she—"I don't know nothin about no such bizness." Well—she see she couldnt git no satisfaction out o' mother, so she hollers to me agin, and says she, "Seems to me yer ruther hard o'hearin to-day, Melissy." Whiz-z-z-z-z went the wheel louder 'n ever, and I didnt take no notice o' what she said. Purty soon she bawld out agin, and says she—"I guess what makes you so deaf, you must a ketcht cold in yer head last night—'twas rather a long journey you tuck to git hum"—(you see yer uncle and me went hum by the turnpike instid o' gwine cross lots—but how the critter found it out, dear knows.) Well, I didnt pay no 'tention, but I tell you I was a gittin awful mad. Arter a spell she gits up and comes and dumps herself right down aside o' me, and says she, "Say, Melissy, dew tell when you and Joshaway's a gwine to step off—he's a very nice young man, tho' I guess he won't never set the river afire." When she said that, I was completely ryled up. I'd ben a growin madder and madder all the time—to think o' her tellin right afore mother about our comin hum by the turnpike—and then sayin "he wouldnt never set the river afire,"—'twas tew much, I couldnt hold in no longer;—so I turned round and shook my wheelpin in her face, and says I, "Hanner Canoot—yer a meddlin old maid. I wish you'd mnd yer own bizness and lem'me alone about Josh Magwire—I *wouldnt wipe my old shoes on him.*" Now—what did the critter dew when I spoke so? Why she snorted right out a laffin, and says she, "O, don't git in a passion, Melissy—don't; dew keep your temper till yer married—dew." Purty soon she went hum. This was a Friday. Well—Saberday come and I didnt see nothin o' Joshaway. I thought 'twas ruther queer, but I reckon'd on seein on him to Wensday evenin meetin—so I waited with patience till Wensday evenin come, and I went to meetin. Well, he was there, and I sposed of course he'd wait on me hum—but when meetin was out, lo and behold! he went straight apast me and axed Cloey Foggerson if he should have the pleasure o' seein *her* hum! Then it all come thro' my head like a flash o' lightnin, what I said to Hanner Canoot—and I know'd she'd told him on't as well as if I'd heerd her. I tell you I felt like death! I never knowd till that minnit how much I sot by Joshaway Magwire—the idee o' loosin

on him was awful aggravatin. Well, I got hum some how or other and went straight off to bed—but I didnt sleep nun that night. In the mornin I got up with a tremenjuous headache, and lookin as pale as a ghost. Mother, she axed me whether or no I wa'n't sick. I telled her no; but all that day I want fit for no bizness—didnt have no appertite—and when night come yer gram'ther felt so consarned about me, she gin me a dose o' perri-garlick—cause she said if I didnt sleep that night I'd sartinly be attackt with the fever. In spite o' the perri-garlick I didnt sleep a wink that night nother. Next day I felt woss than ever, but I was awful high sperrited, and I was detarmined nobody shouldnt know the reason. Thinka me—if Joshaway's a mind to use me so, he may, and be hanged to him. I aint a gwine to kill myself on account o' him—he aint the only young man in the univarse. That was the way I *talked*—to myself—but talkin and dewin's tew things, you know, Nancy. The more I tried to despise yer uncle, the more I couldnt—the more I tried to hate him, the better I liked him. Well, so it went on for a number o' weeks. Yer uncle never come nigh me. I used to see him to singin school and meetin, but he never offered to see me hum—always went with Cloey Foggerson. Afore long, everybody was a talkin about him and Cloey Foggerson. But what worked me most was—the gals begun to blaggard me about losin my sweetheart, and thinks me, I'll git him back if I die for't. So arter ponderin on't a spell, I made up my mind I'd incurridge Siar Canoot, and see 'f that wouldnt bring yer uncle tew. Si was ready enough to step up, you know, but I'd gin him the mitten so many times, he was afear'd to venter. So one day I goes by his shop, (he was a waggin-maker by trade, you know,)—he was a standin in the door as he always was—in a general way—(he was everlastin lazy)—well, I says, says I, "How de dew, Mr. Canoot?" I tell you I never see a surprisder critter 'n what he was—I hadnt spoke tew him in better 'n a year. "Well as common," says he. Says I, "Why don't you never come to see us now days, Mr. Canoot?" The critter was mighty tickled—and says he,— "The reason I haint ben's cause I reckoned my company wa'n't agreeable." "O! Mr. Canoot, you mustnt think so," says I—and then I went off. Well, next night he come t' our house, and arter that he come every night—and I tell you 'twas an awful cross to me to treat him any way decent—for I hated the critter like pizen: but I managed to be perlite tew him, and afore a week's time he poppt the question. I tell'd him 'twas very onexpected and I must consider on't a spell afore I gin him an anser. He seemed apparently satisfied, and continnerd to wait on me; and I could see't yer uncle felt oneasy by the way he lookt sideways at us whenever he see us together—but still he never come nigh me nor offered to speak tew me—and so it went on for tew hull months. All the nabors begun to talk about Josiar

Canoot and me—and Siar himself was a teazin on me to know whether I hadent *considered* eny most long enough—and what to dew I didnt know. I was nigh upon crazy—my health failed—I hadent no appetite, nor no sperrits. Yer gram'ther was awful oneasy about me. You see I was all the darter she had left to hum. Yer mar was married and gone, and yer aunt Bedott was married and gone tew. Well, I got to be a misrable critter. One evening, arter supper, I was in a dretful state o' mind. I knowd Siar was a comin that night to git his anser, and I wanted to git red on' him. So I huv on my things and slipt out and went up to sister Bedott's. She lived to the upper eend o' the village. Well, I found yer aunt Bedott to hum alone. Yer uncle Hez wa'n't in—gone to some meetin or other—and Kiar, (he was a baby then,) he was asleep in the cradle. "I'm glad you've cum," says Silly, says she, "for I'm awful lonesome. Hez has gun off somewher—dear knows wher: 'tis amazin how any man *can* be willin to leave his pardner alone as much as he doos. I'm clear out o' patience with it—if it hadent a ben for that flambergasted young one's havin the snuffles, I'd a went off somewher myself." (Yer aunt Bedott's a nice woman, but she was always an awful grumbler—they *dew* say she jawed the deacon out o' the world.) Well, so she went on, scoldin and frettin, and tellin her troubles and trials, for ever so long; at last I broke in, and says I, "O! Silly, don't go on so—you don't know what *trouble* is." I said it in a kind o' way that startled her, and says she, "Melissy, what dew you mean?" I bust right out a cryin. Yer aunt huv down her knitin work and come up tew me, and says she, "Melissy Poole, what is the matter?" I kept on a cryin and didnt anser. At last says she, "Dew tell what ails you, Melissy, dew—taint nothin about Joshaway Magwire, I hope. I wouldnt fret my gizzard for him; ther's as good fishes in the sea as any 't ever was ketcht yit." Well, arter a spell, thinks me—I may as well tell her. So I telld her the hull from beginnin to eend—how nigh yer uncle come to poppin the question—what I said to Hanner Canoot—how she provoked me to say it—how on-doubtedly she'd told Joshaway on't—and all how and about it. Well, at fust yer aunt blowed me up sky high, for makin such an unprudent speech, (she was unprudent enough herself, but she hadent no patience with anybody else for bein so.) At last says she, "What's said can't be onsaid—the only way to mend the mischief is for Joshaway and you to git together and make it up somehow." "But how *can* we git together," says I; "I can't go to see him, and he don't never come to see me no more." Arter thinkin a spell, says Silly, says she, (Silly was always a cunnin critter,) "I've got it now; you jest stay here and see to the baby, and I'll run into the widdar Magwire's—it's a good while sence I've been there. It's purty dark now, and by the time I come hum it'll be awful dark, and Joshaway he'll come with me—he's

did it several times—he's wonderful perlite—and when we git to the door I'll ax him to come in and see husband. Hez won't be to hum taint likely—but Josh won't know but what he is—and when he once gits in, I'll bet forty gret apples you and he'll make it all straight purty soon." "O, Silly," says I, "that's a real good idee—but you mustent let him know I'm here, cause if you dew he won't come in." "I won't, sartin sure," says she. So she put on her things and off she went, and I sot down the back side o' the room and begun a contrivin what I should say to yer uncle. O, Nancy! you've no idee what a state of preturbation I was in—one minnit I was afeard I shouldent say nothin to no purpose—and the next minnit I was eny most sure o' gittin Joshaway back agin. Well, sister Bedott was gone a hull hour. You see Joshaway wa'n't to hum when she went, and so she stayed till he come. It did seem to me as if she was gone a year. At last I heerd em a comin. They got to the door and says yer uncle, says he, "Good night." "O, you come in, dew," says yer aunt Silly, says she; "Mr. Bedott wants to see you amazinly." "Well," says he, "I'll step in a minnit." So in they come. "Why," says sister Bedott, says she, "I wonder where husband is! you set down by the fire and I'll go call him—he can't be fur off, I'm sure; he wouldn't go off and leave the baby alone." So he sot down with his back to me—I was a settin where he didnt see me,) and she went off into tother room and shot the door. Gracious sakes alive! I never in my hull life experienced such feelins as I did that minnit—and I never shall agin if I live a thousand year. It seem'd as if my heart would jump right out o' my mouth. Arter a minnit or so I *ham'd*—yer uncle he started and lookt round—and when he see me he riz up and made for the door. Thinks me, I've lost him now sartin, sure. Jest as he got his hand on the latch, says I, "Mr. Magwire!" He stopt and lookt round at me, and says he, "Did you speak to me, Miss Poole?" "Yes," says I. "What did you want?" says he;—he spoke so cold and unconcerned I felt clear discurridged, and I jest bust right out a cryin. So then he come up to me, and says he, "Melissy!" Says I, "Joshaway, what makes you so cold and distant to me lately?" Says he, "You're engaged, aint you, Melissy?" Says I, "No, I aint—no such a thing." Arter a minnit he says, says he, "What made you say you wouldnt wipe yer old shoes on me?" "Cause I *wouldnt*," says I, "and ther aint but one feller in the town I *would* sarve such a mean trick, and that's Siar Canoot—he's jest fit to wipe old shoes on." Now, Nancy what do you spoze yer uncle done then? Why he huv his arms round my neck, and gin me such a thunderin smack as I never got afore nor sence. "O, Melissy," says he "we'll be married arter all the fuss—won't we?" "I shouldnt wonder," says I. And we was married in less than a month, and I haint

never had no 'casion to repent—for he's made me  
a fust rate husband ; but only think how nigh I  
come to loosin on him jest for speakin as I did to

Hanner Canoot. She haint never ben nigh me  
sence I was married—and as for Siar, he was as  
mad as the Dragon.

FRANK.

## ASKING FORGIVENESS.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

We met as strangers, Jennie, or friends but of a day ;  
With wreathed lip and mocking smile you coldly turned  
away ;  
And though I strove to be as proud, my eyes were dim  
with tears,  
For memory went back to scenes of long departed years.

Went back unto the time, Jennie, when first you saw  
my face,  
And won my little heart at once, with childish, careless  
grace.  
We were both young and guileless then, and had as  
yet to learn,  
That *fond caress and loving smile may meet with no  
return.*

I saw as in a dream, Jennie, that large and quiet room,  
Shrouded as evening hours wore on, with deep yet  
pleasant gloom.  
The very portraits on the walls, your brothers young and  
fair,  
And your sweet eyes looked down on me, as pure as  
angels are.

I seemed to sit once more, Jennie, with pulses hushed  
and still,  
While o'er the keys your tiny hands went wandering at  
will.  
And then a strain of melody rose up so clear and wild,  
And I was once again, Jennie, a warm, true-hearted  
child.

Oh, often in my dreams, Jennie, has that remembered  
strain,  
Seemed to be circling round the room, about my head  
again.  
Then I have seen your dear calm eyes, and felt a warm  
embrace,  
While tears of yearning tenderness were raining on my  
face.

Those happy, happy dreams, Jennie, were all too bright  
to stay ;  
They faded, as the mellow strain in stillness died away ;  
And waking I have often found, my pillow wet with  
tears,  
More bitter than these eyes had known for many care-  
less years.

Perhaps *I* was in fault, Jennie ; perhaps *my heart* was  
proud,  
So stubborn that it might not be, to ask forgiveness bowed.  
It may be when I turned away, you thought *I too* was  
cold—  
That my heart now no longer knew the love it bore of  
old.

If such thoughts *have been yours, Jennie*, ah, little have  
you known,  
The eagerness with which I've watched to hear your  
lightest tone.  
And if my heart has been too proud before your own to  
bow,  
I pray you, dearest, to forgive,—*it's very humble now.*

And though I may not hope, Jennie, to be again so dear  
As when the hours went slowly by if I were not a near—  
Could I but once more press your lips,—once more your  
neck entwine—  
But for one brief and happy space, hold that dear hand  
in mine :

And know your eyes again, Jennie, looked love into my  
own,—  
Could hear as in the days gone by your low and gentle  
tone,—  
My heart would lose one half the load of heaviness it  
bears,  
And you could not refuse to love, thus listening to my  
prayers.

## MIDNIGHT.—A SONNET.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

AWAY in this deep dell by the sea-shore,  
So resteth all things from the summer heat,  
That I the Naiads hear, with limber feet,  
Let fall the crystal as in days of yore—  
Old Sea Gods lean upon the rocks, and pour  
The waves adown—the light-winged zephyrs greet  
The tittering Nymphs, that from their green retreat,

With pearl-shells play, and listen to their roar—  
Endymion sure on yonder headland sleeps,  
Where Dion's veil floats out a silver sheen,  
And large-eyed Pan amid the lotus peeps,  
Where gleams an ivory arm the leaves between,  
Nor stirs a restless hoof lest his big heart,  
O'erfilled with love, should slumbering Echo start.

## THE GREEK ANTIQUE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

HAVE you been in Salem, Massachusetts? Did you visit its rich treasury of beautifully-arranged foreign curiosities, "The East India Marine Society's Hall?" Were you a stranger there, and with only a short half-hour to pass in that comprehensive repository of wonderful works of nature and of art—some of them relics of remote antiquity, brought together in so close a compass from so widely distant parts of the world?

Then have you felt that in that early New England Endor there remained, indeed, still witchery enough to bind your feet to the floor of that charm-working cabinet by an irresistible spell, while you felt that you ought to be off, since time and the steam-cars wait for no man, and to send your thoughts radiating at once into every direction where the sun darts its beams. They were even inspired with a power which the sun-rays never possessed, of shooting from the present moment into past ages—into the caverns of the earth and the bosom of the ocean.

As you surmounted the flight of steps that ushered you abruptly into the hall, you felt as if touched by an enchanter's wand, and in the twinkling of an eye transported to the eastern hemisphere!

A group of oriental statuary first met your eye. And so exactly to the life were the figures represented in their various castes and conditions, from the proud, erect Hindostanee, with his rich Cashmere shawl and turban, to the half-naked, dusky Bengalese fakir, in his squalid, beggarly appearance and squat position, that you instinctively cast your eye beyond them to catch a glimpse of the Ganges, on whose margin you felt yourself standing, and to watch the passage of the votive offering of lotus-flowers which some love-smitten Hindoo maiden had bestowed on the sparkling surface of the holy waters.

True, you did not find the sacred river flowing through that hall, but you beheld and touched the strong old tortuous root of the venerable banyan-tree that had grown upon its bank; and you saw the beautiful birds that had probably disported in gay plumage amid the foliage it once nourished, and the scaly reptile which lurked in the grass around it or twined and glittered with fearful brilliancy among its spreading branches.

As you turned to the left and commenced your tour of the hall, feeling that your time was far too short for so great and curious a study, unable to pause at any single object half long enough to contemplate it as you would, and aware that you must pass out from the place and do neither it

nor yourself justice as an observer, your mind became fluttered, your fancies took to themselves as many light and brilliant wings as shone upon the almost countless butterflies and other insects impaled in gorgeous array before your delighted and bewildered eye.

Thus you hastened on till you came round to the upper end of the saloon. But here you stopped short—you could not proceed. You felt a pang in your heart and a pain in your foot, as if each were suddenly pierced by a thorn. The one isolated and absorbing object over which you hung your sorrowful eye in mute sympathy, was a piece of statuary thus labeled—"A GREEK ANTIQUE. *A boy pricking out a thorn from his foot.*"

The child was represented seated on a block—his head bowed in close attention to his work—his right foot resting on the left knee, with its bottom turned out to the light, and his fingers busily engaged in picking at a puncture in the sole.

You felt as if the thorn in his foot had riveted yours to the floor beside him, and that you could hardly have the heart to leave him till you saw the cruel thing extracted, and the face of the little sufferer turned up towards yours with the glad expression of relieved childhood.

Perhaps your imagination grew curious and questioned itself concerning the original of this truly touching piece, which must have been a copy from real life. You probably wondered whose child he was—where straying when thus wounded—what mother's heart ached for the anguish of her son—if he was ever healed of the hurt—and had many other things suggested by the piece, which made you wish to know more than you had any possible means of finding out about the "*Greek Antique.*" So you came away with your honest curiosity still unsatisfied, and thinking more of that lonely child with his aching foot than of all the other objects you had seen.

The following brief story of a Greek boy, which is gathered from among the long-buried relics of an early period in the Christian era, (not far from the close of the fourth century,) may answer some of your inquiries, as it belongs probably to the original of this piece.

It presents but imperfectly, and through a tender specimen, a hasty illustration of the painful perplexity and bewilderment of thousands of the most sincere minds anxiously seeking truth and the way of life, and particularly those of the young in the polished Gentile world, during that

tremendous and protracted crash, the downfall of polytheism. When the gods were hiding their "diminished heads," as the morning crepuscule of Gospel day betrayed their hollowness or their heaviness, when the cries of the bleeding victim and the sounds of the pagan hymn that ascended together, piercing the shuddering air, to the solemn heavens, were suffocated amid the dust and ruins of the old unsystemized fabric of worship, and finally silenced by imperial edict, how strangely must the worshipers have wandered in dreams and amazement as they beheld the monstrous, soulless body of their divinity, which had been the object of religious veneration and faith to their fathers and themselves, lie mangled and expiring before their eyes, while as yet their doubting spirits could trust in no better deity on whom they might lean for support or to embrace with the arms of belief!

But to relate the little story of the Greek boy and to hear it understandingly, we must be upon the spot where the events of his short life transpired.

We will now, therefore, make a sudden transit, and convey ourselves into the classic land of central Greece.

By this we find ourselves temporarily located in the miserable little shepherd village of Castri, which straggles over the site of the once glorious Delphi!

But what is there here to tell of the ancient splendor, power, wealth or fame of that renowned city—the sanctuary of the gods—the seat of the oracle whose voice could at any moment send a thrill of hope and joy, or a panic of dismay and terror through a whole empire? And where is now that gorgeous pagan vision, that splendid pageant that once occupied this spot? What is it but a dream of past ages?

We stand near the base of the southern side of Liakura, the ancient Parnassus, the poet's laureled mountain! And here it was that the golden city hung glittering, in amphitheatre form, on the rocky mountain side, and crowned with the glorious temple of Apollo, with its beautiful Parian marble front, while within its sacred precincts the treasures of a republic were deposited.

Here the pomp of pagan worship swelled to its height. Here was the sanctary where the richest votive offerings of kingdom and empire were brought to the shrine. Here the art of sculpture shone in its greatest perfection and splendor; and here, within the circumference of less than two miles, was contained more gold than in all the rest of Greece.

But where is Delphi, with all the glory, the wealth, the worship, the games, the learning, the art, the sacrifices, that invested her with such power and majesty?

Open your book, and read what has been seen and enacted here in this rude spot, and tell me if you can, whether it is the author, the place, or your own sense that has deceived you.

The scene we now behold is a place of desolation. The surface of the mountain so barren and bald, must have undergone some mighty change since the early day to which we have alluded—for then it was clothed, certainly in part, with luxuriant vegetation. There were sacred groves where religious rites were performed, and where the minister of the temple repaired daily to gather laurel branches to be woven into crowns, to wreath about the tripod of the Pythia, and to use in sacrificial offices. Here, too, the aged females employed to feed the ever-burning fires in the temple, gathered sticks of fir, of which the one lone evergreen tree, now bending over the same crystal fountain that supplied their holy waters three thousand years ago, is a specimen.

The celebrated Castalian spring still gushes forth and flows down, steady as the stream of time, from between the eternal heads of the stupendous rocks that rose gloomily over the splendid city which time has swept away, while the fountain and the rocks remain unchanged, magnificent types of the immutability of the things of God, while man, his works and his idols, are evanescent, and vanish like the phantoms of a dream.

From these lofty perpendicular rocks, that towered up from behind Delphi, Parnassus derived its name of "the two-headed." One of them was called *Naupleia*, the other *Hyampeia*, and also *Phædriades*. From their awful heights the Delphians used to hurl their criminals whom they found guilty of sacrilege and other acts worthy of death.

From one of the crags they precipitated the inimitable and immortal Æsop, saying they would "flatten his conical head."

He could not disguise the contempt in which he held their imagined or fictitious importance, and on one of his visits to the city, took the occasion to tell them they were like sticks afloat on the water, which appear like something at a distance, but when you come near them, are nothing. At another time he told them that their mountain would yield them no produce, and they were dependent on others for their provisions for the support of life. But his capital and last offence was given when he was sent by Cræsus, King of Lydia, to present a grand offering of gold to Apollo, and a piece of the same precious metal as a gift to each inhabitant of the city. He made the offering to the god, but sent back the rest to the king, saying the people were unworthy of the gift. For this they gave him a speedy passage from the frowning brow of this gloomy rock to another world.

Along the sides of the rock, half hidden by the ivy that drapes them, you perceive the niches where the priests deposited gifts to the god; and below, where the water still falls, is the basin hollowed, as the place of lustration, that was used by the Pythia and the priests before commencing their sacred rites. The cave of the



priestess, over which she used to sit upon her wonderful tripod after chewing laurel leaves to receive inspiration, till she became wrought up to frenzy by the fumes she inhaled from the cave, is here to the right, and has now the honor of being used as a goat-stall. You see the wild-looking goatherd with his flock huddling about its mouth, where no oracle forbids their entrance; while, wonderful as it may seem, the ancient pillar, formed of three brazen serpents twined together in spiral form, which stood here to support the tripod of the priestess, is now in Constantinople.\* It stands in a remote corner of the *Atmeidan*, or place of horses, where the cavalry parade, and is filled with bricks and mortar to keep it firm and in shape—from a superstitious tradition of the Turks, that when this pillar is destroyed Constantinople will become a Christian city. And there it has remained since the days of Constantine, who removed it, with some of the finest pieces of sculpture that enriched the Delphic temple, to adorn the race-ground or *Hippodrome* in the new seat of his empire in the east.

These traces, and the numerous tombs cut in the side of the mountain, are the chief vestiges to be found here of the city of Apollo. The blaze of its power and glory went out on this rugged mountain side, like a consumed candle in the socket, when the night has passed off and the day dawned.

The time to which we are now particularly to refer is that early period of our era already alluded to, after the rites of Pagan worship had been prohibited and the Christian religion proclaimed the religion of the empire by Theodosius.

But destroying the heathen temples to prevent repeated attempts to revive the worship, (such as had been once successfully made by the apostate, Julian,) and establishing Christian forms of devotion by imperial edict, were not effecting an equal change of reform in the hearts of the people.

While some received the truth into good and honest hearts, and cast away their idols to the moles and the bats, others, not feeling its power, but seeing the golden cloaks of their deities stripped from them and coined into money, converted the naked statues of their gods into Christian saints and martyrs, and bowed down and worshipped them.

Some confounded the philosophy of Plato with the pure, renewing principles of the Gospel of Christ, or obscured the simple beauty of the spirit of Christianity with clouds of the ancient superstitions. Some thought the most direct way to obey the precepts of him who "went about doing good," was to retire into mountain caverns and the desert solitude, and pass their days in idleness and mortifying and macerating the body, till they became more like beasts of the wilderness or proscribed convicts than like men, free under the

law of universal benevolence, who should bear high and far the ensign of the "Light of the World."

Others, still attached to the ostentatious in worship, and fearful of shocking their unconverted Gentile brethren by too austere a change in externals, baptized much of the gorgeous scenery and imagery that had decorated the pageant of the heathen ceremonies, and adopted them into the church under the Christian name.

At the same time, in the same community, to many of the Greeks who had seen the fallacy of their own monstrous system of belief and their deities thrown they cared not where, the Gospel was, indeed, *foolishness*. Others, again, still clung to their ancient polytheism, in the inmost sanctuary of their hearts mourning over their de-seccated gods. And some became like those who wander in dreams on airy roads, with neither wings nor vehicle, and having lost their footing on the solid earth and found no hold on aught above to keep them up.

In short, it was a time when, with the many, a veil of morning mist hung before the eye of faith in the moral and religious atmosphere, making realities appear uncertain and visionary, and turning shadows into substance of vital import.

The new-born children of light had not yet gained a clear vision. They "saw men as trees walking," while the sons and daughters of darkness moved close around them on every side; and the spectral form of the old religion, marked with a mortal wound from the sword of the spirit, seemed still to haunt the scenes of her former dominion, lingering about her consecrated places, winding among the pillars, leaning on her overthrown altars, walking melancholy in her ancient groves, or sitting mournful beside her hallowed fountains, and longing for a draught of those cool, refreshing waters which her phantom lips were unable to imbibe. Thus like a guilty ghost was she condemned to go "walking through dry places, seeking rest but finding none," with stains upon her hands and skirts which no fountain could wash away.

It was at such a time, in such a state of society, that here, on the lower border of Delphi, where nature put forth her richest show of vegetation, embosomed in flowering trees and vines, stood, unmarred by the northern invader, the beautiful classic dwelling of Myron, a high-minded, brilliant-talented apostate pagan, and his lovely wife, Sylea, a meek professor of the religion of Jesus.

Myron belonged to a proud pagan family, but he renounced their faith, and speculatively and nominally embraced Christianity during the days of his first love for the gentle Sylea, a daughter of Christian parents, who, in her outward form and deportment, was so adorned with a mysterious grace and beauty from the spirit which occupied her soul, that her lover had been won to adopt the *name* of her faith, but to find himself an idolater still. It was the maiden, not the Being

\* An engraving of this pillar may be seen in the "View of the Atmeidan, or Hippodrome," in Miss Pardoe's "BEAUTIES OF THE BOSPHORUS."

whom she worshiped, who had his most sincere and ardent affections. He had no spiritual discernment of the things of the spirit and the invisible world which it was her delight to contemplate, and which imparted to her character that peculiar charm of refinement which nothing else could bestow. So he satisfied himself with adoring the woman, adopting the form of her religion, and caring little about its spirit, except as it tended to promote his worldly interest.

In the outer form and bearing, Myron and Sylea were as dissimilar as in character. His was a lofty person, a noble specimen of manly beauty, with a proud mien, ardent in temperament, vivacious and impetuous in spirit. In aspect, as in intellect, he was justly called "superb."

Sylea's beauty was of a different class, and though, in the *tout ensemble* as well as in its effect, tending more to perfection than that of her husband, it was less to be defined or analyzed. With a lily-like delicacy of complexion, set off by an exuberance of glossy black hair, usually twined in the simple Grecian knot, hung with a profusion of natural curls that clustered richly about her snowy neck; a mildly radiant gray eye, that threw a soft, spiritual lustre over her expressive face; a sweet, silvery clearness of voice, that seemed owing more to the soul that looked through her features than to physical organization. There were a willowy lightness and grace in her slight, flexible form, and gentle, airy motion; and her whole presence seemed invested with something of that unearthly caste which makes one think of heaven and the good angels whenever it is witnessed, and this is, perhaps, not more than once or twice in our lifetime. Taste, modesty and meekness, with a healthful cheerfulness of spirit which should ever adorn the Christian character—the character of those whose privilege and duty it is to "rejoice alway"—were most happily combined in this lovely Delphic daughter of Zion. Her religion lived, moved and shone in and about her, yet it came not boldly forth in speech. Diffident of her power to advance theory to the enlightening of others, and of her qualifications to teach except by example, she preferred a noiseless, unobtrusive, humble walk before the unbelieving, to illustrate the doctrines of her faith, unless called upon to give a reason for the hope that was in her. Then she was readily inspired to reply in a manner which most commonly silenced the cavalier.

Yet this difference of character and of spiritual tendencies in the heads of the house, produced no discord in the economy of the domestic establishment or their arrangement of things temporal. Myron had too much native generosity and magnanimity to thwart or annoy his beloved in the things of her faith, and too much respect for her not to treat them reverently for her sake, though he might regard them with indifference or secret contempt for their own.

Their house was fashioned and furnished, not

for show and magnificence, but as the elegant but modest abode of enlightened, polished society. And of such it was ever a favorite resort. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the enthusiastic amateur, the refined writer, the profound student and the brilliant wit, all met here in one delightful coterie, and habitually held their *soirées* for "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," irrespective of their different religious belief, as far as holding to polytheism or Christianity was concerned, and of the various lighter or heavier shades of faith in those who professed to be summarily "of one heart and one mind."

The consequence of this want of unanimity in things of vital import to the soul between Myron and Sylea, was, however, reserved to come upon them more heavily, and to be felt more keenly even than in any form of infelicity from jarring chords in household affairs, or a want of congeniality in their aspirations after the unseen and eternal.

They had only one child, the beautiful boy Nicias, in whom centered the whole glowing, ardent circle of their affections, like sunbeams that, however wide their spread, still converge and melt together at one sublime and sacred point. To each parent he was dear as their own soul. Yet neither did nor could understand how to manage and execute so great a work as the Giver of this lovely, precious jewel had put into their hands, in the moral and spiritual education of the tender immortal.

In the outer form and demeanor of the young Nicias, the contrasted personal beauties of his father and mother were most harmoniously and happily blended. Their various natural traits and attractions, so different in themselves, united in this beautiful boy, seemed like the several strings of the harp that produce a harmony and maintain a concord which similarity could never effect.

But in the moral, the spiritual structure of the little Nicias, the soul of each parent would seem at times distinctly to manifest itself, as if that small and delicate bodily fabric had been designed and framed for the tabernacle of two separate souls, of which sometimes the one, sometimes the other, bore rule and presided over the subordinate agencies of the house, and which at other times seemed wrestling powerfully together for supremacy.

The boy seemed to have in him a double portion of spirit, a mind made up of elements too mighty and abundant for one of his tender years. It was precocious, enthusiastic, restless, busy and imaginative, and ever reaching after something too vast for its embrace or too intangible for its grasp.

With such a mind, not divinely enlightened and directed, the circumstances of his birth, the scenery around him, and the unsystemized state of things in the religious world where the bud of his being unfolded, were eminently fitted to make

of him a young visionary, and to lead him into mazes peopled by creatures of his own imagination, and ending only in an airy void or a longing discontent and pining for something more. Allied as he was by consanguinity, both to pagans and Christians, and in the center of a social world made up of both, with the traces of the old religion all around him, addressing themselves to the sense and the fancy, yet seeing that the power of the gods had apparently died out, as he increased in years he also increased in yearnings and a burning, unquenchable desire to know the truth concerning the final destiny of the spirit which he felt stirring within him.

"Is the religion of my mother that which will alone give salvation and conduct me to the abode of the blessed?" said he. "Then what will be the fate of my father's family—all my dear relatives who have never found Jesus? What is become of all those who worshiped so many ages in the temples of the gods and sacrificed on these broken altars?"

"Yet my lovely mother is surely an immortal already! And she seems to have access to some other and brighter world than this, for which she sometimes departs—and then returns, beaming and beautiful as if she had been in the skies. If that is her home where she is to go when she finally disappears from earth as others do, where, then, will be my father? Where shall I, their poor little Nicias, go? Shall I be drawn up into the sun and made immortal there, amid its undying splendors? Oh, if some power would only tell me, only tell me that we shall not finally be separated—that we may be gathered into that happy mansion above, where my mother is sure that she shall one day find a home among the bowers of Paradise, where nothing fades or dies, and go no more out forever!"

"Come, oh, some good spirit, angel or deity, and tell me but this—tell me where, and how,

and what we shall be, when our life has departed and our bodies are laid in the tomb!"

These, and similar thoughts on the one great question that oppressed his tender heart, formed the heavy burden with which his mind staggered and swayed from side to side, wearing through its frail tenement, from the windows of which it looked out on the doubtful, the irreconcilable, the mysterious, in what was passing around him.

Sometimes he communicated his thoughts on these themes to others, but most frequently shut them close in his own bosom and pondered them alone. At the same time, and from every direction, he was hearing the most extravagant and visionary traditions and tales of the miracles of the saints and the power of the gods, till the case of those who embraced the faith to which they each belonged, became in his mind like balances, of which the elevation of the one side inevitably involved the depression of the other.

He listened to much, but said little, till he had revolved all he heard in retirement and solitude, when his spirits would sometimes become exhilarated to wildness or rapture, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy. He often asked questions touching the all-absorbing topics on which his thoughts continually dwelt, but none could answer to his understanding. His parents and nearest relatives on either side spoke the most bewildering or incomprehensible things, the meaning of which they could not to themselves explain. The pagans possessed no internal evidence of spiritual discernment; the Christians felt the power of its evidence within, while it was to them like the wind when we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes. Thus the restless, eager intellect of the inquisitive, aspiring boy was left to feed upon the wild theories and build with the machinery which the romantic imaginations of others and his own brain supplied.

(To be continued.)

## THE ABSENT ONE.

BY JULIA PALMER.

MOTHER, dear mother, say, thinkest thou now  
Of thy child, so far away?  
Wilt thou breathe a prayer so soft and low  
For her whom thou hast taught to pray?

Wilt thou think of me at eventide,  
When the air is mild and still—  
When the sun has sunk in his glorious pride,  
And thy heart with love shall fill?

Wilt thou think of me in the lone midnight,  
When Darkness her mantle has thrown?

Wilt thou dream of thy child in thy slumbers light,  
Whose life is a part of thine own?

And say, my own mother, when morning light  
Shall banish thy dreams all away,  
Wilt thou think of me still, and pray that the might  
Of Him who is mightiest may guard my way?

Thus think of me, dream of me, love me forever;  
And thus thinking, and loving, my faults forgot,  
These bonds of charmed thought shall be broken, oh,  
never,  
For God shall unite us where sorrow is not.

## ATHENODORUS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY H. W. HERBERT, THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL;" "MARMADUKE WYVIL," &c.

ATHENS, although no longer free, no longer mistress of the Isles of Greece, sweeping with her unconquered triremes the subject waters of the beautiful Ægean, was never fairer or more stately than in the first years of the Roman Empire. The long walls, it is true, had been laid prostrate by the shrewd and pitiless policy of the Spartan fox Lysander—the works of the Piræus had been demolished by Rome's all triumphant Sylla. Yet still the structures of Ictinus, of Phidias and Menesicles stood fresh and sharp as when they first were reared in the proud days of Pericles. The Parthenon yet gleamed intact on the proud crags of the Acropolis, and the colossal statue of Minerva still towered above its altar in all the gorgeous pomp of ivory and gold—the temples yet blazed with the votive tripods, caldrons and crowns, and bowls of sculptured gold, gifts of barbaric kings and classic chieftains; the walls yet glowed with the grand masterpieces of the Grecian easel; the priests yet ministered to the old gods before their time-hallowed altars—archons, though shorn of half their power, presided still upon the hill of Mars, and poets dreamed and sages taught the people in the delicious haunts of the academy and portico. Rome, in respect to her own deities, had been ashamed to despoil or desecrate the kindred gods of Greece; and the cold-blooded ostentatious tyrant, who had succeeded to the sole sway of the triumvirate, affected such respect for letters, such love for literary men, as led him to respect and even honor the fair city which claimed, and claimed with justice, to be the birth-place of the muses, the hallowed home of tragedy and everlasting song.

It was a bright and glorious day of summer, in the beginning of the Athenian month, Hecatonbæum. The sky was such as is seen nowhere but in those glorious climes, one cloudless arch of living sapphire: the breeze faint, yet refreshing, came murmuring through the boughs of the sacred olives, laden with thymy perfumes from the purple slopes of Hymettus, the hum of the bee, and the shrill voice of the attic cicala, came sweetly to the ear, mixed with the distant sounds of men and chariots, half heard from the far market place. Such was the scene and season, when an old venerable-looking man, borne in a litter supported by four sturdy slaves, whose long fair hair and wild blue eyes told of their Celtic origin, was seen making his way slowly through the Ceranicus, followed by a long train of freedmen and slaves, with many beasts of burden laden with heavy baggage. It was characteristic still

of the Athenian people, as in the days of their great orator Demosthenes, to be attracted ever by novelty, to be inquisitive of the affairs and concerns of others, to go to and fro the agora, the streets, and the suburbs, inquiring of every person whom they chanced to meet, "What is there new?" and this being the case, it is not to be wondered that such a train as was now threading the most populous part of the city, connected with the singularly noble air, the vast and massive brow, the long silvery locks and beard of the principal personage, should have attracted the attention of the loiterers, who formed, indeed, the greater part of a population which, deprived of political rights, were reduced, like the modern inhabitants of the Italian cities, to scandal, tittle-tattle, and dilettantism as the sole occupation of their lives. A crowd was speedily collected, and when the principal freedman of the party replied to the inquiries of the multitude, that the stranger was no other than Athenodorus, the great philosopher of Tarsus, the friend and familiar of the Emperor Augustus, who had been intrusted by him with the education of the young prince Claudius, and who, his task accomplished, was now desirous of purchasing a house in Athens, where he proposed to sojourn for some years, the interest manifested by the people became intense and almost ungovernable. By the time that he had reached the house of his friend, Julius Thraxas, one of the Roman magistrates who held sway in the city, at which he proposed to tarry, until such time as he could suit himself with a residence to his taste, the crowd which followed him had increased to many hundreds, comprising some of the most eminent men in Athens. It was announced, however, by the porter soon after his arrival, that Athenodorus, being old and already somewhat feeble, was so much wearied with his journey, that he was compelled to decline all visits on that day; and consequently the philosopher was left to enjoy himself with his friend during the afternoon and evening. The following day the house of Thraxas was thronged with visitors, magistrates and philosophers, artists and soldiers, Greeks, Romans and Barbarians, all crowding forward to testify their respect to the friend of the ruling emperor. Not a few of these visitors were actuated too by somewhat mercenary motives, as owning houses, which they were anxious to let or sell to one who promised to prove so good a tenant as the ex-tutor of the heir-apparent to almost universal empire. To have heard them, however; to have listened to their protest-

ations, to their disclaimers of all desire to make money, any one would have supposed them the most liberal, the most disinterested, the most patriotic people in the world. Among them all there were but two motives, the desire of accommodating, if it were even to their own personal detriment, a man so renowned as Athenodorus—and the wish to secure the honor of his residence and citizenship to their dear native city! They were shrewd dogs, those old Athenians, almost as keen as a land agent in a new western city, and perhaps just about as honest! But to their great surprise Athenodorus did not seem inclined to bite too readily—he was a wary walker that old Epicurean—it is true that this house was admirable for its view across the plain toward the quarries of the Pentelicus, and this other for its vicinity to the lovely groves of the academies, and this third, again, from its standing close to the Pacile, or grand picture gallery, but, some how or other, the old philosopher found out that the first was particularly obnoxious to the cold blasts of the Etesian winds after the setting of the Dog-star; that the second was but a damp spot at best, and liable to be overflowed at times by the back-water from the Ilyssus, and that the third was, although in other respects quite unexceptionable, too near the cattle market and the public slaughter-houses to be well suited for the habitation of a studious person. Much did the quid nuncs marvel at finding the old Cilician as much versed in the localities of their own city, as if he had been brought up in it from his childhood; and after sundry vain attempts to unravel the skein of his mystery, they gave it up for a bad job, and went reluctantly away to tell their friends and neighbors, that it was all in vain to try to sell a bargain to Athenodorus. Much greater was the wonder, however, and that too, not all unmixed with exultation on the part of the disappointed sellers, when it became known on the third day after his arrival, that he had become the purchaser of a stately mansion, indeed almost a palace, in one of the most eligible parts of the city, close to the theatre of Bacchus, and all the principal resorts of business and of pleasure, and that he had already moved into his new quarters, and was engaged in getting in his books and furniture, and arranging his residence as speedily as possible. That very day several of those who had visited him on the day following his arrival, hurried again to pay their respects, and although much engaged, the old philosopher received them all with kind and cordial hospitality. The house was splendid, although it had for some years been lying vacant and unoccupied—the stables on the right hand the entrance had ample stalls for six horses, and there the sleek mules of the old man were already munching their provender apparently well satisfied with their quarters. Then the peristyles of the courts within were supported by beautiful Ionic columns of pure Parian marble, and in the centre of that pertaining to the women's

chambers there was a clear and sparkling fountain—statues were ranged around the inner chambers, works of the noblest sculptors, of Polycletus, Myson, Phidias and Praxiteles, the walls glowed with gay frescoes from the most approved pencils, and so well had the slaves of Athenodorus bestirred themselves that the rooms were already as clean and as well furnished, and in short, as replete with every comfort of that day, as if they had been constantly inhabited for a twelvemonth past. All expressed admiration at what had been done, all were full of congratulations and good wishes, but still there was a something of embarrassment in the air of each and all; and after supper, for Athenodorus had insisted on retaining his kind friends to partake his evening meal, as it began to draw near evening they all began to manifest a singular desire to escape as it were from the hospitable mansion. At last, as if surprised by this, the philosopher requested one to explain to him the cause of this desire to go away so early, and of the limited and qualified commendation which they had bestowed on his selection of a house which seemed to him even unusually eligible. "And is it possible, then, O Athenodorus"—said the grave citizen, to whom he had spoken—"that Demophilus, the son of Democrates, of whom you bought this house, has been such a rogue as to conceal from you the fact, that it has been sold and resold fifty times within twelve years—that family after family have quitted it in terror and dismay, until the very name of it is infamous?" "But why, my good friend—why is all this?"—asked the philosopher, without indeed replying to the question of the burgher. "Oh! the vile cheat!"—exclaimed one, holding up his hands. "The swindler!"—cried another, turning his eye up to heaven. "I never would have believed it of Demophilus, the son of Democrates,"—whined out a third. "And yet, I don't know," said a fourth; "I never had a very good opinion of old Democrates; and then his great grandmother's sister, you know; there was a terrible story about her and young Niceratus." "But, what—what of the house?" asked Athenodorus, again interrupting them. "It seems to me a very good house! What is the matter with it, pray?" "Oh, it is haunted," they exclaimed all at once, "by the most dreadful sounds and sights—no man or woman can endure it. Why, not a year ago, Glycerium, the daughter of the Archon Cassander, almost died of terror." "And all the slaves of Artemidorus ran away from him"—said a second; "and, in short"—exclaimed all again, together—"not a family has ever yet been able to live in it three nights following!"

"Oh! I am not afraid of ghosts"—replied Athenodorus—"we Epicureans, you know, hardly believe in their existence; and if there are such things at all, you may be quite sure that they have too much to do for themselves, wherever they may be, to have any time to spare in terrifying and tormenting us poor miserable mortals."

I dare say it is only the rats and mice behind the wainscots, or at most the tricks of some idle people, that have frightened all these good folks out of their wits."

"Yes! yes! that is just what the old Roman tribune, Rufus Minutius said, who had fought under the triumvirs at Philippi, and for Cæsar, in the great fight at Actium; and he put on his armor and watched with his sword drawn and his lamp burning; but long before the middle watch of night, he came rushing out into the street, with his hair standing all upright, and his eyes glaring, and said he would not stay under the roof another hour, no! not to be as rich as Cræsus!"

"Soldiers are not the right men," said Athenodorus, coolly, "to cope with such terrors. You will not see me running out into the street, I fancy. This spirit, I hear tell, or whatever else, comes from the court of the Gynæceum hither, but never troubles any who sleep in the rooms beyond the second court; is it not so, my friends?"

"Then you have heard of it, Athenodorus?"

"Surely I have"—answered the philosopher. "Demophilus told me all about it—and that was my chief cause for purchasing; but is it not, as I have said?"

"They say so—but what of it?—will you in truth tarry here?"

"I will"—said Athenodorus—"I will, indeed. As soon as it grows dark, I shall send all my people to bed, in the farthest chambers beyond the portico and fountain of the women's chambers, and here with my light and writings, I shall await the spectre. And now, good night, my friends; if you will return hither betimes to-morrow morning, you shall hear all about it. I will detain you now no longer, since I see that you are in fear even now!"

They left him, marveling at the rashness of the man, and prophesying all sorts of strange events and terrible calamities which they deemed certain to befall him. The night set in, meanwhile, and the din and tumult died away through the streets, and the moon rose, and myriads of bright golden stars came forth studding the purple vault of heaven; and the clear liquid trill of hundreds of melodious nightingales, those birds of Cecrops, peculiar to the Attic groves and gardens, gushed through the silent evening.

The slaves, the freedmen of Athenodorus, had retired, and in the inmost chambers, huddled together, pale and cold with terror, lay sleepless, listening in deepest awe for every sound that wandered through the corridors of that mansion—but no sound penetrated those far chambers; and as the night rolled on fear yielded to fatigue, and both fear and fatigue were forgotten in deep slumber.

Not so Athenodorus. In a small chamber close to the entrance of the house, with but one door into the central court, he sat alone, dauntless but frail octogenarian. Seated upon a low and straight-backed stool, in order that no luxurious ease should tempt him to untimely sleep, with a

small table whereon lay a copy of the immortal works of Plato, a roll of parchment and instruments for writing, he read and wrote, and mused and methodized as quietly as though he had expected no interruption of his nightly labors, no supernatural terror to disturb his meditations. Once or twice he raised his eyes from his paper and looked out wistfully into the half-lighted peristyle, glimmering in the calm moonbeams; but as he felt a sense of awe creeping upon him, caused perhaps partly by the dewy chilliness of the night and partly by the consciousness of solitude, he applied himself to his task with double assiduity, applying not his hands only and his eyes to the scroll on which he was writing, but his whole mind and spirit, that so no vain imaginations to which his mind might yield itself if unoccupied, should create sounds or sights and terror make them real.

For several hours he read and wrote untroubled—all around him was deep silence, or if not utter silence, none but the natural and accustomed sounds of the night came near him—the bark, at intervals, of some distant house-dog; the festive chant of some homeward reveler; the far faint melody of the nightingales singing in the groves of the Academus. As the night wore on, these too ceased, and nothing broke the lone stillness but the low tinkling of the fountain in the interior of the court.

Suddenly, while he was yet writing, in the far distance as it seemed, beyond the fountain, there was a low, faint, rustling sound, and then a clash as of steel, and a dull clanking noise as of chains dragged along the ground. Still the philosopher wrote on, calmly and steadily as if he had heard nothing, and in appearance quite unmoved; but in truth he felt his heart beat faster than its wont, and his breath come thick, and his hair bristle, and his flesh quiver; yet still with iron heroism he wrote on. Nearer and nearer came the fearful din, the clanking chains, now mixed with groans and querulous shuddering cries, and the slow tramp of footsteps. Nearer it came and nearer; now it seemed at the very door of the apartment—and now, now it was within it. Quietly he uplifted his eyes, and there, within ten feet of the place where he sat, there stood the semblance of a human corpse, with the eyes fixed and glaring at him, though with a dim lack-lustre radiance, all glazed and void of speculation. It seemed the corpse of an old man, with snow-white hair and beard, tangled and long and squalid; shackles were on his thin, emaciated legs, and heavy manacles about his wrists, which he uplifted to his head, clashing the rusty fetters with a terrific sound. Athenodorus gazed on it, and his eyes took in every minute particular. And now the form raised its thin arm and beckoned him as if to follow; but he, still doubting whether perchance his fancy might not still mislead him, waved his hand sternly, and dropping his eyes to the parchment, once more applied himself to

his writing. Word after word, line after line, his steady pen ran over the smooth surface; his manuscript was clear, and regular, and firm. No shapeless letters betokened any terror of his hand—no blots betrayed impatience or dismay. Yet still nearer and nearer came that hellish din—nearer and nearer drew that awful figure. And now, his paragraph completed, once more Athenodorus raised his calm eyes and met the death-like glare of his unearthly visitant, and again the same beckoning gesture summoned him to arise and follow. And now the philosophic mind was satisfied this could be no vain fancy—from Hades or Elysium, as it might be, it clearly was a supernatural messenger.

Athenodorus rose and grasped the lamp which was before him, and cried, as quietly as though he were speaking to a fellow-man—"Go on—lo, I will follow!"

And the form went before him, feeble and slow, and crippled with the weight of its cruel bonds—on through the pictured chambers, and through the marble portico, and past the tinkling fountain, through the mirk darkness—for now the moon had set and a cloud had obscured the golden stars. It reached the centre of the inner court, stamped with its thin foot on the ground, and vanished. Athenodorus was alone! He returned to his task, having noted well the spot, and read and wrote all undisturbed until the morning dawned and the cocks crew, and the city streets were once more alive with beings busy about their daily course of petty joys and paltry sorrows.

His visitors of the past day returned to hear "what new thing had befallen him." He waved them courteously to seats, but he spoke not, nor ceased at all to write, until one of his freedmen entered with the chief ruler of the city, and Maximus Frontinus, the Roman Prætor, whom he had summoned to investigate the mystery, and if it so might be, detect the crime.

To these he told his tale of horror—he showed the manuscript which he had written under such fearful circumstances—he pointed out the spot whereon that spectral form had vanished. Tools were brought speedily, and soon in that unhalloved soil a skeleton was found loaded with rusty chains.

Foul murder had been done, but in what distant times tradition even said not—rumor herself was dumb. Banished from heaven or hell alike, the disturbed spirit had wandered nightly seeking for who should give it sepulture—in vain—in vain—until it met the brave old sage Athenodorus.

What more? The bones were entombed duly, and sacrifice done to the angry manes; the house was purified, and thenceforth, as there was not a statelier, so was there not a more peaceful mansion in all Athens.

Verily, for a true philosopher, commend me to Athenodorus, the Epicurean sage of Tarsus.

NOTE.—For the truth of this story, see Plinii Epistola, Lib. VII., Epist. 27.

## A REMINISCENCE.

It was a lovely night in June,  
And in the sky the radiant moon—  
A fairy bark on a silvery sea—  
Floated in graceful majesty.  
Beneath her beams earth calmly slept;  
Around bright stars their vigils kept;  
Above the zephyr's breath was heard  
No sound—for man, and beast, and bird  
Had sought repose;—the little rill  
That danced in joy and gladness still  
Throughout the day, had sunk to rest,  
Rocked in its grassy curtained nest.

But in strange contrast with this scene  
Of beauty, hallowed and serene,  
Darkness and gloom my heart had filled;  
The dazzling light of Hope was chilled;  
The dreams of youth had one by one  
Withdrawn, like rays of setting sun,  
And left my spirit in despair.  
I loathed the world, its toil and care.  
Yet sadly thus not long I mused:  
The night into my heart infused  
A better feeling—that of love.  
For, gazing on the heavens above,  
And on the earth with beauty glowing,  
Sweet streams of mercy, gently flowing

Into my heart, came as the balm,  
Borne on the breeze of spring so calm,  
Comes to the brow of dying man.  
Then I surveyed the wondrous plan  
Of God's creation, vast and grand;  
And everywhere, on every hand  
Beheld his wondrous love displayed.  
His wisdom, goodness, power portrayed.  
Subdued I stood—I felt that He  
Who spread the heavens, confined the sea,  
And blest the earth, had even for me  
(An atom of immensity)  
A thought: and as that feeling stole  
Like sweetest music to my soul,  
A pleasing, rapturous, heavenly joy  
Ran through my frame, and as a boy  
In whose light heart there lurks no care,  
I leaped and bounded happy there.

And now, when doubts and fears oppress  
My struggling heart, in loneliness  
I wander out to look around  
Upon the green and flowering ground,  
And azure sky; and all forget  
Life's turmoil and its strife, and let  
My spirit freed gain strength to bear  
The ills in which all needs must share.—SHELTIE.

## THE LADY HER OWN HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MISS LESLIE.

AFTER twenty years successful application to a lucrative line of business, Mr. John Whately found himself in a condition to purchase and fit up a handsome residence at the fashionable end of the town. In his long intercourse with the world, the roughness of his early and rugged origin had gradually rubbed itself off, and he had insensibly acquired a large portion of the polish which is falsely said to be found only among persons who have been born and brought up in that class denominated the best society. But his wife had not polished along with him. Women who begin life in the humbler ranks have not the same opportunities of improvement that fall continually in the way of the other sex. A seafaring man that marries while before the mast, often has cause to regret his choice after he becomes a captain. So it is in shore life. Mr. Whately had married before the mast, and though a kind and liberal husband, he could not be blind to the deeply-grounded inelegance and incorrigible want of tact that distinguished the partner of his early struggles and his present prosperity.

Mrs. John Whately was a thorough-going practical housewife, and had for many years plumed herself on that character, as the only one befitting a woman. Her brother-in-law, Mr. William Whately, had married a lady who was excessively genteel, and of very high birth; one of her grandfathers being a Philadelphia lawyer, the other a Philadelphia doctor. Mrs. William had done her utmost to put some elegance into Mrs. John, and had so far succeeded as to render her very touchy upon the subject of gentility, and very desirous of getting within the barricades of fashionable society. Mrs. John Whately, though mistress of a fine house and half a dozen servants, and unduly anxious to be regarded as a most lady-like personage, could not control her perpetual inclination to recur to the pursuits that were so commendable in the less affluent part of her life. She was still, never in her true element but when working about, and attending or rather assisting personally in all manner of household affairs; like Miss Edgeworth's Christy the blacksmith, who, after he became an earl, was often detected in the self-indulgence of repairing the door-locks.

One morning, attired in a dark calico wrapper, and such a very morning-cap that it greatly verged upon a night-coif, Mrs. Whately stood mounted on a step-ladder, busily engaged in cleaning a tall looking-glass; the pier-table being covered with cloths, buckskins, a bowl of water, and a bowl of whiting. She was rubbing away

so earnestly that she did not hear the door-bell, when a blundering Irish servant ushered into the parlor a lady in a very modish walking-dress; and on turning round Mrs. Whately recognized Mrs. Percy Howard, an English personage of such high distinction in her own country that her condescension in deigning to become a sojourner in ours was above all praise. Hitherto neither of the Mrs. Whatelys had found an opportunity of admiring the greatness of Mrs. Percy Howard, except at a distance; knowing her only by sight and by report. Under proper circumstances Mrs. John would have been exceedingly rejoiced to find herself face to face with the grand English lady; but nothing could be more *mal-a-propos* than this present visit, and nothing more humiliating than to be surprised in such a *déshabille*, and at such an occupation, by such a guest. The buckskin, with which she was rubbing on the whiting, dropped from her hand and fell into the bowl of water; and with reddening face and staring eyes she stood transfixed on the upper step; then stole a glance into the mirror and saw that her inglorious cap had twisted itself awry, and that her dark wrapper exhibited smears of white.

The lady, however, was very gracious; and after giving her name, said—"I must apologize for coming so early in the day (notwithstanding the very early hours that prevail in this country), but my errand is to inquire the character of a cook, whose name I think is Mary Moore—though perhaps I am wrong; for it may be Sally Smith or Jenny Jones. I am not accustomed to remembering the names of servants, unless of those that are immediately about my person. This woman (I have an idea that she *does* call herself Mary Moore) referred me to this house, where she says she lived three months; a long time, I believe, for an American servant. Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Whately?"

Mrs. Whately, all in a flutter, hastened down the step-ladder; stumbling twice in her descent, and nearly falling on her face as she landed on the floor; overwhelmed with confusion at being caught in such a costume, and at such an employment. Several strange thoughts darted rapidly through her mind; among them was the bright idea of denying her identity, as the best way of screening her disgrace. So, she replied in a hurried voice—"Oh, no, ma'am. Mrs. Whately is out; she's gone out. I am her housekeeper—that is, Mrs. Whately's housekeeper—that is, I'm the lady that manages the house."

"Then I am fortunate!"—observed Mrs. Percy



Howard. "Most probably I can learn more about this cook from you than I could from your mistress herself if she were at home; though I have understood that the ladies of this country enter deeply into the details of the *ménage*."

"Yes, they are mostly good managers"—replied Mrs. Whately—"that is, if they are brought up by mothers that know how. But who do you call my mistress?"

"I meant Mrs. Whately, of course"—answered the English lady. "And now"—pursued Mrs. Howard—"to detain you no longer from your task, will you oblige me by a few hints on the character of this cook, whom I am almost sure is Mary Moore?"

"It's dangerous work sometimes to enter into the character of a cook"—said Mrs. Whately—"or indeed of any other hired people. If you give them their true character (which is mostly a bad one) and it comes to their ears, as it always does, they may threaten to make you suffer for it, and sue you for scandal."

"What a horrible state of things!"—ejaculated Mrs. Howard. "But I've had some experience of the fact, that in this country no one is permitted to speak the truth. Yet can you not strain a point, and endeavor to give me a correct idea of this Mary Moore?"

"Well"—said Mrs. Whately—"I suppose I may venture to state that she is pretty good at plain things. We've no French cooking in our house; Mr. Whately hates it, ever since he came home from New Orleans. As to preserves and puff-paste I can't say much for her."

"You probably saved her the trouble of making these articles, and did them yourself?"—said the lady.

"Who, I?"—exclaimed Mrs. Whately, with affected indignation. But recollecting her assumed character, she changed her tone, and added—"Oh, yes; to be sure, I'm counted a great hand at all sorts of nice things. As to my puff-paste, it's thought equal to Mrs. Goodfellow's. And as to preserves, if they're trusted to cooks there is no end to the waste and extravagance and carelessness. Why, one day when I was making currant jelly, I just left the kitchen for a few moments to go into the store-room, and told the cook to be sure and not meddle with the fire, because it was exactly right. So while I was in the store-room, I smelt a dreadful smell of something burning, and when I ran down into the kitchen there was my good jelly all in a blaze; and the porcelain preserving kettle cracked all to pieces and ruined, and nothing left in the bottom but a heap of dry burnt stuff as black as a coal. And the hussey said she thought, when I ordered her not to touch the fire, I told her to make up a good one. And from that time, I watch all the nice things myself, from first to last; besides making them with my own hands from the very beginning."

"Why, you must be quite a treasure to your mistress!"—exclaimed Mrs. Howard.

"I have no mistress!"—said Mrs. Whately, resentfully—"I tell you so again."

"Excuse me again then?"—replied Mrs. Howard. "It is so hard to remember all the distinctions that prevail in this country. But still we are not getting on with the cook's character. As you seem to be a very nice person, I am sure you will answer me honestly."

"I am not a person at all!"—said Mrs. Whately, reddening—"and as to my honesty——"

"Of course, it cannot be doubted!"—proceeded the English lady. "Far be it from me to hint that, in this country, there can be any dishonesty at all. I hope I know my cue better. I should have requested you to answer me *sincerely*."

"I have nothing to say against the honesty of Mary Moore!"—said Mrs. Whately.

"Of course you have not. May I ask if she is sober?"

"I never saw her otherwise!"—was the reply.

"You say she is a good plain cook?"

"Yes—as far as boiling and roasting goes. But I never trusted her to attempt anything like pies and puddings, and cakes and preserves."

"Those are articles never admitted to *our* table!"—said the English lady.

"That's strange!"—observed Mrs. Whately.

"We cannot bring ourselves to the Philadelphia fashion of almost living upon sweets!"—said Mrs. Howard. "To *us* our health is of too much importance. I think this woman may suit us tolerably. I believe I will take her. Lastly, has she any followers?"

"Followers in what way?"

"I mean has she any visitors, any relations that come after her?"

"Oh, yes; she has two sisters and two nieces, and an aunt and a cousin. They often come on an evening and sit with her in the kitchen; sometimes one at a time, and sometimes two or three."

"That's enough!"—said Mrs. Percy Howard. "She *has* followers then. Of course I will not take her!"—rising to depart. "Good woman, I am sorry I interrupted you in your work; I fear your mistress may be displeased if she finds it unfinished when she comes home. I wish you a good morning."

She then walked out of the room with an air rather too stately for a real lady who was familiar with her position; leaving Mrs. Whately much disconcerted, and thoroughly vexed at herself for the absurd subterfuge she had so unthinkingly adopted. It is true, she had been several times on the point of disclosing the truth, but having no address and no tact, she was unable to find words for so awkward an avowal. It was some consolation that no servant had been present during this ridiculous scene; and she resolved to keep her own counsel, and carefully to avoid confiding to any one her self-created dilemma.

Next morning, on Mrs. Whately's way home from market, in her market dress, and followed by her man carrying a large and well filled basket,

she met Mr. and Mrs. Percy Howard on their return from improving their health by an early walk to Schuylkill. Mrs. Whately being again confused, again looked very queer, and walked still queerer. Mrs. Howard gave her a passing stare, and twitched Mr. Howard's arm. "To be sure she still supposes me a housekeeper"—thought Mrs. Whately. "How I wish I had never told her so. She *must* have perceived something about me that proved I was no such thing. She might have had the civility to tell me I looked more like a lady than a housekeeper, for I know she *must* have thought so in spite of my wrapper and cleaning the looking-glass."

They passed on; and while these cogitations were revolving in the mind of Mrs. Whately, the English lady said to her husband—"I saw that woman yesterday. What an odd face she has. She is housekeeper in a family whose name I have forgotten (in this country names are so hard to remember). I went there to inquire the character of a cook. I am glad she is not *my* housekeeper. With that overloaded market-basket she must be ruinous to her master and mistress."

"Perhaps they may like to live well!"—said Mr. Howard.

The next meeting of the two ladies was in Levy's store; where Mrs. Whately, approaching the counter at which Mrs. Howard was seated, desired to look at some of the newest silks. Several pieces were shown to her, while Mrs. Howard was turning over some black satins.

"I want something a great deal *eleganter* than any of these"—said Mrs. Whately, ostentatiously. "You know price is no object to me, when I am buying a bettermost dress."

"Heavens!"—thought Mrs. Howard, annoyed at Mrs. Whately seating herself on the stool next hers—"what extravagant wages people in this country must give their housekeepers. And to think of servants going to the best shops. And how assiduous these people are in attending on her, just as if she was a lady. To be sure she has finery enough on her, to-day. But cannot they see what she is?"

Mrs. Whately, resolved on speaking to Mrs. Percy Howard, addressed her with—"Pray, ma'am, which of these shades of purple silk do you think the most stylish—the blue purple or the red purple?"

"Are you speaking to me, madam?"—replied Mrs. Howard, freezingly.

"Yes, ma'am. Which would you recommend as the most becoming to me?"

"Neither of them"—was the answer, as Mrs. Howard haughtily rose from her stool, and took another somewhat farther from Mrs. Whately's vicinity; and, soon completing her purchases, she walked out of the store.

"Mrs. Percy Howard does not recollect me!"—said Mrs. Whately to one of the saleswomen—"she thinks I am somebody else. When she comes here again, just mention to her who I am. I wish

you had happened to call me by my name while she stayed. You should always call your genteel customers by their names."

As soon as she had decided on the red purple, Mrs. Whately departed; consoled with the idea that things were now in train to undeceive Mrs. Percy Howard, without the necessity of any embarrassing explanation on *her* part. But Mrs. Howard did not chance to go again to Levy's before leaving town for a certain watering-place which we shall call the Blackwater Springs.

Now it chanced that Mrs. Whately had a great desire to go to this same watering-place, which that summer was very fashionable. Her husband being absent on business in the west, she invited herself to join Mr. and Mrs. William Whately, who were about visiting these springs. This was regarded by Mrs. William as a considerable infraction, and would in some way have been repelled, but that the John Whatelys were really rich, and had no children, and the William Whatelys only seemed to be rich, and had five.

Mrs. John Whately having traveled but little, (always supposing that she had too much to do at home,) had taken up an idea that, traveling being ruinous to good clothes, anything was good enough to travel in. Accordingly, to the great disgust of her sister-in-law, she presented herself in her favorite market-dress, a dingy striped mousseline de laine, with a dingy party-colored shawl; and a coarse heavy straw bonnet, trimmed with a durable dark blue and red ribbon; slate-colored cotton stockings; and thick double-soled shoes. She could not refrain from bringing in her hand the same little covered basket she was accustomed to carry to market, as an auxiliary to the great basket borne by her servant man. This little basket having been made very clean, was now devoted to what she called odds and ends, and which were undoubtedly very precious, as she would on no account trust it out of her own hands.

Mrs. William Whately appeared in a very genteel and most decided traveling dress, precisely, (as she believed) according to the latest fashion. And her five children exhibited five different specimens of the varieties of unbecoming and inconvenient habiliments with which the juveniles of that day were too often disfigured. One boy wore a monkey-jacket, and one girl a polka jacket; and another boy had no jacket at all, but only a red shirt, and a pair of checkered trowsers. The youngest boy with a brimless blue cap, banded with plaid ribbon, was squeezed into a plaid frock with a tight waist of astounding length, and a skirt so short and full that it stood out all round like a ruffle or flounce. This costume was intended for Scotch. The youngest girl was arrayed in a high-necked, tight-sleeved, barege; with a sort of overcoat or pelisse of white cross-barred muslin, the full drawn body puffing out before and behind, so as to present the idea of an infant hunchback. He of the monkey-jacket was suffering under a heavy fall of yellow ringlets, that spread far down his back

and shoulders from beneath a small black beaver hat. He of the red shirt had an equal mass of long tresses that would only curl sometimes, and was always obstinately straight when it ought not to be. His head was shaded by a huge white sombrero. The hair belonging to him of the flounce being quite unmanageable, it was docked off short and thick, covering his neck like a mane. She of the black polka jacket, short balzoline frock, and long thin white-stockinged legs, had lengthy Kenwig plats, and a small pink bonnet that sat on the top of her head, leaving its back and front both uncovered. Her sister, whose hair was strangely tardy in its growth, wore a worked muslin cap frilled thickly with lace, and went unbonneted; screening her head and eyes with a dwarf sunshade, when she remembered to do so; and having two bunches of false curls pinned inside the front of her coif. All the five children of Mrs. William Whately were thin, yellow, restless and uncomfortable. And well they might be, as all their sleeves and bodies were too tight, and all their heads and necks too hot.

When the Whately party were deposited at the Blackwater Springs, they found nearly all the company assembled in the vast veranda to inspect the new arrivals. Mrs. Percy Howard immediately recognized the self-called housekeeper.

"There"—said she to her husband—"there is that housekeeper person again. The woman seems to haunt me. I suppose these people are the family with whom she lives. I should say they were evidently mere *parvenues*; only that in this country, there is no distinguishing the *parvenues* from the sort that wish to pass for the aristocracy. They are all so much alike. The safest way is to regard them all as *parvenues*, for so indeed they are. As to the distinctions between the different classes, they are here so slight as to be imperceptible to the unpractised eyes of Europeans."

"Of Englishwomen, you mean"—replied her husband. "To most other Europeans they are perceptible enough. Be that as it may, I confess it affords me great pleasure, much amusement, and indeed instruction, to converse indiscriminately with all sorts of Americans that chance to be thrown in my way."

"Yes, yes"—returned his wife—"I saw you this morning at the back-gate, holding a long confabulation with the butter man."

"A very honest, sensible person, who supplies this establishment with excellent butter. He gave me some new ideas on dairy-farming."

At the dinner-table (to which no children were admitted) the two Mrs. Whatelys appeared in full costume; Mrs. John in the reddish purple silk, and a grand cap furbelowed with lace above lace, and glowing with bright pink ribbons; Mrs. William in a brilliant, many-tinted, large-figured balzoline, with an indescribable thing at the back of her head made of white tulle, and blue ribbons, and yellow flowers. Mr. William Whately, who

was placed between his wife and his sister-in-law, was no particular sort of man; which may account for his having had no particular success in business. The Percy Howards sat nearly opposite. Mrs. John gave Mrs. Howard a nod, which was returned only by a fixed stare.

"There"—said Mrs. Howard, in a demi-voice, to her husband—"there is that eternal housekeeper again—in full dress, and sitting at table with her master and mistress, who have shamefully intruded her upon what is called the company. Was there ever such a country as this? She is nodding at me again. I really think I will quit the table."

"Don't, my dear, don't"—said Mr. Howard. "You will never get on in America unless you are more conformable to the usages of the people. I'll return her nods for you. Besides, you may be mistaken in the woman. She may not be a housekeeper after all."

"I cannot be mistaken. There is no forgetting her face. She told me herself she was a housekeeper. She kept me in talk for half an hour, when I went to inquire after a cook. I found her cleaning a great looking-glass. To think now that her master and mistress should have the assurance to bring her here, and publicly make a companion of her, and expect the company to tolerate her. Mr. Howard, you must really take me back to England. I cannot live in this country. Indeed I cannot. It is utterly impossible."

Mr. Howard had heard this utter impossibility so often that he had left off replying to it. Also, his attention was just now engaged by overhearing Mrs. John Whately's remarks on the bill of fare; which, having finished her soup, she was engaged conning over in a state of great puzzlement.

"These entries"—said she to her brother-in-law—"seem every one to be French dishes. I wonder what they are like, for there's no making them out by their names. '*Riss de voo picky*,'—'*Riss de voo a juice*'—Here waiter, get me some *riss de voo*—and be sure it's the picky (pointing on the bill to *riss de veau piqué*)—I want to see what that is."

The waiter thought it was not his place to tell her, and when he brought it, she exclaimed to Mr. Whately—"La! William, only look—it's nothing but larded sweet-bread. I never fancied sweet-bread. Let me see the bill again—I'll not try the other *riss*—*Lapins in gilet*. Waiter bring me some lappins."

He brought her a plate of *lapins en gibelote* or fricasseed rabbit.

"Is this it?"—said she—"see, William—don't it look like pieces of stewed rabbit. But I see no gibelots. To be sure the gibelots of rabbits ain't much. This *must* be rabbit!"—dubiously.

"Or else pussy-cat"—said Mr. Graves, a humorous old gentleman who sat at Mrs. Whately's elbow.

"True enough"—remarked the lady—ponder-

ingly. "It may be that, indeed—I've heard that French cooks are up to all sorts of abominations. Waiter, take away these two plates—I have not tasted either of them; so don't throw the things away. It's a shame to waste even French messes. They may do for the poor. Oh! mercy! yonder's something like a snake all coiled round on a bed of parsley, with it's head sticking right up. Pray sir, what is it? (turning to Mr. Graves.)—I only ask for information. I would not taste it for the world."

"I cannot at this distance ascertain whether it is a rattlesnake or a copperhead"—was the reply of Mr. Graves, as he cast his eyes towards an elaborate preparation of minced fish, ingeniously moulded into the form of a serpent, and decorated all over the surface with snake-like stripes in very natural colors.

"Defend us from all evil!"—ejaculated Mrs. Whately—"Why this is the worst of all. I don't wonder John Whately has such a spite at French dishes; so that he won't allow one of them inside of his house. He likes real good living, such as everybody can understand. And so do I."

"There are plenty of plain dishes on the side-table"—remarked William Whately. "They are all named in the bill of fare."

"So they are. Well, I don't care if I try some roast pig. That's not so very plain. I see it's set down as just roast pig and nothing more. I suppose there's no French for roast pig. After that, I'll have some loin of veal, and then a bit of duck."

While discussing these viands, one after another, Mrs. John Whately kept tolerably silent, except when she turned towards Mr. Graves to inform him that none of these things were cooked *her way*.

When the dessert was placed on the table, she again consulted the bill, saying, "Well, I believe I'll try the French again. Now, waiter bring me some of this *omelet soufflé*. Oh! pshaw—it all goes to nothing—flat, dab—as soon as the spoon is put in. Where's the use of such things. Waiter, bring me some *bignets de pommes*. Pho!—they're only apple fritters. I see I must fall back upon pies and puddings. There are plenty here. But I doubt if any of them are made *my way*."

Mr. Graves and Mrs. Howard had several times exchanged glances, but Mrs. Howard was too much disgusted to smile. Mrs. William Whately sat reddening and swelling with suppressed indignation, (her usual sentiment towards Mrs. John,) and the aspect of Mr. William was nothing particular.

Dinner being over, Mrs. John retired to take a nap, and Mr. and Mrs. William went to their own room; where, surrounded by all the children, (who stopped their play to listen,) the lady vented in no measured terms, her total and entire disapprobation of all her sister-in-law's looks, ways, sayings and doings,—past, present, and to come;

finishing with—"But, remember, children, however ridiculous your aunt Sarah may make herself, she is not to see you laughing at her before her face." Mr. William Whately heard all; but looked no way, and said nothing.

Evening came; and most of the company had assembled in the drawing-room. By this time, they were all aware that there was a woman among them whose rank was that of housekeeper to the persons who had strangely and shamefully presumed to bring her with them to the Blackwater Springs. So it was resolved, by a majority, that the whole party should be sent to Coventry, and kept there.

Of course, the report emanated from Mrs. Percy Howard; who, upon her own authority, had disclosed the fact to the very few ladies with whom she condescended to have a speaking acquaintance. There chanced just now to be no Philadelphians at these springs, except the Whatelys themselves; and, therefore, there were none to rectify the error. The ball being once set in motion, rolled rapidly round—the story was industriously circulated; and Mrs. John Whately, (unconscious of the cause,) became the object of much gazing, watching, whispering, sleeve-pulling and toe-treading. Mrs. William perceived something of this; but attributed it to her sister-in-law's absurd sayings and doings, and lookings.

Mrs. John made many attempts to get into conversation with the best-dressed, or rather the most-dressed ladies; but was always coldly repelled, for who would be seen talking to a hireling housekeeper?

There was much animadversion on the assurance of Mr. and Mrs. William Whately, in presuming to bring this woman with them, and to allow her to seat herself at table and in the drawing-room as if she was one of the company. Some surmised that she must be a poor relation. Others said no—for poor relations are never drest up and taken to watering-places; unless, indeed, they are pretty young girls, who may elevate the family by chancing to make great matches. Some few supposed that the housekeeper might be so excellent in her capacity, and so valuable to her employer, that to retain her in their service, they thought it best to pay her a high salary, and allow her every possible indulgence.

This idea was adopted by Mrs. Lemington, a young married lady from the south; and whose fortune and high-breeding, united with the patrician connections of both her husband and herself, had elevated her far above the necessity of affecting any airs of exclusiveness. To her, no idea of degradation could be associated with her inclination to show some civility even to a housekeeper; particularly as the poor woman was evidently suffering from finding herself in a false position. And it was from a feeling of compassion she was not afraid to indulge, that the young, beautiful, and elegant bride of Mr. Lemington, (her husband being engaged in talking on the last

news with some gentlemen,) approached the now solitary Mrs. Whately; who having changed her dinner-dress for an evening costume still more costly, wondered why nobody seemed to take to her.

The William Whatelys carefully avoiding her vicinity, kept on the other side of the room; Mrs. William occupying herself with murmuring to her husband invidious comments on all the company; and he making no answer.

Mrs. Lemington, seeing our unfortunate heroine left alone upon a corner ottoman, kindly took a seat beside her, and very soon engaged her in her favorite and most natural topic, the management of household affairs; a subject on which Mrs. Whately was always at home, discussing it understandingly and improvingly, and talking far better than when she attempted to expatiate on finery and fashion. Mrs. Lemington, on her return to the south, was to settle in the mansion-house of her husband's plantation. Being very young, and (though in other respects highly educated) having no knowledge whatever of housewifery, she was desirous of taking home with her some very competent middle-aged person as superintendent of her establishment. She now thought she had found that person in our heroine, whose surname had not been heard by any of the company; the William Whatelys never calling their sister-in-law anything but Sarah. Mrs. John, completely in her element, now poured out upon her attentive auditor a portion of her practical experience in cookery, laundry-work, house-cleaning, kitchen regulations," &c. "What a treasure would this woman be to me!"—thought Mrs. Lemington.

Two hours wore away; and still the one talked and the other listened. At last, when Mrs. Whately paused for a moment to take breath, Mrs. Lemington ventured to ask if she was perfectly satisfied with her present situation.

"To be sure I am"—was the reply—"What more can I wish for—I have plenty of everything I want, good health, money enough for all purposes, and I can do exactly as I please."

"Have you ever been south?"—inquired Mrs. Lemington.

"Never—I have very little time to travel."

"I should be exceedingly glad to see you at my house"—resumed the young lady.

"Thank you"—replied Mrs. Whately.

"In short?"—proceeded the fair southerner—"I should be delighted if I could prevail on you to consider it your future home."

"Dear me!"—replied Mrs. Whately—"I have always heard that you southern people are very kind to strangers. But this beats all. I must say that I never before was invited to go to another person's house and stay for ever. I am very much obliged to you—indeed I am. But, even supposing that everything else would suit—what am I to do with my husband?"

The lady started—"Have you then a husband?"—said she.

"To be sure I have—why should not I? He's now traveling west; but he'll soon be home; and I don't think I'll ever let him go away from me again; except for a day or two."

"A husband!"—repeated Mrs. Lemington, in a tone of disappointment—"that alters the case. However glad I should be to have *you* at my house, I do not think I could in any way receive your husband."

"Why, what's the matter with him? What's your objection? He's a gentleman—quite as good as me—and fit to go wherever I go. It's a strange thing to invite a lady to visit you, and tell her you cannot have her husband."

"You puzzle me!"—said Mrs. Lemington—"I fear we misunderstand each other. Let me explain that my purpose is to endeavor to engage you as my housekeeper. I will allow you any salary you can reasonably ask, and all the privileges and indulgences that you now enjoy; for I know I shall find your services most valuable. I do not wish to seduce you from your present employers; though in Philadelphia, I conclude they would find no difficulty in obtaining a competent person to fill your place. But in case that you should, at any time, desire a change of residence, and feel an inclination to live in the south, remember that I will gladly take you, and make it well worth your while to stay with me. Nay, upon further consideration, your husband *may* accompany you. Mr. Lemington thinks of changing his overseer. In that capacity he can occupy an excellent house on the plantation."

"Good gracious, young lady!—What in the name of wonder are you talking about?"—exclaimed Mrs. John Whately—"Me a housekeeper! My husband an overseer—I am quite dumbfounded! What has put all this into your head? Why, we are rich people; living in Philadelphia; in a fine large house of our own; with Saxony carpets, and brocade curtains; and chandeliers, and silver forks; and servants, and everything; and dinner-company, and tea-company. Don't you see how I dress—that is, how I *can* dress if I choose?—though I do not see proper to wear my best clothes when I'm attending to my house, and going to market; and traveling in steam-boats and cars, with men spitting on me. I have no less than five beautiful silk gowns, and two satins, and a maroon velvet, and two sets of jewels; and as to thread-lace, it's quite a drug to me. What could have put it into your head to offer me a place?"

It was now Mrs. Lemington's turn to be dumbfounded.

"Who has been scandalizing me?"—proceeded Mrs. Whately—elevating her voice, and her head.

"Who has been saying I was a housekeeper?"

"You told me so yourself!"—steadfastly replied Mrs. Percy Howard, stopping as she passed along, leaning on her husband's arm. "I found you in a very untidy deshabille, mounted on a step-ladder, and cleaning a looking-glass, at a house to which I was directed to inquire the character of a

cook. You yourself told me that the lady was out, and that you were her housekeeper. Look in my face, and deny it if you can."

Mrs. Whately did not look in her face, but colored crimson, cast down her eyes much embarrassed, and murmured—"I meant that the mistress of the house—that every lady ought to be her own housekeeper."

"You meant no such thing"—sternly persisted Mrs. Howard—"I first was blind enough to surmise that you might be what is here called a lady; knowing that, in this country, it is scarcely possible to distinguish who are ladies and who are not. But you told me with your own lips that you were the housekeeper, and that the lady was out. If there is any falsehood in the case, 'tis of your own making, and not mine."

Poor Mrs. Whately, driven into the last corner, now burst into tears; and persons began gathering round to inquire what was the matter; "Nothing but a scene"—said Mrs. Howard.

"Sarah seems in trouble over yonder"—spoke Mr. William Whately to his wife—"Let us go and see if we can relieve her."

"No—let us rather keep off"—was the reply—"If Sarah has got herself into the mire, let her scramble out of it as well as she can. If we go near her, we may be dragged in too."

"I am sorry to see you so overcome"—said the kind Mrs. Lemington to Mrs. Whately, her own eyes filling with tears—"I fear I have unwittingly caused you much annoyance, for which I entreat your forgiveness. Had you not best retire for awhile, till you become more composed. I will accompany you out of the room."

"Allow me that office, madam"—said Mr. Howard to Mrs. Whately—"oblige me by taking my arm!"

"Percy Howard!"—exclaimed his wife—hastily withdrawing hers. Then lowering her voice, she added—"You are at your old democratic tricks."

"I may as well tell the whole truth at once"—sobbed Mrs. Whately. After a short pause, she summoned courage, wiped her eyes, and magnanimously spoke as follows—"The English lady is right, as to one thing—I *did* tell her I was the housekeeper, when I was Mrs. John Whately all the time, and a rich woman. I *did* pretend to be my own housekeeper, because I was ashamed that Mrs. Percy Howard should catch Mrs. John Whately cleaning a looking-glass in a wrapper. It was a sort of a fib that came upon me all of a sudden, without thinking or planning. How could I suppose it would bring on anything uncomfortable

weeks afterward; or that I should ever have cause to be sorry for it? It seemed a trifle that could hurt nobody, ever. I now see that my husband is right. He always tells me to keep clear of what he calls white lies; and says that if they seem ever so white at first, they always look dirty enough after awhile."

"And are you really Mrs. John Whately?"—inquired Mrs. Howard—"and mistress of the house in which I saw you in a wrapper mounted on a step-ladder, and cleaning a looking-glass?"

"You need not repeat that so often. To be sure I am, Mrs. John Whately, and if you doubt it you may go to the bar, and look at the arrival-book; and you'll find me set down there as Mrs. John Whately of Philadelphia, and the others as Mr. and Mrs. William Whately and family. He's my husband's brother, but not half so rich. Here, William and Mary, come over here—you're wanted."

They came—Mrs. William looking very cross.

"Now, both of you"—proceeded Mrs. John—"please to prove, as if you were witnessing in court, that I am myself, and nobody else."

"I don't know who could mistake you for anybody else"—remarked her sister-in-law.

"An't I Mrs. Sarah Whately, wife of your brother, Mr. John Whately, merchant of Philadelphia, in America?"

"Certainly you are"—replied William.

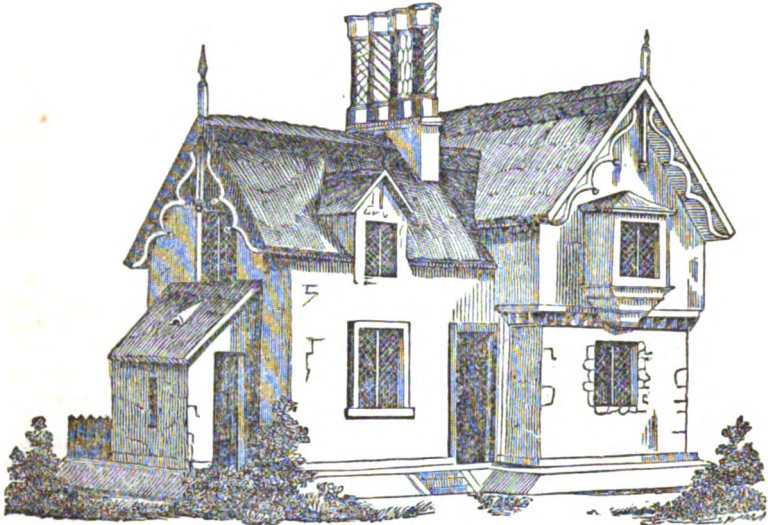
"And an't I mistress of a large fine house with elegant furniture; and have not I plate and jewels, and handsome dresses?"

"Certainly you have."

"There, then—and now, if anybody twits me again about that housekeeper business, I'll affront them, whoever they may be—English or otherwise."

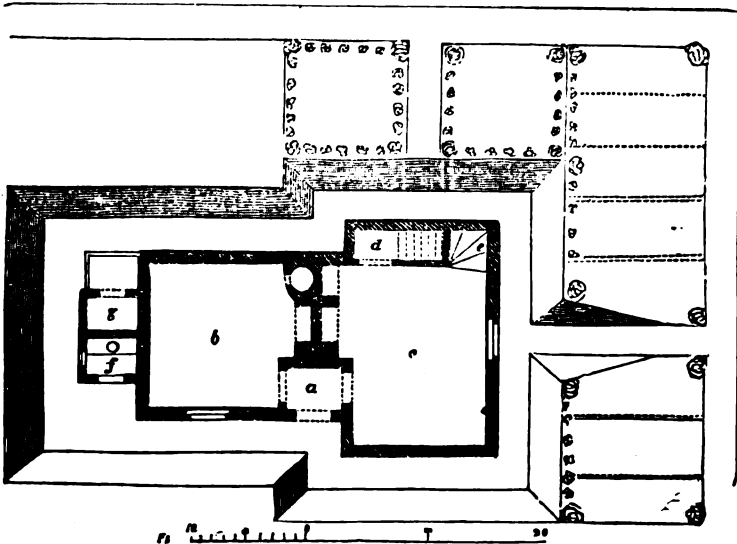
Whether it was from the fear of this threat, or from the deference usually paid to wealth, whenever its existence is substantiated, we cannot exactly say; but (Mrs. Percy Howard having prevailed on her husband to depart next morning) the tide at the Blackwater Springs now turned entirely in favor of Mrs. John Whately. During the remainder of her stay, she was (to the great annoyance of her sister-in-law) rather courted than shunned. The glancings, whisperings, twitchings, and sleeve-pullings all ceased. At least no one laughed at her, or talked about her, except in her absence. Many persons now discovered that she was quite a genteel personage, and every way agreeable; it being only to new arrivals that (as soon as her back was turned) the tale was repeated of the lady her own housekeeper.

## MODEL COTTAGES.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

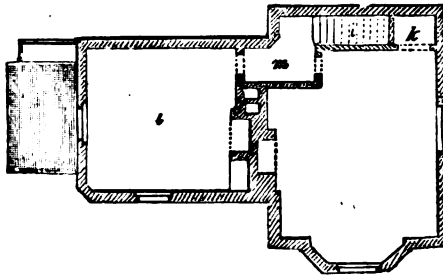
*Accommodation.*—The ground floor contains an entrance-lobby, *a*; back kitchen with oven, *b*; best kitchen or living-room, *c*; closet under the stair, *d*; stair to bed-rooms, *e*; privy, *f*; and place for wood, pigs, or poultry, *g*. On the chamber floor there are two bed-rooms; the largest, *h*, which is entered



GROUND FLOOR.

from the staircase, *i*, has a small closet, *k*; the other bed-room, *l*, has a press near the fireplace;

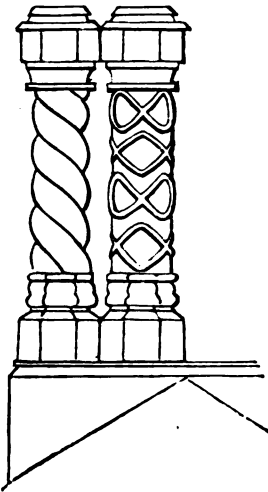
and chests, and the other articles, may stand in the passage, *m*.



CHAMBER FLOOR.

*Construction.*—The walls, as high as the bed-room floor, are of brick; and from the bed-room floor to the roof, of stud work, or brick nogging plastered. The chimneys, *Fig. 1*, are of brick

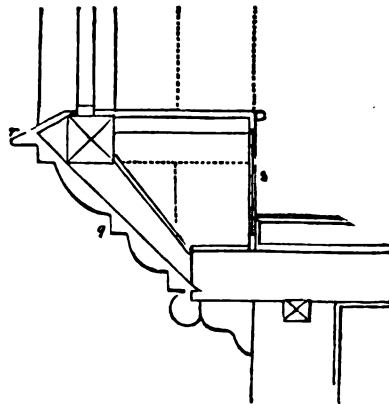
*Fig. 1.*



covered with composition; or they may be formed entirely of artificial stone. The roof is supposed to be thatched, the windows of lattice work, and the doors ledged. The large projecting window in the centre of the gable end, is called an oriel, or bay, or compass window, and is constructed in the following manner, viz: heart of oak bearers, *Fig. 2*, *a, a*, are projected from the walls at the given

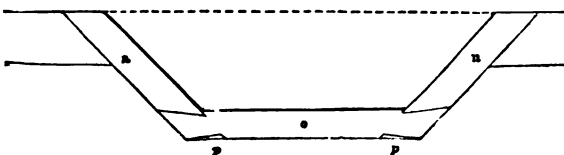
height in a horizontal position, and generally so as to form an angle with the wall of  $45^\circ$ . The ends of these beams are inserted in the walls, and the brick work is carried up over them, so that they are retained in their places by the whole weight of their superincumbent structure. By these means the diagonal beams afford a sufficient support to a parallel beam, *o*, which is dovetailed into the diagonal ones, as shown at *p, p*. The opening below the beams is covered in by the moulded boarding, *q*, in *Fig. 3*, to a scale of three-eighths of an inch

*Fig. 3.*



to a foot, and the section of the front, or parallel beam, *o*, is covered by the weather-boarding, *r*. The beam *a, a*, ought to be of strong sound timber, and not less than fourteen inches by twelve. Oriel windows are generally constructed of wood-work,

*Fig. 2.*

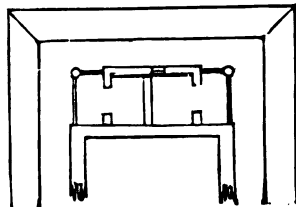




as being lighter than any other material; but beams of the above dimensions are sufficient to support a wall of brick or stone. The manner in which oriel windows of stone are carried up, is founded upon the same principle, and will be described hereafter. Round the inside of these windows are generally formed seats, which commonly open in front, at *s*; or at the top, like a ship's locker; so as to serve at the same time as a chest and a seat. Formerly these seats were called binks, bins, or bunkers; possibly a corruption of the French word, banc. The barge boards and pendants, both for the gable ends and windows, may be varied at pleasure, and they form very fit subjects of composition for exercising the ingenuity of our female readers. The enclosure to the pigsty is of oak pales.

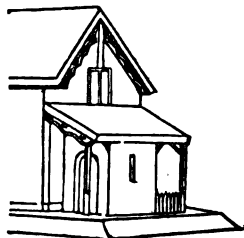
*Remarks.*—This cottage is disfigured, rather than otherwise, by the two appendages, *f* and *g*, at the ends; not but that the appendages are essentially requisite, but that they are given in a mean and common-place manner. The door of *f* is also in too conspicuous a situation, and is too nearly resembling the door of the main entrance. In other respects the building is picturesque; expressive of what it pretends to be, an old English cottage, and not uncomfortable within. The mean character of the lean-to at the end, and the nakedness of the door of *f*, may very easily be remedied; as a glance at the plan, Fig. 4, and at the view of the end

Fig. 4.



of the cottage, as so altered, Fig. 5, will sufficiently prove.

Fig. 5.



*General Estimate.*—Cubic contents, 10,544 feet, at 9 cents per foot, \$948 96; at 6 c., \$632 64; at 4 c., \$421 76.

## THE DYING MOTHER.

BY SAMUEL WEBB.

DRAW nearer to my side, my son;  
The shades of night are gath'ring fast—  
My sands are wasting one by one,  
And I must kiss and look my last.

Weep not—I do not fear to die:  
I have a guardian God above;  
He'll bless the earth on which I lie,  
And smooth my pillow with his love.

That God shall be thy father, child,  
When I am gone from earth forever;  
Pray to Him—He is ever mild  
And waits to bless—forget Him never.

Lift up thy head—look not so pale—  
I'll kiss the bright blood back again:  
Ah, smile, my boy—that piteous wail  
Gives unto death its only pain.

I would not leave thee—no, oh God!—  
I would not leave thee—but in vain!  
It is a father's chast'ning rod  
That parts us—I must not complain.

When I am dead, let not my name  
Be blotted from thy youthful heart;  
A spirit's whisper—from all shame  
'Twill sweetly warn thee to depart.

In after years, when on thy hearth  
The social fires of winter burn,

Oh, think of her who gave thee birth,  
Who slumbers in her lowly urn.

Think not to raise upon my breast  
A monument or bust, my son;  
Beneath thy cherished love I'll rest  
Till time for thee no more shall run.

I've watched thee in thy cradle, boy,  
When fever parched thy infant frame,  
And welcomed health with beaming joy  
As smilingly ye lisped my name.

Think of the hours when o'er thy bed  
A mother bent in fervent prayer,  
Entreating Heaven upon thy head  
To pour rich grace and virtue rare.

I leave thee—but a mother's love  
In death and night shall not expire;  
Bright forms shall bear the spark above  
And touch it with celestial fire.

Farewell—my eyes grow dim apace;  
Look up, I cannot see thee now—  
But let me trace the manly grace  
That sits enthron'd upon thy brow.

Forget not God, my son. I hear  
Sweet music warbling through the air;—  
Nearer it comes, and still more near:  
Dost hear it? Now—hush! hark! there! there!

# THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

GERMAN AIR.

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY

PROFESSOR FRED. W. HORNCastle.

IN MODERATE TIME.

How sweet 'tis to wan - der, At eventide's gloaming, A - - long the sweet

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "How sweet 'tis to wan - der, At eventide's gloaming, A - - long the sweet".

banks of the lake, When stars shining forth, And the sea-wave is foaming, My

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "banks of the lake, When stars shining forth, And the sea-wave is foaming, My".

path I now cheerfully take. A poor wand'ring minstrel I left my sweet

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "path I now cheerfully take. A poor wand'ring minstrel I left my sweet".

home, In quest of good fortune To better my lot, But I find all the joys in the

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "home, In quest of good fortune To better my lot, But I find all the joys in the".

world are but tinsel To that humble home, My own sweet native cot. Hilli O, Hilli

O, My own sweet native cot.

Then share with the bard,  
Your rich bounty bestowing  
On one who in poverty wanders afar;  
O let all his comfort to you be still owing,  
And save his poor fame,  
By the world's frowns now marr'd.

May all that the gods,  
In their goodness so surely,  
Give to the kind souls who soft charity love.  
Be yours in profusion,  
If aided securely,  
Your alms to the bard  
Your humanity prove.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.—NETTING.

"Familiar arts are beautiful through love," says the poet. So these fashions of "Ornamental Work," only to be found in our "Book," show the way of preparing many little love gifts of exquisite beauty and taste. And then, how dearly these will be valued by the receiver! Not the most costly present bought with money would be so highly prized as the delicate trifle made by the fair hand that presents it. Then, lady fair, learn to NET the purse you present, if you would make it the talisman of friendship. We shall now give the necessary instructions, such as are followed by the noble and accomplished ladies of England, in

### NETTING.

We suppose our readers understand the right way of casting the stitches and *netting*, so we proceed to give a few particular directions.

All network looks and hangs much better by being net the contrary way to that in which it is intended to hang. For instance: window curtains and purses should be

worked long way, the stitches all cast on at once. Network should be damped and stretched until thoroughly dry. If a purse, it should be done on a purse stretcher.

To make a stitch in netting, is to work two stitches in one loop.

To diminish, is to take two stitches on the needle, or to net a loop over your finger without the mesh.

Where beads are used, you must net with a small darning needle. Thread a bead on the silk, and keep it there until you have made the knot; then, the needle and silk down at the back of the mesh, draw up the needle and silk through it, which pulls the bead quite up to the knot you have just made. All beads, in netting, should be worked this way, otherwise they will move on the silk.

### NETTED LONG PURSE.

THREE SKINS OF RATHER FINE TWIST. MESH NO. 18.

Cast on eighty loops. The purse must be netted on each side, leaving a space of about three inches in the centre.

**HANDSOME LONG NETTED PURSE.**  
WITH BEADS.—FIVE SKINS OF VERY FINE NETTING SILK,  
AND LONG DARNING NEEDLE MESH NO. 18.



Cast on one hundred loops, net eight rows with beads, the design of which can be taken from a Berlin pattern; or stars are pretty.

There must be four plain rows of netting to divide the stripes; eight stripes make a good sized purse.

**ROUND NETTED GENTLEMAN'S LONG PURSE.**  
SECOND SIZED PURSE TWIST.—MESH NO. 16.

Cast on one hundred loops; work one hundred rows.

*Mode of doing the stitch.*—A loop must be made round the finger, the same as in common netting; after which, bring the needle up through the finger-loop behind the mesh; between the forefinger and mesh, turn the needle and bring it through the first loop on the foundation; draw the needle through, and take the fingers away from the loop as in common netting.

**ROUND KNITTING BASKET.**

SCARLET AND GREEN COARSE PURSE TWIST.—MESH NO. 11.



The size of the pins or mesh, around which the loops are made, are here numbered from one to twenty-six. The round steel pin is used in all fine work, but a round or flat wood one in large work.

Net a foundation of forty-two loops, tie on the scarlet and net five rounds; then take the second size ring and sew it over, taking each loop, and holding a small mesh at the same time upon the ring, so as to leave room for the needle to pass through the sewn-over loops; tie on the green and net eight rows; then fasten in one of the green rings cut of the foundation at the top, and fasten on the ring attached to the handle. This completes the top of the basket, and the bottom part is done in the same manner—only, after joining in the small ring, net it together to prevent the ball going through. The large rings must be covered with green, and the others with scarlet narrow ribbon. Tie the top and bottom together with a bow on one side, and to fasten with a button and loop on the other.

**NETTED SCARF.**

MESH NO. 2.

Cast on seventy loops, work six rows with white; next, two rows each of six successive shades from dark to light; then recede from light to dark in the same way—those repeated again finish one end; work with white one yard and a half plain netting, and again repeat the shades at the other end; finish off with a knotted fringe at the ends.

**ROUND NETTED SCARF.**

TEN SHADES OF BERLIN WOOL.—MESH NO. 9.

Cast on four hundred loops; net two rows of each shades to the lightest, then return to the darkest; net together the two sides like a purse; draw up the ends, and put a tassel at each end.

**NETTED CUFFS.**

FOURTEEN SHADES OF WOOL.—MESSES NO. 1, 6 AND 12.

Cast on twenty-five loops, with mesh No. 6; net one row of each shade; net to the light shade and back again to the darkest; then with the sixth lightest shade, and mesh No. 1, net four stitches in each loop, edged with floss silk a shade lighter than the wool, and one loop into each, with mesh No. 12. Double the cuff for both silk edges to show, which forms a frill round the hand.

**NETTED CUFFS.**

WHITE WOOL AND PINK SILK.—MESSES NO. 8 AND 12.

Cast on forty-four loops with mesh No. 8; then with silk and mesh No. 12, net one row of each alternately, until the cuff is long enough; then with mesh No. 3, net two in each loop; then edge it with silk and mesh No. 12; turn it over, and run a ribbon through the end.

**GRECIAN NETTING.**

MESSES NO. 9 AND 16.

Cast on an even number of loops.

*First row*—mesh No. 9, plain netting.

*Second row*—mesh No. 16, first and second loops to be twisted together; net the small side loop by twisting the first and second loops together, making the loop on your finger, as in plain netting; pass the cotton through, the same as in round netting; the point of the needle to be put into the first loop pointing to the top, pass it to the second loop, catch it through the first loop with the point of the needle; the second loop is now on your needle again, catch the first loop, force it through the second, and you have your first loop on your needle; release your fingers as in common netting; the next stitch to be

worked is a very small loop, appearing like a loose knot on the side of the twisted stitch; it is the loose part of the second loop that was twisted through the first. Always bear in mind to begin every alternate twisted row with a plain stitch, in order to give it a proper position.

#### A ROUND NETTED PURSE.

WITH DIAMONDS OF STEEL BEADS.

Net on a round foundation ninety stitches. Net four plain rows; in the next row place a bead on every sixth stitch; in the next, every fifth and sixth; and in the next every fifth, so as to form a diamond. Net four plain rows, and repeat the pattern in beads, so as to come in the centre stitch of the former row.

#### CROTCHET.

We gave ample directions for this beautiful work in our last volume. We trust these were read and remembered, so we will not repeat them. But we give here a very pretty fashion for *mats* that we think will be new to the ladies.

The *third engraving* shows the frame with ten pegs on each of the four sides.

#### TARGET MAT,

WITH NETTED FRINGE.—THE CENTRE WORKED IN DOUBLE CROTCHET, WITH SHADED WOOL.



Make a chain of six loops, join for a round, increase frequently until it is six inches in diameter. Cast on eighty loops for the fringe, with white three-thread fleecy and a mesh half an inch wide.

*Second row*—net two loops in every alternate loop.

*Third row*—with the shaded wool, and a mesh about a quarter of an inch wide, net two loops in every loop.

It requires six of these pieces to fringe the mat. Make it up on a piece of millboard, and sew each piece of

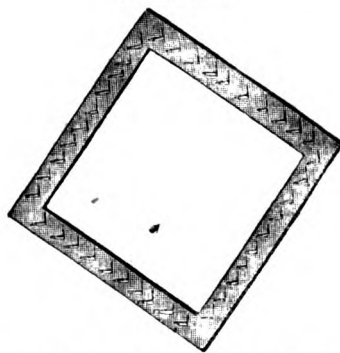
fringe on to the edge double. The colors to be arranged according to fancy. The above is very pretty done in a long square shape, for a cornucopia stand.

#### DAISY MAT.

FIVE SHADES OF WOOL.



A FRAME NINE INCHES SQUARE, WITH TEN WOODEN PEGS ON EACH SIDE.



Commence with the dark shade, tie it to the corner peg, cross it to the peg on the opposite side, wind it fifteen times round; do this on all the corner pegs. Then tie the next lighter shade on the next pegs, and so on to the fourth shade. There will then be two centre pegs on each side which must contain the lightest shade. Thread a netting needle with strong twist, tie the crossings together each way, so as to form small squares work to the opposite peg and back on the next line, and so on till all are finished. Take a pair of small-pointed scissors and run the points between each square, leaving about four threads at the bottom uncut. In doing this, be careful not to cut the tying twist. The wool thus cut forms the tufts. Comb them up and cut them round before you take it off the frame. Then slip it off and comb the fringe, and cut it straight.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"He drew his light from that he was amidst,  
As doth a lamp from air, which hath itself  
Matter of light although it show it not"

It is well to form some new plan of happiness with the New Year; and as ladies can never expect to gain

happiness themselves unless they promote that of others, it will be best to reflect to-day on the means we can employ to work out any new plan we may devise. Wealth, scientific knowledge, political power—we have none of these aids; and yet we can do more than all combined

in preparing the world to know and enjoy true happiness. If the poet was right in his axiom that

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense  
Lie in three words—*health, peace and competence,*"

the ladies may surely claim two-thirds of the triumph, should the world ever become reasonable enough to enjoy this pleasure. For are not the health and peace of mankind in an especial manner entrusted to their keeping? From the foundation of character and constitution which every mother establishes for her children, must emanate the habits and condition of the world. We form the lawgivers, and if the laws are not good, it is a sure proof our part was not well done.

We do not often obtrude our own doings or experiences on our readers, as egotism is not a word we admire: but for once we will give such an illustration.

Once on a time we entered a railroad car and found every seat occupied save two, and these contained one person each. A stout lady, with a basket to match, had established herself in one seat, and she looked as though she would like all the room much better than our company. We turned to the other side of the car. There sat a gentleman close to the window, leaving a convenient space for us—and moreover, as he was intently reading a newspaper, we concluded he would not be troubled. It was unpleasant to us to have a stranger disturb himself by offering, as a gentleman would feel bound to do, his place by the window; and so we sat quietly down, and the cars went on, and the gentleman seemed unconscious of any change. But the spirit of American chivalry was too strong for concealment. Suddenly laying down his paper, the gentleman turned and asked us to take the seat by the window. We declined.

"I would insist upon it," he replied, "for I am sure you would find it the most pleasant, only I fear I should annoy you if I changed, for I am, I regret to say, in the vile habit of using tobacco. On this account I always wish to occupy the seat by a window." And then he continued the conversation by regretting that he could not abandon a habit which he was convinced injured his health and knew gave annoyance to others.

We, of course, answered with all due consideration for his feelings, though we could not say (as we once heard a lady) that we "admired tobacco;" but we observed that when a gentleman had once learned to use it, he could not well relinquish the habit.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said he; "*Gentlemen never learn—boys learn, and men continue the practice.*"

"Boys learn!" Remember this, mothers; and remember all these were in your power when, to use the emphatic language of Carlyle, "they were little red-colored, pulpy infants, each of them capable of being kneaded, baked into any social form you choose." Shall we be considered as boasting of our own sons when we merely state the effect our opinions and wishes have had on them respecting this particular habit. They knew their mother thought the use of tobacco injurious, if not to health, at least by the waste of time, and often by leading to other idle or pernicious indulgences. They knew that she would prefer they should not learn to use it—and they have never learned.

**COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES.**—The foregoing observations are intended as a sort of preface to the counsel we shall give, from month to month, concerning the books we consider most appropriate for our sex. We must never lose sight of the grand truth, that the development of the human mind and the direction of public opinion are both committed to women. The books

we read our children will read also; the sentiments we imbibe from our reading we shall transmit to them. "There is no universal power here below except that of women," says the celebrated Aimé-Martin. This power is only good so far as it is based on moral and religious truth. Women, then, require that their moral and religious feelings should be early and constantly cultivated. The foundation stone of their temple of learning must be the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Woman without the Bible is but a doll or a slave. The fire of her genius can only burn clear and bright when placed on the altar of the true God.

"Our religion is that of our mother," says a celebrated French writer; and, he might have added, this religious medium prepares the human soul for the reception of all its ideas. The mind cannot be healthy when surrounded by moral miasma. Go, then, to the source of truth. Begin with the Bible; and though it may be you have read it many times, you can never exhaust its information or its interest. It is the earliest history. It contains the first and most sublime specimens of poetry; and one of the first poets was a woman. Its narratives, for true pathos and beauty of sentiment, are unequaled. Where, in all the ancient writers, can be found tales of such tender and thrilling interest for our sex as those of Esther and Ruth? If these were now published for the first time as translations from the French of some popular writer, how they would be seized upon and read without a pause in a fever of admiration! And yet, though there are few if any ladies in our land but believe that the Bible is the word of God, containing the oracles of divine wisdom, truth and love, and revealing the hope and the way of eternal life, is not this Book of books too often laid aside and forgotten for the last novel?

But this New Year, let us begin it with new resolutions and better habits. Let us resolve that, whatever else we may read, the Bible shall have its place on our tables and in our course of reading. If any lady wishes to teach herself a new language, one of the best preparatives is to read the New Testament in that language. An eminent English philologist recommended this course, which he had always practised; and we can testify that in this way, reading the Gospel in different languages, has been to us the source of rapid improvement in such studies. Begin this reading simultaneously with the study of the grammar of any language, and by the aid of a dictionary you will in a short time be able to understand the sense, and also learn and remember the words far better than when merely studying the rules and committing phrases to memory. Let the Bible, then, be the work with which to commence a course of reading; and in our "Book" of next month we will proceed to show how, with this pure foundation, all literary knowledge worthy of a place in the heart and soul of woman may be best acquired.

We will here give a notice, furnished by a friend, of some of our American writers. The article is worthy of attention.

#### WORDS ON CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

I have an old note-book, in which I wrote, one day, as follows:—"None see and feel but such as are alive. Truth, Beauty and Goodness must live within us before we can have a sympathy for them, and, therefore, before we can truly see them in the out-world. They are ever divine; yet in many souls they are drowned in the gulf of dead seas, and, in the best, their life is not perfect. A character or a book may have the richest life, yet men see and feel it no farther than they have similar life in themselves. What is a dull, dark desert to one is a radiant realm of light to another. As none but the pure in

heart can see God, so none can have a divine vision of the universe until it lives within them."

These words were written in the days of a youth that is not yet so far away as it might be. Perhaps Mr. Poe will read them, bite his pen, and exclaim, "Goosetherumfoodle!" Yet they contain a thought, expressed with sufficient clearness for him to understand it. Very possibly they are brimful of "Transcendentalism," for I wrote them with a very distinct remembrance of a passage in Emerson, which begins as follows—"Nature ever wears the colors of the spirit," and out of which Mr. Aldrich (who *does* plagiarize sometimes) has constructed one of his poems.

The thought I endeavored to record in this passage from my note-book, I find very useful in taking account of my own feelings, as well as in my interviews with the critics.

The true critic comprehends and interprets truly all he touches, whatever may be the "subjective condition" or particular relations of the mind from which it comes. But to be a true critic, to have glorious eyes, all alive with light, to be entirely transfigured with truth, and dwell always in the heaven of Beauty, these are great attainments; and they are not very common. With lesser attainments, perhaps, it is hardly possible to escape being dogmatists. Vehement dogmatism in politics and theology is useful, it is said. It may be so in criticism. However this may be, it is certainly good every way for those who endeavor to engage the public ear, to speak out honestly what they think carefully. The faithful record of a living soul's unexpressed never fails to secure attention, and it is always worth reading. Such records are most genial and beautiful when full of loving responses to what is divine in the tones of other voices. If they do not contain true criticism, they direct us to the beautiful land.

When a critic cannot get out of himself to comprehend life different from his own, and read another's work in the very atmosphere where it was written, he will not show us the truth, though he may think he has the voice of an oracle. In Margaret Fuller's recent "Papers on Literature and Art," she has recorded a very sharp, contemptuous judgment of the poetry of James Russel Lowell. She tells us her opinion in this case will grieve some and disgust others. I admire Miss Fuller on many accounts. She is a woman of strong talent. Were I a phrenologist, I should suspect she has a large brain, a powerful temperament, and a respectable organ of self-esteem. But her soul does not yet live in the *most* azure regions, and her critical judgments sometimes fail of being radiantly serene. Yet her soul is living and strong, and her voice has singular power to arrest attention. Some of Mr. Lowell's immediate friends profess that they are neither grieved nor disgusted, and wish she could be present with them to hear how they make merry over her sentence of excommunication. Yet they say so in tones that denote a merriment just ready to cry for anger.

It may be that Lowell has realized rather more popularity than is truly his share; and so, it may be, has Longfellow. Still they both deserve much; and Lowell, we think, will yet deserve more.

But Miss Fuller, evidently, is not well qualified to criticise the songs of such a one as Lowell. He is a poet, notwithstanding her sentence of excommunication. Many of his poems are true songs to me, whatever they may be to her. I know not how it is, but there may be some things in his literary course at which Miss Fuller thinks she does well to be angry, and for which she endeavors to castigate him. I repeat it, I admire Miss Fuller's genius—and perhaps I ought to admire the accomplished lady's lordliness.

There is one consideration that may do something to explain her want of appreciation in this case. It is very apparent in what they write that these two individuals have had very dissimilar experiences of life. It is evident that Lowell's life (and he is still very young) has always been along fragrant and beautiful garden paths. He does not sing of agony and darkness like one who has felt these things. His experiences have been very happy. He has never wrestled and bled in a struggle with destiny, nor been compelled to think and rend his way to light through gulfs of thick darkness. How different in this respect is what we see in his poems from the revelations in "Festus," for instance. The Legend of Brittany is a poem, and the next age will say so. Yet it is not the work of a poet who had struggled in the gloom of night against shipwreck on the Black Sea of Pain.

Is it not this, and nothing else, that Miss Fuller feels when she says he lacks "depth of thought?" It is plain that her experience has been different. I know nothing about it, but I presume she knows what it is to wrestle with pain and feel darkness. "High natures must be thunder-scarred," says Lowell. He has heard this said or observed it. She, it may be, has felt it. It is frequently said that a bustling life of action and adventure furnishes the best materials for biography, while there is little or nothing to record in the quiet lives of literary people. But if the inward lives of some of these people could be truly, frankly written, it would appear otherwise. Souls have adventures in solitary chambers, and in places where the ways of life seem very quiet, in which bodies do not participate. These adventures are often more wonderful and far more worthy of record than any tales of the crusaders or the robbers.

If Lowell's lack of painful experiences be a fault, it is a fault which time will undoubtedly cure. If he lives many years, we shall probably some day hear voices from the lower depths of his nature. Then we may begin to calculate his chances with posterity. He has written some trash; but I think he will at length burn all such verses as those about the "Royal Pedigree," and sing in constant harmony with the music of nature. If he never succeeds to sing like the storms, he may sing like the streams and the stars.

OUR HOLIDAYS.—We have but two that we can call entirely national. The New Year is a holiday to all the world, and Christmas to all Christians—but the "Fourth of July" and "Thanksgiving Day" can only be enjoyed by Americans. The annual observance of Thanksgiving Day was, to be sure, mostly confined to the New England States, till within a few years. We are glad to see that this good old puritan custom is becoming popular throughout the Union. The past year saw it celebrated in twenty-one or two of the States. It was holden on the same day, November 26th, in seventeen, we believe. Would that the next Thanksgiving might be observed in all the states on the same day. Then, though the members of the same family might be too far separated to meet around one festive board, they would have the gratification of knowing, that all were enjoying the blessings of the day. From the St. John's to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific border, the telegraph of human happiness would move every heart to rejoice simultaneously, and render grateful thanks to God for the blessings showered on our favored country. As this is a subject in which ladies should take a deep interest, will it be thought presumptuous if our "Book," as their especial organ, leads the way in this good work of union in Thanksgiving? The "Lady's Book" then suggests that, from this year, 1847, henceforth and forever, as long as the Union endures, the *last Thursday in No-*

ember be the DAY set apart by every State for its annual Thanksgiving. Will not the whole press of the country advocate this suggestion?

That the coming seasons may be those of improvement and happiness, and dispose all our friends to anticipate with pleasure, the approaching holidays is our earnest wish.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following articles—"What though the Sky is Sometimes black." "The White Cascade." "Lines to —" "A Little Meek;" and two letters from Carthage.

We must decline "The Tribune"—"Song"—"Great Men and Little Deeds"—"The New Planet"—"A Song for the Brave"—"The Worldly Wise"—and "A Thrilling Tale." The "Christmas Tree" was received too late. It is subject to the command of the author.

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Correggio: a Tragedy, Cehlschalager.*" "*Sapho: a Tragedy, by Grillparzer.*"—Translated from the German. Boston: Philips & Sampson, pp. 303.

We have read this volume with great pleasure, and feel sure the translator will find her work a most acceptable one to the American public. The gifted painter, the inspired poetess are here shown to us as they lived and died; and we feel they were both worthy the earthly immortality their genius has won. Of Correggio, the author truly says—"His crown of genius shall dazzle worlds, when golden crowns have perished!" Of her—the love-victim, that—"Only with the earth the fame of Sapho dies."

"*Urania: a Rhymed Lesson.*" By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.

This very clever and amusing poem was spoken by the author before the "Mercantile Library Association;" and the "lessons" given derive much of their point and interest from local circumstances. To enjoy it fully it must have been heard. Still the blaze of wit and play of fancy cannot but enliven and warm the heart of every reader; all who have Yankee blood will feel it stirred with a quicker glow of patriotism as they run over the pages. Dr. Holmes is a real poet—and might soon become celebrated, would he devote the time to the Muses that he gives to Esculapius. He probably finds that poems are better paid than poets—but we hope he will soon "throw physic" over to others, and devote himself to literary pursuits. Let him remember that doctors die and are forgotten like their patients—but the true poet lives, in the heart of his country—forever.

"*A Treatise on the Motive Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood.*"—By Emma Willard: 8vo. London and New York, 1846. Wiley & Putnam.

We do not feel sufficiently instructed in the subjects, treated of by Mrs. Willard, to decide on the merits of her work; but we are glad to see that it is favorably noticed by the London press. The "Critic" has a long article on the book, highly complimentary to female genius generally, and to this "American lady" in particular. We commend the book to the attention of ladies as well as all who take an interest in physiological science and the preservation of health.

"*Mystis, with other Etchings and Sketches.*"—By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Messrs. Harpers, New York. This is a handsome volume, and will make an excellent gift-book for the holidays. The stories, thirteen in number, are of the thoughtful cast, aiming to do good, and invite a love of things truly pure and beautiful. The work may be found at Lindsey & Blakiston's, Philadelphia.

"*The Diadem for 1847.*" Carey & Hart. We have received from Messrs. Carey & Hart "The Diadem for 1847," illustrated by ten elegant engravings from original paintings by Sully, Leutze, Rothermehl, MacIae, &c.

To say that this is one of the richest works of the sea-

son, is only to say what the public will when they have looked at it. The engravings are superb, and they are left to tell their own story. Some of the pictures are from the collection of the late Mr. Carey. A most beautiful Gift Book for the season.

The "*Poetical Works of Wm. Cullen Bryant*," a superb edition, with twenty elegant engravings from original designs by E. Leutze. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. There are certainly no publishers in the United States who deserve more credit than these gentlemen for the admirable manner in which they have brought out the works of our great native poets.—illustrated by our own painters. First—Longfellow, illustrated by Huntington,—now Bryant, by Leutze. As well as Bryant can write, so well has Leutze illustrated his writings;—and we think there never has been a more beautiful book presented to the public. As for a criticism upon the writings of Mr. Bryant, it is, of course, not to be thought of in a mere notice of the publication of a Gift Book. That subject has been handled better in other parts of our own work.

"*Kings of France*," illustrated, by Thos. Wyatt. A. M. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. This volume contains seventy-two portraits of the Sovereigns of France, with the principal incidents of their lives, from the foundation of the monarchy to Louis Philippe, with a concise biography of each. We know that Mr. Wyatt has been at great pains to collect the materials for this work, and the medals from which the engravings have been executed; his success has been wonderful, and his book is an instance of great research and learning.

Geo. P. Morris and N. P. Willis issued, on the 21st of November, the first number of the "Home Journal." This paper was formerly known as the "National Press," but for reasons which follow its title has been changed.

"The necessity of constantly correcting an impression that the 'National Press' is a political paper, has induced the undersigned editors to express its character more distinctly by putting forward the name which has hitherto been only secondary in its title. The general design of the 'HOME JOURNAL' is to furnish entertaining reading, to make a brief and complete chronicle of passing events, to give the cream of new books, to keep a watchful look-out for Genius in Literature, Music and Art; and, in short, to furnish a paper by which families may keep up with the times. This plan will be added to and varied whenever ingenuity and resources can find new and valuable attractions; but our main purpose will be constantly kept in view, viz.: to issue a periodical which, by its scope and comprehensive contents, shall suffice for families that wish to take but one paper. At the small price of two dollars per annum, so important and improving a luxury is within the means of all."



## MODEL COTTAGES.

THE fashion for building elegant cottages has spread itself over all the most highly cultivated portions of our country. Not only comfort and convenience, but beauty of plan and situation are becoming every day more regarded by our citizens in town and country. It is with a view to give the influence of our widely-circulated Magazine towards the diffusion of so laudable and useful a taste, that we have determined to present our readers with a complete series of engravings of model cottages, embracing plans, elevations and figures of different parts of the structures, executed with such care as to render them useful to the practical architect. We shall do this at the same time that we shall not diminish, but considerably augment, the number of our pictorial embellishments on other subjects. In short, we purpose to lend our assistance towards diffusing a taste for beautiful architecture :

By submitting a series of designs for cottages, farm houses and villas, embracing every appropriate comfort and the greatest variety of beauty, and by accompanying these designs with analytical and critical remarks, pointing out in what this comfort and beauty consist, and on what principles both are founded :

By submitting a series of designs for the finishing, fitting up, fixtures and furniture suitable to the different descriptions of cottage, farm and villa

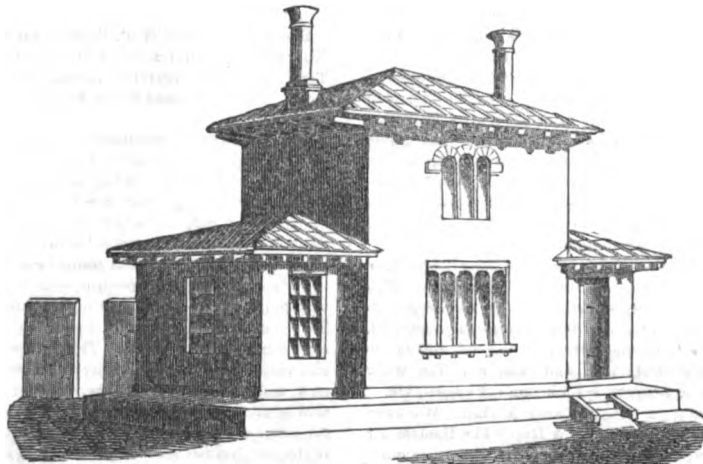
buildings; and, by accompanying these with remarks on their fitness for the end in view, such as lighting, heating, ventilating, &c., as well as with analytical and critical remarks on their style or beauty—thus showing the necessity of architects including the study of furniture in that of their profession, so as to be able to give designs for furnishing a house as well as for building one :

By accompanying many of the designs with gardens for the cottager, as well as pleasure ground and park scenery for the occupant of the villa; and by explaining the connection of villa architecture with landscape gardening, and pointing out the necessity which exists for villa architects possessing a considerable knowledge of the art of laying out grounds :

By avoiding, when it is not absolutely necessary, the use of terms peculiar to architecture; by explaining all such as are used, where they first occur; and by adopting such a style as will render the work easily understood by the uninitiated reader, as well as subservient to the purpose of educating young persons in architecture as an *art of taste*, especially to the female sex.

We commence the series with the following view, plan and description of a cottage suitable for a very small family. In our future numbers we shall give similar plans for larger cottages, for farm houses, villas and *other dwellings*.

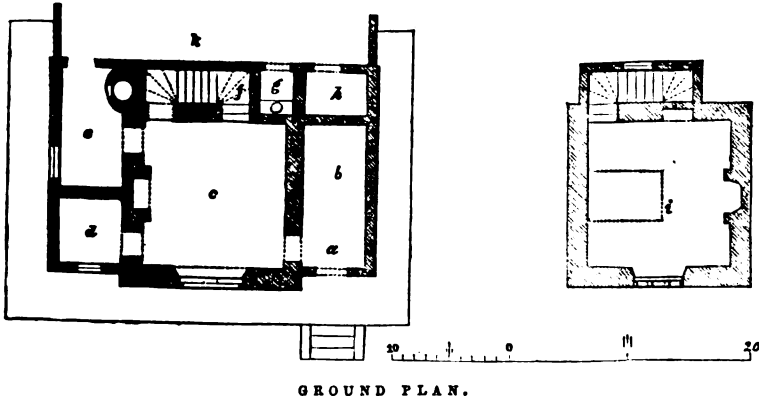
### NO. I.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

**Accommodation.**—This cottage, though very small, contains a good many comforts and conveniences. The entrance *a*, (see the ground plan below,) is by a lean-to at one end, which serves as a porch, and at *b* may also be used as a place for fuel. There are a good kitchen, *c*; a pantry, *d*; back kitchen,

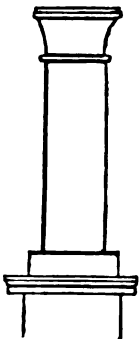
*e*, with an oven and a flue to heat the floor of the principal kitchen; a staircase, *f*, with a closet under; water closet, *g*; and a place for poultry, *h*. The upper story contains only one bed-room, *i*. There is a small yard behind, *k*, which may contain a cow house and an office.



**Construction.**—The walls are here represented of rough stone plastered, and the roof as covered with tiles. The terrace is of masonry, and the chimney tops (see Fig. 1, on a scale of three-eighths of an inch to a foot) are of brick and cement. The projection of the roof is considerable, and it is finished with a gutter supported by small pieces

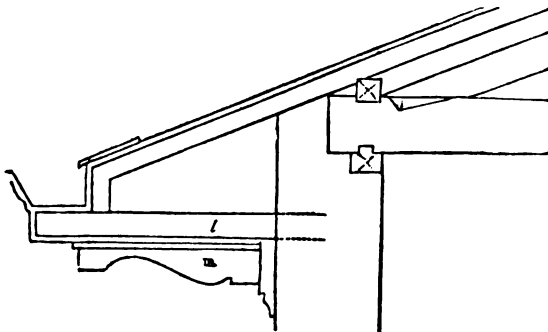
let into the wall *l*, (see Fig. 2,) and by cantalivers *m*. The blocks supporting the sill of the kitchen window are of stone, and so is the sill. The mullions which divide the window are of wood, and the casements which fit into them are hinged so as to open inwards. The windows of the pantry and back kitchen are sash windows.

Fig. 1.



CHIMNEY TOP.

Fig. 2.

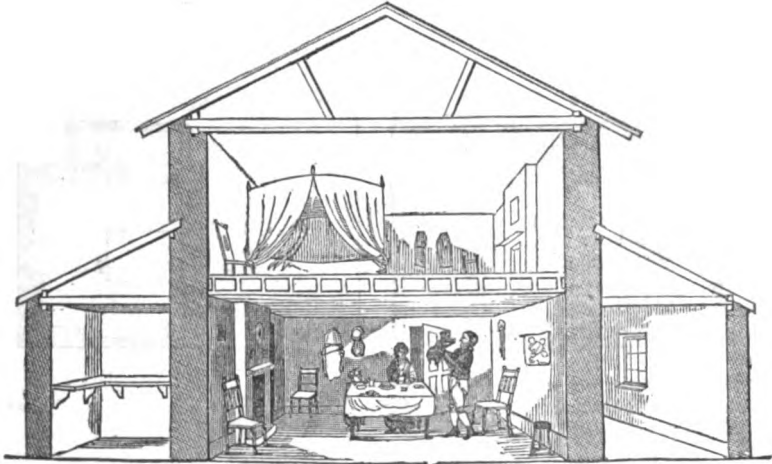


**Situation.**—This building, having no windows behind, is calculated for being placed upon the side of a hill, where it will present a picturesque appearance, particularly when viewed from below. If surrounded by a good garden, and with no trees

within a hundred yards of it higher than fruit trees, it can hardly fail to have a beautiful effect. In general, trees which stand close to any building, more especially to one of small size, should be either decidedly larger or decidedly smaller than

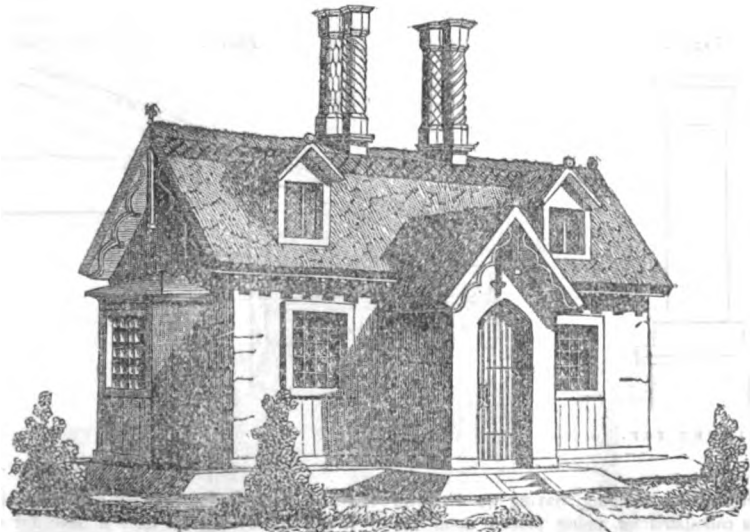
the building itself. The chief reason for this is, that objects of the same size or apparently so, do not co-operate well in forming a whole view; which always should consist of one principal or

prominent part, and of two or more subordinate ones. Below is a section of the cottage exhibiting the interior.



INTERIOR.

NO. II.

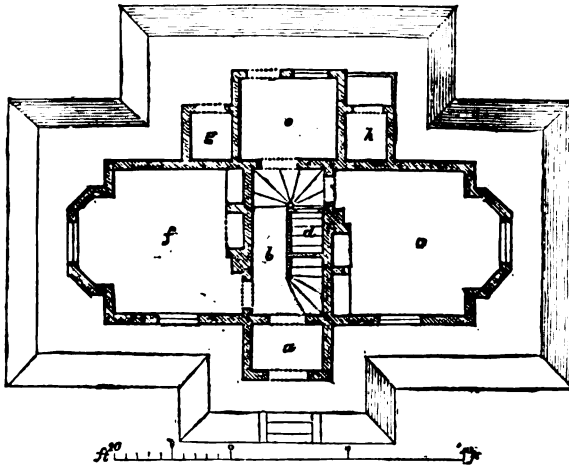


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

We continue our series of cottages with a dwelling for a farmer with a number of children.

*Accommodation.*—The ground plan exhibits a porch, *a*; staircase and passage, *b*; kitchen, *c*; closet under the stairs, *d*; back kitchen, *e*; sitting

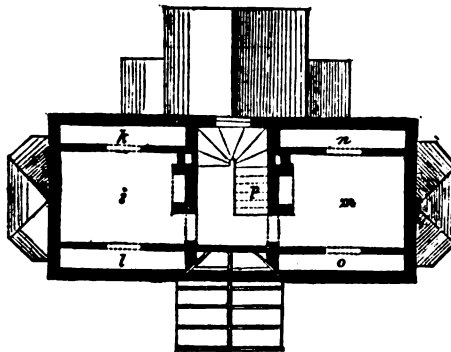
room, with small closet, *f*; privy, *g*; and wood house, *h*.



GROUND PLAN.

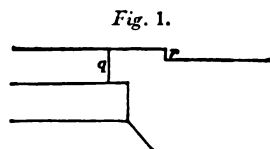
The chamber floor contains a bed-room, *i*; closet, *k*; another closet, *l*; a bedroom, *m*; two closets, *n* and *o*; and the staircase and landing, *p*. The defect in the accommodation here is the want of a proper pantry; but this might be easily ob-

tained by enlarging *h*, turning its present door into a window, and opening a door to it from the kitchen. A substitute for *h* may be provided adjoining *g*.



CHAMBER FLOOR.

*Construction.*—"This cottage," its designer observes, "may be built of brick studwork, plastered outside, the roof to be thatched with reeds or straw. The entrance is to have a ledged door, and the windows are to be filled in with lattice-work, having oak mullions, or mullions of other timber, painted in imitation of stone. The rabbit heads of the windows (Fig. 1, *q*) to be back filled, (to project beyond the wall in the manner of archi-

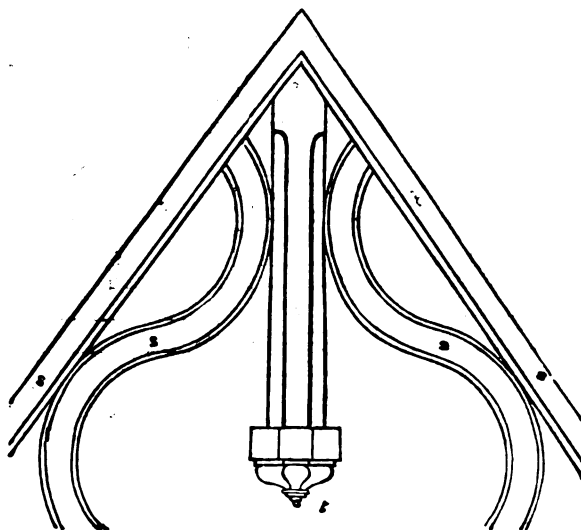


traves, but without mouldings, as at *r*.)" The chimney stacks to be formed of or ornamented

with Roman cement. The barge boards and the pendants to be finished as in the working drawing,

*Fig. 2*, made to a scale of half an inch to the foot, in which *s, s* are the barge boards, and *t* the pendant.

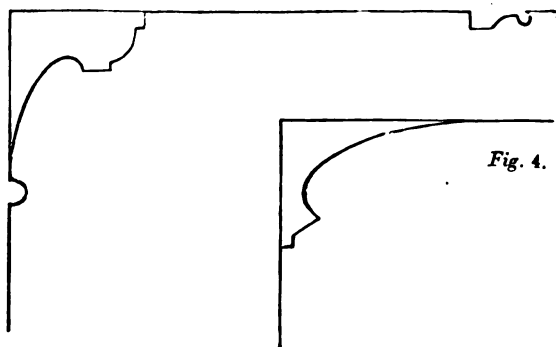
*Fig. 2.*



*Fig. 3* shows a section of a suitable cornice for the dining-rooms; and *Fig. 4* one in the same style

for the bed-rooms. Both these sections are on a scale of two inches and a half to a foot.

*Fig. 3.*



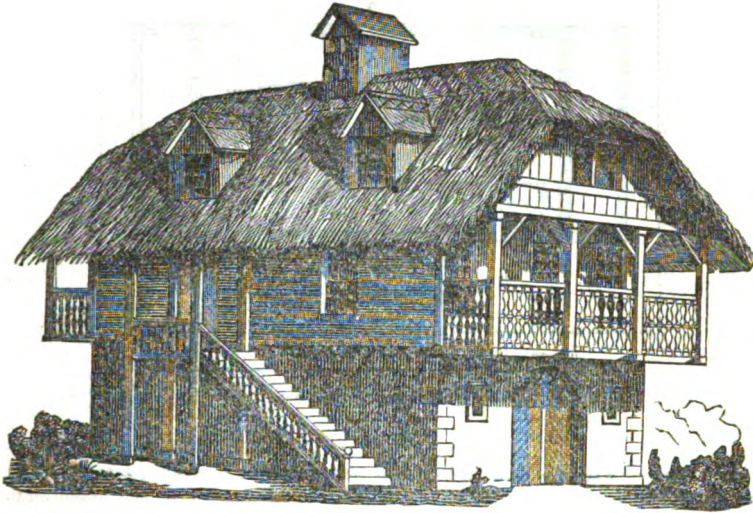
*Fig. 4.*

The expression is evidently that of an old English cottage. We should have preferred the chamber windows in the ends, which would have been less picturesque in effect, but cheaper to execute, and much easier to keep in repair. We should also prefer the ground-floor windows to have six large

panes in each frame rather than to have them filled in with lattice work. This done, and a parapet on the platform and pinnacles over the pendants are all that are wanting to render this design very much to our taste.

Estimated cost, \$1700.

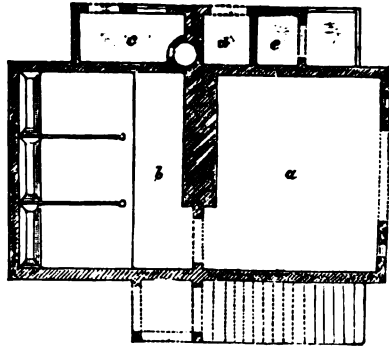
## NO. III.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

*A Cottage-Dwelling, in the German Swiss style, for a man and his family, with accommodation for two horses and a cow.*

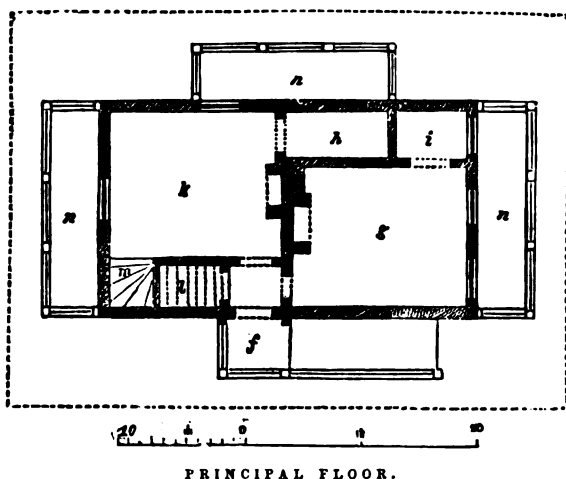
**Accommodation.**—This description of dwelling is common in the northern parts of the continent of Europe, and also in Switzerland. To economize heat, no less than to save expense in the first erection, the apartments for the domestic animals, and the places for carts, ploughs and other country machines and implements, are all contained under the same roof. The occupier of such a dwelling is commonly a very small farmer, who joins to this occupation some description of trade or commerce, such as a carrier, coach-driver, jobber in cattle, fisherman, hunter, &c. There is a great objection to having cattle and horses under the same roof with living rooms for human beings, on account of the smells and insects generated by the former; but it must be recollected that in the warm season the cattle are seldom in the house, and that during winter in the north of Europe the great difficulty in human dwellings is to maintain heat. We have lodged in various dwellings of this description, from Stockholm to Naples, both in summer and winter, and cannot recollect that we ever felt much inconvenience from smells, but certainly some from insects. We do not, however, recommend this design, where the expense of erecting the offices apart from the dwellings is not an object. In the ground plan of this building, we have a place for a cart, wagon, or other carriage, and for ploughs and other implements of agriculture or trade, *a*; a three-stalled stable for two horses and a cow, *b*;



GROUND PLAN.

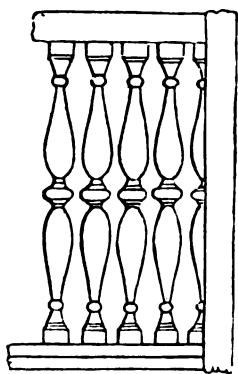
a back kitchen, *c*; a privy, *d*; and a pig-sty, *e*. On the principal floor we have an entrance under a porch, ascended to by an exterior stair, *f*; a sitting-room, *g*; pantry, *h*; light closet, *i*; kitchen, *k*; closet under the stairs, *l*; bed-room stairs, *m*; and three balconies, *n, n, n*. The chamber-floor consists of two bed-rooms and two bed-closets.

**Construction.**—The foundations and the first story as high as the floor of the living-rooms, are supposed to be built of stone, or brick with rusticated stone corners; the upper part of the building is entirely of timber. The roof is shown as covered with thatch and without gutters. In Switzerland, where timber is abundant and labor not high, the railing for the stairs and balconies of such a building is commonly massive and very curiously carved. We



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

here give a specimen on a scale of half an inch to a foot of a suitable railing to such a balcony.



*Situation.*—Were such a building to be erected in this country, it could only be for the sake of its character, and therefore the proper situation for it would be in a romantic, woody vale, glen or dingle, like those of the south of Germany, and especially the valley of Kinzigthal, from a cottage in which, engraved and published, the idea of the present design is taken. There are many situations in New England, and some in the western country, where the appearance of such a cottage

would raise up interesting associations in the mind of a European traveler, and would fill the stationary inhabitants with surprise, and by exciting inquiry, might lead to the improvement of their taste. We are naturally indifferent about what we do not understand; but the moment we begin to have a knowledge of any subject, we take an interest in it, which incites us to further inquiry, and ultimately brings us to an acquaintance with what is right or wrong, beautiful or deformed. To teach men to think is the grand object of every effort for promoting human improvement.

*Criticism.*—The effect of the walls of the ground story, being of stone, is good, by giving the idea of great solidity in itself, and of stability and security in the superstructure. The three balconies are calculated to be very useful. The outside stair, by artificially increasing the distance between the living-rooms and the stable, must in some measure diminish the quantity of effluvia from the cattle, conveyed thither by the clothes of those who attend on them. The eaves ought to have the addition of an ample gutter; and for our own taste, we should have preferred having two windows in each gable end and none in the roof, dividing the garrets lengthways. We should not have truncated the gable, and we should have made a better preparation for the chimney stack, raising it higher and in a bolder style.

Estimated expense, \$1750.







*E. F. Elliot.*

# GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1847.

MRS. E. F. ELLET.

(See Plate.)

THIS lady is one of the most accomplished of our American writers. In reading her effusions, one always recognizes a mind richly stored with the choicest productions of literature, a taste formed by the study of the noblest works of art. In criticism and poetry she has few equals, no superiors among our native writers. In fiction she exhibits a character of originality and elegance all her own.

Mrs. Ellet is known to the reading public chiefly by her very remarkable and able contributions to the *Lady's Book*, the *Democratic Review*, *Graham's Magazine*, and the *Columbian Magazine*. Among her works published in a separate form are a volume of "*Poems*," "*The Characters of Schiller*," "*Country Rambles—a series of Sketches of American Scenery*," and a volume of historical sketches, entitled "*Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily*." As a specimen of her style in fiction, or rather in the historical tale, we may refer our readers to the sketch entitled "Two Periods in the life of Haydn," in the *Lady's Book* for November, 1844, and "The Old Dockyard," in the number for March, 1846. The stories entitled "The Heart's Trial" and "Antonio Salvini" are also fair specimens of her powers in this department. In the analysis of the characters of Wallenstein and the Marquis of Posa, which occurs in the "*Characters of Schiller*," we have a specimen of her criticism which exhibits at once her position in the first rank of American critics. Her general ability, fine taste and various learning, are apparent throughout her numerous compositions. In fact, she possesses higher qualities than these.

In the productions of Mrs. Ellet we recognize the hand of a true artist. Having studied the

great masterpieces of composition in their original languages, having penetrated the mystery of all art in its profound spirit, that which reaches forth towards the infinite and eternal, she has infused into her works of imagination a character of originality, freedom, ease and grace, which commend them at once to the intelligent reader. As the hastiest sketch of a master in painting at once declares its origin, so even a short story or poetical effusion from her hand gives assurance of the ability and spirit which characterize all her works. If she had chosen to isolate herself as distinctly from her contemporaries in the form as she has in the spirit of her productions—if she had founded her claims to distinction on one great work—it is not easy to point out a position among modern writers too high for her to have attained. But she has condescended to the fashion of our times—has contributed her contingent to that species of literature which our countrymen prefer. She has chosen to be useful by diffusing the love of true art as widely as possible through the most popular channels of literature; and it is fortunate for us that she has done so, as we should not otherwise have had the pleasure of placing her in our gallery of contributors. The mode of publication which she has adopted has rendered her name familiar to many different circles of readers, without enabling any one of these circles to form an adequate conception of what she has actually done for American literature. The only remedy for this is a complete collection of her works published in a single volume or series of volumes, and we hope that this act of simple justice to herself may not be long delayed. Whenever her works shall appear collectively, it will be perceived that our estimate of her powers has been by no means exaggerated.

# MAIZE IN MILK.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then  
Till sunset let it burne;  
Which quencht, then lay it up agen  
Till Christmas next returne:  
Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
The Christmas log next year,  
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend  
Can do no mischief there.—HERRICK.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE FULL CORN-CRIB.

TELL me nothing of the crops! Suppose they don't grow—suppose there is a failure, and the corn falls short, and the cotton *sheds*, and the army worm appears and the caterpillar, and there is an early frost, and half the *bolts* never blow! These things will happen! We must look to lose our crops now and then, no matter what we plant. It can't be that we shall have things always as we wish them. We can't be always wise or always fortunate. But we can, if we please, be always good and good-natured, and loving, and cheerful, and thankful for what we do get, and for the things in which we are prosperous. There's no reason because of the drought that our hearts shall be dry also. There's no reason because we make short crops that we should be short to our friends, and because the winter comes on sooner than usual that we should be colder than usual to our neighbors—that our charities should freeze up with the weather, and our gratitude fail us because the sunshine fails us. We must only make the hearth-fire brighter; we must only make sunshine for ourselves, and gather our friends about the warming, and make merry within while all is melancholy without; and show to one another how cheerful everything may be, though the tempest blows never so angrily against the shutter. A man may soon learn to make his sunshine wherever and whenever he pleases, and to carry a happy heart under a thin jacket. He must be a man without regard to the seasons. His affections must not alter with the weather. He mustn't blow hot and cold because the wind does so. He must keep his soul firm and his sympathies steadfast, and his charities must be as quick to warm as his anger is quick to cool. His log must be kindled at Christmas though he may have never another left in his wood-yard. There must be a fire, you know, at Yule, and why shouldn't his hands kindle it as well as another's? The log was cut to burn!

But he is unfortunate, you say. Well, is that any good reason why he shouldn't warm his fingers in a cold season? But then he makes blaze enough to warm a dozen! Exactly so; and this only proves that even the unfortunate man is never so wholly unfortunate that he does not possess the happy privilege, under God, of making others happy. There's no waste if, when he sets his log ablaze, he calls in his neighbors to enjoy it. I tell you the log must burn for some one's comfort in the cold, bleak days of December, and it is something of a blessing in the poor man's cup that he is permitted to raise the blaze. But then, say you, it is his last log! Who shall say that? Who shall dare to say that God's charity must have a limit?—that this man, who knew so well how to warm his hearth for the blessing of his neighbors, shall be permitted to make no more pleasant fires? I tell you, short-sighted mortal, that even beside that last log you may yet see some celestial visitant in fustian habit. It is thus that an unquestioning hospitality is sometimes permitted to entertain an angel! With the smoke of that last log, around which the unlucky man, obedient to a custom which he learned in his better days, has gathered his humble neighbors, there goes up to heaven a rare incense which makes acceptable, and may make profitable also, that last sacrifice of wealth. Let the log burn, then! Wouldst thou throw water on the cheerful gleams which light up all these ruddy faces? Wouldst thou silence the merry crackling of that flaming pile? Wouldst thou put out those pleasant charities which thus, if only once a year, are kindled to make one's fellow warm? Out upon thee for a doubter of God's providence! Get thee to thy own home and put thy only stick upon the fire, and call in him who passes, that thou mayest not selfishly and sadly sit alone to see it burn! Then will the Father of those who gladden at the blaze, so gladden thee as that thou shalt never lack thy log at Yule.

Now, if thou wilt believe me, brother, there is a purpose in this long preamble. Just such was

the tenor of that shrill but lively *crow* which issued from the capacious lungs of that famous old cock of St. Matthews, who held in fee the extensive domains of "Maize-in-milk."\* The master of "Maize-in-milk" was a sovereign in his way, whose power was known only by its bounty. His was one of the finest plantations for peas, potatoes, Indian corn and short cottons, in Carolina—not a very great one, it is true; not so large nor so thickly settled as an hundred others in the same and other districts, but just such a snug, productive interest as enabled the proprietor to do the handsome thing by his neighbor and to entertain his guest like a gentleman. Colonel Openheart was one of those generous and frank planters whom men smiled to name, with pleasant recollections of the warmest welcome and the finest cheer. And even now, with his feathers somewhat ruffled by resistance and unexpected provocation, it was delightful to behold the bland visage and the good-humored smile which took all anger from his aspect. Anger, indeed! It was rare enough to see him angry. We tell you he was only ruffled, not roused, and just enough touched by opposition to show how animated he could become even in his benevolence. There he sits at the ample fireside, in which great logs of oak and hickory are yielding themselves up in flake and flash, and hiss and sparkle, his face glowing like the fire, warm, bright, capacious; cheeks smooth as a woman's, a beard carefully kept down by a persuasive razor, and his flowing locks just beginning to whiten at the ends, and slightly showing their snows against the warmer colors of his neck and cheek. And how his great blue eyes dilate under the high, broad forehead, as he looks around him with a mixed expression of amazement and satisfaction, taking in at the same glance the gentle and matron-like lady who presides at the evening board, from around which the chairs have already been withdrawn; and the tall and graceful damsel of fifteen, who, standing at her side, plies deftly the snow-white napkin over the dripping tea-cup. I am not sure that the comprehensive glance of Colonel Openheart fails to notice the nice little juvenile episode which escapes the eyes of the ladies, and which presents itself upon the great and antique sofa gracing the opposite end of the apartment. There, but scarcely enough in the foreground to constitute a portion of the picture, you may see Tom Openheart, a stout lad of nine or ten years, exhausted by a long day's squirrel hunt, with his own rifle and on his own pony, drowsing into gradual obliviousness of life and all its excitements, his arms thrown above his head, one of his legs secure on the sofa with his trunk, while the other wanders off, quietly conducted to a neighboring chair, to the leg of which Dick Openheart, a mischievous urchin of seven or eight, busily fastens it by the aid of his sister's

handkerchief. The father's and mother's have already been disposed of in making secure the other equally pliant members of Tom Openheart; and anon, when the fastenings are all complete, you may look for some cunning explosion by which the Gulliver will be made to start from his slumbers in terror only to be taught the strangeness of his captivity.

I will not pretend to say that our excellent colonel sees this episode. The pleasant twinkle which lights the corner of his eye, and which is somewhat at variance with the words of his mouth, may be due to other influences; but it must be admitted, for the sake of history, that even were he to see the practice of Dick in this transaction, it is still not unlikely that he would suffer it to pass unchallenged. The good man would ascribe it to the season—to a natural levity—to any but a heinous and evil nature which called for rebuke and punishment. He had a queer notion that children were—only children, and that play was as necessary to their hearts, their growth, nay, their morals, as birch, logic and religion—doctrines which, in this era of juvenile progress, cannot be supposed likely to diffuse themselves greatly, and of which we venture therefore to speak without emotion. It is probable that Colonel Openheart's attention was wholly given to his good lady and his lovely daughter. They at least were his only listeners. There was an air of sadness upon the features of the excellent matron, which, however, were not wholly unlighted by a smile; while, on the other hand, the lips of the damsel were parted with an undisguised expression of merriment—positively on the verge of open laughter—the pearls of her mouth showing the white tips through their crimson setting, with a good humor and an arch delight that were clearly quite irresistible. Very sweet and very pretty was this expression of the face of Bessy Openheart, and the jade knew it. She was a blonde, and with features of wondrous regularity. Full of life and vivacity, there was yet a rich fountain of gushing waters at her heart, and her large blue eyes had learned how to fill with tears even before the happy smile could make its escape from her pretty little mouth. But we must not speak of her too soon. She is a mere child as yet—scarcely fifteen—just at that age when girlhood begins to falter with its own gaze, and when we begin to look upon it with as much trepidation as delight. But Colonel Openheart is about to resume.

"Not keep Christmas, Mrs. Openheart—not keep Christmas? Why, what in the world should I do with myself, my dear, or with you, or Bessy there, or Tom, Dick, Harry and the rest, from Christmas eve till New Year's? And what should we do with the neighbors—with Whitfield, and Jones, and Whipple, and Bond, and poor old Kinsale, and all their wives and little ones, all of whom have spent Christmas and New Years with us for the last hundred years or more. Some

\* Indian corn not yet ripe, but ready in the ear for the table.

of them certainly did with my grandfather. Old Kinsale can tell you of the first dinner he ever took on this estate in the time of Grandfather Openheart, and that was a Christmas dinner. He can tell you every dish upon the table. There were ham and turkey just as now—there was roast and boiled—there was a round of beef—there were sausages and pillau—there were sundry pairs of ducks, cabbage and turnips, and potatoes; and for dessert, nuts, apples, mince-pies, plum-puddings, and more preserves than you could shake a stick at. More than thirty persons sat down to table, and to speak of the old man's Madeira brings tears of pleasure into the eyes of Daddy Kinsale to this moment. I tell you, old Billy Openheart is venerated to this day on account of his Christmas cheer. Not keep Christmas! Why, how would you avoid it, I'd like to know? They'd be here, all of them, fresh and fasting, I may say, before you could roll the Christmas log behind the dogs and dress up your windows with the holly and cacina. They'd be here to help you as they have been for the last fifty years. Bond and Whipple always came early for that purpose, and I think I have heard you say that little Susan Bond was the cleverest little creature in the world at dressing up the windows, and glasses, and flower-pots, with the green leaves and the scarlet berries. To think of the windows of "Maize-in-milk" looking bare at Christmas! Think of "Maize-in-milk" having no visitors at Christmas—no fun, no frolic, no dancing, no—! By the pipers, Mrs. Openheart, I don't know how to understand you. Talk of not keeping Christmas! Why, what in the name of blazes would you do with me, with yourself, with Bessy, Clinton there, and dear little Rose, and Tom, and Dick, and Harry, and the rest, from Christmas eve till New Year's?"

"Well, to say the truth, dear husband, I did not think of spending Christmas at home at all, this season."

"Not spend Christmas at home!" cried the colonel, with renewed amazement. "And where, in Heaven's name, would you think to spend it?"

"Why, down in the parishes with Uncle Thomas. He's often asked us, you know—"

"With Uncle Thomas in the parishes! Go from home to spend Christmas! After that I should not be astonished at any of your notions. But, pray, Mrs. Openheart, when did you know your Uncle Thomas to spend *his* Christmas away from home?"

There was a pause, when the good dame, finding that her husband really waited her answer, meekly admitted that such an event had certainly never taken place within her remembrance.

"No—no! You may well say that. Well, only go to *him* and talk of spending Christmas away from home. Try *him*, Mrs. Openheart, by an affectionate invitation to come and stay with *us* Christmas week, and you'll get an answer will

astonish you. You will certainly astonish him by the invitation. No—no; he's too much a gentleman of the old school—one of the good old Carolina stock, who knows what his duties are at Christmas—who knows what is due to his neighbors and to hospitality, and who knows—"

"But, my dear, considering what our expenses are, and how greatly they have been increased of late, Edward in Europe, and the sending of John and William to college—the purchase of the old Salem tract—the—"

"Foh! poh! poh! Positively, Emily, I am ashamed of you. This is only too ridiculous. You are for letting in at the spiggot and letting out at the bung. As for the Salem tract, it needs but one good crop, at good prices, and I pay for that; and that I should give up the acquaintance of my old neighbors, Tom Whipple, Elias Bond and Daddy Kinsale, because my eldest son is frolicking on the continent and two others have just had an introduction to those graybeards, Cicero and Homer—"

"Now, husband, you know I don't mean that you should give up the acquaintance of anybody—"

"You do, Emily, if you mean anything. It would amount to the same thing. Not to have my house full of my old friends, as usual, at Christmas, would be such a strangeness as would make them all feel strange. They'd look upon me as a broken man, or as a changed one, and in either case they'd become changed also; and then, in place of the cheerful household and pleasant neighborhood that we have had all along, there would be doubt, and coldness, and restraint—and all for what? Really, Emily, I can't see what you'd be driving at."

"But you could still see your neighbors."

"Not as before, Emily. A people so sparsely settled as our own, so very unsophisticated, and with that fierce sort of pride which distinguishes a life of comparative seclusion, are very easily made suspicious. They are, in particular, exceedingly jealous of any eccentricities on the part of the wealthy. Change your habit toward them in any respect—let your demeanor change in however slight degree, and they resent it as a something sinister, which is always personal to themselves. It wouldn't do to go out and see them at the fence; I must ask them in—and once in, the horse must be put up. And I can't say, 'Well, Bond'—or Whipple, or Jones, or Daddy Kinsale, as the case may be—'very glad to see you always, but sorry I can offer you nothing. Truth is, times are very hard, and that lark of mine in Europe and those two dogs, Jack and Will, they cost me a pretty penny now-a-days. Have to haul in my horns lest the sheriff pulls them off.'"

"Now, husband, you know I allude to nothing of this sort. It's only the usual waste that I'd have you avoid until you've got out of debt."

"Debt! Why, Mrs. Openheart, you speak as

if I were over head and ears! What do I owe that I can't pay off with a single good crop?"

"You said the same thing last year."

The brave colonel seemed to wince at this suggestion.

"And as for waste—what waste? Do I waste anything at Christmas, or any other time? Is not all consumed that we cook? Is anything thrown away? Are there not mouths for all? What we and our guests do not consume, does it not go to the negroes? What they don't want, does it not go to the dogs and hogs, and ducks and chickens? I never see anything wasted. Really, Mrs. Openheart, I can't understand you. If you mean anything, it is that we are to kill no beef at Christmas, have no sausages, drink no egg-nog, and, I suppose, for the first time since we've been married, now going on fifty years—"

"Oh, husband—fifty years!"

"Yes, fifty years, more or less."

"Less by half—only twenty-six last November."

"Is it possible! And I said sixty! Well, it's certain I've counted the years by their pleasures."

A sweet, comical smile went round the circle. He continued—"Well, as I was saying, here then, for the first time since our marriage, some forty-two years as you yourself admit, we are to have no mince-pies—"

"Nay, my dear; I didn't mean that we were to go without *them*. As you have bought the raisins, the citron and the currants, and as the hogs are already killed—"

"Oh! your only anxiety then is to keep these things from being wasted; but if that was your prudent intention, what do you propose to do with these nice things, after you have made them up, if we are to spend our Christmas with your Uncle Thomas?"

"Why, I thought of taking them down with us."

"Indeed! and precious little would Uncle Thomas, in his abundance, thank you for your pies. But, pray, in what respect should we be more wasteful in consuming them at home here, among our own poor neighbors, than down in the parishes, with the rich ones of Uncle Thomas? Really, Emily, I thought you were a better reasoner."

"Well, Edward, you do indeed make out a case against me, and if the mince-pies were the whole of our consumption in staying at home, as they will be in going down to the parishes, then your reproach would be conclusive; but you know, Edward, that these would form but a small part of our expense. They would not be alone: your Madeira, and Sherry, and Champagne—your beeves, your hogs, your turkeys, and the horses of a dozen idle and worthless people eating at your corn-crib, and that not the fullest in the world—"

"It is full, Emily;—but I must stop you be-

fore you go too far. We can't always say who are the worthless in this world. I am sometimes disposed to think that the most worthless have their uses, and to suspect that the most worthy are not always of the value we put upon them. When I recollect how little I do myself in the way of work, and of how little real service I am to myself or to anybody else, in comparison with what I might be, I feel as if some malicious devil was jerking at my elbow in mockery, at those moments when I suffer myself to talk of the little worth or value of my neighbors. I tell you, Emily, I can't any longer bring myself to feel contempt for any human being, though I may sicken at the viciousness of some and sorrow over the idleness of others."

"Now, really, Edward, you shall not speak so slightly of yourself. Are you not always busy? Do you not manage your own plantation?"

"After a fashion—but I'm not sure that my management is at all creditable to me or serviceable to my interests."

"You are never idle."

"I make chips enough, I grant you; but I am not sure that I am always profitably busy."

"Your negroes improve, increase, become more honest, sober, industrious, happy, more human every year."

"Thank God, I can conscientiously believe all that!"

"They love you, thank you, and go cheerfully to their tasks."

"Ay, ay; so they do, and so far.—But what is that fellow about? As usual, busy in tormenting his brother. Ho there, you dog—get you to bed, and wake up Tom that he may go along with you. What are you doing with the boy?"

"Only you call him up, papa," was the sly response of the dutiful urchin.

"Call him up yourself—push him—rout him up."

The boy stooped over the elder brother, and, with a closer eye, the worthy sire might have seen with what delicate consideration he introduced a feather of broom-straw into the ears and nostrils of the sleeper. A scream followed, then a roar and scuffle. The leg of Tom, as he started from his slumbers, was found to be inextricably involved with that of the chair, and both went over with a clatter that startled the good mother in her chair and shook the whole house from its propriety.

"Why, what have you done?"

The victim was not yet sufficiently awake to know well what was the matter with him, but struggled to throw out his fettered hands as in the act of swimming. The father saw his predicament, and as he and Bessy Clinton stooped to undo the ties with which the mischievous boy had fettered the lad, the urchin clapped his hands in exultation and flew away to the door.

"To bed, sirrah!" said Colonel Openheart,

with a voice in which authority struggled hard with merriment; "to bed, before I give you the strap."

"No, no, papa! Don't I know it's Christmas time—and what's the use of Christmas if there's to be no fun, I want to know?"

"The boy has the right on't. What's the use of Christmas if there's to be no fun? There shall be fun, sirrah, but your share of it must cease for the night. To bed, both of you."

"But to-morrow, papa!" said both of the boys in a breath.

"You shall have the ponies, and we'll go to the river; and we'll take the dogs, and see if we can't put up a wild cat. There, enough for the night."

And the boys were kissed and disappeared.

"And these are to lose their Christmas—and the neighbors, and the negroes, and all, for no better reason than to save the waste, as if there could be any waste in making so many persons happy. And you, Bessy Clinton, that you should side with your mother for having Christmas away from home. You deserve a whipping for it, Bess."

"Ah, papa, you never whipped me yet."

"It's not too late to begin!" and he took the damsel about the waist, and she turned in his embrace and lifted her lips to his own, and he kissed her with delight as he said—"Well, well, we'll put it off till the New Year. I haven't the heart for whipping just now. But then——"

"But Bessy Clinton did not join with me, husband. She was quite opposed to it."

"Ah, that alters the case. You shall have Christmas at home. And Bessy Clinton, for your reward, hear farther——"

"What, papa?"

"You shall have your old friend, Mary Butler, to spend it with you."

"Oh! will she come, papa? Can you get her?"

"Ay will she. And more than that, mamma, I've bought in all the Butler negroes—bought them in for her benefit, to save them from that shark of a lawyer who manages the estate."

"Surely, Mr. Openheart, you haven't made such a purchase?" anxiously inquired the mother.

"Ay, but I have."

"What! bought in all the negroes?"

"All but a single family. Thirty-five workers, seventy-one negroes in all—and gave a pretty good price for them, too."

"How much?" asked the matron, with increasing concern.

"Two hundred and sixty dollars round."

"Good heavens! And how are you to pay for them?"

"I have three years to pay it in, Emily—first instalment next December of five thousand dollars, and the balance in equal parts the next two years. The terms are quite easy."

"But how are you to pay it, husband?"

"How? Why, surely, you don't suppose that I shan't make a sufficient crop next season to pay five thousand dollars!"

"Have you done so this?"

"No. Why do you ask when you know that this crop is a failure?"

"Ah—should the next be so?"

"'Pon my honor, Mrs. Openheart, you do contrive to suggest the prettiest prospects."

"But why did you buy these negroes, Mr. Openheart? You have more than you want already, and more than are profitable."

"True bill, Emily."

"You have scarcely any open land more than your present force can work."

"Go to clearing on the first of January. Plenty to clear, thank God."

"But that is fatal to your woodland; and really, Mr. Openheart, the question comes up again—why did you buy a property which you don't want, and which you know to be so unprofitable? Besides, the Butler negroes are particularly un-serviceable. I don't know where you will find so many gray-headed people. Some of them haven't, to my knowledge, done a stitch of work for ten years; and there's at least a dozen old negroes who can barely totter along with the palsy."

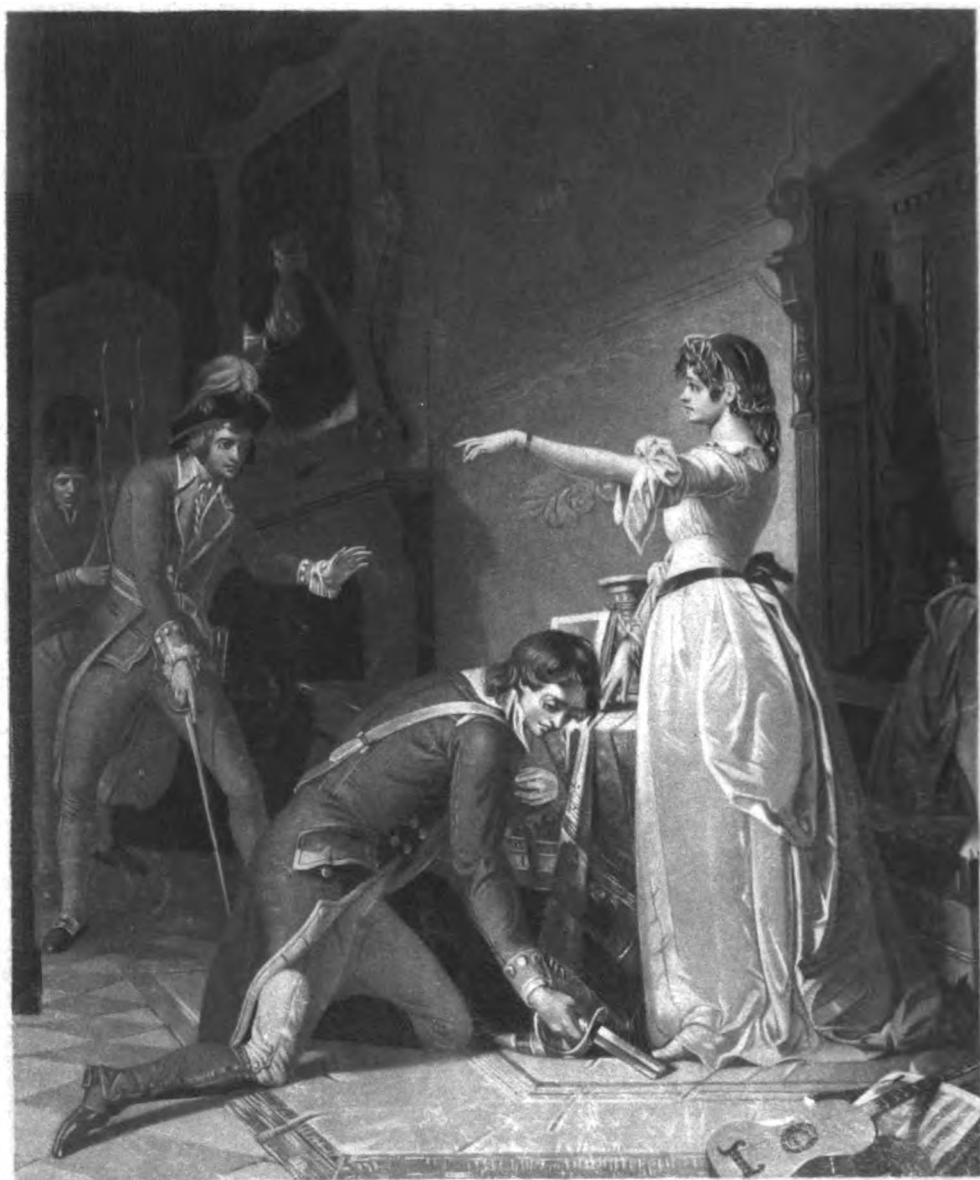
"To tell you the truth, Emily, it was these very old negroes that caused me to buy—these and the dear child Mary Butler, who sat weeping in the house as the sale was going on, with these infirm old people hanging about her. They had dandled the child on their knee, and there wasn't one of them, from Daddy Enoch to Maum Betty, the one-eyed, whom she didn't regard as a personal relation. They wept and pleaded with her, and her weeping was so much pleading with me. Besides, I found that Skinfint, the man who acts as lawyer for Ingelhart and Cripps, the executors, was disposed to buy them at his own prices, and nobody would bid against him. Indeed, there was nobody willing to buy property just at this season—you will say they were wiser than your husband. Perhaps so. But they would have gone to Skinfint for nothing. His first bid was a hundred all round, and I at once doubled it. I was indignant at the fellow's bid, and wasn't to be deceived by the whisper that went about, intended to discourage others, that he was bidding in for the heiress. I knew better, and when he found I was in earnest he run upon me."

"But why did you let him do it? Why not stop at the two hundred?"

"Ask a man when his blood's up why he isn't cool. I was a fool—I know it, Emily, and you may reproach me as you will for it. I knew no more what I was about than if I had lost my wits. The sight of the dear, sweet little orphan in her sorrows, totally unmanned me. I had always seen her so happy and so bright before—and I could not help remembering what a pet she was of the dear angel mother. And poor Ben







THE ENGLISHMAN'S BOY

Butler was such a sterling fellow. Nobody wanted a dollar if he had it. I thought of all these things in a moment. I fancied I heard the father whispering in my ears, and that I saw the mother pleading with all her eyes, and my own grew to be quite blinded by my tears. And then old Enoch tottered to me in the piazza, staff in hand, and his gray beard hanging on his chest, and his old eyes, half shut up by age, were dripping too; and, taking my arm, he said to me, 'Mauss Openheart, you surely ain't gwine to let us go off to strange people?'—only these words, and they finished my struggles. Just then, Skinfint said one hundred round, and I mounted him with another. I knew his game the moment I heard his voice. And when he said to me, 'Really, Mr. Openheart, I had no idea that you wished to increase your force,' I swore in my own mind that he at least shouldn't have them. You've heard the whole story. The negroes are to be here to-morrow, and Mary Butler, and Skinfint himself, who is to bring the bonds and bill of sale."

"Well, Edward, I only hope that you may not suffer by your benevolence."

"Nay, never fear, Emily. I'm rash and headstrong, I know, and have done many foolish

things, but I feel sure that I shan't suffer for this helping of the orphan, and keeping these poor dependent creatures from being scattered over the face of the earth. The probability is that my bonds will scarcely be presented for payment so long as the interest is regularly paid. The executors, Ingelhart and Cripps, can make no better investment of the money, and it will be a very nice sum for her when she is of age—or I am prepared to let her have the negroes back if she prefers it then. The plantation was not sold."

"And what will you do with these old negroes, Edward?"

The answer was somewhat impatiently spoken.

"Feed them first, Emily; clothe them, give them Christmas. We'll kill a beef for them to-morrow to begin with, and pray God to-night for good times, that we may be enabled to feed them always, from Christmas to Christmas, as well as now. So now to bed, and see that you rise before the sun, Bessy Clinton. You have to see to the pies and pastries. It's now one week to Christmas, and"—looking out from the windows—"a bright starlight night, in the language of the watchman. May we wake to a bright, dry, and honest winter morning!"

(To be continued.)

## MISS NEWMAN.

(See Plate.)

SHE was dressed for a party. Mrs. Trapier, at whose house Miss Newman was visiting, had invited a few friends to meet this interesting young lady; and though war was, they well knew, near them, none thought it would come to their hearths.

Miss Newman had just turned from that survey of herself in the mirror which is so very agreeable to a young and handsome girl when her attire pleases her, and she anticipates its giving pleasure to others. She heard a noise, a rush, a fall! She turned, and there, sinking from wounds and exhaustion at her feet, was an American soldier, closely pursued by a British officer.

"Protect me, madam, or I am lost," cried the soldier.

"Stop!" cried the lady to the officer.

Had she been at the head of his regiment, in full uniform, her voice could not have been more firm, her gesture more commanding. The officer stopped instinctively at the bidding of the lady.

"This man is my prisoner—he has yielded

himself to me," said Miss Newman, in a sweet, calm tone. "I am aware you have the power to force him hence, but I trust you will be merciful as you are brave. Leave him here—I guarantee that he shall, when he recovers, consider himself a prisoner on parole till fairly exchanged."

The British officer hesitated a moment, looked earnestly at Miss Newman, then at the soldier, who had fainted from loss of blood, and said—"I agree to your terms. He is my prisoner, left in your care. I will see you again about the exchange or ransom. Farewell!"

He left the house quickly, for the Americans were rallying—and before the next morning the British officer and his men were all prisoners to the "rebels." The officer was, on the request of Miss Newman, allowed his parole, and returned to England immediately, saying he would never fight against the people whose women could subdue him.

Such is the story the picture tells and we have interpreted.

## OUR ARTISTS.—NO. VI.

### WEIR.

\* To be thoroughly appreciated, the scenery of the Hudson should be viewed in midwinter as well as at more inviting seasons. When the ice shivers before the prow of the steamer, and the high and lonely hills on either side are snow-clad; when the only hues that relieve the surrounding whiteness are the pale blue of the sky and the dark green of the firs and cedars, a scene is presented more striking to the imagination from the reverse it affords to the same picture when alive with the freshness of spring or mellowed by the glow of autumn. Analogous to such a contrast is that between the phases of Weir's destiny when he sailed up the noble river in a sloop thirty years ago—exiled, by the misfortunes of his father, while yet a child, to the home of an ungenial relative, his young yet already troubled eyes bent on the cold features of that wintry landscape—and when he now looks from his romantic abode upon the wild umbrage of Cronest, the honored teacher of West Point and the artist of established fame.

Burns immortalized a sentiment common to all men of genius when he declared independence to be the "glorious privilege" for which alone money was desirable. It is a trait of artist life, evidenced in countless biographies, to chafe under a sense of obligation and condemn all interference unauthorized by sympathy. It is in this spirit that Hamlet enumerates, among his other reasons in the famous soliloquy, for indifference to life, the "spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes." In boyhood, Weir sacrificed his inclinations to filial duty, and postponed the indulgence of his aspiring tastes rather than be the occasion of needless solicitude to those interested in his welfare. Even then acquiesced in the expediency of securing an education, however limited, and after a year's vain attempt to reconcile himself to the home offered by his kinsman, he returned to New York. It has often been remarked that very slight circumstances affect the destiny of those who possess marked characteristics. It happened that the house where young Weir attended school was directly opposite the rooms of Jarvis, the painter. At that period studios were by no means common, and this one—associated as it was with a popular name, and enshrining the mysteries of an art comparatively little known and less practised—became a sort of enchanted spot to the schoolboy. Day after day he loitered about the door, and at last summoned courage to enter. The painter was absent, but several of his pupils were at work, and they became interested

by the ardent curiosity of their visitor, and kindly replied to his many questions. Here for the first time he saw Inman, little imagining that after years would unite them so cordially in the glorious brotherhood of Art. This episode of his early youth, while it awakened the latent desires of the artist, did not beguile him from the stern duties of the man. A situation was obtained for him in a respectable French mercantile concern at the south, and in eighteen months a branch was established in New York, of which he was made head clerk. It was then that he formed the resolution gradually to emancipate himself from a pursuit which required either capital or life-long drudgery to accomplish its ends, by cultivating his own powers until they should become available resources both for subsistence and fame. From six to eight in the morning he studied with a painter in heraldry, and then entered upon his daily task. After the usual trials of patience, he produced in 1821 a copy of a portrait which obtained for him a liberal commission. Thus encouraged, he turned his entire attention to painting.

Before visiting Europe, Weir sought effect in art through a bold and rapid style. The great advantage he derived from the study of masterpieces abroad, was a conviction of the need of careful and elaborate finish. Like most American painters, he learned that he had commenced where he should have ended, that he had boldly launched upon an adventurous career without due preparation. He now understood what lasting and brilliant triumphs could be realized through patience. There is a spirit of calm, progressive labor essential to great success in Art, to which the very atmosphere of our country seems unfavorable, and faith in this influence is perhaps the choicest blessing which our artists acquire in the Old World. Weir naturally revered truth: he needed but to see her light in order to accept it; and as he beheld the trophies of his beautiful profession in the galleries of Italy, and recognized the tranquil, pains-taking and earnest labor to which alone can be ascribed their enduring fame, he determined to acquire habits of care and precision, and learn to express his ideas without vagueness, and in the clear, well-defined and highly-finished manner that he now knew to be the genuine language of art. There is no more excellent test of character than a revolution of habits. Weir brought all his energies to this task. He became for a short time the pupil of Bevenuti, who was then adorning the Pitti Palace with the life of Hercules in fresco. From the figures of the Grecian mythology he turned

to the simplest natural objects in the fields and by the roadside, and practised drawing from the models and casts of the academy, while he enlarged his ideas of color by the study of Titian and Paul Veronese. For him as well as for other strangers, it was impossible to reconcile the enthusiasm of the modern Italians for the warm tints of the Venetian school with their own cold and monotonous hues, and the proficiency of their best painters as draughtsmen with their inadequate notions of color. After painting two sacred themes—"Christ and Nicodemus" and "The Angel relieving Peter"—at Florence, one rainy day in December, 1825, he entered Rome. Greenough and himself occupied rooms together on the Pincian hill, opposite the house of Claude Lorraine, and between those known as *Salvator Rosa's* and *Nicolo Poussin's*. Weir's account of his life at Rome resembles that of other students who go thither for improvement—exhibiting the same quiet habits, intense application, occasional holidays and cheerful economy. Early in the day he studied at home or drew from the antique at the French Academy; after breakfast it was his custom to go to the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican, or some private palace, and work until three o'clock, when they were closed. He then either sought his own studio, or the adjacent *campagna* to sketch from nature. With an appetite sharpened by exercise, he repaired towards evening to a favorite trattoria—once the painting room of *Pompeo Bassoni*, whose boundless egotism *Reynolds* has recorded—and after dining, joined his brother artists at the *Caffè del Greco*. From the fragrant smoke and light-hearted chat of this unique rendezvous, Weir hastened to the life-school; and at nine o'clock, when the nights were fine, went forth amid the moonlight to enrich his portfolio with views of the ruins and his memory with dreams whose touching solemnity melts the heart and exalts the fancy. It is a characteristic anecdote of artist-life, that at this period he lived a month upon ten cents a day, in order to atone for the extravagant purchase of a suit of armor. The basis of all real mental aptitude and power, is doubtless good sense, and Weir evinced his reliance on this quality by the judicious use he made of his experience abroad. He saw and condemned the slavery of the Italians to the past, their bigoted adherence to a certain manner, and their want of sympathy with nature; and while he availed himself of what was really desirable in schools, kept his attention fixed chiefly upon truth wherever discoverable. In cherishing this independent spirit, he was true to his birthright, and because he loved the beautiful as illustrated in Italy, ceased not to be faithful to the free principles of thought and sentiment he had brought from America.

It is curious to note how the ideal and prosaic sometimes meet in the lives of artists. Their pursuits ally them to the world of imagination, to the domain of the beautiful, to a contemplative

and abstract sphere; while their actual existence, like that of other men, is environed by circumstance which some poet justly calls the unspiritual god. The pecuniary reverses of his father obliged Weir, in the very hey-day of his youth, to enter a cotton factory, but in a few months he was dismissed for having so carelessly attended the spinning jennies and so aptly caricatured one of his supervisors. In the midst of influences so opposed to his instincts, one naturally wonders what they should have asserted themselves. Yet there is no truth better established than the supremacy of nature and character over conventionalism and accident. It may be long before the "electric chain" is struck, but when once the spark ignites, the promptings of destiny are conscious and permanent. "What then is taste?" says Akenside—

"What then is taste, but these internal powers  
Active and strong, and feelingly alive  
To each fine impulse?  
This, nor gems nor stores of gold,  
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;  
But God alone, when first his active hand  
Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

That secret bias was revealed to Weir in the course of his desultory reading. He fell in with a copy of *Dryden's* translation of *Du Fresnoy's* poem. The triumphs of the art so melodiously set forth in those heroic couplets, stirred the very heart and drew tears from the eyes of the enthusiastic boy. In such a peaceful field he longed to win the laurel, and already beheld in fancy the hallowed trophies, and felt the magic gifts commemorated by the poet:—

"See *Raffaello* there his forms celestial trace,  
Unrivalled sovereign of the realms of grace;  
See *Angelo*, with energy divine,  
Seize on the summit of correct design;  
Learn how at *Julio's* birth the muses smiled,  
And in their mystic caverns nursed the child;  
Bright beyond all the rest, *Correggio* flings  
His ample lights, and round them gently brings  
The mingling shade: in all his works we view  
Grandeur of style and chastity of hue.  
Yet higher still great *Titian* dared to soar;  
He reached the loftiest heights of coloring's power:  
His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow;  
His shades and lights their just gradation know;  
His were those dear delusions of the art  
That round, relieve, inspirit every part.  
From all their charms combined, with happy toil,  
Did *Annibal* compose his wondrous style;  
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,  
That every borrowed grace becomes his own."

The illness of a countryman and fellow-student induced Weir to relinquish his project of a tour in the north of Italy and a brief sojourn in France. His cheerful abandonment of designs so ardently cherished and fitted to enlarge his views of art, for the purpose of fulfilling his duties as a friend, indicates a true nobility of heart. Indeed, we have seldom known more loyal and disinterested

vigils than were those kept by the generous painter beside his suffering companion; nor did his assiduous kindness terminate until he had conveyed the invalid in safety to his distant home. Those who have known what it is to meet illness and death in a foreign land, when every pang is rendered more acute by the desolate sensation of exile, can alone realize how precious are ministrations such as these. In a spirit worthy of a true artist, Weir yielded his personal objects, ceased his winsome studies, and turned aside from the attractive objects around him to watch over his countryman. He left the shores of Europe with the regret which his limited acquaintance with her treasures of art would naturally excite in such a mind. He was cheered, however, by the satisfaction of having saved the life of a gifted brother, and the hope of subsequently revisiting the scenes of their mutual studies. Circumstances soon led him indefinitely to postpone the realization of this idea. "I feel myself," he observes, in a letter written a few years after, "anchored for life, especially as I have some little kedges out which have moored me to the soil."

We have alluded more than once to the discouragements which environ artist-life in America, its comparative isolation and want of sympathy, and the necessity of sacrificing large designs to immediate exigencies. In view of these shadows in the common lot of artists, Weir may be considered as more than usually fortunate. The immediate successor of Leslie, he has for the last ten years filled the office of instructor in drawing at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. It is a field of eminent though unpretending usefulness, and its duties occupy only a certain portion of the day, so that ample leisure remains for the artist's private labors. The choice of Weir was most happy for the institution. His tone of character, habits of method and personal bearing, not less than his high reputation as a painter, give a dignity to the situation; and, as might have been confidently predicted, both officers and cadets regard him with the greatest pride and affection. As to the success which attends his instructions, it is enough perhaps to say that the average degree of merit evinced by the drawings exhibited at the last examination, quite astonished all present who had been accustomed to think that proficiency in this branch depends upon a special endowment. It is true, there were obvious grades of ability, but few institutions, even where drawing is learned from choice and not as a requirement, can furnish such examples of freedom, accuracy and skill.

At West Point, Weir painted his "Embarkation of the Pilgrims." This work was undertaken in accordance with a resolution of Congress, as one of the historical series designed to adorn the rotunda of the Capitol. The subject was adopted as illustrative of what has ever been deemed the event of greatest moral significance

in our annals. Local feeling, and the complacent fluency with which New England writers and speakers dwell upon home themes, have doubtless exaggerated its value; and it is not quite just to accept without reserve the motto which partial eulogists have recognized in behalf of that stern little band of dissenters, "with these men came the germ of the republic." As an element of civilization and national growth, the inflexible qualities of the Puritan character possess high claims to admiration; yet that such a form of human development lacks much that is essential of grace, beauty, comprehensiveness, and the generous sympathies, cannot and ought not to be denied. Spiritual pride and selfish aims mingled with the zealous faith of the pilgrims. Their virtues were more stoical than spontaneous. They fostered a tyranny of public opinion as blighting as that of kings. The urbane conservatism of the New York colonists and the frank enthusiasm of the Virginia cavaliers, are at least requisite contrasts in the moral picture. Yet the subject was well chosen. It was desirable that one of the panels should be occupied by an illustration of our eastern history, and its peculiar and memorable incident is the landing of the pilgrims. "They sought a faith's pure shrine," we are told by the ardent muse of Mrs. Hemans; and this is the grand moral of Weir's picture, in the light of which it is to be viewed. Divorced from such an idea, and regarded simply as affording materials for picturesque or ideal scope, the subject is far from promising. The truth is, (notwithstanding Milton,) there has never been any natural alliance between Puritanism and poetry. They are moral antipodes. Catholicism is the religion of Art. With all her errors, she has ever met the native sympathies of the heart, and obeyed the great law by which the True is sought through the Beautiful. Puritanism represents Christianity as an opinion, Catholicism as a sentiment; the former addresses the intellect, the latter the feelings and imagination. Accordingly, there is a certain barrenness and cold atmosphere in Puritan history which is the reverse of inspiring to the artist; and we trust it is not violating the privacy of the accomplished painter of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," to allude to the fact that his researches incident to the enterprise resulted in making him an earnest churchman. For the accuracy and extent of those researches, Weir deserves more credit than he has received. He elaborated his design in a conscientious spirit, which the most exacting member of the group on the "Speedwell's" deck could not fail to approve. Every face is depicted according to the most authentic hints which have come down to us of individual character; the costumes and accessories—such as the screw and cradle—are matter-of-fact copies. A descendant of the pilgrims, who considered himself no tyro in the knowledge of New England antiquities, recently called in question the presence of a prominent

individual in the picture, and attempted to prove an *alibi*, citing historical evidence that Carver was far from Delft-Haven when the vessel sailed; but to his surprise, the artist met his testimony with earlier and more authentic data, of the existence of which he was ignorant. In addition to his fidelity to history in detail, a great merit of the picture is the felicity of its grouping. The drawing and composition have been warmly praised by the most judicious critics. The holy representative of a despised and persecuted sect, kneeling on that crowded deck in prayer, the calm elder, the intelligent and honest ruler, the careless mariner, the resolute soldier, over whose rough shoulder peers the sweet features of his fair wife, to soften and cheer the gravity of the scene; boyhood and age; expressions of parting sorrow and lofty faith; the lady of fashion and the poor woman with her sick child—all mingle together in effective positions; and by their eloquent features make the spectator feel the self-denial, the wounded affection, and the solemn purpose involved in that high but dreary enterprise. It may be a somewhat humble epithet, and yet, considering the subject, not inapplicable, to say of this work that there is an air of thorough respectability about it—by which we mean, a most obvious good taste, and a wise avoidance of everything fantastic, extravagant and incongruous. Such we conceive is the best spirit in which such a picture could be executed. It may be objected that, as a painting, viewed without reference to the subject and moral impression, too much of the artist's toil has been given to the material details, and that the tone of the whole is dry and cold. This latter objection seems to us so much in harmony with the subject as to become the highest praise. Would not the rich draperies and glowing hues of Titian, the spirited figures of Salvator, or the ideal beauty of Raphael and Correggio, be singularly out of place here? In fact, does not this canvas breathe the correct and firm, and at the same time the frigid spirit of the Puritans? If we adopt the German maxim of judging every work by its own law, such a result must be deemed remarkably successful. As life presented itself to the minds of these men, and as it still displays itself, though modified by circumstances, to their descendants, so it is portrayed by Weir—perhaps unconsciously in a great measure, yet none the less truly. As the climate and verdure of the New England coast differ from those of the Bay of Naples—as will differ from sympathy, opinion from sentiment, heart from mind, calculation from impulse, faith from charity, reason from love, so should the reflection of life, the art of the north differ from that of the south; and on this ground, however "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" may affect the imagination, it cannot fail to gratify our sense of the appropriate.

Weir's isolated position, and the confinement for most of the year incident to his office, have

tended for some time past to keep him from the public eye. Yet a late visit to his studio impressed us with the conviction that there are few of our resident artists to whom commissions may be more satisfactorily given. He is less interrupted in his vocation, and his attention less distracted than is the case with metropolitan limners. His portfolios are rich in promising designs, from which most desirable selections for finished pictures may easily be chosen. One in particular struck us as most happily conceived. It represents our Saviour and the two disciples in their walk to Emmaus, after the resurrection, when their hearts burned within them as he talked to them by the way. The postures and drapery of the three figures are very fine, the atmosphere oriental, the heads noble and expressive; and, what stamps the design with beautiful meaning, there is a most impressive contrast between the lively, quick and intent air of the disciples and the serene abstraction of Jesus. This sketch would make either an interesting cabinet or an effective church picture. There is a Flemish vein in Weir, and he has remarkable tact in managing still-life. "An old philosopher showing the microscope to two boys" was the subject of a painting on his easel, which evinced his ability in this way delightfully.

One of the most interesting incidents in Weir's career at home, was his painting the venerable chief of the Senecas. A professional gentleman,\* whose patriotic sympathies are ever alive to the interests of literature and art, had been much attracted by the expressive visage and the extraordinary cranium that rendered the person of Red Jacket so eloquent of his history; and felt, both as a philosopher and an American, how desirable it was to perpetuate the lineaments of the old forest king. Accordingly, he ingratiated himself by occasional gifts of tobacco, and when the chief's friendship was obtained, induced him to sit to Weir for his portrait. Special models of greater utility are doubtless obtainable at Rome and Florence—a broader chest for a Hercules, a more graceful contour for an Antinous, and a more venerable head for a Saint Peter; but no foreign academy could furnish such a noble physique associated with circumstances and qualities of such peculiar interest. The last of the Senecas, with characteristic yet brave egotism, when complimented upon his deeds of blood, exclaimed—"A warrior! I was born an orator!" When denounced in early life by a prophet, he came forward at a great Indian council, and by his powerful eloquence in a speech of three hours, turned the tide of popular feeling and triumphed over his enemies. He drew tears from his audience on every occasion when he depicted the wrongs of his race, and was elected from the mere influence of his natural gifts chief of his tribe—for, according to our poet,† whose vivid

\* Dr. J. W. Francis, of New York.

† Halleck.

numbers will preserve his mental as our painter has his bodily features, he possessed

"The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding—  
The godlike power—the art Napoleon.  
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding  
The hearts of millions, till they move like one."

He determined to resist civilization in order to maintain the shadow of power and individuality that his nation could still boast. It was a vain though an heroic attempt. By jealously opposing the trading, missionary, and even friendly association of the whites, by advocating the rites and glory of his people, and keeping fresh in their memories the natural distinctions of the Indian, he trusted to postpone if not avert their impending ruin. He is supposed to have begun his career as a warrior during the revolution. General Washington, whom the chief used to call "the flower of the forest," presented him with a silver medal, which he never ceased to wear. In 1812 he took part in several warmly-contested engagements; and after a life of political toil—savage though it was—venerable from years and fame, the champion of his waning tribe both in council and in arms, Red Jacket visited the Atlantic cities for the last time in 1829, and was the object of general attention. His bearing was still proud and his step firm; he wore his forest costume, and on all public occasions was mindful of the dignity appropriate to his reputation. He was then seventy years of age, and his death soon after occurred at the Seneca village near Buffalo. His funeral was largely attended and his deeds eloquently rehearsed by his survivors, who then recalled with sadness his own prophetic words—

"Who shall take my place among my people?" The sitting of Red Jacket to Weir would have afforded no slight material for the speculative observer of human nature. The savage monarch, whose piercing eye beheld the gradual but certain destruction of his race, as it had already that of his immediate family, always entered the artist's studio with his suite, dressed in all the finery of his office; his companions, with their dark faces and unrestrained air, threw themselves carelessly upon the floor and smoked their pipes, while their leader ever and anon rose from his seat to gaze with admiration upon the growth of the portrait, deigning occasionally a word of encouragement to the painter. The whole scene was one of those combinations of the extremes of savage and civilized life—of the picturesque and the conventional—of the refinement of art and the wildness of nature, only to be encountered in this country. And it was but a kind of poetical justice thus to snatch an aboriginal exemplar from oblivion, and for bard and limner to join in enshrining the name of Red Jacket in human remembrance, as a specimen of Indian character, one distinguishing trait of which he so remarkably exemplified—the union of outward calmness and indifference of aspect with tumultuous passions:—

"With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;  
With motions graceful as a bird's in air,  
Thou art in sober truth the veriest devil  
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair.

"And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,  
Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,  
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions—  
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear."

## THE ORPHAN SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to thee, mother—  
Farewell ere we part—  
Let this hour not give thee  
Such sadness of heart:  
For the wide world's before me—  
My prospects are bright,  
And God thou hast told me  
Protects the upright.

Fear not that temptation,  
Besetting my heart,  
Shall poison the virtues  
Which thou didst impart:  
As seeds were they watered  
By tears from thine eyes,  
And, warmed by thy kisses,  
To life sweetly rise.

Await but their blossoms,  
Whose fragrant display  
A fond mother's watchings  
And prayers shall repay:—

Nay—fear not the Tempter  
Their beauty despoil,  
While God gives the increase  
To a mother's sweet toil.

Farewell, my dear sisters—  
And brothers, adieu—  
Love, love one another  
As your brother loves you:  
Love, love thy dear mother  
In weal or in ruth—  
Unfurl the broad motto,  
"My Mother and Truth."

Farewell, my dear mother—  
Farewell once again—  
May heaven protect you  
From sorrow and pain.  
Farewell—sisters, brothers—  
On each other rely;  
Farewell for a season—  
God bless you—good-by.—J. B. F. O.

## MY FRIEND'S FRIEND.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

TAKING into consideration my home-staying habits, you will at once understand that it was more than an every-day friendship which beguiled me into such a trip. The object of my four days' journey, Harriet Ellery, had been the most intimate companion and confidante of my young-ladyhood as well as the favorite playmate of my earlier years—a gay, sanguine, warm-hearted, affectionate girl, in whom I had never recognized a single fault, unless it was that she possessed *rather* too much of what Colonel Mannering calls "a genius for friendship"—an extent of that endowment which sometimes made one feel that her attachments sprang more from her own "strong necessity of loving" than from any peculiar lovable qualities in one's self.

Hal had married very young—at eighteen or so—and I had been her bridesmaid. Her husband, Fred Ellery, was a merry, boyish fellow, whom no one would have supposed to be twenty-five, and together they made their honey-year an unclouded holiday. At the end of it he died—poor Frederick!—and five years afterward it was that I undertook that trip to see his widow.

I had been placed beyond the reach of frequent communications from my friend since before the death of her husband, and therefore the pleasant recollections of girlhood, more than any others, furnished material for my imagination to work upon during my journey. Among the subjects which it amused me the most to think of, was the cherished aversion of us both, a certain Miss Melinda Moon, the most captious, meddlesome, primmest spinster of a certain age that ever screwed her mouth to one side at witnessing any deviation from the very narrow, straight track on which she expected everybody to walk. How early our dislike to her had its origin I could not remember, but for years we had always found the Argus-eyed, Echo-tongued Melinda Moon at the bottom of all our serious troubles. Melinda Moon had "fyed" at us for torn aprons and bent sun-bonnets when any one else would have been kind enough to look over our heads; Melinda Moon had shaken her finger at us in church when she ought to have been listening to the sermon; Melinda Moon had gotten us down to the foot of the class by stopping at the school-house door and reporting that we were playing truant, like two tomboys, locked in a summer-house with jacketraws and battledores, when we were great tall girls entirely too old to be punished; and at that time we drew her profile on slates and fly-leaves, and dressed dolls for the younger children in scant, dull-colored habiliments,

and called them Melinda Moons. Afterwards our enmity increased for still more weighty reasons. We had been heard to laugh clear across the street—a very wide street, too—heard by Melinda Moon whilst she was sitting inside of a Venetian blind making a woman pin-cushion, which looked—for that reason, no doubt—when it was offered at a fair table, precisely like an inverted note of exclamation; we were reported to have been peeped at by Melinda Moon while we were at a picnic, executing desperate flirtations upon two indeterminate victims, secluded and screened by a thicket of alders and swamp willows, when we had the innocent consciousness of having been merely drying our draggled dresses in a covert patch of sunshine, kindly guarded by a dear young uncle of my own and poor Frank Hardie, who, however much he was in love with Hal, nobody ever considered a beau. But worse than all, Melinda Moon was said to have discovered us stealing along a back lane to old Phillis Roy's, the fortune-teller's, with cups of coffee-grounds in a basket, when—on our word—we had been engaged in a romantic work of charity, as we thought, carrying to the poor old sybil "a pot of butter and a custard," like a pair of Red Ridinghoods, for which we had been too magnanimous to take a single word of prophesy in return. In vain we had protested against misrepresentation and injustice. For a whole year we had been frowned down by the circle of which Melinda Moon was the focus—the Thorns, who were too refined to "make tracks" when they walked, always going on acute tiptoe; the Huffs, who never parted their lips that they did not say "shocking;" and the Thwackereys, who all made a merit of always "speaking their minds," of course modestly presuming their minds to be infallible.

As I drew near the termination of my journey, my thoughts concentrated themselves upon the probable changes of time in and around my friend. I fancied her as having laid aside the first sombre weeds of widowhood, and as appearing in those mellow shades of gray which would render still more pure and brilliant by their harmonious contrast the red and white of her charming complexion, and more lustrous than even her ringlets of gold. I fancied how much more lovely she would be than in her earlier days, with her manners softened by the experience of sorrow and her mind matured by necessity and opportunity for thought. And then about the pretty residence in which I had last seen her, I had a variety of pleasant anticipations—that its trees would have attained to a more noble growth; that the shrubbery would have been cul-



tivated to greater luxuriance, and though kept in a proper state of nature by Hal's innate love for the picturesque, would be rather more decorously trim than in the time of her fun-seeking, work-despising husband; that the household fopperies of the honeymoon would have been somewhat chastened—the coquetish curtains, for instance, have given place to something, though equally rich, yet less flaunting and transparent, and the floors have been covered with something less trying to the eyes and the complexion than snow-white carpets with bouquets of roses. I thought, too, of Tartar, the yearling Newfoundland, Fred's gigantic pet, and wondered if he had yet learned, as Harriet often wished, to lie soberly and gracefully in the shade of the oleanders on the portico, instead of putting his paws on the shoulders of visitors, rubbing his nose over gilt-edged books, and overturning vases and lamps on the tables; and I remembered the glittering little cages hanging here and there, and took it for granted that the original stock of goldfinches and canary birds had trained a matchless band of chorus singers of their own progeny for parlor music. I expected improvement in all things in which it could have been effected by wealth, taste and care—for Harriet had the two first, and as to care-taking, she was now old enough and of sufficient experience to have got into the way of that.

At length the carriage brought me to a turn of the road from which I could have a close view of the house, and like the sultan at the disappearance of Aladdin's palace, I rubbed my eyes in astonishment—not that the edifice was gone, indeed, but it was so transfigured: every vine was torn away of the profusion of honeysuckles, passion-flowers, jasmines and multiflora roses that once draped the walls and latticed the portico; all the trees were mutilated into the stumpiest, most unsightly round-heads; the beautiful green lawn, which had sloped away from the house for several acres, dotted with shrubbery and clumps of shade-trees, until its rich grass covered the glades of a piece of woodland—a pleasure-ground that the domain could well afford—was ploughed up and planted with various “truck” pertaining to the kitchen and the cattle-stall; while inside of a plain, clumsy palisade fence was left a narrow strip of yard, scarcely wider than the portico, cut up into little beds, among which meandered numerous ungraveled walks, so narrow that even a gentleman could not possibly have traced his way among them without carrying off upon his garments the dust and down of straggling lady's slippers and seedy marigolds. The cages had vanished from the columns and window-sills; the familiar form of Tartar was absent; and what would Hal herself be like?

I felt almost relieved by an idea that the place had a new owner, but the servant maid of whom I made inquiry from the carriage window, replied that Mrs. Ellery still lived there and was at home. So I got out, and was shown into what had been

once the showiest and most elegant of little drawing-rooms.

I had hoped that the carpet with its clustering roses would have been gone, and so it was, but instead of it was a heavy-looking fabric of two or three dingy colors, all in medium shades; and instead of the fluttering curtains, were equally ugly, dingy window-blinds. The costly display of books with butterfly wings had been removed from the tables, on each of which lay a few octavos, not even in fancy muslin gilt, but in the stout and time-tarnished calf coverings of another era—Rollin, Johnson, Locke! Certainly Hal must have arisen in the scale of intellect—and she must also have sobered down to “fancy-work,” which she once detested, for on the mantelpiece, crowded among the delicate alabaster ornaments that I had so often admired, were crooked cigar boxes, flimsy card-racks of crimped paper, and hand-screens spotted with wood-cut scraps that must have been clipped out of newspapers. A pair of ottomans of worsted work, in most incomprehensible designs, stood at each side of the fire-place, and a pair of patchwork rocking-chairs in the middle of the floor, all the other furniture being closely muffled in brown cotton and placed with rectangular precision against the walls.

I had had more than time to make a survey before I was interrupted, but at length I heard an approaching step, and a female figure appeared in the doorway—a prim figure, with a demure face, flushed by the unmistakable influence of the kitchen fire, the hair pasted smoothly to the head, a stiff, tight collar round the neck, and a narrow-skirted dress, sad-colored, though not of a hue pertaining to a widow's garb. The whole *ensemble* was one of confirmed spinsterhood, yet it was that of Harriet. She welcomed me, though, as if there had been no change—more warmly I could not have desired.

“I shall show you up to your room, my dear Mary,” said she, wiping her face and fanning herself with her handkerchief, after we had talked, both at once, for five minutes, “and then I must ask you to excuse me for a short time. I have an invalid in the house—a friend who is kind enough to make her home with me—and when the servant brought me your name I was preparing a bowl of gruel to tempt her to eat, for, though I have an excellent cook—Rachel, you remember old Rachel?—I know she would prefer that I should attend to it myself.”

Of course, I was properly sympathetic.

“Not that she is dangerously ill,” concluded Harriet: “she has a face-ache.”

She disappeared, and I felt more at home to find the bouquet-covered carpet and the gossamer curtains in my chamber. In a few minutes I heard a high-pitched, complaining voice, with Harriet's softer tones, in the adjoining room.

“Do take it, just a little of it, dear,” said my friend, coaxingly; “you must eat something, and

you know you always recommend gruel to invalids."

"So I do, to them that can relish it; but you never heard me say I could myself," returned her friend; "and this is smoked, I dare say, for you left it half an hour."

"Oh, no; not more than ten minutes."

"Well, that was long enough to smoke it. Just take it away; I'll wait for tea. Oh, dear!"

"Then I'll go and make a hop-poulrice for your poor face. But first let me bring Mary Allanby to you; I am sure it will be a pleasure to her to assist in amusing and nursing you."

Hereupon the door between the rooms was opened, and a form was revealed after which the little widow seemed to have remodeled hers, in a wrapper of the same dull calico; a collar of the same cut, and with the same stiff arrangement of the hair. The face, however, wanted the youthful beauty which my friend still retained; I could see that it was faded, sallow and sour, notwithstanding that it was partially tied up in a handkerchief.

"I have an agreeable surprise for you, Mary," said Harriet; "here is an old friend whom I hope you will be able to recognize without an introduction."

I advanced with extended hand, and then stopped short in amazement inexpressible—those shrewish gray eyes, that sharp nose and that pteated mouth, surely they could have belonged to no other than Melinda Moon!

"I must leave you to entertain each other, which I know will be pleasantly done, while I make a poultice for poor Melinda's face," said Harriet, as she left the room.

So Melinda it was without grounds for further doubt. My hand was taken with a strained, jerking motion, and then I wondered how I should open a conversation with my ancient enemy. She saved me the trouble, however, without loss of time.

"Is that a silk dress you are putting on?" asked she; and in spite of the sharp, abrupt tone, and the sidelong glance that had been so hateful to me when a child, I answered politely in the affirmative.

She smiled dryly. "It is hardly worth while for you to be dressing up that way this afternoon. For my own part, I think I am extravagant enough if I wear silk to church and on extra occasions, and Harriet Ellery has come over to my opinion."

"This is merely a half-worn dress," said I, pacifically.

"Then you must give your dresses very little wear," she returned, with a repetition of the sarcastic smile; and then followed a flow of questions about my journey; had I company the whole way, or how far; who were they and what sort of people; did I eat three times a day while on the road, and what had been my expenses; the winding up being a brief comment of "something of an expedition!"

Harriet at length returned with a steaming poultice, and having placed her patient on a low seat,

knelt before her and applied it tenderly to her face, bearing, with the humility of a devotee at a feet-washing, the groans and frowns with which her kindness was received.

"Now do lie down, Melinda dear, and try to get a nap," said she; "the fumes of the hops will compose you;" and after caressingly drawing her refractory charge to the bedside and fussily arranging the counterpane over her, she accompanied me down stairs.

Curious as I was to have an explanation of this strange intimacy, I did not feel quite at liberty to ask it, for the fair widow, kind and gentle as she appeared, was too little like the Harriet of former times not to make me feel something of the constraint of a stranger. So I concluded to wait until circumstances should resolve the mystery.

The sun had now got round so as to leave the front of the house in shade, and we stepped out upon the portico, but the flooring was still so heated with the afternoon glare, that a cooler place for our feet was desirable, and we returned to the parlor and seated ourselves at a window.

"What has become of all the vines amidst which we used to sit so snug and cool?" I asked.

"I knew you were missing them," returned Harriet; "and, to tell the truth, I often regret them myself, though, as they were removed for good reasons, I ought to be satisfied. They made the house damp—so Melinda discovered, which I never would have done myself, for, as she says, I am provokingly careless and unobservant of such things. And also, she found that they harbored insects, to which she has an aversion. Altogether, they interfered so much with her comfort that I consented to have them torn away."

An unladylike ejaculation of "humph!" rose in my throat, but I suppressed it and substituted an observation upon the clipping and amputations of the trees.

"It certainly has not improved their beauty," she rejoined; "but our safety seemed to require it. I am never easily alarmed—indeed, I believe I am imprudently heedless of danger—but Melinda is very timid. Every time the wind blew a little harder than common or a thunder shower came up, she grew almost frantic with terror lest those trees should be blown down upon the house or should attract lightning to it. The Thorns told me of so many shocking accidents that had happened from tall trees standing near dwellings, and the Thwackereys thought it so unfeeling that I should allow her to suffer so much from fright, that I did not like to be obstinate, and though I rebelled against having them cut down, I consented that Melinda should superintend their being trimmed as you see. But take a rocking-chair," she continued, rising and drawing one forward, and appropriating the other to herself; "you will find it very easy and comfortable. The covers of both are Melinda's work. She took a great deal of pains to collect scraps of silk from our different friends as keepsakes, and if you had been within reach, I should

have laid you under contribution. I have learned from her to attach more value to those little things than I once did. Those paper ornaments on the mantelpiece are also her work as well as these ottomans. She spends a great portion of her time in decorating the house with such memorials of her kindness!" and Hal looked so deplorably sentimental that I had some difficulty to restrain a laugh.

Suddenly a large, heavy object plunged from the open window into my lap, surprising a scream from me and startling me from my seat. It was a huge old cat, which, as I arose, clung to my dress with its strong, sharp claws. Though I had none of the popular antipathy to its tribe, rather esteeming them for their sober, domestic properties, yet as pets, having grown an adept among babies, I no longer regarded them as very interesting. So I struck the animal a gentle tap and made an effort to shake it down.

"Oh, don't," said Harriet, taking it in her arms; "it is Melinda's pet, and it quite wounds her feelings to know that any one does not like its familiarities."

"Talking of pets," said I, "where do you keep your birds, Harriet?—and Tartar, the Newfoundland favorite, where is he?"

"I have put Tartar out to board," returned she, attempting to smile, and coloring a little. "You may imagine how hard it went with me to send him off the premises, poor Frederick was so fond of him," and she drew her hand across her eyes. "But Tartar always had an aversion to cats, and it required constant watching to keep him from worrying Muffy here. Melinda had quite a horror of him, and as she was my guest, of course it was my duty to rid her of such a source of annoyance by sending Tartar away."

"Why did you not remind her of the adage, 'if you love me, you must love my dog?'" asked I.

She went on without noticing my interruption. "As to the Canary birds and goldfinches, Muffy here can give you the best answer," and she affectionately folded up one of the cat's ears; "she caught a prejudice against them from her mistress. Melinda disliked the noise of their singing, and often grew quite out of patience to see me waste so much time and attention on things that she considered so useless. And, indeed, they did require a great deal of care, particularly in the summer; they never seemed to do so well after the vines were removed, and it was quite a charge to be moving them about two or three times a-day. But what I was going to say is, that Muffy got into the cages one after another and destroyed them all. How she could open them was a question to me, and I have pretty strong reasons to suspect that her mistress helped her. I have teased her about it, and she will neither deny nor confirm the charge."

The bell rang for tea, and Harriet led me out to the eating-room, sending a summons to Miss Melinda, and punctiliously deferring the operations of the table till she had appeared.

"I should be quite ashamed of the retrenchments in the supply of my table, which may strike you, my dear Mary," said she, "if I were not able to give the best of motives for them. Melinda is very dyspeptic, and the sight of food of which she cannot partake makes her either sick or quite nervous, and when she has expressed a wish that it could be kept out of her sight, it would be very unkind in me to bring it before her for my own indulgence."

The matter was one of indifference to me. I knew, however, that in times past Harriet herself had been a little given to *gourmandise*, and I well remember with what a variety of tit-bits she liked to cover even the tea-table in her early housekeeping. There certainly was a falling off in the bill of fare.

"I have just been telling how you suffer from dyspepsia, Melinda dear," pursued she when the invalid had presented herself, "and how it annoys you to see a profuse table."

"So it does; it is very disgusting to see people pampering their appetites: nobody ought to eat of anything except what is needed to keep soul and body together."

"But if all should confine themselves to what is absolutely necessary," began I, philosophically, when an appealing look from Harriet checked me; and Melinda, after glancing at me with distended nostrils, rapidly stirred her tea, into which she had broken a piece of dry toast.

"Now, is it possible," exclaimed she, stopping short and fixing her eyes on Harriet's plate with a dog-in-the-manger scowl, "that you have taken a slice of that cold ham after all that you have heard me say about the folly of people ruining their digestion by eating meat more than once a day!" and the little widow, with a smile and a word of good-humoured excuse, pushed her plate aside.

When tea was over, Harriet affectionately escorted Melinda back to her chamber—that inflexible lady having resisted her entreaties to remain down stairs—and then rejoined me in the parlor.

"I should propose a walk," said she, "only that the road is very dusty just now, and it is the only promenade we can conveniently get at."

I remarked that what was once the lawn appeared to be inaccessible, and asked if she remembered the pleasant strolls we had had over it.

"Oh, yes; I have forgotten nothing of those dear old times," she answered, with a sigh. "I was rather reluctant to have that fence run across, though as I hardly consider the ground my own property since it has been under cultivation, I gave up to the expediency of it. That lawn lying idle was a piece of extravagance—don't you think so? My friends, Melinda and others, convinced me of it by proving that it would be quite a little fortune to the poor if properly managed."

"And so you make use of it for charitable purposes," rejoined I. "Very commendable—and the more so that it must have been a great sacrifice to you."

"Don't misunderstand,—said Harriet, correctly; "I merely repeated one of the arguments used to convince me of the unthriftiness of keeping it uncultivated. When I agreed that it might be ploughed up, Melinda thought I might as well let my friends have the use of it, as I did not need it myself, particularly as there was no such rich land nearer town; so the Huffs took the upper part for growing sugar-beets,—you can have no idea of the immense crop it yielded last year;—the Thwackereys took that part to the right for potatoes, and two or three other families have portions in corn, turneps and ruta-baga."

Since the first ten minutes after my arrival, I had not heard a single sentence unconnected with "dear Melinda," and I could no longer resist asking the question uppermost in my mind. While reflecting for a moment how to word it with proper delicacy, I involuntarily took up a book from the table beside me.

"You will not find any work here new to you," said Harriet, observing the movement; "I have almost given up books since I was persuaded to abandon entertaining reading; I formerly indulged myself quite too much in it, and Melinda found it necessary to reason with me on the subject, and point out to me the impropriety of a woman of my condition wasting her time in frivolous acquirements. It is her opinion that people read quite too much now-a-days, and that books ought only to be resorted to on particular occasions, when one is in want of certain useful information. So we have locked up all the books in the little library, except a few that she thought would be safe for me. I am trying to acquire a taste for the Rambler, but I never can read more than half an essay at a time, and as to Locke on the Understanding,—did you ever read it, Mary?"

I burst into a laugh, she looked so solemn under the weight of her new literary obligations, and after a struggle she joined me, in perfect likeness of her former self.

"You are not in the least changed, Mary," said she:—"just as full of mischief as ever; it is a long time since I have indulged in a hearty laugh; I am afraid you will spoil me."

"Now tell me, my dear Hal," said I; "before you lose that familiar look again, what was it that brought about your present connection with Melinda Moon?"

"Then you remember our injustice to her in our younger days," she returned, shaking her head and again looking demure; "what sad, unthinking creatures we were, and how we delighted to throw ridicule upon one whom we could not appreciate!—it was in my time of trouble that I learned to understand Melinda. When I lost Frederick, poor fellow!—I felt so desolate and miserable that I quite resigned myself to despair. The more my friends,—our old set,—condoled with me, and the more tenderly they attempted to console me, the more melancholy I became. I at last shut myself up here and refused admittance to

every one. But Melinda came and would not be refused. She forced her way to my room in spite of the servants. I begged her to go and let me die in peace."

"And she told you you would not die till your time was come;" interrupted I, picturing to myself Melinda Moon as a comforter.

"Her very words," proceeded Harriet; "and I was so surprised and incensed, that somehow I forgot my grief long enough to listen to her. She remonstrated with the greatest severity, and as you know how plainly and pointedly she talks, you may imagine her expressions."

"She told you that many a better woman than yourself had lost her husband, did not she?—and that many a better man had died than Fred Ellery; that it was a pity you had not been left without a dollar that you might have been obliged to keep your wits about you, and that no one would pity you any the more for your making a fool of yourself!"

"Exactly. I perceive you understand Melinda," she returned with continued solemnity; "and you can't think how it composes one to be talked to by a person who does not show a grain of sympathy. She declared she would not leave the house till I came to my senses, and,—to confess how ungrateful I was for her kind intentions,—I came down stairs at once, thinking she would go the sooner. She remained several days; we were constantly together, and I got quite used to what people call her odd ways. I was soon convinced of the real interest she took in me and my concerns, and became quite attached to her, and the more so the longer she stayed."

"The old 'strong necessity of loving;' " thought I.

"In course of time," concluded Harriet, "she was quite domesticated with me, and at length naturally came to regard this as her home."

"And what did the 'old set' think of your choice of an inmate?" I asked.

"Some of them were censorious enough to say that she had pushed herself upon me to save boarding, but Melinda is above minding such paltry scandal. For my own part, I have very little intercourse with them. When I refused to admit visitors, some of them were offended by repeated denials, and others, through delicacy, remained away a considerable time, and when they came again, Melinda did not hesitate to let them know pretty plainly, what she thought of friends who could be induced by any repulse to desert a woman in affliction. This gave great offence, and now very few of them come out, and I seldom go into town except on business. But you must not suppose that I am without society. Melinda's friends are my friends, and there is scarcely a day that some of the Thwackereys and Thorne, and others of that circle, do not make us a visit, and as you are my friend, they will of course become very fond of you, and you of them."

The conversation now turned to my concerns,

and by looking and laughing like my early confidante, Harriet beguiled me of an important family affair, in which others were involved as well as myself, and which I should never have alluded to but for my entire belief in her trustworthiness. As I concluded it, Melinda made her appearance.

"Pray, go on, Mary," said Harriet; "don't mind Melinda. I never have any secrets from her, and yours will be perfectly safe in her hands."

"I had finished my story," I answered, very glad that I had done so, and might now take up another subject without apparent incivility.

"This was it, Melinda dear,—let us have the benefit of your views;"—and to my extreme vexation, she repeated the substance of what I had been telling her, in such a manner that I could not have interrupted her at any point without making the matter worse; and then she sat innocently and placidly smiling while I wreathed under the sifting questions and impertinent comments, which could have been rendered so intensely disagreeable by no other person than Melinda Moon. A few days afterward I had the edification of having the subject discussed by the Thorns, the Huffs and the Thwackereys in full conclave. This *per parenthese*.

Before I went to sleep that night my mind was pretty fully made up that I had taken a long journey to very little purpose, so far as my own enjoyment was concerned. Against morning I was in a better humor, and I remembered that there was one subject I had not touched upon with Harriet,—that of an admirer. She had one,—so the report had reached me,—whom I knew to have been a lover of hers in her girlhood,—poor Frank Hardie, a young man of character and talents, superior to Fred Ellery in looks and intellect,—so I always thought; but he was poor, a lawyer with little to do, and too prudent to assume the privileges of a marrying man with no better warrant than the mere hope of future fame and fortune. So he never told his love,—at least to Harriet,—though every one else knew of it, and when she married, if he had not thought it better to work hard and pay his debts, and not forfeit the name of an honest man, he might have broken his heart, for anything known to the contrary. He now, I had heard, was prosperous in his worldly concerns, as he deserved to be, was rising fast in his profession, and was still faithful to his early love.

"I have not yet inquired about an old favorite of mine, Frank Hardie," said I at the breakfast table; "can you tell me anything about him, Harriet?"

"He is still alive, and practising law in the town," she returned, looking very prim.

"Unmarried?—and disengaged?" I proceeded.

"Unmarried; as to his being engaged or disengaged I am not informed."

"He visits you sometimes, no doubt?"

"Not of late."

"I am sorry to hear it," said I, really disappointed.

"Why are you sorry?" asked Melinda, tartly; "anybody that has a proper regard for Harriet Ellery ought to be glad that she is free from such visitors. What should she want with young fellows visiting her?—she is not looking out for another husband. One trial of married life should be enough for any reasonable, correct woman, and if a widow has any respect for herself, she will scorn to risk her reputation by flirting like a foolish chit of a girl. I let Mr. Frank Hardie know our mind,—Harriet Ellery's and mine,—on that point, last winter, and he has kept at a respectful distance ever since."

"That was rather a strange proceeding, unless Harriet authorized it," said I.

"I never ask authority to do a service to my friends," retorted Melinda, throwing back her head with dignity, while the poor friend ridden little widow dropped her eyes meekly without saying a word.

That single day was sufficient for me to discover that Melinda Moon had absolute control of the house, from the ordering of the table—"the dypsey wittles," as old Rachel contemptuously called the fare, to the placing of a seat, or the shutting of a door. Working, talking, sitting, sleeping, riding, walking, all were done at a time and in a manner agreeable to her behest. Whoever can imagine a person equally selfish, exacting, officious, touchy, peevish and rude as Melinda Moon, will understand how the time was passed under her dictation. Harriet would have considered it worse than sacrilege or high treason to have harbored a dissatisfied feeling against one whom she believed to have a disinterested regard for her.

"It takes one a while to get used to Melinda's ways," said she, apologetically, once, after we had taken a drive, and Melinda could neither ride backwards nor with the sun in her face, the dust in her eyes and the wind at her side; and again, after Melinda had obliged us to change places a dozen different times about the house, on account of the same wind, dust and sunshine; "but one gets to like anything in a friend." I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, and thought again of Frank Hardie. A husband might be a legitimate object of such forbearing affection and implicit obedience.

As an earnest of what I was to expect in the way of society, some of the Thorns and Thwackereys came to dinner, having sent to the kitchen-table several laboring people whom they had brought out to work in the lawn. They evidently regarded me as an interloper, and subjected my person, habits, tastes, opinions and intentions to the same course of scrutiny and dictation as it seemed to be their privilege to exercise on those of Harriet.

The next morning I was deliberating with myself upon either changing my quarters to the town, or making a speedy retreat homeward, when a card from my friend, Frank Hardie, gave my purposes a turn. Harriet was in my chamber when it was brought up, and though she tried to look un-

concerned, her color rose a little, and she glanced several times at the glass, with corresponding movements towards her hair and collar.

"You are not going down to see that poppinjay, Harriet Ellery?" called Melinda from the other room.

"I think I ought to go down," said Harriet, hesitatingly and blushing still more; "the visit is more particularly to Mary, and on her account I ought not to be impolite."

There was an indistinct grumble, and then the command, "At any rate, don't be so foolish as to ask him to stay to dinner."

Frank had matured to a remarkably fine-looking fellow, even beyond my expectations; his manners had grace and manliness, and in his dress the plain and well-worn, though neat garb of the poor student had given place to habiliments of unexceptionable taste and fashion. Whilst addressing Harriet, indeed, he appeared a little flurried and undecided, but that was easily accounted for by the existing state of affairs. As to my friend, herself, her blushes coming and going, her shyness, and the gaiety she assumed to cover it, made her look more interesting and less like Melinda Moon than I had yet seen her. Here was a suitable case for the interference of a true friend, I thought, and however much I disaffected match-making as a common practice, I decided that it would be altogether praiseworthy, if undertaken, to save the poor little widow from the thralldom of a friendship as pitiable as Titania's fascination with Bottom.

Frank sat as long as he decently could, and after he had arisen to go, lingered and loitered in evident hope that he would be invited to remain, or at least to call again, but Harriet had the fear of her mistress before her eyes, and no invitation was given. My part was now to begin.

"I shall occasionally need a beau whilst I am in the country," said I; "have you any objection to offering me your services?"

Frank's countenance brightened as much as if I had really been the object of his solicitude, while he expressed himself "too happy, — too much favored." I then proposed that he should call the next day and drive me to pay some visits; — or the next, if I should not be ready; or, in case I should need him, every day he was at leisure. His gratitude increased at each amendment, and Harriet looked demure and quite amazed at the liberties I was taking.

Melinda, who appeared to have been listening at the head of the stairs, put several sarcastic questions to me as to the new fashion of married women inviting the attentions of single men, and all day was peculiarly pungent in her strictures on propriety towards Harriet.

The next morning the fair widow, who would have been shocked at the imputation of changing her dress through compliment to a gentleman, appeared at breakfast in a very becoming wrapper, which Melinda stigmatized as that abominable gingham she had always despised and detested,

and at a reprehensibly early hour Frank Hardie's buggy stood at the gate.

"You are surely not going down again, Harriet Ellery!" exclaimed Melinda, rolling up her eyes; "have you lost your senses? — the man will have good enough reason to think that you are not sorry for the opportunity to have him running here, and precious talk there will be! — if Mary Allanby chooses to do improper things, there's no necessity for you getting into the scrape."

"Do you really think there would be anything improper in it?" returned Harriet, anxiously; "he might, indeed, misconstrue me, and I would not for the world, — I believe I'll not go down — so, Mary, you may as well make my excuses."

"I shall do no such thing," I answered, really irritated, for I expected matters to go smoothly on.

"Then say nothing about her, if you don't choose," retorted Melinda; "one thing is clear, — if you see him to day, you must to-morrow, and so on to the end of the chapter, and, Harriet Ellery! — if you find yourself scandalized as a flirting, marrying widow, remember you have had warning. I wash my hands of your conduct."

"I can't go, Mary," said Harriet, tremulously; "Melinda is right. I should never forgive myself if anything unpleasant should happen from neglect of her advice. I'll stay here with you, so don't be offended, Melinda dear."

"Then I may take it for granted that you are indifferent about offending me, Harriet Ellery," said I, assuming Melinda's tone and manner; "I should have supposed that proper regard for me would have insured a friend of mine at least common civility."

Harriet looked frightened, and then stood perplexed and irresolute. "If I could only gratify you both!" said she, while Melinda drew down the corners of her mouth, and contemptuously turned her shoulder towards me. Harriet begged that some compromise might be thought of, and at last I conceded that if she made her appearance on each of Frank's visits for a decorous display of politeness, as mistress of the house, I should be content. So, that the arrangements might have an unconcerted aspect, she was to come in one day when it was time for his call to be half over, and the next when he first entered, and then withdraw with a reasonable excuse.

The plan succeeded well. Frank contrived to make each successive interview with Harriet a little longer than the last, and believing, in a week or two, that I could leave him to the support of his own attractions, I prepared for my return home. By this time I was quite worn out with the humors of Melinda Moon, who grew more and more unreasonable after she had once seen her away over Harriet's dispute.

I had endeavored to draw a promise from my friend to return my visit at a certain fixed time, but as yet had received no decisive answer. On the morning of my departure, Frank had called to bid me good-by, and after he had gone, she came

into my room drying tears from her cheeks. Presuming that they were caused by the prospect of parting with me, I was unusually affectionate, when she remarked, "I have just had a conversation with Melinda on the subject of Frank Hardie's visits. I now feel that I have acted rather imprudently, and that if I should allow him to continue them it would be highly indecorous,—that is, if he should come again. I cannot be charged with want of respect to you when you are no longer the object of his calls, and I have distressed Melinda so much that I am anxious to soothe her by declining to receive him."

I was too much vexed to reply, and she resumed, "As to my visit to you, my dear, Mary, you may expect it at the appointed time. I have at length prevailed upon Melinda, and at the end of three months I hope you will see us."

Us!

"I anticipate a delightful trip," she continued; "and only regret that while you make it now, you cannot have such a companion as Melinda."

I hurried after my baggage, which had been taken to the carriage, felt Melinda's stiff jerk of the hand as I passed her, and returned the affectionate embrace of Harriet. "Stop, my dear Mary!" called the latter, as I seated myself in the vehicle, "you have forgotten to kiss Melinda!"

I kissed my hand as I was driven off, ready to resolve that I would never again have a friend that had another friend in the world.

A month or two afterward I received a letter from Harriet, one-half of which was made up of lamentations on the absence of Melinda, who had gone to be with a relation about to depart this transitory life at the age of eighty. "Not that she was needed to nurse the old lady, but that her sense of justice required her to go. There was

some property to be left, which she thought she might as well have as any one else." The other part of the letter was, principally, an extenuation of herself, that she did not feel the absence as much as she might have done if her time had not been quite so much occupied by visitors from town, "the old set," Frank Hardie, in particular, who called to leave messages for me every day or two. The messages she had not room to give.

A few weeks after came another letter demanding from me both congratulation and condolence. She had seen so much of Frank Hardie that she could no longer be blind to his merits, and just when she had learned fully to appreciate them, he had, nobly overlooking her former cold and unjust treatment, offered her his hand. So much for happiness; and then for affliction;—Melinda had positively refused to be bridesmaid,—had written an indignant rejection of her request, with a severe remonstrance upon her having so forgotten herself, when she was no longer present to watch over her, declaring that if she persisted in her present intentions, she would never cross her threshold again.

"What distresses me the most," wrote Harriet, "is a tone of harshness and selfishness pervading the whole letter which I never should have apprehended from Melinda. What can be more trying to the feelings than to find traces of such weaknesses in a person whom one has loved and trusted! and this I must bear in silence, for Frank will not sympathize with me;—the only thing of which I find cause to complain in him, is his disposition to treat such subjects with levity."

A visit to me was included in Harriet's wedding tour, and, as I had anticipated, I saw that in her new object of devotion she had found more than a substitute for Melinda Moon.

## --- LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM,

ON PAGES BETWEEN WHICH SEVERAL LEAVES HAD BEEN CUT OUT.

BY HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

WHAT leaves were these so rudely torn away?

Whose immortality thus roughly foiled?

What aphoristic dogs have had their day,

And of their hopes been suddenly despoil'd!

Whose leaf was this? and what the bay-wreath'd name

Which here its glowing fancies did rehearse?

What was the subject it doomed to fame?

Whose knife or scissors did that doom reverse?

Here gallant knights, imagining the wings

Of the famed Pegasus sustained them, soaring,

Fiddled, thou false one! on their own heart-strings,

Whilst thou thy soul in laughter wast outpouring!

A score of petty minstrels might have lain,

And, like the Abbey Sleepers, found snug lying

In this brief space—but none, alas! remains—

Thou'st sent their ashes to the four winds flying!

Behold my muse, Colossus-like, bestride

The fallen honors of each beau and lover;—

Ghosts of departed songs, that here have died,

How many of ye now do o'er me hover?

Metthought I heard ye then, as first ye threw

Your soft imaginings in dreamy numbers,

And o'er my soul the sweet enchantment flew

Like music faintly heard in midnight slumbers.

• • • • •

When whim, or chance, or spite, my leaf shall tear,

Grant me in turn, ye Fates! some gentle poet—

One who shall lie with such a grace, you'd swear

That if indeed he lied, he didn't know it.

## THE GREEK ANTIQUE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

[Concluded from page 32.]

SOMETIMES, in the dewy summer evenings, Nicias' mother would take her lyre into an arbor of the garden, and, seated beneath the clustering flowers, play and sing to him her vesper hymn and songs of hope and heaven; while the blossoms gave out in rich profusion the odors they had withheld through the day, as if they came forth to perfume her offering of praise; and no other sound was heard around but the gurgle and fall of the moonlit fountain as it played into its marble basin; the tinkle of the leaves that patted one another as the zephyrs strayed among them within the garden ground; and off in the distance the plaintive notes of the nightingale, as she sat embowered in a thicket of laurel and roses, pouring her sweet, melancholy music to her darling flower in her holiest serenade.

Then the pensive boy would retire to his bed, to dream, perhaps, that his mother was an angel, that he saw her an ethereal form borne up in mid air by beautiful outspread wings; or that his father was a god, arrayed in dazzling splendor, with a glory of burning rays beaming wide around him. When too powerful emotion broke up his slumber and its imagery together, he would lie and con over his ideas, till at length he became fully possessed of the notion that he should have a divine communication from some invisible or unearthly intelligence that would relieve his mind of its darkness and perplexity by a revelation of the secret things which he so ardently and painfully desired to look into while they were veiled from his sight.

He had heard stories of dead saints who had returned, and of supernatural agencies that appeared, to speak the things which mortal lips could not utter nor incarnate mind search out or conceive; and that he should be favored by such a visitant and have his questions answered, the mysteries solved and his faith settled in the light, was now the strong impression, the one permanent idea that seized and fixed upon his mind. This he fostered fondly and secretly in his young bosom, and his spirits feasted on the hope it inspired till they gained a cheerful tone, and the healthfulness of his bodily frame increased with the evident relief of his mind.

At length he was one day taken by surprise, and let the secret of his faith escape.

He was at the house of one of his paternal relatives, where a large family circle and a number of their friends had met, and were discussing the

news of the day and the signs of the times in a social conversation, which bore principally on topics connected with religious concerns. Tales of conversions, of miraculous deeds, sights and sounds, were told by some and jeered by others; when one, with bold, positive voice and tone, was heard above the rest, exclaiming—"It is not true. No eye that has not first been closed in death has ever looked on the things of another world, or another state, whichever you please to call it. And none that has been thus closed has yet returned—no person that has crossed that one, dark, cold river, has come back to these shores to make known what is on the other side."

"It is true—the dead do sometimes come back!" said the young Nicias, vehemently, after having listened with breathless attention and mute lips till he could contain himself no longer. "It is true, and I shall know, I shall be told the secret things, the mysteries, the true and the false, the good and the evil, while I am yet here, and can make them known to you all!"

And as he spoke, his full, glorious black eyes assumed a sudden, almost supernatural brilliancy, and his juvenile person an unwonted majesty, which, with the seriousness and earnestness of his manner, stayed the sallies of wit and the chidings of superior age and knowledge that his youth might otherwise have subjected him to, and made him seem to some of the company as if he were about to break forth and shine a divinity already. One young damsel present averred that she heard behind his shoulders a rustling like the unfolding of some hidden wings—an idea probably suggested by the little blind god of the ancients, often interposing himself between youths and maidens.

"*Thou wilt know!* And who will come from the shades or the empyrean to tell *thee*, young dreamer?" said his Uncle Philotas, whose speech he had interrupted with his contradictory and prophetic asseveration.

"My lovely cousin, Praxilla," replied the youth. "With the tenderest tones of her sweet voice, which could at any time melt me to weeping or excite me to joyousness, she promised me just before she died that she would return and relieve my mind of the tormenting questions that forever grated it, and the shifting lights and shadows amid which I have been confused and wandered all my days. We had for a long time pledged ourselves to each other, that the one who died first would speak or appear to the survivor



and make known the things beyond this life, and the right way, the only path to blessedness. With no one else did she or I ever converse so much on these subjects as with one another. We knew not where to find the right, the truth. Our parents could not teach us nor resolve our doubts—one answered this way, the other that. So did our relatives and friends. What was told us by one seemed contradictory or beclouding to what we heard from another. We then made this solemn promise between ourselves.

"When she fell sick and felt that she should not recover, she renewed it; and the last moment that I beheld her living, she beckoned me near her to whisper it in my ear, when, as I bowed over her, she sealed it with a kiss on my forehead and bade me the last adieu from her mortal lips. Yet I shall hear her voice again and the sweet music of its notes. She will come back, like Irene of Crete. We both knew the story of her return—how she—"

"Hold!" said Myron; "what wild, delusive tale has bewitched thy brain, my son?"

"No wilder tale than one of fact, my father," replied Nicias; "and the bishop and the church believe it, and attest to its truth as a miraculous manifestation of the power and goodness of Him who, they say, raised himself and many others from the grave, and who will one day raise all the dead. They tell it thus:—Neophron, a good citizen of Crete, had the misfortune to lose his young and lovely wife by death when his only child, an infant daughter, was but a few hours old. This child, whom he called after her mother, Irene, became from that moment the one darling object on which her father's affections centered. He called her his bud of hope, and as she put forth her delicate little arm for his embrace, he said she was throwing tendrils round his broken heart to bind it together, and that her soft endearments were the balsam to heal its wounds.

"When she grew up to blooming womanhood, she was exceeding fair, and of surpassing grace and loveliness. Then Neophron called her the flower of his happiness, the spice of his life, the light of his day, the star beaming through the shades of his darkest hours and peeping between the clouds of his stormiest weather!

"Irene had many friends, but one intimate. This was a beautiful maiden of nearly her own age, and so congenial in taste and spirit that they were like twin sisters in mutual affection and confidence. Artemisia, this chosen friend of Irene, was of a wealthy and powerful family, but she was the gem of all its members. The others loved riches, splendor and pomp; but she, virtue, friendship, and the treasures of the heart. She owned a very rich and precious jewel. It was so excellent in value and beauty that none possessed the like. Being about to accompany her parents and other relatives on a long journey, and fearing the loss or injury of this jewel if she left it at

home or took it with her, she brought it secretly to Irene for safe keeping till her return.

"During her absence, death came again suddenly to the house of Neophron, and snatched away his lovely Irene. The malady he employed for this cruel work was violent, and from its first attack, beyond the reach of medical aid. It seized the brain, and her reason was gone for the few hours of life that remained before her lamp of life went out. She passed silently away without uttering one word of comfort or of farewell to her afflicted father or any message for her absent friend.

"When she had been some time dead and in the grave, Artemisia returned. The sorrow of Artemisia for the loss of her friend was sincere and deep. But when her first flood of grief on this account had been freely poured forth, she began to make inquiries after the precious jewel that she had in sacred trust left with Irene. Greatly was she surprised and shocked on hearing Neophron and all his household protest that they had never seen the treasure, and knew nothing of such a trust having been left with Irene! They denied that it was or had ever been in the house. But Artemisia insisted that she gave it to her, and noted the day and the hour. Her family accused Neophron of having embezzled the treasure, and insinuated suspicion that he had poisoned his daughter to obtain it without detection. His house was searched, but all in vain. Still the accusers persisted in their charge, and, with none to come forth and confute it by attesting to his innocence, he was arrested, pronounced guilty, and cast into prison under sentence of death.

"The night before the sentence was to be executed, as the father of Artemisia lay wrapt in heavy sleep, a cold hand was laid upon his forehead. It awakened him. He started up, and saw the form of Irene, whom he knew to be in her grave, standing at his bedside. Horrified at the sight, he shrunk back and buried his face in the linen of the bed.

"'Start not,' said the spectre, 'nor shrink back from listening to the imperative call of duty. The just fear not. Death has no terror for them. Never more shall thine eyes sleep the sleep of living man till thou hast rendered justice to the injured innocent, acquittal to the condemned, and set the prisoner free. Rise, then; put on thy shoes and mantle, and take thy lantern and go to the garden of Neophron, whose house thou hast thus made desolate by ignorance, jealousy and avarice. In the remotest corner of that garden, beneath the large leaves of a spreading acanthus, thou wilt find buried thy daughter's jewel! When these hands were warm with life, and this heart glowed with friendship and love for the virtues of my chosen one, I received the treasure in trust from her. But fearful of accident, or that it might tempt cupidity to robbery if it came to the know-

ledge of my father's domestics, he himself being absent at the time, I encased the casket safely, and went alone and in secret and hid it in the earth of that spot. There thou shalt find it between the leaf and the root of the plant. Look up—fear not to do right—look up again, and know me. I am Irene, thy daughter's friend. Go and do as I have said, and peace shall be thine. But stay, and remorse will embitter thy life and despair arm thy death with terrors.\*

"The trembling man looked out from his muffling, and saw Irene smiling and beautiful as in her fullest tide of life. Yet it was but the vision of a glance, when she disappeared. He dared not remain as he was, so he rose, took his light, and proceeded as directed. Lifting the wide acanthus leaves, he found the earth softened beneath them. He soon removed it, and came upon the little chest containing the casket with the lost treasure. It was now near the dawn of day. Out of breath, and almost out of himself, he hastened home and rallied his people. He sent to the prison, to the magistrate, to the friends of the injured Neophron, the news of the vision, of the revelation and the recovered jewel; and in the morning that was to have witnessed the death of the prisoner, he was proclaimed innocent with loud acclamations, and borne triumphantly to his home by his rejoicing friends."

Such was the story\* related by the visionary youth, Nicias, as at least one part of the ground of his belief that his assurance that his cousin Praxilla would be commissioned as a spirit minister to return and enlighten his perplexed mind in the search it was making after the things of truth and the soul. But various were the ways in which it was listened to and treated by the company present.

Not long afterwards, a small number of the very *élite* of society met at the house of Myron. The choicest spirits of literature and the arts were here assembled. It was a clear moonlight summer evening. The windows and doors were all thrown open, and fresh and free as the breeze that played in and swept through that summer parlor from among the fragrant honeysuckles, jasmines, roses and myrtle trees, were the refined converse and interchange of thought in that social circle. Chaste and bright as the silver moonbeams that shone through the dark boughs of surrounding flower-shrubs and trees, was the wit that in brilliant sallies enlivened their intercourse till a late hour. Then the introduction of vocal and instrumental music changed the spirit of the entertainment.

Nicias, according to his habit of retiring early,

\* This same story of Irene I find in an ancient folio volume of black letter, printed two centuries ago. The author, a pious old divine, tells it among many marvelous tales concerning the early saints and martyrs, particularly of the Greek church, with much solemnity and apparent belief. It is a specimen of the superstitious credulity of his day and generation, if not of ours.

had long been a-bed and asleep in his room in a remote wing of the building from that where the company were assembled. At his customary hour of going to rest, his mother had stolen away unobserved from her friends, and gone with him to his apartment, where she remained till his evening devotions were performed and his head safely pillowed. Then, giving him a kiss, she bade him good night and withdrew, leaving him to his slumbers while she rejoined her company.

She had now taken her lyre, and accompanied it with her rich, melodious voice, while all the guests were chained in silence and every ear drank in delicious sounds. Then she claimed her turn as a listener, and other instruments were made to breathe forth the soul of music, and other voices joined in full chorus to reciprocate her favors, till a short interval of conversation would now and then shift the spirit of the piece.

Thus were they passing away the hour, when one of the performers stopped short, saying—"Hark! I heard a groan. I hear it again, and a sobbing and moaning."

"From what quarter?" asked Sylea. "Did it come from my son's room?"

"No; from another direction—from without."

"There," said another, "I heard it."

"And I," said another, and another, till all were hushed and listening.

As the startled bird takes wing, Sylea flew to the place of her treasure, her son's room; but he was not there! The linen drapery of his bed was in disorder, some of it trailed down and partly under the little silver-footed bedstead; his day-dress lay undisturbed in its place, but his night-robe was gone with him.

She held her breath, and listened. She heard his voice in a grieved, moaning sound, as if he were in pain, somewhere about the house. She traced the sound, and followed it to its source. On the veranda, where the full moon shone clear upon him, and his streaming tears were sparkling in its light, she beheld her darling boy, seated on a block, in his thin night-dress, the breeze sweeping back his rich silken locks of curly dark hair, and his right foot on the left knee, with the blood streaming from its sole, while he was trying to extract a thorn that had buried itself in the flesh, beyond his power to draw it out, with his trembling fingers.

Sylea uttered a shriek of astonishment and fright on first beholding him, which drew her husband and all the company around her and the wounded lad, before he could in anywise explain his condition. At length its cause was ascertained. The youth had pitched on this occasion to make his *début* as a *SOMNAMBULIST*. This was his first known exploit in the character. He had been dreaming. The notions of his waking thoughts floating confusedly before his mind's eye in life-like imagery, and his airy imagination ever on the alert for some fair game to seize upon, were in full career, when the sweet solo voice of the

nightingale, away, off in a little green-wooded glen, beyond the extreme limit of the garden enclosure, touched his ear.

He thought the moment had come for his meeting with his immortal and unearthly visitant—that the tender notes he heard were from the voice of his cousin Praxilla, who was thus calling, and trying to win him to come out and listen to her spirit disclosures.

He sprang from his bed, and gliding silently and ghost-like out of the house, and along the graveled walk of the garden, passed through the small gate at its end, and crept down the bushy side of the glen. Then, still lured by the voice, and in eagerness to reach the point whence it proceeded, by a sudden impulse he gave one leap, which brought him painfully awake, into a clump of rose-bushes, which pricked and tore his delicate, unprotected limbs, like a cunningly-invented engine of torture. The singer had fled, but the wounds and the pain remained upon him. He extricated himself as he could, from the brambly entanglement, and came limping up the ascent, and through the garden-walk, with a long, sharp thorn in his foot, piercing deeper and deeper, at every step, among the nerves and muscles. He had, by this painful process, at length reached a resting-place, and was trying to relieve himself, when discovered by his expressions of anguish.

Among the visitants who rushed out and gathered around him at the alarm, there chanced to be a poet, a painter, and an adept statuary; and his strikingly interesting and picturesque image had strongly impressed itself on the mind of each, at first sight.

Neither of these apprehended in anywise the fatal consequence of the misadventure: but each thought within himself what a touching and beautiful model, or subject the boy presented for his own peculiar art.

"Not a line of his figure will pass from my memory," thought the painter, "till he has become the master-piece of my pencil. Thus will he carry the moral of his bleeding foot down to other generations of youth; and perhaps immortalize me, when all the thorns on which a painter must tread, to approach the few roses of life which fall to his lot, shall be to me no more."

The silent ejaculation with which the poet petitioned the muse for inspiration, over the subject, is thus embodied, though but imperfectly, in the language of a modern versifier:—

"Come, sacred Muse! let thy divinest fire  
Glow in my heart, and kindle up my lyre!  
Grant but this prayer; and give, condensed, the power  
Of a whole life, in one propitious hour;  
That I to future thousands truth sublime  
May speak, though far removed from earth and time!"

But the thoughts of the statuary, on the occasion, were, with a marble stoicism, shut up within him, till, by the slow process of his chisel, they were traced on the Parian block, which, by his

long and patient devotion to it, he at length transformed into a beautiful image of the wounded Nicias, as he sat by moonlight, awaked from his delusion, and in agony from its consequence.

The company dispersed; the wounded foot was dressed, and the young sufferer restored to his bed. But this night had given him his death-arrow. The effect of such a wound in that susceptible part of the human frame, will be easily foreseen by one of common acquaintance with its delicate and mysterious mechanism. Inflammation, spasms, and their train of ministers of dissolution ensued; and in a few days the anxious, aspiring spirit of the young enthusiast had plumed its wings, broken its frail and beautiful shell, and soared to the Fountain of truth and light.

The house of Myron became thus suddenly a scene of mourning, and this, according to the manner in which each individual interested in the youth viewed his death, and in proportion to the degree of feeling with which they met the event.

The father was frantic. He had neither the Pagan's nor the Christian's God to go to for consolation; while the god of this world, as it was then, and has ever since been, worshiped, vanished into nothingness at the stroke. Thus beside himself, he even reproached Sylea with the fallacy of her own creed, since He to whom her prayer was made, was too powerless or cruel to save the child's life. This was adding gall to her cup of maternal sorrow; but she meekly answered,—  
"Christ has taken our jewel safe to his own bosom. He has transformed our son to an angel,—and he will raise up his body, at the last day, glorious and immortal, for a dwelling to which that blessed little angel may return, and inhabit it forever. He is good, and wise, and mighty;—we, sinful, weak and blind. We cannot see him as he is; but we *must* submit to his power; and our greatest wisdom is, to acquiesce in his judgment. A rebellious heart in such a case as ours, would burst, set fire to the head, and consume the whole tabernacle. We may, and must, weep; but we want Him with us, who touched the bier at the gate of Nain. Then shall we see by his light, that our son is not dead, but sleeping."

In the meantime, the three artists were in retirement—each working in the way of his own profession, but all occupied on the same original subject.

The Painter executed his piece with skill and satisfaction. But colors are fading, and diffused on materials liable to injury, and perishable. How long the painting was preserved we do not learn.

The verses of the Poet might also have died into oblivion, had they not been susceptible of a longer life from traditional continuance, after their written form had been fretted into fragments and dissolved. The leading original ideas of which they were the vehicle may, in part, be thus rendered in English verse. By the slight tincture of egotism apparent in the piece, it is evident that the poet did not forget his own sorrows, nor leave

his poetic immortality out of view, in his benevolent aim to transmit a useful moral to future generations of mankind. The remodeled stanzas run as follows :—

As down in the vale the lone Nightingale sings  
Her hymn to the stars and her ode to the rose,  
With thorns at her bosom and dew on her wings,  
Through silence and shade her sweet melody flows.

'Tis thus, when the bard's sweetest numbers are heard,  
All drooping and sad, oft his spirit sits low,  
With wings furled and heavy, like night's pensive bird,  
Where brambles and thorns, close besetting him, grow.

But wo to the spirit on error's dark ground,  
Unsanded, unshielded, that wanders afar;  
Who hath for his guide but the lure of a sound :—  
Who takes for his light but the dream of a star !

For he must awake, when the syren is hushed,  
And error from truth flies as night-shades from day,  
To find his sweet roses all shattered and crushed,—  
The thorn rankling deep in himself borne away !

The Sculptor produced his work. It was of exquisite finish, and a rare gem of art—it was beauty petrified ! The genius of the artist was set there with all its fire, shining like a fixed star. The statue attracted the highest admiration, and drew on the great magician that had moulded it the loudest applause. Yet, in its very perfection

lay the power which ceased not to wring and torture the souls of the afflicted parents as long as they survived their idol child. The piece was at length purchased at a high price, and removed to another city. In process of time and its mutations, it was shifted from owner to owner ; and copies of it were multiplied, and widely dispersed, in different materials, as it might best suit the taste, estate, or convenience of the purchaser.\*

They passed to distant countries and foreign shores ; and, in this age of remove, it is not strange that one of them should have ultimately found its way to our western world, and planted itself down in the City of the Witches !

This latter class of celebrated and mysterious beings were, like the other settlers in the new world, natives of distant climes, and the offspring of some remote and indefinite age. Which of their mischievous ancestors it was that bewitched the Greek boy, we are not qualified to determine ; but using our Yankee birthright of guessing, we suppose it to have been the same old sorcerer who induced the Christian maiden to traverse the apostolic precept, by being "unequally yoked." It was evidently the inequality, in matters of faith, between Myron and Sylea, that acted like the executed spirit of Solomon's judgment, and DIVIDED THE CHILD.

\* The subject of the present article is a cast in plaster of Paris.

## REGRETS.

BY MARY C. DENVER.

FOREVER here :—however bright  
The morn of life may be—  
However swift our bark may glide  
O'er pleasure's sunny sea—  
A shadow follows in our steps,  
And speaks imploringly.

Of lost affections hear it speak,  
Such as the world ne'er gave,  
Torn ruthlessly from out the heart  
That could and would not save :  
It wraps a shroud around them all,  
And drops them in the grave.

And from their dust strange faces rise,  
All cheerless and alone,  
That murmur in our ears a changed  
And yet familiar tone,  
And phantoms wander by our side.  
And make our walks their own.

No matter whether in the sun,  
Or 'neath the green-wood tree—  
No matter howsoever light  
Or stern our mood may be—  
That shadow follows in our steps,  
And speaks continually.

Of wasted moments hear it tell.  
Thrown by neglectfully,  
And thickly as the dry, dull sands  
Along a summer sea ;  
Ah ! shining dust, how rich were all,  
Could ye but gathered be !

But gone forever from the shore  
Of careless human life,  
Untasted joys, that keep no more  
The cup of feeling rife ;  
We catch at shadows, and lose all  
The substance in the strife.

So toil we on from hour to hour,  
Still fearful of delay,  
Dropping at every step some flower  
That cheer'd us on the way,  
And gathering tears within our hearts  
To shed another day

Yet still at every step we take  
By shore or sunny sea,  
When life is wrapp'd in weariness—  
When life is bounding free—  
That shadow follows in our steps,  
And speaks reproachfully.

# THE LAND OF PURE DELIGHTS: OR, A DAY WITH THE WATER SPIRITS.

A FANTASY.\*

BY GEO. H. HASTINGS.

As one rides up the valley of the Connecticut, the idea of some wonderful place is ever dancing on before. Passing between Mounts Tour and Holyoke you seem to enter the gateway of a choice and well-bounded domain. Distant hills knit together their giant arms, and stretching far in unbroken lines to the north, hold watch over a world of beauty sleeping between. The river hereabouts pleases itself. Escaped from doomed and narrow channels among the mountains, it here circles through the broad meadows, as if to make sure of all the liberty allowed it; taking now and then a turn as if threatening to run backward. Leaving this beautiful parterre, you rise upon gentle undulations of grazing land overlooking the valley for many miles above and below. The scenery grows more striking as you advance. Everything intimates your approach to a region of grandeur. The hills grow more independent, and stand proudly up alone; each hill for itself— young mountains assuming the majestic! The valley shrinks; the real mountains spread wide their bases, to stand the more firmly up with their heads in the clouds. The river now sounds out a runaway laugh as it bounds on its course, and fresh breezes sport round the coming ones to welcome them to the regions of health.

This is the place. The ground rises all about in natural terraces, whose level summit lines, now in long sweeping curves, now rounding out and suddenly retreating, and again making sharp angles like the parapet of a fort, cut the mountain sides in the back-ground with a regularity that contrasts beautifully with the waving outline of the mountain tops. All over these terraces on the west of the river, neat dwellings are perched; whose white fronts peeping out from the abundant evergreens, in the distance look really classic. The prominent buildings of the village with their observatories, towers and spires, in relief against the dark pine forests rising everywhere around, show to the best advantage. Indeed, it would be difficult to construct anything in this romantic region, which in the distance would not look picturesque. Everything made here adds interest to what is natural; as even huckster's stalls among the buttresses of a cathedral, add to the impression of its grandeur. Deep down in front of the village rushes the river. Into it leaps a merry

stream which has just been sunning itself in a little valley embosomed among the terraces of the village. It descends to the river by a considerable fall, and through a deep gorge in the slate rock. Like all the streams about here, its waters are cool and clear as crystal; and the eye rejoices in their bright play over pebbles and cliff.

Directly opposite the village, compressing the intervening river into a narrow bed, rises a grand mountain. It shuts out all the east o' mornings, and, at some seasons, therefore, may be a little forbidding; but at evening it gives back all the west, and stands there to be gazed at and studied with unwearied delight one's life long. This mountain connects with the village by means of two bridges, which, seen from any of the terraces, give fine effect to the whole valley view. From all the prominent points about, the prospect is grand, and striking objects upon most of these, stand points, as a fine clump of trees, or the numerous white monuments of the cemetery, invite the ascent; so that the invalid walks mile after mile, and from hill to hill, unconscious of fatigue. With its wild beauty of forms and outline, its mountains, and dells, and cascades, its pure, cool springs, sparkling streams, and bracing air, the region of Brattleboro' may well be called the land of pure delights.

Thither I had taken an invalid friend, seeking for that priceless, but ever wasted blessing, the boon of health. The first evening passed away in easy sociability with the water patients; though upon our part the conversation was limited very much to a few expressive words; such as: "indeed!" "astonishing!" The various baths were described to us, with their effects upon different individuals. Stories of wonderful cures followed fast. I could see my friend's eyes dilating, and feel my own ears to tingle; and I observed, too, that as it grew later, the wonders of Hydropathy loomed higher in the imaginations of the company. The morrow, however, was to prove to us that the beginning, at least, of these things was true. Before dawn we were to have experience of the magic of a wet sheet; and considering the inflated state of one's marvelousness upon going to bed that night, it was not strange that the astonishing facts we had listened to, should become blended with the fancies of a dream.

\* A fancy dress for the main facts in a course of Hydropathy.

who had been sent as my guide, "yonder is Mt. Salubria; but brave hearts alone may gain its summit."

"What! attempt that difficult mountain; climb those rocks and traverse those glaciers in such attire as this? The exposure is death."

My guide wore sandals merely, and a scanty Arethusian hunting frock without sleeves, loosely girdled, and looped at the shoulder by a button of the order. My own dress too was rigidly classic.

"Your first lesson as a Water Spirit," answered Blumine, "is to cast off the stuffed garments of sickly civilization, which, like the fiery shirt of Nessus, fill the body with disease."

"Well; on, then! Already this bracing air makes one's blood tingle."

Our first resting-place was upon an artificial terrace some way up the mountain, made by excavations going on there. The rock upon which the miners were engaged was a rough pudding stone, and the design of getting out such material was a mystery to me. I was about to question one of the workmen, when a tall, spare, ascetical looking gentleman, evidently the superintendent, approached us with great civility. He held a book in his hand; "HITCHCOCK'S"—something; whether GEOLOGY or DIETETICS I could not discern; though from his observations upon the work in progress, I concluded the book must be on the *connection between Geology and Dietetics*.

"This rock, sir," said he, "is the old, brown, conglomerate Graham; of the carboniferous system; slightly fossiliferous, you observe;" (pointing out to me in a hand specimen what seemed to be the heads and stalks of oats or some kind of grain. "This strata of the conglomerate Graham, sir, forms the base of this whole range of mountains, beginning here with Mt. Salubria; and from these quarries we shall be able to supply the consumption of the world.")

I had observed the workmen carefully knocking out the pebbles from the cementing mass, and casting them away; and now discovered upon inspection that these pebbles were nothing less than Graham crackers. The roads diverging from the quarry were all paved with them; for in their primitive state they answer admirably well for mechanical purposes. The superintendent here pointed out to us a row of kilns along the base of the mountain, where he said the pebbles were dried, and thus made ready for market as the natural food of man. So what I had taken for a lapidary's stall some miles back, was really a cracker shop for hungry travelers.

Loaded with the congratulations (not the conglomerate) of our friend, we pushed upward for a glittering terrace that overhung an immense precipice. The scene, on gaining the level of this platform, was brilliant in the extreme. On either side of the way were majestic elms, drooping willows, and, indeed, every variety of graceful trees, all glittering with water-drops, and sending down delicious showers of every breath of the

wind. The shrubbery too all along the walk was in full play, each little twig sending up its sparkling jet; and, as the morning sun shot his rays directly in a line and parallel with the terrace, we found ourselves passing through a colonnade of fountains arched with rainbows. After our fatiguing ascent nothing could be more exhilarating than to walk thus beneath these dripping arches, and between showering shrubbery. Every drop was electric; and the bracing air, added to the excitement of the scene, made it impossible for one to do otherwise than dance and shout. On skipped Blumine, and from between the silvery columns other Water Spirits darted forth to join her. Round and round they went in dizzy waltz, flinging the water drops in diamond circles from their arms and feet; now retreating far down the shining way, and then advancing swift as a pearl wreath, flung in the Graces' sport. The waltz of sylphs in perfumed halls, we call, voluptuous death: but this is all health; buoyant, irrepressible life. Away then in the dance of the Water Spirits.

Now breathe awhile. Midway along the terrace gushed a spring. Blumine pointed to it, and we seated ourselves in some rustic arm-chairs thereabouts, woven from the living willow. Around the basin of the spring stood a number of elegant vases, which I took to be the permanent ornaments of the spot. But to my surprise, Blumine, seizing one of them with both hands, brought it to me to drink from. Already the other Water Spirits were heaving these vases to their lips, and, thirst being intense, I grasped the dripping burden and drained it at a draught! I had heard of our Saxon ancestors in the heat of sacking a castle, knocking in the head of a beer-cask, lifting it bucket fashion, and draining it all off without stopping to breathe even; nevertheless it seemed to me an astonishing feat for one of their degenerate descendants thus to empty a gallon vase with ease. Not so, however, to the Water Spirits, for while I was examining the empty vase in my hand, they were pouring down a second bumper with as much gusto as the first. The vases, as I have termed them, were stamped upon the bottom *Preisnitz Wasserbecher*, the only beaker that a true Water Spirit will drink from.

The effect of this draught was magical. It imparted all the exhilaration of champagne without disturbing one's wits at all. The instant impulse was to do something heroic. Nothing common would meet the demands of such animal spirits as come from drawing a Preisnitz Water-beaker; nor was anything common required. No sooner had we set the beakers down, than Blumine, pointing to a glacier which flashed far up on the mountain, darted away so fleetly, that none but a mad-cap could keep in sight of her. If asked how we gained the top of the glacier, I could not tell. I only know that we followed close upon some chamois, bound for bound, two-thirds of the way.

Upon this cold peak, a new and singular scene

awaited us. The glacier upon which we stood formed the base of another, which rose in spotless purity, and with admirable symmetry to an immense height above us. From beneath this second glacier rushed a torrent which had made for itself an opening not unlike an arched gateway; the resemblance being aided by two shafts of transparent ice, whose pinnacle seemed to cut the sky. From a narrow channel, above this opening, leaped a stream, whose course might be traced far up the outside of the glacier by a succession of silvery cascades. The stream fell with prodigious force directly in front of the cavernous opening, and had so worn away the footing thereabout that there was no possible way of entering the cave, but by taking the full shock of this fall. Here, for the first time, my fears were excited for Blumine. Seeing her planting her feet for a leap through the falling stream, I sprang forward to snatch her, as I thought, from certain destruction; but too late! I stood horrified and alone before that deadly cold stream, which now seemed to rave with hoarser voice like a lion over the prey. But a clear ringing laugh, and a merry call from within soon brought me to myself. My fears were now for my own safety. To return without my guide was impossible, and equally so, I thought, for me to follow her. For a while I stood shivering before this tremendous *douche*, like a wretch at the gallows. But the taunting laugh which pealed from the cave, as if from a hundred voices, roused a desperate courage. What, a man! and a coward among the frail Water Spirits?—never. I noticed that as Blumine was about to spring, she clasped her hands tight over her head to break the force of the fall, and observing the same precaution, I gathered all my strength and dashed through. Well might the Water Spirits laugh at my hesitation; for never was anything more electrifying than the shock of this *douche*. Every fibre of my body quivered with new sensations of life; and I leaped into the air half believing that I had wings.

Recovering from the first exhilaration of this bath, a scene of astonishing beauty presented itself. We stood in a magnificent temple of ice. The whole interior of the glacier had been melted away, leaving only an outer layer of sufficient thickness to support the vast dome. And what was the most wonderful of all, the cavern was brilliantly illuminated. From a thousand jets darted soft lambent flames, such as never brightened the dwellings of men. An infinite variety of ice formations, and most beautiful frost-work, everywhere adorned the cave. Its polished sides flashing like mirrors gave indefinite expansion to the scene. The points of innumerable icicles glittered high up in the arch like stars in a crystal sky; and the whole was so perfectly reflected in the glassy floor, that we seemed to be floating in the air.

Bewildered, I exclaimed, "Blumine, can this be heaven? Do we indeed float amid the stars?"

"To Water Spirits," she replied, "is not given the ecstasy of angels; nor is this scene too wonderful for earth. Its splendor shall yet be a familiar thing with men. Science shall one day teach the world that water is not only the cure-all of mortal ills, but the only requisite to furnish light and warmth for their abodes. The peasant, rich in a mountain spring, shall have the comfort of a prince, in the knowledge of the simple process of decomposing water and distributing its gases for domestic use. The Alps shall glow with hospitable fires, and everywhere the coal mines shall give up their miserable hordes, their occupation gone, to the free air of heaven."

But to my chagrin I could not prevail upon one of the Water Spirits to tell me the secret.

A burning sensation in the soles of my feet now recalled me from the fancy of floating amid the stars, to the reality of standing upon an ice-floor covered with about two inches of water. The powerful sensation from standing thus long in this *footbath* accounted to me at once for what had seemed a most affected gait among the Water Spirits, who walked, or rather minced, about upon their toes, like exquisites in the ball-room at the acme of preparation for a bow. A downright flat-footed walk was absolutely unbearable, and, "*nil* or *will*," I took to the mincing wiggling gait as cleverly as the best of them. The more ridiculous it became the more delightful it was; for I could not but mark one striking effect of our free dabble with the cold water; that a superabundance of animal spirits made us jump at everything out of the way in manners, theories and deeds. A Water Spirit is essentially extravagant in all things, and so is a Water Doctor. But who cares for that when bounding health begins?

Our wriggle soon changed to a scamper, and we came suddenly upon a new wonder. Wheeling out from beneath the dome of the glacier, we entered a long side gallery which had the air of a conservatory; as it was lined with a double row of magnificent callas—as I termed them. But here again my wits were all at fault. With a graceful bound, Blumine seated herself in the corolla of one of these seeming plants, and instantly rose into the air upon a column of water; laughing, bowing, waving her arms, and flinging brilliant showers from her feet in the most enchanting manner. The whole troop of the Water Spirits now rushed for the flower seats, myself with them, and the next moment we were all dancing in the air like little balls on the jets of a fountain, most beautifully bespattered, and rising and falling with the pulsations of some hidden torrent. The motion caused at first a dreamy ecstasy, which soon gave way to a wide awake delight. I watched with admiration the sports of the younger sprites, now balancing themselves upright upon the heads of the columns, then lying face downward and spinning round like little mill-wheels, and again plunging in headforemost,

leaving visible only their tiny white feet, slightly parted like the pistil of a lily. At first I was alarmed lest the little creatures should fall: but this was entirely needless; as a body is upheld as safely at fifty feet as at ten. Indeed with no wind to wave the column, there is scarce a possibility of falling. And now commenced a general strife as to who should rise the highest.

Whoever reaches this region of Mount Salubria, finds a wonderful change in his powers of breathing; not only are all the air-cells of the lungs forced open, but the lungs themselves are greatly expanded, and one experiences an advantage hitherto supposed to be peculiar to water animals. I observed that by inhaling a deep breath, the Water Spirits were enabled to rise to an immense height, and that by pressing their arms akimbo, and breathing out, they could descend to their seats again. It requires, however, considerable skill to exhaust the breath so gradually as to light down with comfort. The strife then was, as to who could draw the longest breath; for other things being equal, that one of course would rise the highest. As I had hoped, my beautiful Blumine shook her ringlets in merry triumph over them all; but, strange that I did not foresee it, an opposite victory was reserved me in the descent. Determined not to be outdone by every one, I drew a breath at least forty feet power; but at that height was compelled to give such a puff, that I came down to my seat with the force of a pile-driver. This time I was sure I saw the stars, although my emotions were anything but angelic, as the arches of the glacier rang to the mirth of the Water Spirits. Before recovering myself I had leisure to reflect upon the illustration thus afforded, of the up and down of every man who undertakes something great without knowing how to manage himself. But as nothing was broken except the stem of an artificial ice plant, we left this *sitz* gallery as ready for new adventure as we entered it.

At the extreme end of the glacier was a small chamber, which they called the throne room. For a few feet beyond the entrance extended a platform entirely across the chamber, and on the opposite side another wider platform with a splendid ice throne in the centre. All between was deep water. My attention, upon entering was arrested by the vehement motions of a giant pacing to and fro along the platform before the throne. Now he beat the air with his fists, then lashed his body with his arms, and then kicked as if he meant to send an imaginary football over the moon. At every turn he seized a Preissnitz waterbeaker to drink from, but breathed such a gust into the goblet as sent the water splashing all over his head. Finally, after divers other extravagancies, he flung himself into his *plunge-bath*, and thrashed about like a grampus on the shoals. All this while the Water Spirits were laughing and clapping their hands at him with infinite glee; but I confess I was alarmed. Such

frantic vehemence methought may be sport for a time, but the end must be vengeance.

"Who is he?" I cried, "that his frenzy should be your delight?"

"This," said Blumine, "is our dearest friend, the tried guardian of the Water Spirits. Have you never heard of old Giant Reaction?"

Reaction! A minister of death, I had ever thought. Langour, ennui, despair, all that frail mortals have to dread was associated in my mind with that terrible word. And now I saw that reaction was a lusty power, and not the absence of power. Reaction! That name is the watch-word of the exulting host of Mount Salubria.

"Wilt ask a favor of him?" said Blumine.

"What may I safely ask?"

"Safely! indeed. Exhilaration, health, exuberant spirits; these are the gifts of Giant Reaction to the Water Spirits. Use them in their freshness, and they are your own—incorporated in your very life—and to him that hath shall be given."

As the foam and spray subsided after the giant's gambol, he appeared seated upon his throne, his countenance beaming with rosy good nature, like the sun after a shower. I could no longer be afraid of him. He opened his huge arms invitingly to the Water Spirits, and instantly all plunged in, and the next moment were climbing over the old Giant's shoulders, as children frolic with their grandpa. He too seemed as delighted with their freedom, as they with his good nature. The scene drew tears from my eyes.

O! methought, that Giant Reaction would embrace me thus as his grandchild!—for like all who see him for the first time, I feared lest he should not be propitious to me.

Yet did not Blumine say that I should ask a favor of him? Yes, see! He beckons to me also. With a plunge that carried me clear across the bath, I rose directly before him. He snatched me in his arms, even before I could regain my feet, and began tossing me in the air, and to give me all manner of gentle love pats. The sensations of childhood rushed fresh upon my heart, and clasping his dear neck, I vowed eternal filial devotion to old Giant Reaction, the guardian of the Water Spirits.

Here I was to take leave of the troop, and enter with my guide only a deeper cavern which extended into the heart of the mountain. We passed through a narrow entrance directly behind the throne, and after threading a narrow gallery in the rock, stood upon a projection which seemed to overhang the abyss of darkness. Faint rays of light, struggling through a fissure high up on the side of the cavern, gradually softened its gloom, and permitted me after a while to see the outline of a magnificent chamber. Huge cliffs loomed up on every side, and here and there stood enormous pillars, formed by stalactites and stalagmites meeting in mid-air. All was solemn and



cathedral-like; for the formations were in keeping with the grandest style of Gothic architecture. Descending by a difficult path we stood upon the floor of the cavern, and my eyes being now accustomed to the sombre light, a multitude of smaller formations attracted my attention. In a spacious recess opposite the entrance rose a succession of table-rocks fringed with stalactites, and along the sides of the recess thin sheets of limestone descended from an immense height, like massive folds of drapery; giving the place the air of a chancel fitted up for some grand solemnity. Upon examination I found these sheets of limestone to be sonorous.

From the moment of entering the cavern a foreboding of evil came over me, which not even all this grandeur could dispel; and at this point my fears found an object. I had been looking thoughtfully for several moments at what I supposed to be the reflection of light from the crevice, in two large crystals set in a shapeless mass of stone. Suddenly the object moved and uttered a hoarse laugh! A thrill of horror went through me, as with one who finds himself looking into the eyes of a panther in the dark. The arms of Blumine saved me from falling; and a few splashes of water brought me to myself. In the most rapid and earnest remonstrances, Blumine now assured me that the dwarf (whose person by this time was quite distinct) was the darling son of Giant Reaction, and every whit as good a friend as he to the Water Spirits. To show me her confidence in him, she began to pull his beard, called him her dear little "*Crassus*," or some such name, and asked him to dance with her. The dwarf showed temper at this dalliance, and refused even to shake hands with her. But to me he showed himself remarkably friendly. He advanced as if determined to give me a cordial welcome. I instinctively drew back; but at length, for Blumine's sake, I could not resist the offer of his hand, although a beetle hanging at his back forbade my confidence. To my great relief Blumine asked of him music.

At this word I understood at once that the splendid mass of stalagmites rising from the centre of the cavern, and separating far up into an infinity of slender tubes, was nothing less than a water-organ. The formation was consolidated at the base, and spread out in a series of projections, which, curving slightly upwards, admitted of one's sitting in them or lying in them. Wearied with the day's exertion I followed Blumine's suggestion, and stretched myself at length in one of the caves of this water-organ. The dwarf had disappeared, and Blumine had promised to remain within call; so that, freed from all disturbing company, I could listen to the music without interruption.

Instantly, as the prelude began, the splashing of water on all sides as from a fountain in full play, explained to me the mystery of this singular formation; that the sounds were produced by

the rush of water through its tubes. The water flowing freely down upon the base of the organ poured over me in a soft *wave bath*, whose ripples lightly tapping my head, and side and limbs, induced a composure every way favorable for the effect of the music, now swelling forth in the tender air. "Hope told a flattering tale." I had heard this air upon all instruments, and of late upon the *Æolian*, but never did it greet my ear in such exquisite tones as floated from this water-organ. The variations of the same piece held me in long sweet melancholy. Then commenced a wild mournful voluntary, ever modulating from key to key, and dwelling long upon the discords. To this succeeded a series of unmeaning chords; ascending in chromatics to a painfully high pitch, but without coming to any chord in which the ear could find repose; and then slowly descending upon the corresponding minors, yet without coming to a satisfying close. The same process was several times repeated, until my whole soul was wound up to an agony of expectation, such as swells the heart the moment preceding some terrible crisis in nature.

The effect upon my frame was strange and powerful. In the ascending chords, I felt a burning desire for something that ever just eluded my grasp, and a feverish vexation at the disappointment; and in the descending minor chords, that cold horror which possesses one who dreams himself falling, and about to be dashed in pieces. It seemed an age that my soul was thus held in dire suspense; but at length the organ modulated into a remote key, and commenced a stately dirge. Anything positive, anything that had character was a relief; and though so mournful a dirge never pealed upon mortal heart before, yet coming after those terrible discords, it fell so sweetly upon my ear, that with its every cadence grew the luxury of grief.

The dirge ceased. I attempted to rise; but I was motionless as a stone. The dreadful truth now flashed upon me. The water of the cave was petrifying, and I was turned to stone! I could feel that my whole body was covered with a thick incrustation, and that heavy stalactites hung from my fingers. A sharp pain upon the attempt to open my eyes told me they were crystallized! I gathered all my strength to shout—Blumine! but only a faint wheezing sound escaped me. My throat too was petrifying; for I had sipped freely of the water as it flowed over my face. My lips were hopelessly sealed; and the last motion of my tongue told me that my teeth were all turned to crystals. Every sense was sealed save that of hearing.

And now commenced a heavy booming sound like the great bass of the ocean, and as its slow vibrations touched the great arch above, the whole cavern gave prolonged response like dull reverberating thunder. Again that sound! again those slow vibrations going like heavy billows over my soul! I knew it well; for I remembered

the sonorous sheets of limestone. I remembered the dwarf also. He it was who had touched so powerfully the water-organ; he it was who now struck with his heavy beetle the tocsin of this mountain Abbey. I am then dead! methought: for as the last vibration died upon my ear, I had counted by the strokes my age.

A shudder ran through my frame; my bosom heaved with an effort to breathe out one last amen—instantly the water gushed from my mouth and nose and ears; and—I awoke!

There was a dull ringing in my ears; a pressure upon my brain from a rush of blood to the head; and seemingly the weight of a mountain upon my chest. I found myself indeed motionless as a stone; for I was tight *wrapped* as was ever Egyptian mummy, and panting beneath I know not how many layers of blankets and comfortables, with a great buffalo skin over all. The rush of blood was caused by the neglect of my attendant to place a wet cloth on my head after packing me thus in the *wet sheet*.

Such was my first experiment in Hydropathy, and such the fantasy which visited my brain as I lay dosing there like the papilio in his crysalis. In the course of the day I went through all the baths, and experienced those delightful sensations of which I had dreamed, as fully as the reputation of honest prose will suffer me to affirm. Certainly life has been fresher ever since. I did not stay to

endure the horrors of the *crisis*; but the account which one poor fellow gave of himself the previous night, undoubtedly caused me that terrible dream of the dwarf's cave and the water-organ. I am happy to state, however, that just as the patient in a crisis considers himself "as good as dead," he suddenly revives.

And now that Crassus and old Giant Reaction, and all the changes of this fantasy, are accounted for as correspondences of the facts of a cold water establishment, I see not how I am to dodge the question with which my readers press me at the close, "Pray, how do you account to us for Blumine?"

I confess it. Blumine is not altogether a fiction. It was part of my mission to Brattleboro' to bring back with me, if deemed advisable, a fair water patient, who, after years of untold suffering, had gone there to experience, if possible, some sensations of pleasurable life. It chanced that the first person I met upon entering the establishment was her very self, and so like her blooming self of other years, that a glad surprise exhilarated me all the evening. My wonder grew as I watched her bounding through the dance, to which the Dr. urges all his patients who are able to endure the exercise; and, to come to the point, when at length eyes were closed, and soft sleep was stealing over me, her rosy face peeping over the horizon of dream-land, caused me to see this beautiful day among the Water Spirits.

## THE MAIDEN'S DESTINY.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Low in a cavern, 'mid vapors dun,  
Their shadowy thread the Parac spun:  
The unseen ones who on life await  
Were twining the web of a maiden's fate.  
Pale Clotho, mungling the parti clew,  
The lengthening thread from the distaff drew;  
Chanting the while in cadence low,  
And these were her words of measured flow—  
"Turn the wheel, sister!

"The warp we twist and the woof we twine  
For the new-born spirit in earthly shrine;  
And varied and dark must the shading be  
In the hues of its mortal destiny.  
We dower the maiden with naught of grace,  
We give her no beauty of form or face;  
But the outward charms that the Fates deny  
In the luminous depths of her soul shall lie.  
Turn the wheel, sister!

"The warp we twist and the woof we twine  
We yield to the maiden that gift divine

Few love in woman, though all respect,  
Which bringeth the power by sages sought,  
To sway the sceptre o'er realms of thought—  
We give her the dower of Intellect!  
We give to her hand the God-tuned lyre,  
We touch her lip with the heavenly fire—  
Turn the wheel, sister!

"Be hers a spirit that palls with fame,  
A passionless brow and a heart of flame;  
And oh! more prized than her dower of pride  
Shall be the beauty to her denied—  
The power that lureth with sweet, sound art,  
The love of a truthful, a noble heart.  
Turn the wheel, sister!

"We doom her to love, and to love in vain—  
With a yearning spirit, a burning brain,  
Alone in her loneliness to pine,  
Till Atrôpos sever the clew we twine.  
Our task is ended—our work is done—  
Lo! the thread of the maiden's fate is spun!  
Stop the wheel, sister!"

## SOUTHWESTWARD HO! OR, THE MYSTERIES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JAMES S. BELL, M. D.

### INTRODUCTION.

PASSING through one of the lanes in the suburbs of our city, a few months ago, I was not a little surprised to see my friend, Dr. Gastrick, engaged in the undignified employment of chasing a flock of poultry. I called out to him just as he was in the act of stooping to pick something from the gutter.

"Hallo, doctor," said I, "what's the quarrel between you and the ducks?"

"Ah, my good sir—'*dux de literis sævit*'—'I've saved it from the ducks at last!'" and the doctor held up a bundle of soiled papers, consisting of several sheets sewed together, which had evidently once been a letter. The doctor, by the way, was a scholar and an antiquarian, but an inveterate punster. He took the letter, and having glanced over it, handed it to me, observing that it was in my line rather than his.

"Will it do?" said the old gentleman, as he watched me looking over it.

"Do for what, doctor?"

"To publish, to be sure. What's the meaning of *inventio*?"

"Well, it means a finding or inventing, I believe."

"Well, my good sir, we've *invented* it—that is to say, we've *found* it—and have we not a perfect right to publish what we have *invented*?"

"Very true, doctor; your logic is worthy the palmiest days of the 'schoolmen.' But supposing the thing to be worth giving to the public, there is still one little difficulty in the way. The letter has evidently been written by a southwestern man; it is private property, and, in short, you know, doctor, it would be anything but agreeable to have a six-feet-five-inch specimen of humanity from the head waters of the Rio del Norte come into my office some fine morning and salute me with an action for libel, a prosecution for petit larceny, or something of that sort, in the shape of—"

"A bowie-knife or a revolving pistol, eh? '*Multa joca solent esse in epistolis*'—'many a good *joke* ends in *pistols*,' as Cicero has it. Well, well; you can make every inquiry, you know, and if you can't find the writer, and if you think it worth printing and see no good reason why it shouldn't be printed, then you know you can—do what you please. For my part, I wash my hands of it; I hate long letters—always did. Do you know that the Romans thought it a hanging matter to write a long letter? You needn't

laugh, sir; I'll prove it. What's the meaning of *literam longam facere*?"

"It signifies to be hanged, to be sure. But you know, doctor, that '*litera longa*' refers to the letter I, because when a man is hanging he takes the shape of—"

"The letter I be hanged!—that's all balderdash! The Romans were a sensible people, sir, and they abominated all bores, conversational and epistolary—'*vita procul patriâ peragenda sub axe Boreo*,' as Ovid has it. You can't construe me that, sir, I'll bet a sixpence. It means that 'all bores should either be *expatriated* or have their heads brought under the *axe*.' Good morning, my dear sir, good morning!" and my eccentric old friend stumped off, twirling his cane in the air and muttering to himself, according to his invariable practice when walking alone.

For my part, I strolled on slowly homewards, perusing the letter, in which I soon became much interested. Whether the public will agree with me in this respect I am unable to say, but they shall, at all events, have the opportunity of judging for themselves—for, having used every means I can think of for the discovery of the writer, without success, I have determined to follow the advice of my friend Dr. Gastrick, and print my—or rather his—*invention*.

### THE LETTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Mindful of the promise which I made at parting, to make you acquainted with everything of an interesting nature which should befall me, I embrace an opportunity which has unexpectedly offered itself to send you this letter. On the present occasion, I will merely relate a few of the most important incidents of my journey, reserving all farther and more minute details for a subsequent communication; and before I begin my narrative, I must earnestly and solemnly enjoin it upon you not to breathe one syllable of the more important and more extraordinary events of this narrative to any human being; it is, in fact, only on this condition that I am permitted to address you by those who have the power and, in this respect probably, the right of controlling my words and actions.

You are well aware that my object in visiting the far southwest was rather the indulgence of a spirit of adventure than any participation in the motives by which most of the emigrants and tra-

velers are actuated. For this reason I attached myself to a party much smaller than those which usually undertake this arduous journey, but one that was likely to move with more celerity than the others. We were all either mounted on horses or mules, or provided with light wagons. A short time before we left Independence, in Missouri, which was our point of departure, we were joined by a traveler or trader who had with him a number of Mexican mules, and, by the advice of our guide, I procured one of these animals in place of the horse which I had intended to ride. The mule was somewhat slow, but when we reached the mountains I had reason to congratulate myself on account of my bargain, for the rooted oak was not firmer than his foot when once planted on the slippery rock or beside the shelving precipice. He was a perfect treasure.

The trader whom I have just mentioned was one of the most singular-looking individuals I have ever met with, and proved to be a standing puzzle for the whole of our party. Though quite limited in point of numbers, we had several strange, wild-looking characters among us, but none who could be at all compared to him in this respect. He was considerably past the middle period of life, but his frame had evidently suffered little diminution of its extraordinary vigor. Tall, and straight as an oriental palm tree, his limbs denoted an uncommon degree of bodily strength, but were at the same time almost perfect in their symmetry. His face must have been at one time remarkably handsome, but though the features were admirably moulded and even noble in their contour, they were overspread by such a death-like and unnatural paleness, that his appearance excited wonder rather than admiration in the mind of the beholder. His eye was darkly and beautifully bright, but wild and restless in the extreme; his mouth finely formed, but disfigured by a ceaseless quivering of the lips, which evidently proceeded from some strong and ever-present internal emotion. That which was generally thought to be most extraordinary about the man, however, was the uncertainty which prevailed in regard to his origin, his country. He was certainly unlike any race of men I have ever seen, and the same thing was said by every member of our little band. His long, straight, black hair, and his dark complexion, would have induced many at first sight to call him an Indian, but upon a closer examination, his features, his gait, his habits, and even his complexion, would have caused the observer to abandon the opinion formed upon his first impressions. He could not have been of the Caucasian stock, however, at least not of pure blood, and my own conclusion was that he must be of some mixed race, though what it might be I could not conjecture. He spoke very little, and was evidently but imperfectly acquainted with English. The little conversation I had with him was in Spanish, and nothing about this extraordinary individual astonished me so

much as his language, which was the genuine old Castilian, and at once put me in mind of Cervantes, and still more of the veteran warrior-poet, the conqueror and bard of the Araucanians, whose magnificent description of South American scenery we used to read with so much enthusiasm, Don Alonso de Ercilla. Another fact in relation to this man which had awakened the curiosity of his fellow-travelers, was this—he traveled in a small wagon drawn by two mules, the cover of which was always closely drawn, and any attempt to discover what he had inside of it was sure to arouse his anger to a degree that was absolutely terrific. In short, he and all that belonged to him were a mystery which no one could solve, and which I must confess greatly excited my curiosity.

I shall never forget my sensations on the morning of our departure. It was early spring, and there had been a little frost during the night, just enough to give a bracing coolness to the morning air. We had advanced a few miles, when the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and threw a broad band of light far to the westward over the boundless prairie, as if marking out a path for us to the distant regions to which we were traveling. Our guide, who was no mean performer on the bugle, saluted the rising luminary with a lively air, and my spirits were so exhilarated by the sounds, that I could not avoid answering them by a shout, delivered with the whole strength of my lungs, which was echoed and re-echoed along the line of our little cavalcade by every individual in the company, with the exception of the nondescript individual whom I have mentioned. He did not appear, indeed, to have heard either the bugle or the shout, but walked along, swinging his long rifle to and fro in a state of seeming abstraction or apathy, from which he was seldom aroused for days and weeks together.

Nothing worthy of record occurred for several weeks after our departure. One or two of my companions were *originals*, such as are only to be seen on the borders of a new country, and they afforded some amusement, but the chief object of interest in my eyes, and eventually the only one, was the strange-looking man and his mysterious wagon. I found that he called himself Antonio Morena, and though he generally answered only in monosyllables, there were times when I could succeed in drawing him into conversation for a short time; but on the slightest allusion being made either to himself or to the mystery of the wagon, he would break off the conversation abruptly, and for several days afterwards would hardly give any answer to the most insignificant question. As to getting a peep into the wagon, that was entirely out of the question, for, in addition to the jealous watchfulness of the driver, an immense mastiff was chained under the vehicle, who would growl and call the attention of his master if any one approached within several yards of him. You may laugh at me if you will, but I

must make the confession that my curiosity was aroused to such a degree that everything became distasteful to me which was not in some way connected with this man and his wagon.

At last a circumstance occurred which created such an intense anxiety to penetrate the mystery, that I resolved to do so even at the risk of my life. I was already satisfied that the so strictly guarded vehicle contained a human being of some sort, for, though I could never see any food put inside of the mysterious curtains, I *had* seen water taken in, and that too in vessels which I was pretty sure would never have been used to *water* any kind of animal but a human one. One bright moonlight night, when I was sauntering near the wagon as usual, I saw something move beneath the covering, and finally an object of some description protruded at one corner. Now, thought I, if I can but get close enough to see what this is, the mystery is solved. Stealing on tiptoe, with lips compressed, and not daring even to breathe, I slowly approached the spot, and saw—two little rosy-tipped fingers, which were withdrawn almost as soon as I caught a glimpse of them.

Now I hear that sneering, supercilious "he! he! he!" of yours, three-quarters of a thousand miles off though it be, and your charitable remarks upon what you are pleased to term my "fishing after the romantic." I know the very thoughts that are passing through your mind—you are accusing me of fancying myself the hero of a romance after the fashion of Cooper's "Prairie." Well, to confess the truth, I *had* been thinking about the prairie for weeks, and I thought about it more than ever on that particular evening too. And how was I to help it, I'd like to know, when I had fifty things all about me constantly reminding me of it? However, hero or not, the sight of those fingers gave me such a longing desire for another and a more satisfactory peep, that, as I said before, I resolved to have it, cost what it would, at the very first opportunity.

I had been for some time past making every effort in my power to cultivate the affections of the canine Argus of Señor Morena, and I now redoubled my endeavors for that purpose, though my advances had hitherto been met with a most mortifying coldness, the most insinuating of my compliments being acknowledged only by a savage growl. Dogs, however, as well as men, "have their price," and the valuation at which old Bruno estimated his favors was a supply of buffalo hump, "furnished on the sly," of course. I discovered, by accident, that the dog was remarkably fond of this particular dainty, and I soon found that a peace-offering of this kind mollified him considerably—the more so, I suppose, because his master fed him very sparingly, with a view to make him more cross and watchful. From the moment this discovery was made, I became the purchaser of every hump that was shot, and thus gained the reputation of an epicure

for the first time in my life. Bruno would now allow me to go near him, and even to caress him, but it was a long time before I could even touch the cover of the wagon without being saluted with an angry growl, which would invariably attract the attention of his master, and awake him if asleep.

At last, one evening about sunset, one of Morena's mules took a freak and broke away from him, as he was unharnessing his team. He had these animals so well trained that they would generally obey the sound of his voice, and come when he called them from any distance; but on this occasion, all his efforts to lure back the stray creature were unavailing, and he was finally obliged to go to it. I had been watching his movements, and the moment his attention was withdrawn I provided myself with a good large slice of the savory meat, and offered it to Bruno with one hand while I drew back the covering of the wagon with the other. The first object that presented itself positively dazzled me. It was a pair of human eyes, but so black, so brilliant, that for a moment I was more than half disposed to believe that there was some sort of necromancy about them. It really appeared to me that I might have lit a cigar by them. A second glance, however, convinced me that these dark glowing orbs belonged to a woman—a real, *bona fide*, unmistakable woman, and the most bewitchingly lovely creature, too, I had ever beheld. She was very young, and had the same peculiarities of face and feature which distinguished her protector, or companion, or whatever he might be. Her complexion was very dark, but so clear, so transparent, so brilliantly beautiful, that, in connection with those magnificent eyes, it presented a *tout ensemble* of loveliness which I had dreamed of before, but never witnessed. Her dress was peculiar, fantastical even, but admirably adapted to give effect to her surpassing beauty. She was startled at my intrusion, but did not seem displeased. I exchanged a few hasty words with her, and found that she spoke English and Spanish both perfectly well, but when I ventured to express something of the admiration which I found it impossible to restrain, she hastily withdrew behind a curtain which divided the interior of the wagon into two portions, and I saw her no more that evening.

You may well suppose that this discovery did not cause me to abate my efforts for the subjugation of Bruno, and for getting access to the wagon. The dog became at length so completely mollified that he made no further opposition to my wishes, and I was soon enabled to pay a visit to my black-eyed beauty every time that I could elude the vigilance of Señor Antonio. Her displeasure at the boldness I manifested at our first interview was not of very long duration, and after a time I was overjoyed to find that my visits were by no means displeasing to her, although she was in constant fear lest they should be detected by her guardian.

Antonio Morena had taught this lovely being to call him uncle, and although she had some doubts on this point, she had at all events been under his tutelage ever since she could remember anything. Her name, at least that by which he called her, was Inez—Inez Morena. She had been well educated, partly in a convent in Mexico, partly in New Orleans, whence she had been recently removed by her uncle. Her first recollections, at all events the first of which she had any clear and well-defined conception, were of the former city, where she passed her childhood. She told me, however, that there were, far back in her memory, indistinct traces of remembrance of a country different both from Mexico and from the United States. Her uncle, according to his own statement, was now taking her to his home in California, where, he said, he had provided a rich husband for her. He treated her harshly, and the poor girl often shed tears when thinking of her future prospects.

One evening, during a stolen visit to the wagon, I became so entirely absorbed in my conversation with the lovely traveler, that I neglected to take the precautions which I usually adopted, and I was suddenly startled by a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder. I turned, and by the light of a bright moon, beheld the strange, pale face of Antonio Morena, absolutely convulsed with rage. He spoke not a word, however, and after waiting a few moments to give him time to address me if he wished it, I withdrew to my own bivouac. I lay a long time reflecting upon the singular situation in which I was placed with regard to this lovely and interesting creature, and did not get to sleep till long past midnight. I slept soundly the next morning until the guide came to wake me after the preparations were made for starting. I sprang up and was soon ready for the road, but, to my utter consternation, when we were about to fall into the customary order of march, Antonio Morena and his wagon were nowhere to be seen!

This incident moved me even more than I would have believed possible, and in spite of the ridicule and remonstrances of my fellow-travelers—who all suspected what was inside of the wagon—I resolved to start in pursuit of the lovely Inez. The tracks of the wheels were plainly to be seen, and I was soon on the trail, urging my mule to the very top of his speed. Morena had taken a course considerably to the southward of that we had been pursuing. I had no difficulty in following the track until I came to a stream of water, which crossed it nearly at right angles. Here an evident attempt had been made to baffle me or any one else who might be in pursuit of the wagon, by driving for some distance in the bed of the stream. I first followed the water course upwards for about two miles, but saw no trace of wheels emerging from it on either side. Supposing that Morena would not pursue this fatiguing system farther than two miles, I now retraced my steps to the

point where I struck the stream, and thence began to search downwards. Being well convinced that the wagon had taken this direction, I advanced slowly and with the utmost caution, and in this way explored both sides of the stream for at least five miles from the place where I started, but not the least trace of a wheel was anywhere to be seen. I was puzzled exceedingly. There was plenty of soft clay on both banks, so that the wheels could not by any possibility touch them without leaving a palpable mark. The only conclusion I could come to was that I had not yet reached the place where they had left the water. I therefore continued the search in the same direction until I came to rocks and other obstructions, which no wheeled vehicle could have surmounted. Nothing now remained but to return to the starting point again, and make an examination farther up the stream than I had gone before. The wagon must have left the water somewhere, and I could not conceive it possible that I could have passed the place without seeing it. The sun had now set, however, and it was too late to think of doing anything more till the next day; I therefore partook of a scanty supper which I had brought with me, and being much fatigued, slept soundly in my blanket till morning.

As soon as it was light enough to see, I recommenced my search, but with no better success than before. I followed the stream upwards several miles farther than I had gone the first time, until I came to a place where it was literally filled up with stones and drift-wood, but no wagon-track was to be seen. I was now completely nonplussed. I sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and throwing my bridle-rein over my arm, I racked my brain with speculations and surmises as to the true state of the case, but could come to no satisfactory solution of the perplexing problem. At last I formed a determination to dam up the stream, if possible, at the place where the wagon had entered it. This would be a most arduous undertaking, but I hoped by that means to discover what course the wheel-tracks had taken, and thence to obtain some clue to the mystery.

As I was mounting my mule with the determination to put my resolution in practice immediately, I observed an Indian on horseback far out on the prairie. He had checked his horse, and was evidently watching me. It occurred to me at once that if I could avail myself of the well-known sagacity of one of these sons of the forest, it might be of advantage to me; I therefore hallooed and beckoned to the Indian, who, after a moment's hesitation, put spurs to his horse and was by my side in an instant. He was a fine-looking young Pawnee, armed only with a bow and arrows. I made signs to him that I wished him to ride down the stream with me, and at the same time made him a present of a jack-knife, which appeared to secure me his good-will at once. When we reached the spot where the wagon had

entered the stream, I pointed to the tracks and explained to him, as well as I could, the difficulty I had met with. He understood me at once, and with a bright, intelligent look, and a nod, sprang from his horse, and was soon busily engaged in examining the tracks. In less than a minute he uttered a low guttural exclamation, and directed my attention to a kind of indistinct impression made in the clay among the mule-tracks. These marks were larger than those made by the hoofs of the mules, and about as numerous. The Indian traced them to the water's edge, and having stopped a few minutes as if buried in thought, he suddenly uttered another interjection, and began to follow them up in the opposite direction. The earth was here quite soft, and they could easily be seen. After tracing them back about a dozen yards, we found that they quitted the wheel-track and turned off in the direction of the stream, to the edge of which we now followed them. We then crossed the water, and found the same tracks emerging from it on the opposite side and a little way down the stream. Still, however, there was no sign of wheel tracks. After we had proceeded a little distance from the water's edge, the tracks began to be very indistinct, and without the Pawnee's assistance I would never have been able to make them out; he traced them up, however, with unerring sagacity, and about twenty rods from the bank, to my great joy and astonishment, the nondescript marks changed into genuine mule tracks, and the traces of the wagon wheels reappeared on either side of them. In answer to my inquiring look, the Indian pointed to several large strips of strong, tough bark which lay scattered about the spot. The whole truth flashed upon my mind at once. After driving his team into the water, Morena had fastened some sort of a bandage round the feet of his mules, so that they would make no distinct tracks in the soft clay, and then led them back on their own trail for a short distance, and thence by a circuitous rout into the water again; then, having provided the strips of bark, he had attached the mules to the wagon, and as soon as it had reached the bank, had placed these strips carefully under the wheels, and managed it so that they ran on them alone, and, of course, left no trace of their passage, the bark being removed as soon as the wheels had passed over it, and carried to the front again. By this means, the wagon and mules were removed to a considerable distance from the bank of the stream, without leaving any trace of their passage which could be detected by an ordinary eye.

Being now fairly on the track again, I started off with renewed vigor in company with the young Pawnee, to whom I had presented a handsome pocket-pistol and a small quantity of powder and ball. We traveled much faster than Morena could do, for the Indian kept the trail with the sagacity of a hound, without stopping to look for the tracks as I had often been obliged to do. I

had lost about two days, however, at the stream, and it was not until the evening of the fourth day, after leaving it, that we got a sight of the wagon. We were passing through a narrow defile in the mountains—which we had reached the preceding day—when we heard the sharp crack of a rifle below us, followed by the Indian war-whoop. We instantly put spurs to our animals and dashed down the mountain at full speed. On a small, level spot of ground, surrounded on all sides by thick bushes, we saw the wagon, and Antonio Morena in the midst of a group of seven or eight Indians, one of whom had already dragged out the lovely Inez and was searching for booty. I paused a moment, and singling out a tall savage, who appeared to be the leader of the party, I sent a bullet to his heart; and my companion having in the meantime discharged two arrows, one of which took effect, we both charged in among them at full speed with knife and pistol. The bushes were so thick that they saw nothing of us until we were in the midst of them, and this sudden attack produced such a panic that they took to their heels almost immediately, carrying off one of their number who had been seriously wounded by the Pawnee, and the body of another who had been shot by Morena, leaving behind in their haste the body of the one I had killed, which was immediately scalped by my companion, who at once recognized the principal chief of a hostile tribe in the painted carcass before him.

The moment I saw that the enemy had been put to flight, I ran to the assistance of Inez, who had fallen to the ground as soon as she had been freed from the Indian's grasp, half dead with terror. I raised her in my arms, and whispered—"Dear Inez!" The instant that she heard my voice she opened those matchless eyes and gave me a look, so tender, so confiding, that I was more than half persuaded to carry her off with me at once and at all hazards. I was afraid she would not consent to this, however; I therefore contented myself with straining her to my heart, as I bore her to the wagon, whispering at the same time many a protestation of love, fervid as the sun which was glowing like an immense ball of fire in the west, and firm as the everlasting peaks behind which he was about to sink to rest.

Morena now endured my company, though I could not flatter myself that he desired it, and no longer opposed my speaking to Inez in his presence. The Pawnee was impatient to display his scalp, and we were now at a great distance from the hunting-grounds of his people; he therefore took leave of us the morning after the fight. The second day after this affair we halted at a most beautiful spot among the mountains, where Morena signified his intention of tarrying several days, and from various hints which he threw out I saw that he was most anxious that I should leave him before some expected event should occur, but as to what the nature of that event might be I could form no idea.

After we had been in this place about twenty-four hours, my fellow-traveler began to exhibit various marks of uneasiness and impatience. He would often ascend an eminence which overlooked the little valley in which we were encamped, and gaze long and earnestly towards the south, and when he returned to us again he always showed symptoms of disappointment. These short absences of his were the only opportunities I had of speaking privately with Inez, and it is not necessary for me to tell you that I improved them to the best of my ability.

On the evening of the fourth day since we halted, it was decided that we should resume our journey on the following morning. The night passed away, the sun rose, and we were soon wending our way farther still into the far south-west. We had advanced only a few hundred rods, when we heard some one calling out from behind—"Hold, *Señor Antonio!* *Heteme aquí!* —*alto!*—*halt!*" We stopped, and Morena's features relaxed into a sort of ghastly smile, the first I had ever seen upon his lips. The individual who had hailed us soon made his appearance in the shape of a full-blooded Mexican dandy, and one of the most exquisite of his tribe. He was mounted upon a lively little horse, who possessed in great perfection the "*sobre passo*" so much valued among his countrymen, a species of pace in which the animal lifts up and puts down his two right or left feet at the same time, but raising the fore-foot more than the hinder, which produces a quicker and yet gentler motion than trotting. The horse, too, was a genuine *brazeador*—that is, he had the habit of raising his fore-feet very high, with an inclination outwards. The costume both of the beast and the rider, was precisely such as may be seen on one of the fashionable *alamedas* of Mexico, and as you have never had an opportunity of seeing such a "turn out," I will give you a brief description of it.

The dainty equestrian rode with a single rein of white leather, thickly studded with silver, and with a sharp Arabian bit. Along the upper part of the frontlet ran a slip of fur about two inches wide, and embroidered with gold at both ends. It is made to draw down, so as to cover up the left eye of the horse in mounting. The saddle, circular behind and terminating in a pommel in front, was literally plated with silver, and had a richly embroidered fur covering. From the pommel were suspended the *armas de agua*, a sort of umbrellas for the legs. They were made in this instance of dressed tiger-skin, with the hair turned outwards, bordered on the top with red morocco, and, like every other part of the horse furniture, embroidered with gold and silver. They were fixed so as to be drawn over the legs when it rained. To complete this ridiculous accoutrement, the back part of the horse was encased in an *anquera* or leathern coat of mail, reaching down to the shanks. This was also richly em-

broidered, and had a border of a kind of silver fringe, which produced a constant jingling.

The dress of the rider was hardly less grotesque than that of the horse, and of a cut and fashion which beggars description. He wore a broad-brimmed hat of a reddish-brown color and with a very shallow crown, the under side of the brim being decorated with gold lace two inches in breadth, and the edges of the crown and brim trimmed with the same. His *manga* or cloak was simply a piece of blue cloth, with a hole cut in the centre of it to admit this head. It was lined with red calico, and trimmed with ribbons and fringes interwoven with glass beads. His nether garments were most elaborately ornamented, and were probably the most costly portion of a dress which could not have been worth less than four or five hundred dollars. Below the knee he wore an ornamented stag-skin as a protection against thorns, and his boots were furnished with an enormous pair of spurs, which, with their appendages, must have weighed from three to four pounds. On his head, underneath the hat, he had a *pano de sol*, or sun-cloth, which was also heavily embroidered.

I fear I have wearied you with this description, but at all events it is now finished, for the man who was inside of this glittering dress, the owner of all this costly paraphernalia, was so utterly insignificant that he hardly requires any notice whatever. He was short in stature, mean-looking and pompous, with his lips constantly twisted into a self-sufficient smirk. He bowed as he approached us, and waved his hand with a sort of patronizing air, which he evidently intended to be very graceful. I saw a curl upon the expressive lip of Morena;—it vanished in an instant, but the concentrated scorn which it expressed will never pass from my memory. He saluted the dandy with grave courtesy, styling him *Don Juan*, and this was the only name I ever heard for him. The little *caballero* honored me with a half contemptuous stare, and then, with a grin and a leer towards the wagon, he took Morena aside and conversed with him for about ten minutes. The two then approached the place where Inez sat, and the Mexican was introduced to her. She received him very coldly, but he had the impudence to address her in a style which caused my fingers to tingle with an impatience to become better acquainted with his ears, which I had much difficulty in restraining.

This ridiculous mannikin took up his line of march in our company, and, much to my regret, I found that he was to remain with us for the whole journey. We did not agree remarkably well, as you may suppose, and there were several occasions when I would have pulled his nose with a will if it had not been for my wish to avoid giving offence to Morena, with whom I was desirous of keeping on as good terms as possible, for the present at least.



One evening I had been leading my mule to forage at some distance from the rest of the party. As I was returning I heard a scream from Inez, which accelerated my movements, and when I reached the wagon I saw her struggling with the dandy Don Juan, who was attempting to kiss her. "*Tente—belitre cobarde!*" I shouted, and ran towards them with all the speed I was master of. The dastardly wretch now tried to sneak away, but I soon overtook him and griped him by the throat. He squealed like a stuck pig as I forced him against a tree, and begged for mercy. My fingers grew tighter and tighter about his wind-pipe, contracting themselves almost spontaneously, and I could hardly resist the temptation to choke him outright; his soul, however, if he had one, did not belong to me, and I contented myself with seizing him by the waistband of his breeches and tossing him into a pool of stagnant water, in which the mules had just been trampling and stirring up the mud. His head struck first, and I leave you to imagine the predicament his five hundred dollar dress was in by the time he had scrambled out again. I left him shaking himself, and went to the wagon where Inez was sitting. I had been there but a few minutes when she suddenly turned pale, and was opening her lips to speak, when I wheeled about rapidly in the direction indicated by her eye, and saw the venomous little reptile crawling around the cor-

ner of the wagon with a Bowie-knife raised above his head. I sprang upon him instantly, and wresting the weapon from him, hurled him back again into the horse-pond with all the force I could exert. This time he had enough of it, for he was almost suffocated.

Morena looked quietly on during the whole of this rencontre, and from the expression of his lip, which spoke most impressively when silent—if I may be allowed the paradox—I saw that he was secretly pleased with the ducking of Señor Don Juan. I did not, however, forget to note the fact that he never offered to interfere either to protect his niece from insult or me from assassination. After this affair, my situation became a very precarious one, for I plainly perceived that both of the men were anxious to get rid of me; and I felt pretty well assured that neither of them would scruple to make use of any means which they might find within their reach and suitable for their purpose. I felt convinced, too, that the little Don and Morena were watching each other and distrustful of each other's intentions. Three human beings, men, alone in the trackless desert of the far southwest, no civilized creature within hundreds of miles, perhaps, and they ready to cut each other's throats—about a woman! What an apt comment upon the depravity of the one sex and the omnipotence of the other!

(To be continued.)

## NEAR THE SCHUYLKILL'S GREEN MARGIN.

"Where shall I come to weep?"

BY THE LONE BARD.

WHERE bloometh the wild rose, and softly along  
Flows gently the streamlet—a requiem song—  
Where's heard, in low murmurs, the wind-spirit's lay,  
As it breathes through the wild wood, and seemeth to  
say—

Sorrowing Pilgrim,  
Lonely and drear,  
One whom thou lovest  
Slumbereth here.

Silent, sorrowless,  
Calm is his sleep;  
Ye who have lov'd him,  
Come now and weep;

Mournfully sigheth  
The wind-spirit's song,  
Murmuring sadly—  
Passeth along.

Weave a chaplet of ivy—  
Let the verdant wreath be  
With the fond cypress woven—  
The willow's sad tree.

Near the Schuylkill's green margin,\*  
Where its waves kiss the shore,  
The LONE BARD is sleeping—  
His sorrows are o'er.

Where the wildest flow'rets grow,  
Blooming, withering, dying, fled—  
Let the pure abundance flow  
On his dew-gemm'd, grassy bed.

In silence, lone Pilgrim, draw near to his tomb,  
And mourn where the wild flowers blossom and bloom.  
There, birds of sweet carol shall chaunt o'er his sleep,  
And the dews of the valley in sympathy weep.†

\* Laurel Hill.

† Line from a poem recently published by the author.

## PICTORIAL PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THEOPHILUS SMUDGE.

EDITED BY CIMABUE BRIGGS, ESQ.

"COME in," I exclaimed, to a knuckle-rap at my door one day, which brought my grand epic swindling friend (Vernon) into my room, accompanied by an odd, weasly-looking little man, whom he introduced as his friend Mr. Kidd.

"Mr. Theophilus Smudge—Mr. Greyborn Kidd—and I trust that you gentlemen will make such service of each other, both professionally and friendly, as to render this occasion equally agreeable in the memory of three devoted members of a great profession."

I thanked him for his kindness and his friend for his condescension, who strangely returned the compliment by requesting me "not to say anything about it," adding, that he had no doubt "we should be able to make the 'deal' all right," after which he glided in a quiet and humble manner about my room, rubbing his hands and looking over my pictures and studies rather with his nose than his eyes, so closely did he hunt by scent the *modus operandi* pursued by me in my endeavors to imitate nature—during which act I had leisure to observe that Mr. Greyborn Kidd was a little man, very little, in feature and figure, with a sharp nose, and a wide mouth, but pursed up so closely that he appeared to be striving to deceive the beholder into a belief that he had no mouth at all; then his eyes, which were neither black, brown, blue nor gray, but partaking of a mixture of all those colors, were as small as so small a man's eyes could well be—you, nevertheless, could not deny their piercing sharpness, as they twinkled through a yellow, jaundiced bordering, imparting to him the appearance of a golden-eyed needle.

"There's some stuff about my friend Smudge," said Vernon—who had already lighted a cigar, and having stuck a chair between his legs, was, whilst leaning over the back of it, following with his looks this queer personage from one canvas to another—"there's some stuff about him—vigorous pencil—brilliant color—transparent shadows—excellent at composition. He'll be amongst 'em, sir, before long—he'll make a great man—he'll make a perfect——"

"Will he ever make four pounds a week," interrupted Mr. Kidd before Vernon could finish his eulogistic strain, "unless he turn his attention to *doctoring*? Pardon me, mister"—he continued, as he approached me with one of my out-of-door sketches in his hand—"now here's a proof that you are ignorant of your abilities, or rather that you do not know how to make the most of them. Had these pigs been only painted

a little fatter, with more of the roley-poley touch in the bit of sky above them, you might have easily manufactured a very fair Morland."

"'Pon my word, Mr. Kidd," I answered, "if your genius for painting be equal to your humor, I shall feel an extra gratification for this introduction."

"Don't say nothing about it, mister," he rejoined; "but show me the old head which Mr. Vernon has brought me here to see."

"Ay, ay, the old head," echoed Vernon; "you'll better understand Kidd when he is before one of the old school."

I brought out the Caravaggio and placed it upon my easel for the better scrutiny of the gentleman, and was as much surprised at the judgment he displayed in his remarks as I had been amused by the drollery of his previous conduct, which had erroneously led me to expect nothing from him. At length, winking his little eyes most industriously—which upon further acquaintance I discovered to be as great an essential to him in the process of thinking or inventing, as that of biting the thumb or scratching the ear is to another—he said, "This is an awkward kind of picture to have—good, and yet of no good—no one can deny its quality, but it's of the wrong sort, mister: people don't care now-a-days for St. Peter; and if you live by the public, you must cook the dish to the public palate."

"What," I inquired, "am I to infer from these observations?"

"An alteration of the subject," said the little man; "simply, mister, an alteration. You seem astonished?"

I confessed it.

"Well, then, what I am about to propose may have a difficult aspect in its performance—that is, difficult to you, if I may be allowed to form an opinion from your ignorance of *doctoring*, and of that I am positive from the waste of talent which I see about me in this room."

Amidst this mixture of compliment and censure, I inquired what my little lecturer meant by *doctoring*—a quality which he seemed to consider the want of in any one as pitiable as the absence of sight—a state of artistic darkness from which, could I but emancipate myself, it would be the means of invigorating my faculties, and imbuing me with gracious novelties. "May I request the favor of an explanation of this to me mysterious term, *doctoring*, as applicable to art? I must confess its novelty."

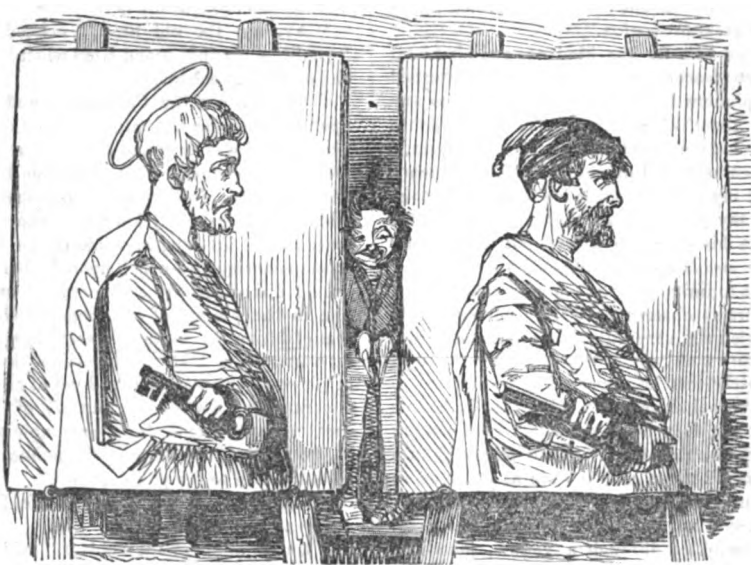
Vernon here reminded my informant that I was

a perfect infant and a regular innocent, adding that it was not at all likely, from what he knew of me, that I should ever interfere with the more recondite mysteries of picture-making, which was Mr. Kidd's peculiar province.

"It isn't one that could glut the market," answered that gentleman; "and there's fish enough for more anglers; so I'm sure I shall feel no objection to be as communicative to Mr. Smudge as I would be *close* to a gentleman."

As I laughingly thanked him for his kind offer, he added—"By the gentleman, I mean the fish. Know that if you once show the hook it's all over—for if he was hungry enough he'd never bite, for the fear of being caught, and so die of starvation. To doctor a picture," he continued,

"is to do the ancient gaff, to make the production of to-day wear the respectable and seductive garb of two centuries back; and there's plenty of that sort, cooked up for the knowing ones, I promise you. But I'll explain all about it upon some other occasion, when I expect the pleasure of a visit from you. For the present, however, it will be enough to settle upon the alteration of St. Peter, which, in my opinion, may be better effected thus—first, paint out the glory and the wards of the key in the saint's hand, then put him on a red cap, and you will have a bandit on the look-out, the key being converted by the alteration into a pistol—a decidedly more saleable article, and one," he added, "upon which you may affix a more profitable name—*Salvator Rosa*."



"Bravo!" said Vernon; "I told you Kidd was the boy; he's a conjurer amongst the old masters, though he acknowledges to be ignorant of high art. That's excellent!" he continued, "St. Peter in the character of a smuggler on the look-out. I wonder whether those fellows we were accustomed to see in Ackermann's windows were originally all saints? There used to be one continually on the look-out in Beaufort Buildings, whilst two others kept their eyes and their pistols in the direction of Exeter Hall."

Whereat Mr. Kidd appeared much complimented, and after stating that if I would gratify him with a call, he could perhaps deal with me for St. Peter, provided I disliked the task of altering it; he handed me his card, on which was printed in respectable type—

MR. GREYBORN KIDD,  
Picture Dealer, Cleaner, & Sinner,  
BEST OILER,  
AND  
ARTIST IN GENERAL,  
No. 293 WARDOUR STREET, SOHO.  
*N. B. Pull the top bell on the right.*

Many persons aver that "the first impression is everything." It was not so with respect to Mr. Greyborn Kidd's effect upon me: all that struck me as being curiously characteristic at my

first interview with him, kicked the beam when balanced with the comical figure he made in his own workshop—as he called his painting-room, or rather the apartment in which he afterwards laid bare to me the art of doctoring, with a few other choice maneuvers to be hereinafter explained. He looked something between a cabin boy and a philosopher, partly marine, partly metaphysical, slipshod as he was, wearing a skirtless coat, from a button-hole of which hung a dirty cloth, whilst his little head was surmounted with an old black velvet cap. He was an oddity amongst oddities—and as to his room and the contents thereof, I regarded them with about the same feeling of surprise and superstition with which I had, when a boy, stared at the frontispiece to “The Dreamer, or the Art of Magic,” which, it must be remembered, represented an old lady with a beard, and a book of hieroglyphics before her, and some stuffed alligators and unknown animals pendent from the ceiling above her. It was with precisely the like amount of awe and speculation that my eyes wandered from one object to another; everything there had a treasonable air; every shelf, as well as the only table in the place, was fairly put to use with phials out of number, and in each a different sort of oil, varnish or alkali; dirty gallipots containing mysterious messes and mouldy mixtures, bits of rag, crumbled whiting, pieces of putty, with here a broken knife clogged with something, and there a pauper tooth-brush in company with a remnant of sealing-wax and a pair of compasses. Then there were nails of various kinds, string, pincers, brad-awls, wire, a bit of glass with an artful-looking paste upon it, and, indeed, so many unknown articles, that it would require a more experienced hand than I pretend to even to make a venture at an inventory of Kidd’s museum. And all this over and above canvases, panels, old stretchers, easels, and the necessary supply of materials for which I was prepared.

“I am glad that you’ve come, mister,” said my little genius, “as I have had to do a Cuyp, and am just going to doctor it”—placing on the easel at the same time a modern picture, either an imitation or a copy of that master—that is, it represented two or three cows in repose on the bank of a river, a distant village church on a low horizon, and a Dutch vessel nearing the foreground—where, as well as the cattle above-mentioned, were some full-grown burdocks and sedges, receiving their share of illumination from the glances of the departing sun. “Yes, yes,” he continued, “I’ll now show you what more than half the self-created connoisseurs are caught with—the bird-lime of the picture-dealer, as my governor used to say—the theatrical wig—the stolid silence of the dolt, which is given out and passes current amongst noodles for the deep thought of the learned philosopher.”

“Pardon me,” I interrupted, “was your father in the same profession which you follow?”

“Not at all, mister,” he replied; “when I mention my governor, I mean Old Emery—‘Sand-paper,’ as I used to call him—with whom I served a hard five years of my life. My poor, dear father was a different sort of character,” he added, “though he was in the doctoring line.”

“A medical man?”

“Oh! no, not he—he’d nothing to do with physic.”

“A cow-doctor?” I jocosely suggested.

“You haven’t got it yet, mister,” said my little friend; “he was neither a cow nor a horse-doctor.” Looking me full in the face, and with a knowing smile, he added—“Nevertheless, he was a doctor—ay, a smoke-doctor, for he cured bad chimneys.”

He stopped my laughter and his own by further informing me that he had lost two good parents at an early age, and that as he had shown an ability and strong liking for drawing and painting, a relative on his mother’s side had considered himself as performing a great service by apprenticing him to what he had been informed was a good business and which was in the hands of a few.

“And that’s where it is,” said the little man; “for being brought up to it, I so continue; and if the dealers will have nothing but these sort of things”—pointing to the pictorial contents of the apartment—“and the folks are more for displaying a supposititious knowledge than a love for works of art, and poor devils such as myself have no other occupation to exist by—why, here goes.”

Whereupon, having slightly oiled and wiped the young Cuyp on the easel, he proceeded to rub the sky and distance over with a dingy mixture of myguelp, ivory black and Naples-yellow, avoiding the foreground, which he served in the same way, but with bitumen in the place of the black and yellow, observing to me, during the process, that the doctor for the foreground would be too hot for the more opaque parts of the picture—the sky and distance—whilst the preparation for those parts would be too muddy and opaque for the transparency of near objects. Having thus passed evenly over the surface, he next, by a circular motion of the thumb, rubbed the dirt into the interstices of the picture, producing a kind of granulated texture, the apparent effect of age.

Here the dawn of deception in the picture world first opened upon me. I was astounded at the metamorphosis which in ten minutes was performed on a newly-painted work—a senile visage stamped, as it were instantaneously, upon the unfurrowed infant. “Many a picture,” I exclaimed, “must I have seen which could not have been long from your easel, or some one’s equally expert, which I innocently contemplated as of two centuries back.”

“Ha! ha! that’s more than likely,” said the little conjuror. “I suppose you never once thought of making a calculation as to how many

accredited pictures by different masters there are in the various public and private collections! My governor once did; and as to Cuyyp alone, he proved that he must have been harder worked than a West India slave to have produced a half that bear his name. Then you see every purchaser hugs himself upon having one of the right sort. So soon as it is in his possession it becomes his pet, and like one of his children he sees it all beautiful; peculiarities regarded by his neighbors as objectionable, his self-devotion glazes into symbols of excellence—and that's where it is, only half the cheat is perpetrated for him, the remainder he himself perfects. But I have not finished by half yet," he continued. "Now observe, Mr. Smudge—to your notions there is an aged look in this picture: we must go further for your connoisseur; it requires the old stain of the frame, which I give thus"—on saying which he ran a pencil, charged with copal varnish and raw sienna, in a line upon the picture, within about a quarter of an inch of its boundary, and with the side of his thumb passed lightly over it in an outward direction, leaving an admirable imitation of the stain made by time in the rebate of a frame. This intensified my astonishment; and seeing the effect this finish to the imposition had upon me, with a half-roguish, half-moralizing look, he continued—"There's a deal of wickedness among our craft, Mr. Smudge, and I'm sorry to say my governor was worse than any I ever met with. He just was a deep 'un—it was all fish that came to his net, and he could bait with anything; old or modern pictures were nearly the same to him, with respect to the tricks he played and the profits he made of 'em."

I here observed that I could not see that any-

thing could be done with a modern picture in a dealer's hands.

"So I might have thought," he answered, "did I not know and had I not seen to the contrary. I recollect he once bought a modern picture, (I have forgotten the name of the artist whose work it was—however, it was a domestic interior,) and after I had copied it for him, he put my copy *close behind the original in the same frame*; having done this, he invited a gentleman to see and purchase the original, which was done. 'Well,' he says to the gentleman, says he, when the purchase was concluded, 'I'm a very particular person, and therefore that there should be no mistake in this affair—for we picture dealers have been strangely vilified, sir—and as you have even brought the artist himself to testify to the originality'—so that," said Mr. Kidd, "you observe, Mr. Smudge, the gentleman was as clever as could be, though not enough for the governor—" have the kindness to do me and yourself the satisfaction of fixing your seal at the back of the picture.' Of course," continued Mr. Kidd, "the gentleman little thought as my governor was making him cheat himself by putting his mark of surety at the back of my copy instead of the original which he had been looking at. And then the governor calls to me and says—'Grabun,' (for that's the way he always pronounced my name,) 'afore you have finished what you are about, take the picture which you see this gentleman just put his seal on, to his house in Russell Square.' And all I know is, that I took the very picture the gentleman put his stamp on, and that that picture was my copy, and not the one the gentleman bought, though he did buy it for his collection in Russell Square, and that's where it is."

## THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON, ESQ.

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone."

JOHN PEERYBINGLE, in the "*Cricket on the Hearth*."

Tris true. No more can come the hours of pleasure,  
When heart met heart with rapturous delight,  
Giving back throb for throb, in joyous measure,  
And all of life was love, and bliss and light:  
When to my soul the world, wealth's glittering coffer,  
Honor and station, glory and renown,  
Possessed no influence or charm to offer,  
To lure me from thy side, my loved, mine own.

Alas! that humble home, so fondly cherish'd,  
Is desolate and sad. My treasured bliss,  
Thy love, which made life exquisite, has perish'd.  
Can anguish know a keener sting than this?

No clock for me can strike the hours departed,  
Or give me back the peace that once I knew,  
But wearily and sad, and broken-hearted,  
I mourn my life's best light in losing you.

But hark! The cricket on the hearth is swelling  
Its simple notes of music on my ear!  
They strike upon my heart-chords, and are telling,  
In tender melody, sweet words of cheer.  
They speak of love—of constancy unshaken—  
Of faith as bright and spotless as the sun.  
Blissful the hopes those gentle tones awaken;  
I own their power—thou art—thou art mine own!

## RETIRING FROM THE CARES OF LIFE.—NO. III.

BY J. K. PAULDING, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "THE OLD CONTINENTAL," ETC.

THE person who succeeded Mr. Job Savory in the abode of my friend Eugenius was somewhat past his prime, and withal a bachelor. Man should never reign alone, for he is prone to become capricious and despotic, and like a stage-coach in a mountainous country, requires a drag-chain to keep him from breaking his neck by running down hill too fast. The empire of the world is divided into two equal portions, the inside and the outside of the house—the former is the province of woman, the other of man, who, if he wishes to keep himself cool, will eschew the kitchen and steer clear of the housemaids. For this reason it is that bachelors are apt to be selfish, particular and pugnacious, though I know one at least who in his latter years delights to gild the setting sun of life by making others happy. It was not so with this worthy gentleman, who was spoiled by reigning alone and fancying he could have his own way in everything, though, if the truth must be known, he was always terribly henpecked by some cunning servant who, by humoring his foibles, governed him in everything. There is no class of people who study human character more successfully than dependents, and hence some of the most tyrannical emperors of Rome were the slaves of their slaves.

The real name of the new purchaser I shall not disclose for the purpose of gratifying the unwarrantable curiosity of my female readers, who peradventure, smitten with the picture I am about to draw, might be tempted to set their caps at him, and thus disturb his tranquillity. As, however, almost every man who can lay claim to a character of individuality has what is called a nickname, it will be sufficient to say that he was known as "Old Crab" among the young people of the family, who, however, took good care never to call him so to his face lest he should forget them in his will—for, besides being a bachelor, he was more than moderately wealthy. He was one of a pair of twin brothers, and tradition says that he acquired the name of Crab from kicking and otherwise maltreating his little brother as they lay together in the cradle before he was three months old. The auguries indicated by these demonstrations of his childhood were realized as he attained to manhood, and the older he grew the more testy and impatient he became. He was always sputtering like a roasting apple; he never could sit still for five minutes except when poring over the Encyclopædia; refused every invitation to dinner solely on the ground that he could not leave the table the instant he had swallowed his

last mouthful, and fidgeted about in his sleep to such a degree that he never lay still except under the despotism of the nightmare. In playing at any game, he was sure to quarrel with a successful adversary, and fall out irretrievably with one of his oldest friends because he always beat him at billiards. I once gammoned him three times in succession, and he did not speak to me for three months afterwards.

While yet a young man, he came into the possession of an easy fortune by the death of his father and twin brother, after which he was observed to pass much of his time in deep reflection, not to say perplexity, indulging himself in a sort of half-whistle, which gradually increased in rapidity until, having made up his mind as to what he should do with himself, he would eagerly seize his hat and sally forth into the street. Returning after an absence more or less, he would throw down his hat with an impatient jerk and fire away at the corporation, the dirty streets, the whiskers and sacks of the men, and—tell it not in Gath—would actually find fault with certain graceful peculiarities in the dress of the women, which he maintained were an outrage on all taste, grace and proportion. His distaste to every species of business, every profession, amounted almost to antipathy, and I have often seen him in a fever of anxiety and impatience when he had a sum of money to invest. He would whistle and fidget, and ever and anon give utterance to certain unseemly expletives indicating great dissatisfaction, so that those who did not know him would have thought he had to borrow money instead of place it at interest.

Although not unacquainted with general literature, his favorite study was the Encyclopædias, which, by dint of perpetually poring over and an extraordinary memory, he seemed to have got almost by heart. He never believed anything he could not find either proved or admitted by this infallible oracle, and was one of the most troublesome antagonists in an argument I ever met with, for he had a most infamous accuracy of memory, and quoted dates, names and facts with provoking precision. Reason, argument, analogy, probability, all these he held in great contempt; he was a matter-of-fact man—he wanted the authority of facts, records, official documents, and would have discarded one of Euclid's demonstrations had it not been recognized in the Encyclopædia.

I do not recollect ever to have detected him in any actual demonstrations towards matrimony,

though he occasionally excited my suspicions in regard to a certain lady by purring and whistling and fidgiting around her, finding fault with the pattern of her embroidery, and fumbling in her work-basket. What it might have come to in time it is impossible to say, had he not one day pricked his finger in his researches, which called forth a violent philippic against pins, needles, and all those female instruments, which he pronounced to have been purposely invented for the confusion and discomfiture of mankind. What rendered the matter still worse, the lady laughed at his calamity and its consequences, which caused my friend Crab to utter certain horrible blasphemies against the sex, which I cannot find in my heart to record, lest I should become an accomplice in such profanation. He did not, however, altogether abandon the society of the ladies after this disaster, but continued to go to evening parties when invited, merely for the pleasure of finding fault with all he saw, until at length he received his quietus from what he called "an infernal Frenchman," who, in whirling round in a waltz, like an eccentric comet, got out of his orbit, and gave my friend Crab—who was standing close to the fire in a huge perspiration, not having sufficient intrepidity to change his position—such a rude jostle that he just escaped falling into the chimney and singeing his light flaxen hair, of which he was not a little vain, since it had some remote inclination to curling.

The Frenchman made so many apologies for his involuntary offence that Crab could not in common decency refrain from accepting them, which he did with rather bad grace. But he made himself ample amends when he got home. He mustered up all the slurs, flings, caricatures and explosions of national spleen or prejudice he had seen or read in English histories, plays, romances and travels, against the manners, morals, dress, cooking, and what not of that gallant nation; talked of frog-eating, wooden shoes, monkeys, baboons and merry Andrews; denounced waltzing as a new-fangled importation which no respectable American female would adopt or countenance, and finally concluded by announcing his fixed and solemn determination never to accept another invitation to a ball as long as he lived. After this he retired to rest, and was terribly ridden by the nightmare.

If you would believe his repeated affirmations, there never was a man so persecuted as my friend Crab, and not a day passed in which he did not meet some serious calamity. He had a remarkably neat foot, and was very particular in picking his way through the streets. Now be it understood, that of all the cities in the known world, Old or New, the city he inhabited—which shall be nameless—abounded most exuberantly in mud, and, as a natural consequence, in luxurious swine, although there was a whole volume of corporation statutes forbidding them to run at large. It is difficult to account for the phenomenon, but all

experience verifies the fact, that corporation officers are always exceedingly lenient towards animals of this species, whether it be from a love of fat bacon, or a certain affinity which vulgar people who speak plain English call fellow feeling, or a combination of both, it would be presumption in me to decide; but certain it is, that while the poor dogs are persecuted even unto death, and the laws against little urchins who fly kites, explode Chinese crackers and trespass on the public promenades, are rigorously enforced, your fat, portly pigs are permitted to stroll about the streets like unto privileged burgomasters, who transgress their own laws in order to afford an example to the rising generation. Were I inclined to deep philosophical speculation, I might here run a parallel between these two species of animals, but having other matters in hand, must cut short this digression, merely observing that there never were such vast sums expended in keeping a city dirty as in the aforesaid emporium, which, as before observed, shall be nameless.

Crab was accustomed to assert that here, as everywhere else, he became the residuary legatee of all the catastrophes incident to such a state of things. Though he picked his way with sleepless circumspection, and zealously watched fat swine, fast driving carts, and that terror of well-dressed varlets, the omnibus, yet it so happened, being doubtless decreed by malignant fate, he seldom returned from a perambulation without some portion of his costume being grievously defiled. Even in the greatest extremity of drought he would find a mud hole somewhere or other, or be assaulted by an affrighted pig, or bespattered by a cart or an omnibus. In fact, the whole world seemed to have turned against him, for it was utterly impossible to keep his boots clean; and if by any miraculous interposition he escaped the mud, it was only to fall out of the frying-pan into the fire and have his eyes blinded by the dust.

There was no end to his calamities. For six years in succession he occupied a good portion of the summer and autumn in dodging the musketoes, which, like every other evil in this life, took particular pleasure in persecuting him. Nature, he said, among her other benedictions, had bestowed on him a thin skin and a light complexion, which latter is peculiarly attractive to these insect trumpeters, who are decidedly anti-abolitionists and eschew gentlemen of color. Whether owing to these peculiarities, or to the enormous passion he indulged whenever one of these airy physicians put his lancet in him, which always threw him into a fever, certain it is that every incision of the "execrable proboscis," as Crab called it, was followed by inflammation of so decided a character, that during the musketoe millennium, he was specially avoided by all strangers as a decided case of varioloid. Nobody can blame him, therefore, if he made a precipitate retreat whenever he heard the sound of the trumpet, and hid himself in succession in every hole and corner of the city,

defending himself with musketoe nets of every possible material and contrivance. He fled from the west to the east side of the town, and from the south to the north; he ensconced himself in the centre and tried all sorts of rooms, from the basement to the sixth story. He kept his windows shut day and night almost to suffocation, and never suffered a ray of light in his apartment, natural or artificial. At length a particular friend, who had been speculating in lots in a certain quarter of the city, earnestly pressed him to take lodgings there, solemnly assuring him that though he had resided in it two summers, he had never seen a musketoe. Crab was delighted, and forthwith established himself in the land of promise.

An acquaintance of ours, a profound musical character, possessing a remarkably fine ear, and who has acquired great experience by passing his summers at Rockaway for some years past, has divided musketoes into three distinct classes—the bass, the tenor and the treble. His researches have not yet enabled him to discover whether these varieties constitute three distinct species, or whether the different tones proceed from different sexes or different ages, or some radical difference in the conformation of their musical development, which has eluded his investigation and that of a celebrated surgeon who has dissected a great number. But he is positive as to the existence of this remarkable diversity of tone, and our friend Crab fully corroborates his authority. He went to bed the first night with the most glorious anticipations, performed his nightly orisons with great fervor, and had just got as far as “now I lay me down to sleep,” when his right ear was assaulted by a most sudden, sonorous and aggravated “biz-z-z-z-booo-o-o,” which he immediately recognized as proceeding from a thorough bass amateur. He started up in somewhat more than amazement—it was indignation, horror, despair, agony. Presently his left ear was saluted by a sharp “whiz-z-z,” flying past like a sudden gust of the east wind, and at the same instant the concert was perfected by a shrill, monotonous, long-winded whistle, approaching as it were from a distance, anon gradually coming nearer and nearer, and waxing louder and louder, until, making a desperate plunge, it carried the war within the sacred precincts of the organ of hearing, and buzzed and roared like the blower of a steam-engine. Crab became desperate, frantic, mad as a March hare. He seized the pillow and banged away until it flew from his grasp and upset his pitcher of water, which fell on the floor and broke into a thousand pieces. Being thus, as it were, disarmed, he had recourse to his hands, which he flourished with so little discretion that he boxed his own ears instead of those of his adversaries, and finally, almost breaking his right arm against the bed-post, became nearly *hors du combat*, though he managed to keep up a running fight with his left hand, until he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. In the morning, on making his appearance

at breakfast, the affrighted landlady pronounced him a decided case of varioloid.

“I’ll stay no longer in this diabolical city,” exclaimed Crab, “to be persecuted by these trumpeters of Satan. The whole world is turning against me; I have no peace of my life, and am sick of its turmoils, troubles and persecutions. I can’t take a step without tumbling over something. I am the most miserable man in existence. Everybody beats me at billiards and backgammon. I get bespattered with mud wherever I go; the pigs run between my legs every day, and the musketoes follow me by instinct. I will retire into the country where there is not a drop of salt water within twenty miles, and pass the remainder of my existence in peace and repose.”

This happened just about the time Mr. Job Savory was utterly discomfited and driven away from his asylum from the cares of life by eight mortal days of mists, fogs, drizzle and dead calms. His advertisement met the eyes of Crab as he was poring over the morning’s paper, which, being decidedly democratic in name if not principles, increased the fever of his mind, and he came to a determination on the spot never to read a newspaper during his proposed retirement. “Let the world go on as it will,” grumbled Crab, “I wash my hands of it.” Taking an omnibus, which stopped so often that he fell into divers other great passions during the ride, he proceeded to the residence of Mr. Savory’s agent, who looked rather shy at his spotted face, and asked him what was the matter. Whereupon Crab told him the story of the musketoe fight, and fell into another great passion. However, the bargain was soon concluded on the agent solemnly assuring Crab there had never been the hum of a musketoe, either bass, tenor or treble, heard in or about the place; and the spot where my friend Eugenius passed so many happy years became the asylum of my friend Crab. Being, like most irascible people, extremely impatient, he was in a great hurry to retire from the cares of life; and Mr. Savory, being equally in a hurry to resume the cares of life, the exchange was soon made, greatly to the satisfaction of all parties, especially Mrs. Savory, who once more enjoyed the paradise of shopping, and used to assure her friends that the only pleasurable excitement she ever experienced in the country was seeing the breaking up of the ice of the river in the spring.

It was autumn when Crab took possession of his purchase, which was, as before observed in the sketch of my friend Eugenius, really a delightful spot, redolent of all the beautiful harmonies of nature, which make up one of the most touching concerts in the world. It is impossible to describe the feverish solicitude with which he listened the first night for the sound of the trumpet, which he ever and anon fancied he heard twanging in his ear. On awaking, however, in the morning, he was delighted to find no traces of the varioloid, whereat he was exceedingly ex-



hilarated, and such was the exhilaration which succeeded, that though he missed a step coming down stairs, and was nigh breaking his neck, he actually kept his temper, and refrained from quarreling with this abominable world.

But these temporary calms in the life of our hero, were sure to be succeeded by the stormy waves of discontent. He who stumbles over straws will always find them in his way. A cold north-east storm came on, and the moaning and whistling of the wind through the now leafless trees, sadly disturbed his rest, by reminding him of a concert of musketoos. The next morning the cook came up with tears in her eyes, to complain that the chimney smoked so that she could not see her way from the fire-place to the dresser; and that ever and anon a blast came down that covered everything with soot. Whereupon Crab took it for granted his tea was so smoky he could not drink it, and that there was a marvelous bitter taste in every article he swallowed at breakfast. He hissed a sort of whistle, as he always did when in a passion, and thought to himself—"I am a persecuted man—I was born with a great wooden spoon in my mouth, and the cares of life pursue me wherever I go."

He had caused it to be circulated about the neighborhood, that he wished to purchase a pair of carriage horses, and was shortly beset by all the jockies, swappers, and horse dealers in twenty miles round. After great circumspection, and consulting everybody that came near him, he at length made a bargain with one of his neighbors, sagely concluding that a man whom he saw, and was likely to see very frequently, would not for the sake of a few dollars run the risk of every day looking in the face of another whom he had taken in. Yet for all this, he was actually taken in egregiously with a pair of horses, one of which ran away whenever he could get a chance, and the other could not be persuaded to go at all. I know not how it is, but it would actually appear that the most honest man in the world will abate a little of his morality in dealing in horse-flesh. It seems to be generally understood that on such occasions, it is diamond cut diamond. The jockey refusing to cancel the bargain, and return the purchase-money, Crab appealed to the Perfection of Reason, but having omitted to exact a written warrantee, he was fairly knocked on the head by honest *Caveat Emptor*.

During the whole winter he was assaulted by a succession of grievous casualties. He once set out on a visit to a friend at some distance in his carriage, and was caught in a furious snow-storm, which prevented his returning on wheels. On another occasion, the snow being at least two feet deep, and the sleighing fine, he took a journey in his sleigh, when a sudden thaw coming on, he returned on the bare ground, and almost wore out his teeth with grating. Then he had no near neighbor to play backgammon with, and was obliged to install his overseer as an antagonist,

who, either by superior luck, or greater skill, beat him so soundly, that long before the winter was over, Crab picked a quarrel with his antagonist and discharged him from his service. "Is there no rest from the cares of this world?" would he often exclaim in utter despair. He survived the winter, however, and who can resist the coaxing voice of spring, its birds, its blossoms, its whispering new-born leaves, its balmy air, and waving meadows? Crab actually luxuriated for a time in the beauties of nature, and was never tired of admiring a fine undulating lawn, which rolled away from the front of his house down to the river, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. For awhile it was all one soft velvet couch of verdant clover; but one fatal morning, after a sultry rainy night, the sun coming forth in all his glory, brought to light a profusion of execrable dandelions, whose yellow flowers, sprinkled plentifully among the grass, utterly spoiled its beauty. Crab stood astounded for a few moments, during which he indulged in one of his accustomed hissing whistles; then sallying forth, he called for his gardener, his coachman, his laborers, his man servants and his maid servants, and set them incessantly to work, decapitating these infamous interlopers, until not one was to be seen from his piazza. "Aha!" quoth friend Crab—"I think I have done their business for them this time."

But he reckoned without his host, for the next morning there were more dandelions than ever, and what was still worse, they had put on their white wigs, and looked like turbaned Turks, or English lord chancellors in their powdered perukes. Crab seized his stick, and sallying forth, began to smite them hip and thigh, making the powder fly out of their big wigs at a prodigious rate, and feeling as much orthodox pleasure in the operation, as a pious crusader cutting down Saracens by wholesale in the Holy Land. But all would not do. The next morning and the next, for a week afterwards, they increased in geometrical progression, and to make matters still worse, were reinforced by a stupendous crop of bull's eyes staring him in the face, interspersed with beds of sorer, blushing rosy red at being introduced to such aristocratic company as clover and timothy. Crab made desperate war against the new auxiliaries of the turbaned dandelions; but at length breaking his stick in an encounter with a cluster of bull's eyes, quitted the field and resigned himself to his fate—that is to say, he whistled furiously, and kicked his old Newfoundland dog out of doors. Just as he had performed this feat, the coachman came to inform him that one of his newly purchased horses had got a swelling in his hinder legs, who was succeeded by the gardener, complaining that the moles, grubs, cunculios, caterpillars, and other pestilent enemies to the industry of man, were committing such havoc in the garden that he feared there would be neither fruit nor vegetables, most especially as owing to the long spell of warm, damp

weather, the cherries, plums, strawberries and peas, were all rotting on the trees and stalks. To cap the climax, a neighbor came in just at that moment with the agreeable information that he had observed a very respectable deputation of Canada thistles springing up in a field on which he had exhausted all the chemical affinities, as well as all the valuable experience he had derived from agricultural periodicals. "Bring me no more reports," might Crab have exclaimed. But he did not say one word, for his indignation almost choked him. That a man who had thus retired from the cares of life should be so persecuted, was more than human patience could endure. After a whistle that hissed like a steam-cock, he called for Jemmy Reilly, his new overseer, and forthwith in as few words as possible concluded an agreement, by which he leased to him his farm, cattle, utensils, pigs, chickens, dandelions, bull's eyes, sorel, cunculios, grubs, moles and caterpill-

lars, at little more than half price. Having consummated the bargain by a legal instrument drawn up by an experienced lawyer, and containing sixteen folios, he "made tracks," as the phrase is, towards the city, where, being treated the first night of his return to a full concert of musketoes, he took shipping without waiting for bills of exchange, for France, and ensconced himself in Paris, where he regularly fell asleep every night at the *Theatre Francais*, and every morning abused the actors for talking French. The last I heard of Crab, he was standing before the Great Pyramid at Ghiza, abusing it with all his might to a Coptic guide, who did not comprehend one word he said. "I don't wonder," quoth Crab, "the blockhead who expended so much labor for nothing, kept his name a secret from the world, for fear of being laughed at as a great fool by all succeeding generations."

## "GOD BLESS YOU—BLESS YOU, SISTERS!"

BY LEWIS TOWSON VOIGT.

— "On each dear head  
Blessings and love a thousand fold be shed."

*The Soldier's Death-bed.*—MRS. HEMANS.

God bless you—bless you, sisters! Oh! was but mine  
the power,  
How beautiful in peace and love, should smile each  
tranquil hour!  
Like a flow of dreamy music—like the rippling of a  
stream,  
That lulls with silv'ry chimes the flowers that o'er its  
lapses gleam;  
Like balmy whisp'rings of the spring, blithe with its  
firstling's breath,  
So should the hours harmonious weave for each life's  
happiest wreath.

But the task is idle, sisters! I all vainly strive, in song,  
To pour the feelings—fervent, deep—that in my bosom  
throng;  
Too much of haunting tenderness, too fond and anxious  
care,  
Throb in my breast for tones so crude to lay its yearn-  
ings bare;  
The gushing of affection wells too deep—it but con-  
ceals  
The flood that, by its overflow, a shallower fount re-  
veals.

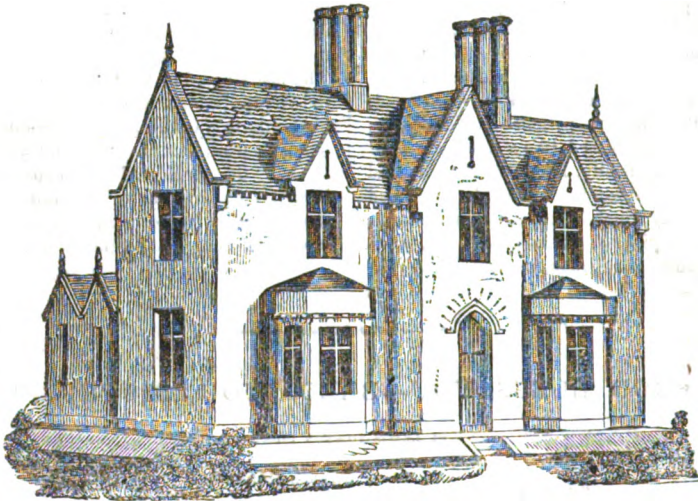
Would that the thrilling power was mine—the mast'ring  
spell to throw  
Into impassion'd melody, the full, pure, fervid flow,  
The all that now so strongly yearns, striving its loved to  
bless—  
Alas! how aches the feeble heart in fruitless tender-  
ness!  
Sternly untoward circumstance binds with benumbing  
chain  
Its longings o'er: yet—yet its flow must gush, though  
weak and vain.

O! ever as the folded buds, with sparkling dew o'er-  
borne,  
Expand to-day, so may you wake with joy each joyous  
morn,  
From slumbers, as your own hearts pure, whilst, guards  
from ev'ry ill,  
Good angels, in their minist'rings, hover around you  
still;  
And as the spring-time hours, to more consummate  
beauty grow,  
So may each day find your glad breasts with richer  
joys to glow.

And she, the youngest, tenderest flower! whose each  
unclosing leaf  
Hath borne affliction's icy hand with meekly patient  
grief;  
Yet—e'en as flowers when crushed, around a sweeter  
fragrance shed;  
As rose leaves shower about their tree when storms  
bend down its head;  
As brighter through the freezing air shine the clear  
stars—her woes  
But prove her virtues: grant, O God! that now their  
harshness close!

Peace—peace, be still! will not that Love, from whose  
broad sun of light  
Thy feeble spark is faintly lit, will He not guide all right?  
Does He not number every hair—see every sparrow  
fall?—  
Know we not—be it joy or woe—for good He ordereth all!  
Then let my heart in childlike trust, on Him reposing,  
shun,  
Each anxious care, and calmly pray. "FATHER, thy will  
be done!"

## MODEL COTTAGES.



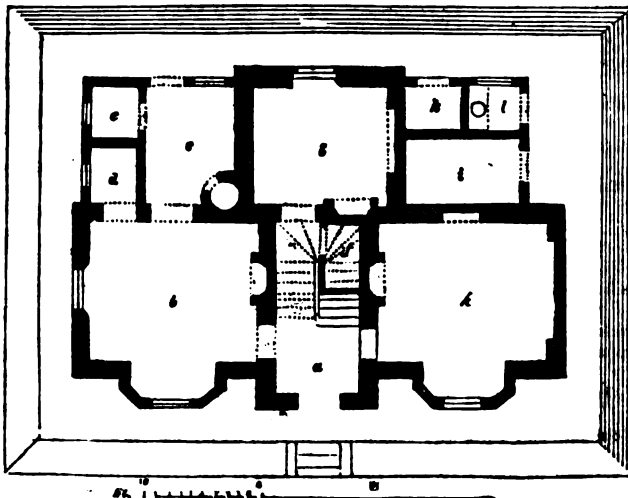
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

*A Dwelling with five Rooms, with conveniences in the old English style, where the building material is chiefly of stone.*

**Accommodation.**—There is more show than space in this building, from the circumstance of there being only one room in width in the bed-room story. It is by no means recommended as a cheap

design, but as one ornamental and characteristic, and suited for producing a great effect at comparatively little cost in a country where free stone, soft and easily worked, is abundant, and the price of labor low.

The ground floor consists of an entrance and staircase, *a*; a kitchen, *b*; a wash-house or back kitchen, *c*; a bed closet, *d*; a milk room, *e*; a





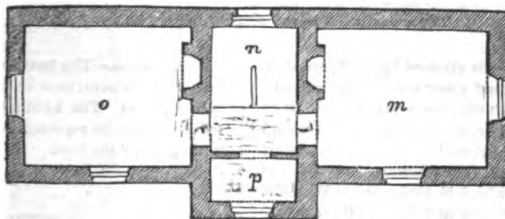


closet under the stair, *f*; a bed room, *g*; parlor, *h*; store cellar *i*; place for coals, *k*; privy, *l*.

The chamber story contains two bed rooms, *m*

and *o*; a dressing closet, *p*; and a staircase landing, *n*.

*Construction*.—The walls should be of stone in



CHAMBER FLOOR.

regular courses, or of brick, and the jams (sides) of the doors and windows, with their sills and lintels (covering stones) of hewn stone. These may or may not be beveled at the angles. Great care should be taken in constructing the guttering over the bay windows so as completely to carry off the water. These windows may have mullions and iron casements made to open. The roof should be

slated and the chimneys may be of stone, and polygonal, or what are commonly called cannon chimneys. Some use may be made of the roof, to which light and air may be admitted by the small openings shown in the upper part of the gables.

*General estimate*.—Cubic contents, 23,024 feet, at 9 cts. per foot, \$2072 16; at 6 cts. \$1381 44; at 4½ cts. \$1036 08.

## DREAM LAND.

BY DE HOARF.

There is a happy land—a land of dreams—  
A land of shadowy vales—of lofty hills—  
Of moss-grown rocks, green banks, and sparkling  
rills—

Broad silvery lakes, whose crystal waters flow,  
Reflecting back the sun's refulgent beams,  
In liquid light, to pearly caves below!

Sweet Summer reigns, in endless beauty, there!  
No tempest ever sweeps its fertile plains—  
No angry cloud its skies' pure radiance stains!  
There countless flowers delicious perfume yield,  
Freighting with sweets the soft transparent air—  
Gemming, with rainbow hues, each spreading field!

Bright warblers dwell in each enchanted grove—  
From the rich foliage of each leafy tree,  
Pouring to heaven unceasing melody!  
While the stern tenants of the forest stay  
Along the verdant paths, in peace, and love,  
And round their caverned haunts, together play!

It is a land of rapturous delight—  
Of pleasure unalloyed, unbroken, pure—  
Where every good is lasting, and secure!  
Where sickness, sorrow, suffering, find no home,  
Where grief and disappointment never blight,  
Where Death's destroying hand can never come!

It is the spirit land! There memory stores  
Her sacred trusts—there dwells the flowery past—  
There each bright scene, too brilliant here to last,  
Is mirrored back to the enchanted eyes;  
There the free spirit, unencumbered, soars  
In the clear light of immortality!

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There may we meet once more the lov'd of earth—  
Those who were torn by death from our embrace—  
There see again each well-remembered face:—  
Join in sweet converse, through the golden hours,  
Seated in calm delight—or sport with mirth  
Among the sparkling streams and fragrant bowers!

The brilliant eye which here no longer beamed—  
The pale sealed lip—the cold and faded cheek—  
The lifeless form, fast mouldering back to seek  
Its kindred clay—the silent voice, hush'd breath—  
In that bright land awake—revived, redeemed,  
Free from corruption, and decay, and death!

There Fancy's brightest hopes are realized—  
Each half-formed plan is consummated there,  
Each end attained without concern or care!  
The friends Adversity's cold touch estranged—  
Lost fortune, fame, and all we fondly prized,  
That fairy land restores, unharm'd, unchanged!

Thrice happy land!—the glorious counterpart  
Of that pure world of perfect peace, which lies  
Beyond the circle of the starry skies!  
Its clear reflection—beauteous, beaming, bright—  
Cast hither to illumine each dark heart—  
Gilding life's gloomy path with heavenly light!

Mysterious spirit land! To high and low,  
To rich and poor, thy gates are ever free.  
Sleep hovers at the portal, with the key!  
And "Sleep's twin brother" thus, with magic wand,  
Stands on the shore where Death's dark waters flow.  
And points each pilgrim to the world beyond!

PHILADELPHIA, Jan., 1847.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.—KNITTING.

Those curious nets thy slender fingers knit.— *Waller.*

THE invention of knitting is claimed by the Spaniards. Certainly it was known and practised in that country and in Italy before it was understood in England. It is said that one William Rider, an apprentice on London Bridge, seeing at the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knit worsted stockings from Mantua, took the hint and made a similar pair, which he presented to William, Earl of Pembroke. This was in 1564, and these stockings were the first of the kind made in England. Three years before, in 1561, it is recorded that "Mistress Montague presented Queen Elizabeth with a pair of silk stockings;" but these were brought from Italy.

Knitting has been called the friend of the *blind*, and is certainly the friend of the aged, as it affords the most easy and graceful employment in which they can be engaged. Then it is a really useful art both for the rich and poor. Knit garments are warmer and more durable than woven. Knitting can be done at times when no other work could be taken up, and during the long winter evenings what a host of useful things can be thus made by the industrious fingers!—caps, cuffs, comforters, shawls, spencers, stockings, tippets, gloves, mittens. And then what stores of ornamental articles does it afford! What beautiful purses, bags and beadwork will knitting produce! We are sure of the thanks of all ladies, young as well as old, for calling their attention to this useful and elegant branch of female art, and also for the assistance our illustrations will prove. No other periodical attends to these things.

### EXPLANATION OF TERMS USED IN KNITTING.

*To cast on.*—The first interlacement of the cotton on the needle.

*To cast off.*—To knit two stitches, and to pass the first over the second, and so on to the last stitch, which is to be secured by drawing the thread through.

*To cast over.*—To bring the cotton forward round the needle.

*To narrow.*—To lessen by knitting two stitches together.

*To seam.*—To knit a stitch with the cotton before the needle.

*To widen.*—To increase by making a stitch, bringing the cotton round the needle, and knitting the same when it occurs.

*A turn.*—Two rows in the same stitch, backwards and forwards.

*To turn.*—To change the stitch.

*A row.*—The stitches from one end of the needle to the other.

*A round.*—A row when the stitches are on two, three, or more needles.

*A plain row.*—That composed of simple knitting.

*To pearl a row.*—To knit with the cotton before the needle.

*To rib.*—To work alternate rows of plain and pearl knitting.

*To bring the thread forward.*—To bring the cotton forward so as to make an open stitch.

*A loop stitch.*—Made by bringing the cotton before the needle, which, in knitting the succeeding stitch, will again take its own place.

*To slip or pass a stitch.*—To change it from one needle to the other without knitting it.

*To fasten on.*—The best way to fasten on is to place the two ends contrariwise, and knit a few stitches with both together. For knitting with silk or fine cotton, a *weaver's knot* (as represented in the annexed engraving) will be found the best.



*To take under.*—To pass the cotton from one needle to the other without changing its position.

*Pearl, seam and rib-stitch*—all signify the same.

It is necessary in giving or following directions for knitting, to caution knitters to observe a medium in their work—not knitting either too loose or too tight.

### HINTS ON KNITTING.

A plain stitch at the beginning of each row, called by Madame Gauguain an *edge stitch*, is a great improvement in most instances, as it makes a uniform edge, and the pattern is kept more even at its commencement. In most knitting, the edge-stitch is slipped.

It is said that knitting should be taught to children when young. It is curious to observe how much more readily those persons handle the needle who have learnt it in childhood.

It is easiest to learn to knit by holding the wool over the fingers of the left hand; the position of the hands is more graceful when thus held.

It is always advisable to cast on loosely.

When it is requisite to cast off and continue the row on a separate needle, it is sometimes better to run a coarse silk through the cast-off stitches: they are easily taken up when required, and the inconvenience of the idle needle is avoided—as, for instance, in working children's shoes.\*

\* It is not, perhaps, generally known that the crimson caps worn by the Turks (some of which are occasionally seen in this country) are knitted. The Föz manufactory of Eyoub, at Constantinople, established by Omer Lufti Effendi, is thus described from a recent visit by Miss Pardoe—"As we passed the threshold, a most curious scene presented itself. About five hundred females were collected together in a vast hall, awaiting the delivery of the wool which they were to knit; and a more extraordinary group could not, perhaps, be found in the world. There was the Turkess with her yashmac folded closely over her face, and her dark feridje falling to the pavement; the Greek woman with her large turban and braided hair, covered loosely with a scarf of white muslin, her gay-colored dress and large shawl; the Armenian with her dark eyes flashing from under the jealous screen of her carefully arranged veil, and her red slipper peeping out under the long wrapping cloak; the Jewess muffled in a coarse linen cloth, and standing a little apart as though she feared to offend by more immediate contact; and among the crowd some of the loveliest girls imaginable."

## A BABY'S STOCKING.



Cast on twenty-three stitches in brown and knit six turns, increasing one at each end for the toe and heel.

Knit six turns, increasing a stitch only at the toe. There will now be thirty-six stitches on the needle. Cast off twenty stitches, and knit the remaining sixteen stitches for eighteen turns. One side of the shoe and instep will now be made.

Cast on twenty stitches and work the other side of the shoe to correspond.

Pick up the stitches with white across the instep. Knit two turns, catching in one loop of the sides of the shoe, in each row, to join them together.

Knit one turn in brown, two in white, one in brown, two in white, one in brown. The shoe and instep will now be finished.

Pick up the stitches of the shoe on each side of the piece which forms the instep. There should now be forty stitches on the needle.

Knit seven turns in white; then nineteen turns, increasing a stitch at the beginning of every other turn. Knit three plain turns followed by eighteen turns, decreasing one stitch in every other turn.

Forty-four stitches will now be found on the needle. Knit and pearl two alternately for five turns. Knit two plain rows. Knit one row in red, and cast off loosely.

The shoe is to be sewn up into its shape, and the stocking closed up.

Open baby's stockings may be made by continuing the knitting as directed for the shoe pattern, given below.

A CHILD'S STOCKING TO BE WORN WITH SHOES.—FOUR  
STEEL PINS NO. 20.—LACE THREAD NO. 8.



Cast on each of three pins twenty-eight loops, join for a round, knit three stitches and pearl three alternately for thirty rounds, which forms the welt; then commence open knitting.

*First needle*—knit three plain stitches, narrow, bring the thread forward and knit one; again bring the thread forward and narrow, knit three plain; repeat until you come to the fourteenth loop; pearl one, which forms the seam down the back of the stocking, knit three, bring the thread forward and narrow. Repeat all round; then knit two plain rounds. This forms the pattern. Repeat the above till you can count seventy rounds from the welt.

Take forty-two stitches for the heel, the seam stitch forming the middle stitch of the heel. There will now be forty-two stitches left for the instep. Knit the heel in plain knitting, purling the inside, until you have thirty rows, which is the length of the heel; divide the stitches, and take it off from the centre stitch; take up thirty loops on each side of the heel, and five from each side of the instep needle; then narrow every second round, when you are five stitches from the end of the instep needle for ten rounds; knit forward thirty-six rounds for the instep or front of the foot in open knitting, and the under part for the sole in plain knitting; divide your stitches equally on the three pins, and narrow at one end of each every round for about sixteen rounds. Draw the stitches up and take off for the toe.

## A BABY'S SHOE.



Cast on thirty-six stitches in red German wool.

Knit six turns, increasing a stitch at each row, to form the toe and heel.

Knit six more turns, increasing a stitch at one end only for the toe.

Cast off thirty stitches on another needle—knit the remaining sixteen stitches for eighteen turns, and cast them off on another needle.

With white, pick up the thirty red stitches—knit three plain rows—in the next bring the wool forward, knit two together.

Knit three plain rows; leave sixteen stitches on the needle, and repeat the pattern in white across the instep seven times, which is afterwards to be sewn to the red knitting for the toe.

Cast on sixteen stitches in white to correspond with the other side.

Knit two plain rows; in the next bring the wool forward, knit two together the whole length of the row; knit one plain row in red, taking up the stitches that were cast off for the toe; and make this side of the shoe to correspond with the other, decreasing instead of increasing. The shoe and the white in the instep are now finished.

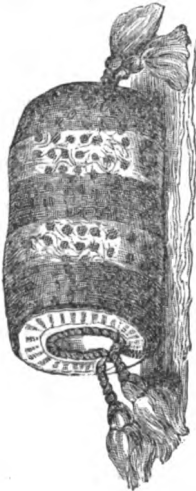
Pick up the stitches both of the shoe and instep; knit three plain turns. Take a larger needle, bring the wool forward, knit two together—forming the holes to pass the ribbon through.



Knit three plain turns with a *small* needle. In the next row bring the wool forward, knit two together.

Knit three plain rows; in the next bring the wool forward, knit two together until the sock be of the height desired. Cast off very loosely.

A KNITTED MUFF IN IMITATION OF SABLE.



Cast on seventy or eighty stitches.

First, second and third rows—plain knitting.

Fourth row—bring the wool forward, knit two together, taken at the back; continue the same to the end of the row.

Repeat these four rows until the piece be about eighteen inches long, admitting that the shading comes in correctly.

Two No. 19 needles are required, and double German

wool, in four distinct shades to match the color of *sable*. Commence with the lightest shade—then the second, third, and darkest, reversing them again to the lightest, as represented in the engraving.

ANOTHER MUFF.

Cast on forty-five stitches.

Every row is worked the same, with a slip stitch at the beginning; knit one; pearl one; repeat to the end of the row.

It will require a piece of about twenty inches long to make a moderate-sized muff, which must be lined with *gros de Naples* and stuffed with wool, and a sufficient quantity of horsehair to retain it in shape. Cord and tassels to match the color of the muff may be sewn at the end; or it may be drawn up with ribbons.

PAIR OF MUFFATEES.



Cast on thirty-five stitches.

First row—knit twenty plain stitches, and fifteen in double knitting.

Every second row is the same.

When they are sufficiently large, knit or sew them up. The double knitting comes over the hand, the plain knitting sitting tight to the wrist.

Three-thread fleece, with needles No. 16, are to be used.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,  
She has taken the fairest of beauty's race;  
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,  
They are gone from among you in silence down."

March is usually termed the *bleak* month, but we do not think it so dangerous to delicate constitutions as this short but severe portion of the year.

The main source of that predisposition to consumptive complaints incident to the youth of both sexes in our country, doubtless arises from the feeble constitutions of their parents, and most frequently on the maternal side. Female children are too delicately reared, treated like tender exotics, not natives of the climate. We should seriously object against the employment of females of any station in out-door labor, except the care of the garden or of silk-worms. The Creator never imposed on woman the duty of toiling to subdue the earth, nor has He endowed her physically for such a work. But fe-

males should be accustomed to exercise in the open air; playing abroad when children, and walking and riding in maturer years should be considered a duty as well as recreation. And then, in our changeable climate, warm clothing during winter should always *be the fashion*; and shoes that will, when walking abroad, effectually protect the feet from cold and dampness. This last consideration ought never to be overlooked in Philadelphia, where the pavements are always undergoing the cold-water treatment; and one might as well walk in thin-soled shoes through a swamp as through the streets of this nice city. It is a sad nuisance, this continual washing the side-walks in winter, not only for the inconvenience it causes to those who are walking, but also in its effects on health. Many of the colds, rheumatic complaints and consumptions, no doubt originate from this fruitful source of evils—wet pavements. But till the gentlemen summon sufficient courage to stop these inundations, we hope the ladies will be wise enough to

shield their own feet from the charnel dampness. India-rubbers are odious-looking things, to be sure, and many a lovely girl has sacrificed her health, life even, rather than put them on. But we hope our young friends are better instructed and more reasonable.

FLOWERS, like friends in adversity, are doubly prized in the winter—even the culture of them seems to shed a ray of summer round the apartment where they are sheltered. Now is the time to plant or put in glasses hyacinths or other winter bulbous roots. The flower of the hyacinth is beautiful, its aroma delightful. It is a house flower, and renders a parlor redolent of perfume. Hyacinths are grown either in glasses or pots. Glasses cause less attention and trouble than pots. There is another and a novel way of growing hyacinths that is very beautiful. It is to scoop out a turnip and fill the hollow space with water and place the bulb in it. Suspend it by strings where you please—the best place is in your window. The hyacinth will flower and the turnip give out from its root a green foliage that is superior to any flower-pot in existence.

And then, if you have a choice flower presented you, lady fair, that you wish to preserve as long as possible, when it begins to fade, the following is an excellent way of reviving it. Cut the stalk and hold it a few moments in the flame of the candle, and then set the flower again in the cold water, when it will recover its strength almost visibly after this violent assistance, and blossom immediately.

We met with the following curious record of an experiment, which may be true, though we do not certify it from our own observation.

*"To change the color of a Rose.*—Place a fresh-gathered rose in water as far as the stem will allow, then powder it over with fine rappee snuff, being careful not to load it too much—in about three hours, on shaking off the snuff, it will have become a green rose."

But while young ladies are cultivating these beautiful ornaments of the garden and parlor, they must not forget that they are themselves the fairest flowers of their own homes, and that their health is necessary to their loveliness. Art, whenever it distorts nature, injures the beauty and symmetry of the human form. The writer of the following has reason on his side.

"It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist is, and, *per necessitate*, must be, beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest, painfulest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French-stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself."—*Letters from Italy.*

"Les hommes seront toujours ce qu'il plaira aux femmes. Si vous voulez qu'ils deviennent grands et vertueux, apprenez aux femmes ce que c'est que grandeur et vertu."

So said the philosopher of the last age, and it is as true now as then. The condition and character of women are improving everywhere, and these are the surest

signs of universal improvement. In our own favored country but two changes are requisite to the securing all that is necessary for the best interests of woman—and her influence. The same care and public provision should be made for female education that are made for that of young men, and the rights of property should be secured to married women. This last principle of justice is slowly but surely gaining ground. In Louisiana, thanks to the great mind and noble labors of its law-giver, Livingston, the rights of the wife are fully enjoyed.

The New York State Convention has adopted the following as one of the articles of the Constitution—"§ 14. All property of the wife, owned by her at the time of her marriage, and that acquired by her afterwards by gift, devise or descent, or otherwise than from her husband, shall be her separate property. Laws shall be passed providing for the registry of the wife's separate property, and more clearly defining the rights of the wife thereto, as well as to property held by her with her husband."

And the Wisconsin Convention has incorporated a clause in the proposed Constitution, giving to married women the separate control of their own property. The vote was large and decisive, and settled the question so far as the Convention was concerned, that the clause was to be part of the paramount law of the land.

COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES.—It is related of Dr. Johnson, that having one day the little daughter of Bishop Percy on his knee, he asked her "what she thought of Pilgrim's Progress?" The child answered that she had not read it. "No!" replied the doctor; "then I would not give one farthing for you!" and he instantly set her down and took no further notice of her.

We confess to somewhat of the same feeling exhibited by the great lexicographer respecting the importance of good John Bunyan's work for children. We hope every friend of ours read Pilgrim's Progress in her youth. If any lady has not had that privilege, we would commend the book next after the Bible in our course. Should any young lady dread that we are about putting a veto on all her favorite romances, she will find herself pleasantly mistaken. We shall give a large latitude, though not unlimited, in reading works of fiction—still we prefer that such light works should be read in childhood and early youth rather than when time has to be taken from higher pursuits and more important duties. We quote the authority of an eminent and pious English writer. He says in regard to boys what is equally true of girls.

"I assert from my own observation, that nothing is so likely to qualify a boy for sober reading, and even severe studies, as a free indulgence of his appetite, while it is yet undisciplined in things of fancy. He should be satiated with sweets, like a grocer's raw apprentice, till he has lost all appetite for them. In the intellectual, as in the natural world, heat, or at least warmth, is the very soul of productiveness. This warmth is latent in the child's mind, but may be developed by the application of such substances as plays, romances, and many other things, all mere frippery to the man; whereas, if you set a boy down to a grave, serious book, or put him upon a train of abstract reasoning, as sure as he rises it will be with no other impression on his mind than that of leaden weight, unconsciousness and stupidity."

And there is another attainment mentioned by this author, which we particularly commend—that of reading and committing poetry to memory. This study of love (for children always love poetry) should be commenced early. The taste is then for repetition. A child loves to read over and over its favorite books, and repeat the poems it has learned, till these are stereotyped on the

mind. If these have been judiciously chosen, if some of the gems of Milton, Shakspeare, Burns, Cowper, and others selected from the immortal bards of our language, are treasured in the heart, it has wealth always at command and the means of enjoyment. We will quote again from our English authority.

"This poetical affection was the amulet that I wore constantly about me, as a charm against the effect of absence from my studies and consequent estrangement. And oh, the great, and good, and glorious charm that it was and ever has been to me! For those that want it, Heaven preserve them in their destitution! I would as soon suffer myself to be bereft of any one of my senses as forego that most gracious sentiment. It is the lamp of intellectual life, the soul of all our finer enjoyments, the soother of our evils, the very instinct of virtue, the essence of all that is grand and generous, the promoter of benevolence, the counselor even of devotion itself."

Such is poetry, and such the influence it can exert on the mind. It is well when the best productions of the best poets have been read in youth and their treasures laid up in the memory. Such a course is one of the best preparatives for reading the prose writers with advantage. But if this poetic reading has been neglected, we

would commend its adoption at the beginning of the course. It matters little in what order the English and American poets are read. It is not to compare and criticize, but to understand and enjoy the beauties of those compositions which have been sealed by fame and time as worthy of universal approval, that we commend their perusal. The old English poets are now republished in this country, and "Selections" from the English and American poets; and lately a valuable work, "Poets and Poetry of the Ancients," has been issued. American libraries may be rich in poetry; and ladies should be able to appreciate its beauty and worth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted:—"To Wis—in a Reverie," "Incident in the Life of a Physician," "A Vernal Lyric," "Near the Schuylkill's green margin," "The Streamlet's Warning," "To a Star," "Translations from the German and from Camoens," "The Bee and the Flower," "That Name," "Euryphyle—an Eroidy," "To Sincerity," and "Lines to a Sparrow."

We decline the following:—"Angela," "The New Bridge of Sighs," "Lament of the Expelled Student," "Stanza," "An Old Story," "The Land Party," "Peace versus War," "An Elegy," and three Sonnets.

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Alderbrook—a collection of Fanny Forester's Village Sketches, Poems, &c.*" by Miss Emily Chubbuck. In two volumes. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.: pp. 5:0— with a portrait. We are glad to see this work. The author deserves the popularity she has won. Her fine genius was consecrated to high moral aims; and while her writings interest and amuse the young, they may instruct the mature mind. Our readers doubtless know that this excellent young lady is now Mrs. Judson, and probably at her new home in Burmah. We look for new and loftier revelations of her genius in her descriptions from that eastern land where her lot is now cast. In the meantime, these handsome volumes seem like mementoes of a dear friend, and her countrywomen will be proud to preserve them.

"*Memoirs of the Life of Addison*," by Miss Aikin. One volume. No. 5 of Carey & Hart's "Library for the People." This is a work of great interest as well as a most valuable accession to the literature of the day. Some few mistakes which occurred in the English edition have been corrected in this; the biography may therefore be relied on as giving a truer idea of the character of Addison than any ever before written. Miss Aikin seems to have been indefatigable in her search for truth, and we cannot help thinking such a good and gentle spirit, as well as the lofty tone of genius possessed by the author of *Cato* and the *Spectator*, may be best delineated by the pen of a good and gifted woman. This book we are sure will prove most acceptable to Americans, and increase the interest already felt for the series of works to be issued in this Library for the People.

"*Lives of the Queens of England*," &c., by Agnes Strickland. Vol. IX. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. This last volume contains the Life of Mary Beatrice, Queen Consort of James Second of Great Britain. The story of this lovely and unfortunate queen has all the

interest of the wildest romance and the deep pathos of tragedy. The story of her life is not closed in this volume, but we know that there was never more sunlight in her earthly path. She seems from the first to have been prepared as the victim for the pride and follies of those she loved; and the only consolation while reading her sad story is, that she exhibited through every trial the same noble and lovely traits of character. We can always love as well as admire her, and no contempt ever mingles with our pity. Miss Strickland has done good service to the cause of her own sex, as well as to the interests of literature and the advancement of historical knowledge, by preparing these royal biographies. The Queens of England are certainly as worthy of our regard as the kings, and Mary Beatrice would have been the queen of hearts even in a republic.

"*The Christian's Daily Treasury—a Religious Exercise for every day in the year*," by Ebenezer Temple. This is the first American edition of an excellent English work. It is really a treasury of pious thoughts and good and wise reflections. For those who have much to do—and in our busy land who is not in a hurry?—it will prove a great aid in suggesting subjects for thought and motives for right conduct. Published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Salkeld's Classical Antiquities*," a work of first rate authority, and got up by the American publishers in very beautiful style. This work, together with the new numbers of the "*Pictorial History of England*" and "*Harper's Pictorial Shakspeare*," is for sale by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston and G. B. Zieber & Co. They have also "*Boyd's Eclectic Moral Philosophy for Schools and Colleges*," a first rate work, and Bulwer's new novel, "*Lucretia; or, the Children of Night*," "*The Beauties of French History*," "*The Beauties of English History*," "*Blake's History of the*

*American Revolution, with Maps;* and "*Hooper's Physician's Vade Mecum*," all recently published by the Harpers.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published a "*Supplementary Volume of the Encyclopædia Americana*," by Professor Vethake, in which the science, literature, history and biography, which have been accumulating in the last fourteen years, are ably condensed and arranged in alphabetical order, so as to bring down the several subjects to the present time.

The same house has published "*Rory O'More*," a romance, by S. Lover; also "*Songs and Ballads*," very clever performances by a popular Irish author, who is now residing in this country. They have also published "*The Rural Register and Almanack for 1847*."

Mr. W. H. Graham has published the "*Life and Adventures of Paul Jones*," in a cheap pamphlet form, which is for sale by T. B. Peterson & Co., who have also "*The Old Croquet*," by R. F. Greely.

G. B. Zieber & Co. have published No. 8 of "*Chambers' Information for the People*," a very excellent encyclopedia of science, literature and art, which we are happy to learn is having a very extensive sale. The same firm have for sale the Honorable Mrs. Norton's new novel, entitled "*Woman's Reward*," and "*Beauchamp; or, the Error*," a novel, by G. P. R. James, just issued by the Harpers.

Mr. W. J. Cunningham has published the "*Sisters of Charity*," a Catholic novel.

"*Mitchell's School Geography*." Revised edition. Thomas. Cowperthwait & Co. This work has been in such extensive circulation for some years, that no remarks are necessary on its general qualities. As the arrangement which hitherto existed in the work is preserved, the revised edition will not necessarily displace the copies of the former which are still in use; but it contains many improvements. In the Atlas there are several new maps. One of these is a very fine delineation of the southeastern part of Europe, but most of them relate to our own country, and particularly to regions to which enterprise and political events have within a few years given a deep interest, and which are now as important in a school geography as the original thirteen states. The information for illustrating these maps and for correcting other parts of the work, has been drawn from the narratives of Wilkes and Fremont, from McCulloch's Gazetteer, and other sources worthy of the fullest credit. The work is printed from entirely new stereotype plates, and both in contents and appearance is a school manual of the very first class.

"*Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting*, by Lt. Col. P. Hawker. First American from the ninth London edition—to which is added the Hunting and Shooting of North America, with a description of the Animals and Birds, carefully collated from authentic sources, by Wm. T. Porter." We have given the whole title of the above for several reasons—one that we are glad to see this work reprinted here; and again, that it has been so ably edited and improved by our friend Porter. We confess we like the man, and may feel a little partial; but no person who has watched the course of Porter as long as we have, who has seen his gradual rise and his paper with him until one is the best editor and the other the greatest paper in the country—were we to live in Africa we should have the *Spirit of the Times* sent to us. But this has nothing to do with "*Hawker on Shooting*." The work has been ably edited. Additions have been made to it by Mr. Porter, and many articles omitted that were of no use to the American reader. Col. Hawker's work in England is the text-book of sporting men—indeed, it is a standard work for reference on all occasions. The style of the

work is manly and sportsmanlike—real hearty, good old unsophisticated English, that cannot be misunderstood. Porter has availed himself of the assistance of such men as H. W. Herbert, "the Bee hunter," Thorpe, Kendall and others. The work is beautifully got up, good clear type and excellent paper, with a substantial binding.

"*The Chess Palladium and Mathematical Sphinx, a Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Curiosities of Chess and the Ingenuities of Arithmetic, with Problems also in Chequers*." Taylor & Co., Astor House, N. Y. The second number of this elegant, curious and entertaining publication is before us, and is embellished with ten beautiful Chess and Chequer Problem Diagrams, and contains much other instructive matter connected with the profound and intellectual science of Chess. A \$5 Chess Prize Problem, and a \$5 mathematical one also, is offered. Solutions are given to all the ingenious problems in No. 1. The publishers say that those at a distance who are interested in these subjects will receive a specimen number gratis on application (post-paid) to "Palladium, N. Y. city." Its terms are \$2 per annum, half in advance.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Fortescue—a novel*," by James Sheridan Knowles—an able effort of this popular dramatic writer, in which his peculiar talents for scenic effect and spirited dialogue appear to great advantage.

The same publishers have issued a very admirable juvenile book entitled "*Guide to Wisdom and Virtue*," in which the best principles of virtue and religion are inculcated by means of authentic anecdotes.

"*The use of the Body in relation to the Mind*" is the title of another excellent publication of the Harpers. It is the work of an experienced professional man whose opportunities of observation enrich his pages and give authority to his arguments.

The same publishers have issued a very entertaining volume by Governor Head, entitled "*The Emigrant*," which describes with graphic power and fidelity life in Canada. The above-mentioned publications of the Harpers are for sale by Messrs. Carey & Hart and G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*The Poets and Poetry of the Ancients*," edited by William Peter, Esq., A. M. This volume is extremely valuable, coming from the hands of a ripe and accomplished scholar, and comprehending specimens of the best poetical literature of the ancient world. It is published in a style corresponding with the Poets and Poetry of America, and is illustrated with elegant steel plates.

Mr. Edward Dunigan, of New York, has published "*The Elder's House; or, the Three Converts*," which is for sale by W. J. Cunningham of this city, who has also "*Julia Ormont; or, the New Settlement*," by the authoress of the Two Schools.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Flowers of Fable*," a very choice selection of fables, chosen with reference to the moral effect, and illustrated with beautiful engravings on wood. They have also published a new edition of Bulwer's capital novel, "*Leila; or, the Siege of Grenada*," and "*Hutton's Book of Nature laid open*," a well-known and popular work of a celebrated author, edited by the Reverend Doctor Blake.

The same house has published No. 14 of the "*Pictorial History of England*," and Nos. 127 and 128 of the "*Pictorial Shakespeare*."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published "*The Book of Anecdotes; or, the Moral of History taught by real examples*," by John Frost, LL.D. author of "*Book of the Army*," "*Book of the Navy*," &c., &c. The design of this book, as set forth in the title page, is faithfully executed in the work itself. Excellent examples of hu-

manity, courage, self-denial and self-sacrifice are selected from the records of history and presented to the youthful reader in a most interesting style. The volume is illustrated with several hundred well-executed engravings on wood and steel, and afforded at a very low price. It is for sale by George S. Appleton, No. 143 Chestnut street.

The same publishers have issued a neat edition of "*Butler's Hudibras*," with steel plate engravings. This classical work is so well known and so often referred to in British and American literature, that it is surprising no good edition of it has been published in this country. The present edition is in a neat, portable form, with elegant type and paper. It is for sale by Geo. S. Appleton, 143 Chestnut street.

"*The Pictorial History of the World*," by Professor Frost, is now completed. It embraces in volume first, *Ancient History*—volume second, *History of the Middle Ages*—volume third, *Modern History*. It is really a valuable and very beautiful book. Our limits do not permit us at this time to examine it in detail, but we propose on a future occasion to do justice to its merits as a literary performance. The embellishments speak for themselves. They are upwards of five hundred in number, and are executed by first rate engravers from designs of artists of celebrity. There are one hundred portraits of characters distinguished in history, together with battle-pieces, views of celebrated places, monuments, costumes, arms, &c., of all ages and countries. The family libraries throughout our country are destined sooner or later to number this valuable work among their treasures.

The "*Boudoir Annual for 1847*" contains ten plates by Gross, Ritchie and Sartain, published by Theodore Bliss & Co. It is intended as a gift book for the season, and is a very pretty one.

The new juvenile publications by G. B. Zieber & Co. are the most beautiful edition of children's books ever published—new pictures prettily colored and the old stories reversed. We advise all our friends to call at Zieber's. The books will answer for any season.

If flattering testimonials were as substantial as gold and silver we should get rich. One of our subscribers, who dates from Rose Cottage, is extremely complimentary to the plates in the November number, and welcomes Miss Leslie again to our columns, wishing her long life and health, that she may continue those very pleasant tales which have already given so much pleasure.

Another from Addison Point, Maine, says—"Permit me to say that your ideas of presenting something upon cottage and villa architecture, &c., will meet general acceptance. I predict for the Lady's Book an uncommon circulation the present year."

Another lady writes from Halifax, N. C.—"I always inquire of all subscribers whether they will continue or not, because I dislike so much to see publishers imposed on by sending their works to persons that do not intend to continue. My rule is to pay always in advance. I would not receive a work on credit. I think you all well worthy of your hire. I have taken twelve magazines this and preceding years; and always pay the printer." We honor the sentiments of this lady, and would that all other subscribers would act in the same manner.

Another of our fair subscribers in Memphis, Tenn., who writes on the most beautiful sheet of note paper we ever saw, says—"Enclosed you will receive \$5 from two young ladies, great admirers of your magazine.

You have offered liberal inducements to subscribers—your 'Book' itself is the greatest."

A friend says he once knew a person who kept two pianos, one in the front room for secular and one in the back room for sacred music.

The following is beautiful. "A lady who had lost a beloved child was so oppressed with grief that she even secluded herself from the society of her family and kept herself locked in her chamber, but was at length prevailed on by her husband to come down stairs and take a walk in the garden. While there she stopped to pluck a flower, but her husband appeared as though he would hinder her. She said, 'What—deny a flower?' He replied, 'You have denied God your flower, and surely you ought not to think it hard in me to deny you mine.'

"It is said the lady suitably felt the gentle reproof, and had reason to say, 'A word spoken in season, how good it is!'"

We—that is, the junior and business editor—never write long letters, having neither time nor inclination so to do. If an article is not liked, we return it, merely saying so, giving no reasons. We once offended a celebrated lady writer by this proceeding. We returned her MS., stating that it would not do for our "Book." She rejoined by saying that on account of our "extreme incivility" she never would write for us again. We did not faint, but immediately looked at our dictionary for the definition of Brevity, and we need hardly tell our readers that it was not "extreme incivility."

The British Museum has purchased, through their agent, a set of "Godey's Lady's Book" from the commencement of the work, for their extensive library, and great difficulty they had in getting a complete copy. We want for ourselves a few May numbers for 1846, for which fifty cents each will be given.

Our one hundred thousand readers will be pleased to hear that the universal voice of the press has pronounced our January number the gem of the year. How could it be otherwise with such reading matter and such exquisite engravings—added to which was our useful department, which the ladies know so well how to appreciate. They will also be gratified when we tell them that we did not waste all our strength on the January number. Witness the beautiful mezzotint by Ritchie; the first mezzotint *Fashion plate*, also by Ritchie, and the exquisitely engraved portrait of that popular authoress, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, engraved by Welch, which adorn this number. We repeat it—our plates and our literature this year shall be superior to the last.

It is customary, in noticing books received from publishers, to speak of the beauty of the engravings and the worth of the work itself, but few of our critics think of mentioning anything about the typographical execution, upon which much of our comfort in reading depends. We have been led to this remark from looking over several of the most beautiful and costly works ever issued from the American press. We allude to the *Lady of the Lake*, Bryant and Longfellow's poems, *Childe Harold and Cowper's Task* and other poems, published by Carey & Hart. The typographical portion of these works is by Messrs. T. K. & P. G. Collins, of this city, the same gentlemen who print the *Lady's Book*. It is equal in every respect to the best London typography, and is probably superior to any other printing ever done in this country.





# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1847.

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### THE STINGY TRAVELER.

(See Plate.)

"I've buttoned my coat, as you may see,  
And never a groat will you get from me;  
My baggage is light, and the cars are near,  
So about away—I shall not hear.

"I've paid my score, and the bill was high,  
And now you follow, like hounds in cry,  
To drag me down with 'give! give! give!'  
But I never will die that you may live.

"Ay, call me names—it matters not—  
The money I have was honestly got,

And honestly used the same shall be—  
Not spent such impudent beggars to see.

"The pale little orphan, when he draws near,  
With piteous story, I always hear,  
And never send him empty away—  
But I will not give where I'm made to pay.

"Go to your master for wages due,  
He has the money from me for you;  
What he has promised he may fulfil—  
I only will pay my regular bill."

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### TO NELLY: UPON HER EIGHTH BIRTH-DAY.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

SUFFER them to come to me—  
Do not their approach repel;  
So CHRIST speaks of such as thee—  
JESUS loveth children well—  
Do you love *Him*, little Nell?

When, the type of Jordan's flood,  
On your brow the water fell,  
Who your anxious sponsor stood?  
She whose love no tongue can tell—  
Did you love your mother, Nell?

When the King of Terrors threw  
O'er her life the chilling spell,

Then the latest breath she drew  
Bade you all in love to dwell—  
Do you love your sisters, Nell?

Him whom many a painful thought,  
Which no foreign themes may quell,  
Brooding o'er your future lot,  
Doth to wakeful hours compel—  
Do you love your father, Nell?

God your Saviour love and fear,  
He will every cloud dispel;  
Love, as yourself, your neighbor here—  
All shall in the end be well:  
The end will be in heaven, Nell.



# THE FRENCH BEAN; OR, THE PASTOR OF LIEBENHÖHE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MARY E. LEE.

It was early morning amid the beautiful valley of Liebenhöhe, when, with emotions of deep and solemn feeling, such as were naturally elicited by the sacred rite in which he had just engaged, Mr. Meltzer, the young pastor of the parish, left the cottage of a sick member of his flock, to whom he had just administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper, ere his spirit should be called to pass over the dark stream of death, before entering on those boundless fields of unimagined enjoyment which are promised to the pious believer in another world. As Meltzer crossed the wide meadows which lay between the village and the parsonage, he could not refrain from staying his steps for a moment to enjoy the quiet peace of nature, which was so well attuned to his inner spirit. The keen, cool air of dawn was rapidly dispelling the light mist which night had hung over the landscape; the east was already tinted with that rosy, purplish tint which announces the approach of the god of day; and while in the still slumbering aspect of every surrounding object the thoughtful pastor discovered a resemblance to the quiet of the grave, the rich and gorgeous glow of the orient horizon seemed to picture to his imagination the glories of that resurrection morn when the spirit of man shall shake off the mortal hull which has so long encompassed and restrained its movements, and amid the kindling radiance of immortality, shall display all its inborn powers.

On reaching the door of the parsonage, who should spring out to meet him but his gay and pretty sister Pauline, a girl of about seventeen years of age, who filled the place of housekeeper in his bachelor establishment, and who, having seen his return from the kitchen, where she was busied in some culinary preparation, hastened out to bestow on him her usual morning kiss; and as she threw her arms around him, she exclaimed, with that playful irony which was a part of her nature—"Poor Edward, thou wast early obliged to leave thy warm nest, and now I see thou hast brought back a red-breast from thy cold walk;" and as she spoke she laid her light finger on the pastor's well-formed nose, which was really somewhat too highly-colored from the biting freshness of the dawn: but immediately perceiving from her brother's serious countenance that this was not the time for jesting, she added, in a changed and sympathizing voice—"If you intend writing to-day, your study is already warmed, your pipe

nicely filled, and the coffee strong and smoking; so just say where you would wish to have your breakfast served, and you shall have it immediately."

With an affectionate expression of thanks, Meltzer replied—"Then send me up some coffee, good Pauline, and try, if you can, to prevent any needless intrusion, for I am anxious to study my sermon for to-morrow's fast-day, and feel more than usually inclined for writing this morning." Then, after waiting to advise with the young housekeeper concerning some necessary household duty, he ran up stairs to his study, where he found the warm temperature exactly suited to his feelings, and where, throwing off his surplice, he wrapped himself in a soft wadded gown; and after smoking his pipe and enjoying a large china cup of fragrant Mocha, which Pauline brought him on tip-toe, Meltzer felt himself refreshed and strengthened for the labors of the day, and at first only sketched out the outlines of his discourse, till after-thoughts streamed forth in such uncommon fullness and clearness from the torrent of mind, and language, like the buds and blossoms along the banks of a fruitful streamlet, sprang up so spontaneously, that he soon yielded to the inspiration of the hour and wrote as rapidly as his pen could serve him.

Two hours had probably elapsed, during which the industrious student had more and more succeeded in withdrawing his thoughts from the outer world, when his sister's light footstep was heard on the stairs, and tapping, as she opened the door of the study, Pauline exclaimed, apologetically—"Do not be vexed, brother Edward, for this time I could not avoid disturbing you, since a messenger has just arrived from 'Forest Lodge,' bringing this note from Mr. Wild, the head forester, and even now waits an answer:" and as she spoke she handed her brother a sealed sheet, which he hurriedly broke open, and read as follows:—

"RESPECTED AND VERY DEAR SIR:—I take the liberty of inviting Miss Pauline and yourself to unite with my family in a little social entertainment, which for many years past we have regularly given on this particular evening. My wife bids me say that she is particularly anxious to win your testimony to the excellence of her pancakes, in which she flatters herself that she excels; and for myself, I shall regard your compliance as a

mark of neighborly feeling towards myself and family, and shall be glad to have your assistance in keeping the gayety of my young people within bounds—although, dear sir, you need fear no noisy excess, since I trust the inmates of the 'Forest Lodge' would never be guilty of any. Trusting that you will not return a refusal to my invitation, I am, very respectfully, yours,

"WILD, *Royal forester.*"

"P.S.—Our carriage shall be at your disposal at any hour you may appoint."

Pauline's merry face beamed with the sunshine of hope as her brother read the above note, yet there was an expression of anxious doubt in the tone with which she inquired—"What do you intend doing, Edward? Shall we accept the invitation?"

"Certainly not," replied the pastor, as his glance fell disapprovingly on the open sheet. "Nothing would be more repugnant to my feelings than to celebrate the eve of Good Friday in this manner; and it ill becomes those who call themselves the followers of Christ to throw aside the light cross which duty as well as inclination ought to compel them to bear, and to spend, in gay jest and careless frivolity, the eve of a day consecrated to solemn thought by the sufferings and death of the holy Founder of our religion. Is it not as though we wished to anticipate the enjoyments from which our positions as Christians ought to debar us, until the conclusion of Passion-week? And while persons of proper feeling object to the social convivialities which are too often permitted at our funerals, how much more sinful seems any such excess at a period which marks the anniversary of the most solemn offering ever made upon earth?"

And in the excitement of his feelings, Meltzer drew out a sheet of paper from his desk, and was about to write an answer to the forester's note, when, laying her hand on his arm as if to detain him, his sister exclaimed, in a tone of entreaty—"Dear brother, reflect yet a moment over the matter; since the good intentions of our neighbor, Mr. Wild, at least deserve from you that trouble. Oh, Edward, why will you become thus early a zealot, and act directly in opposition to the impulses of your friendly nature? Would it not be far better to imitate the Saviour of men in that gentleness and endurance which made him willing to become the companion of publicans and sinners? Really, I do not see why you should refuse this invitation, since the Wilds are a most estimable and amiable family—and I should so like to have gone;" and as she spoke, the poor girl turned hurriedly away to hide the tears that streamed fast from her eyes.

Grieved by her apparent disappointment, and sympathizing warmly in her young feelings, Meltzer now exclaimed, with something of indecision in his tones—"Nay, but allow, dear Pauline, that my determination is correct—for ought

not my actions to be regulated by the position in which I stand as guide and example to my congregation, and ought I to forget the peculiar circumspection which is due to the sacredness of my office?"

"Nay, Edward, I would have you do neither," rejoined his sister, in an animated voice, as she marked the tones of indecision in her brother's manner. "And now," continued she, "I cannot but think that your last argument works entirely against you, since the head of a congregation should embrace every opportunity for social intercourse with his people; and one who, like you, can impart so just an aim and limit to social pleasure, and who knows so well how to mingle the water of trivial conversation with the wine of intellectual enjoyment, ought not to decline attending a party even on Good Friday eve. Dear, good brother, do grant this request for my sake, and should you find cause to regret your compliance, I promise never again to ask a favor from your hands."

There was an expression of earnest entreaty in the tones of the pretty suppliant which made a direct appeal to the pastor's heart; and although his sober reason could not altogether approve the act, yet he found himself longer unable to bear the reproach of disobligingness, and in a few minutes Pauline received from his hands the answer which she so earnestly desired, and hastened away to deliver it to the messenger; while, in rather a doubtful frame of mind, as if not quite satisfied with his decision, Meltzer paced up and down in the narrow confines of his study, and sought to stifle the reproaches of his conscience by the pleasure with which he secretly looked to the evening's entertainment. Soon, however, his tutored mind gained the victory over passing fancies, and collecting his scattered ideas, he was able to finish the composition of his sermon in such a manner as gave him evident satisfaction.

'Twilight had already thrown its light-gray veil over the face of the wintry day when Mr. Wild's traveling carriage was seen driving up to the door of the quiet parsonage, and as Pauline stood to tie her brother's cravat into a neat knot, she playfully charged him to lay aside the *mauvaise honte* which too often made him appear awkward in the society of ladies, assuring him at the same time that there was not a girl in the neighborhood who would not gladly claim her as sister-in-law.

"Flatterer!" exclaimed the pastor, as, tapping her cheek reproachfully, he next rewarded her pretty compliment with a kiss, and then added—"Nay, Pauline, I dare not hope to find a maiden with heart and mind corresponding to my taste, and yet sufficiently moderate in her desires to enjoy the limited sphere which I could alone offer my future partner in the quiet home of a country parsonage."

"Nay, that would be your own fault," continued Pauline, "since you could never become

a persevering suitor. But no matter for that;—Heaven often aids the negligent and leads them earlier to success than those who make more active exertions for themselves. Only keep your eyes about you, brother, so that you may be able to discover the right person; for the surest sign, as the initiated say, by which to find them out, is when at first sight a flash as of lightning strikes from their eyes into your heart."

It was with an expression of lively pleasure that Pauline pointed out the numerous lights that twinkled through the dark green shrubbery, as, rolling rapidly through the forest, the carriage at length reached the forester's spacious residence, surrounded by its convenient and well-arranged outbuildings; and even her brother's face beamed with interest as he caught the bustle of the assembled company and observed the numerous domestics as they passed to and fro in their preparations for the bountiful supper.

Ere the equipage stopped at the door, the sturdy forester had hastened out to welcome them, and while his two blooming daughters embraced Pauline in the most ardent and friendly manner, the worthy host shook his minister's hand with great cordiality, exclaiming, as he did so—"Welcome, a thousand times welcome! Dear sir, I cannot express the pleasure which your acquiescence afforded me, though even had my request met with a refusal, I should have urged it in person, since we could not relinquish the pleasure of your society on this evening, when we needed *you* more than any other."

Although Meltzer could not discover the reason for the stress laid on his own appearance, yet he was too modest and retiring in his nature to believe that his host really wished to regard him as the hero of the feast, and without assuming any superiority of mind or manners, he cordially greeted the promiscuous assembly. Soon, however, the conversation between the gentlemen became easy and animated, since with many of them the pastor was personally acquainted; while Pauline made herself very happy with a group of young girls, by all of whom she was regarded as a pattern of good taste; and being, as she was, a great pet of her brother's, it was natural that all who entertained any designs against the pastor's heart should first seek to win his sister's favor.

In the meanwhile our host moved carelessly from group to group, taking a passing share in each topic of conversation, and striving to increase the gayety of his guests, while it was evident throughout that he was anxiously listening for some new arrival; and remarking his seeming absence of mind, Meltzer took the earliest opportunity to inquire whether he expected any other company, when, with some appearance of confusion, the forester replied that he had hoped for the pleasure of seeing a distant relative of his, an agriculturist by the name of Wild, who, along with his daughter, had promised to be with them that evening.

One quarter of an hour after another elapsed, and still these guests did not arrive. The preparations for supper were fully completed, and there was an expression of anxiety and impatience on the brow of the hostess as she repeatedly nodded to her husband that all was ready; till, on her privately assuring him that the meats would be overdone, he yielded to her wishes, and invited his friends to accompany him to the next apartment. The spacious eating-room, where the company now assembled, afforded but limited space for the numerous guests, yet two seats, at the most honorable post, the middle of the table, and opposite to which sat the pastor, were left unoccupied, as if intended for the expected relatives; and scarcely had the steam from the spicy viands diffused itself throughout the apartment, when a carriage drawn by four horses dashed up to the door, and on a servant's loud announcement of "They have come—they have come!" all eyes were directed to the entrance; while, pushing his chair quickly aside, the host, with the table napkin still hanging from his button-hole, hastened to meet the new-comers, and the pastor could not but await with curiosity the arrival of the relatives, to whom the forester showed such marked civility. Throwing the door of the supper-room wide open, Mr. Wild now introduced a gentleman of tall and stately figure, and whose countenance would have been almost too stern and commanding in expression had it not been softened down by an air of cordiality as remote as possible from deceit, but which only seemed to invite a closer examination of its striking outline.

Meltzer was quite unconscious of the interest with which he gazed on the stranger's face, and probably he might have scrutinized it yet more closely had not his attention been suddenly absorbed by a creature of surpassing loveliness who leaned on his arm, and who was no other than Ulrica, the agriculturist's daughter. To a tall and graceful figure, moulded in the most perfect proportions, were added a face which, although quite devoid of the fresh coloring of health, (for the lady was strikingly pale,) was rendered spiritually beautiful by a soft mass of the palest auburn hair, and a pair of dark blue eyes, which resembled Pauline's merrier orbs in color as the violet compares with the forget-me-not; while, if we may carry out the simile, the expression of her countenance might be said to resemble, in its modest timidity, the fancied qualities of that humble flower.

The forester now took his seat beside the father and daughter, and contrived with ready tact to direct the conversation to such a channel as might be most apt to give pleasure to the young pastor, who sat opposite—a course which rather puzzled the youthful Meltzer, who wondered that his host did not rather seek to gain for the strangers the attention of several chatty and intelligent farmers who sat in the vicinity; but anxious to do his

best towards the entertainment of the newcomers, whom, in connection with his host's respectful demeanor, he knew not how to regard as relatives of the household, he readily took his part in the conversation; but while the stranger courteously replied to every one else, his answers were as cold and formal as possible toward Meltzer, a circumstance which, owing, however, to his innocence of heart, was entirely unobserved by the pastor.

In the course of conversation, however, this haughtiness disappeared, and the two gentlemen seemed so well pleased with each other, that their conversation became animated and most friendly, till those who sat immediately around were entirely silent so as fully to enjoy this intelligent interchange of ideas; while the spirits of the master of the mansion seemed to rise in proportion as he walked about, whispering confidentially to one and then another of his guests, as if to excuse the exclusive attention with which he had devoted himself to this centre group.

At first the pale and beautiful Ulrica hardly ventured to look towards her opposite neighbor, but when she marked her father's apparent pleasure, and heard for herself the noble sentiments which were uttered by the young pastor, her dark blue eyes modestly sought his, and as she met his open and beaming face, her usually pensive expression seemed to brighten into cheerfulness, and even while conversing with a maiden at her side, it was evident that she gave both heart and ear to the opposite speaker.

Supper being ended, a huge punch-bowl, with its blue-colored flame, was set before the master of the house, flanked on either side by heaped-up dishes of smoking pancakes, over whose beautiful brown sugar had been liberally strewn; and as soon as these were arranged, the forester arose, and with a playful bow, thus addressed the company—"Ladies and gentlemen—according to an old custom which has been long handed down in my family, I invite you this evening to assist in the election of a bean-king or queen for the ensuing year; and in the distribution of these pancakes, a simple bean will be discovered that shall serve to designate the royal personage, who will be immediately allowed the liberty of choosing a companion among the members of this little party for his or her jurisdiction. No revenues may be expected, save some pretty bagatelles, which will be presented on this occasion to the fortunate finder of the bean, who will be called on to make a short speech, suiting the beginning of his or her reign—whose entire duration is but for one year, unless chance should again select him or her to wear the purple of royalty—as also an edict, which shall neither be at variance with the laws of church or state, nor shall invade the rights of conscience and sound reason. And now, do you approve of these resolutions, my worthy friends?"

A loud and unanimous "Ay—ay!" uttered

amid jest and laughter, assured to the future sovereign the entire loyalty of his subjects; and when the company were once more seated, the forester turned to his daughters, saying—"Now hasten, girls, and bring what is necessary;" and soon one placed before her father a silver salver, on which stood a tiny drinking cup, while the other distributed among the guests copies of the following song, to be chanted during the distribution of the pancakes by the whole assembled company, most of whom seemed to enter fully into the playfulness of the entertainment. The song ran as follows:—

"Come forth from thy hiding-place, magical bean,  
And 'mid this gay throng, let thy choice be seen  
Of the youth whom thou countest most worthy to bear  
The rule o'er a kingdom that knows not of fear—  
Or the maiden whose loveliness, free from all art,  
Shall win that best tribute—the homage of heart!"

"Pure gold makes its bed in the huge mountain's side;  
The white pearl lies deep 'neath the ocean's blue tide;  
The diamond that lends unto darkness its spell,  
Hides its lustrous spark in the mine's gloomy cell;  
And things that in life's path most precious we own,  
Dwell oft in seclusion, apart and unknown.

"Then hasten, charmed talisman; promptly declare,  
'Mid this circle made up of the brave and the fair,  
The youth who as monarch shall merit thy dower,  
Or the maid who shall queen it with innocent power;  
For see, their liege subjects, the loyal and true,  
Are eager to greet them—oh, quickly say who?"

There was a harmonious cadence in this song that produced the most agreeable effect in the pastor's mind; and our readers must not reproach us with extravagance when we assure them that it was with conflicting feelings of hope and anxiety that Meltzer, at the conclusion, broke his pancake in pieces, when what was his surprise on seeing a large French bean spring out of its spongy interior, while the loud and repeated applause which succeeded to the disclosure of the fact, and the blushing modesty with which the finder looked on the little treasure, testified to the truth of the old saying that merit and modesty go hand in hand.

"My dear sir," exclaimed the delighted host, as he rubbed his hands exultingly together, "you turn to me as though I had some part in this mystery, but I assure you it is not so. The bean itself possesses a marvelous talent at discernment—I might almost say that it boasts of human understanding, since by some secret knowledge it has chosen *you* among this numerous company. And now, long life to your majesty!" he added, while in the general enthusiasm the table rang with the repeated response; and while the pastor meditated a toast suiting the occasion, the silver waiter was handed to each maiden successively, to collect the playful tribute usually tendered to each new sovereign. One laid on it a bow of ribbon, of the same delicate hue as that worn by

Werter's Charlotte; another drew from her clustering curls an artificial rose; some threw in neatly-braided watch-guards, and others netted purses, which, in their various forms and texture, displayed the skill and ingenuity of the makers. At length the waiter reached the fair Ulrica, and so pale did she become in the confusion of not being able to select any article from her tasteful but simple attire, that Meltzer was about to whisper that it should be passed on as if accidentally, when, recovering her self-possession, she quietly drew from her finger a ring of some value, and after gazing on it for a moment with an expression of mingled bitterness and sorrow, she laid it among the rest of the trifles; then glancing towards its new owner, her blue eye suddenly sparkled and her cheek rivalled the rose in freshness as she met his open and admiring gaze.

On receiving these tiny tributes from the fair hands of one of the daughters of the household, the pastor gave its full share of admiration to each little article in turn; but it was not difficult to perceive that his attention was most engrossed by the ring, which seemed indeed appropriate to his profession, it being a pretty mosaic representing those three chief attributes of Christianity—Faith, Hope and Love. Hardly had he returned his thanks to the fair donors, when the forester, as master of ceremony, arose and exclaimed aloud—"Now, my dear sir, you have the liberty of choosing a partner for your throne, and whosoever shall receive from your hand this cup of wine and shall take a sip therefrom, to her we promise to pay the allegiance due to a queen."

For a moment our hero glanced around the board, and then, with a bow in which playfulness and timidity were combined, he leant across the table and presented the little goblet to the daughter of the agriculturist, who received it with a smile and blush, and just raising it to her lips, returned it to the pastor.

"And now, my children, let us have silence," exclaimed the happy host, as he drew his pretty daughter to his side, "for our king is about to make his coronation speech, and will also declare his mighty edict!" and so saying, he bowed to Meltzer, who, shaking off his natural diffidence, arose, and addressed the company in the following words:—

"My respected friends—the good opinion which you apparently express towards me in the satisfaction with which you are pleased to congratulate me on the playful honors of this evening, calls from me the warmest expressions of gratitude. 'High thoughts oft lie in childish sports,' says a poet whose name should be ever mentioned with enthusiasm, and the most trivial accidents may bear the heart heavenward, if the spirit but lend its wings to sustain it in its upward flight—yes, circumstances as minute as this little bean often form the germ to a wide world of joy and felicity. Oh, my friends, far happier than a king would I be could I but estab-

lish an empire among you where hearty good faith should unite all in one brotherly band—where friendship should form the one golden link, and where the flowers of love should bloom and blossom through the furthest future. And now, my friends, let me issue an edict, which is closely connected with these, my most ardent hopes. I will plant this bean in my garden, and when it shall have attained its full growth, and displayed all its summer glory, then I invite this whole company, from both far and near, to meet together at my parsonage; and, using my prerogative, I desire that until then every member of this pleasant party should cherish and watch over the quick germ of social harmony that lies in each individual heart, and that they would guard it from every wild shoot of selfishness and indifference, till in the end they may present me with such a garland of the flowers of love as shall prove more valuable to me than the richest crown of kingdoms."

As the pastor concluded, he bowed repeatedly to the company, while there was a general exclamation of—"We will come—oh, yes, we will surely come when the bean shall bear its blossoms!" mingled with animated expressions of pleasure and approval.

"I, too, will not fail to appear," observed the agriculturist, with a peculiar tone of voice, as about midnight he bade farewell, with a warm pressure of the hand, to the worthy pastor; while his fair daughter, who leaned on his arm, also added a smiling assent.

The company soon dispersed on their homeward routs, and as the carriage rolled through the dark forest, now partially illumined by the rising moon, Pauline drew her warm fur mantle more closely around her slender form, and leaning affectionately on her brother's shoulder, she observed—"Now, I fear you have not enjoyed yourself this evening, else why are you so quiet? Can it be that you have found the silence of the fair stranger so worthy of imitation?"

"It is easy to see that Miss Ulrica is highly intelligent, although she says but little," replied her brother; "and one who can give such charm and expression to a few sentences, has surely a right to use her rare gifts as sparingly as she pleases."

Pauline's cheek glowed high with the seeming reproof to her own volubility conveyed in her brother's words, and at length pettishly observed—"As for me, curiosity kept me silent the whole evening; and depend upon it, Edward, my name is not what it is if this Agriculturist Wild is not some other person than what they would have us believe!"

"What do you mean? Whom do you suspect?" asked her brother, in a tone of surprise.

"Only that our host made a jest of us, and us alone," replied Pauline, "since it was clear that the rest of the company were in the secret, and Heaven only knows who this stranger may be."

"Yet what cause have you for suspicion, Pauline?" inquired the pastor with obstinate perseverance.

"I will tell you," replied his sister with a knowing laugh. "In the first place, the forester acted quite too ceremoniously towards the stranger to allow me to believe that he was really a relative; in the next, both of the Miss Wilds addressed the young Ulrica as *you* (*sie*), instead of *thou* (*du*), which you know is always employed among us Germans in familiar intercourse. Besides these reasons, I noticed another suspicious circumstance; it was, that when two intelligent farmers, who sat near you, commenced discussing the best mode for raising sheep, (a subject, by the way, which ought never to be introduced at evening parties, since when the men once get into the stables, they can never get out again,) the stranger listened some minutes to the debate, and then, as if uninterested in the subject, turned away to discuss some literary point with yourself. Now, brother, does not all this prove that he is no agriculturist?"

The pastor only replied by a laugh at his sister's ingenious reasonings, though it was evident enough, that he felt he was the subject of some little mystery, and was anxious to have the matter cleared up if possible.

The young pastor possessed the rare talent of being able to win the confidence of the most reserved spirits, and in his love for his fellow-creatures, he saw in this invaluable quality an especial blessing, lent by Heaven, to enable him to exercise the most beneficial influence over mankind at large; and, prompted by this belief, he at length resigned his pleasant situation as tutor in a very amiable family, to take charge of the parish of Liebenhöhe, which church had been tendered him some months previous by a unanimous vote of the congregation. There were some circumstances, however, connected with his acceptance of this country church, which gave him considerable uneasiness, owing to the contrariety of opinion respecting the choice of a minister, which existed between Mr. Silliger, the lord of the manor, and the worthy people of his parish. The former, who possessed but one vote, was strongly prejudiced in favor of a young man, an inmate in his family as the instructor of his younger children, and who was also the betrothed of his eldest daughter; while his parishioners, on the other hand, who were entitled to two suffrages, had rather imbibed a dislike towards this youth, with whose qualifications they had become acquainted during a previous summer, when he occasionally filled their pulpit; and had, therefore, determined on choosing for their pastor the high-souled and talented Edward Meltzer; who, as we have seen, was duly installed in his sacred office, and speedily won the affection of every member of his congregation. It gave great pain, however, to a person of such sensibility as Meltzer, to believe, that by his acceptance of this situation, he

had probably drawn on himself the dislike and ill-will of one of such influence and intelligence as Mr. Silliger; or that he may have blighted some fond expectations in the breast of the unsuccessful candidate; and in his anxiety to remove any ill-founded prejudice, he even wrote a polite letter to the lord of the manor, in which he frankly solicited his good-will, which, as he assured him, he would use every effort to deserve, and furthermore, begged the honor of a personal interview, whenever convenient to that gentleman. The answer returned to this open and ingenuous communication, was cold and formal in the extreme; for although the writer politely accepted Meltzer's proposal of a personal introduction, he however postponed it to an indefinite time, finding it inconvenient, as he said, to fix any period for his next visit to the parish of Liebenhöhe.

Thus matters stood at the time of our story, and although it was rumored throughout the parish, that Mr. Silliger had declared in his resentment, that he would grant no further favors to his unworthy tenants of Liebenhöhe, yet a few among them had learned the true reason of his seeming desertion of his country residence, which was really owing to the mean behavior of his daughter's lover, who, disappointed in his hope of the parsonage, had charged his patron with too weak an exercise of his authority in his behalf, and had shown himself so indifferent to his betrothed, as to induce her to recall the promise of her hand.

The frosts of winter had long since dissolved beneath the warm breath of spring, and spring herself was about to resign her sway to the fiery rule of summer; the ears of corn were in ripe blossom, the crimson buds had opened to the full blown rose; and only in the dewy morn or at cool twilight, did the nightingale venture to breathe out her pensive chant, when the pastor Meltzer sat in the shaded summer-house, gazing on a beautiful vine, the product of the small French bean, which, in its quick growth, had closely twined its tendrils around a tasteful framework, and seemed almost burdened with its multitude of rich purple and scarlet blossoms. Probably with some reference to the accommodation of the social circle, whom he hoped, one day, to collect around it, the pastor had planted this bean in the most open part of his extensive garden, where it formed the centre to a circular seat of the richest turf; and almost simultaneously with its growth, the tender germ of hope had sprung up in the fertile soil of his heart. As he sat on the grass-plat, smoking his morning pipe, his cheerful glance rested on the bean blossoms, many of which were not yet fully open, and a pleasant thought seemed suddenly to take possession of his mind. "Pauline," said he, "is it not high time to invite our friends, as we proposed?" and the question was asked with such earnestness, as though the happiness of his life depended on the reply; while, fond of all social intercourse, the merry Pauline

readily gave her assent, and on the same morning a messenger was dispatched to the printing-office of the neighboring town, with the following advertisement for insertion:—

"The company who last assembled at the house of forester W . . . for the celebration of a festival anniversary, are now affectionately invited to meet together at the parsonage of Liebenhöhe, on the afternoon of the 18th July."

(Signed) "E. M."

And now the utmost bustle and activity reigned in the usually quiet parsonage; while, anxious that no reproach should be cast on her youthful house-keeping, and that everything might win the approval of the best judges, Pauline made an energetic use of both head and hands, in devising and preparing the most suitable delicacies for her numerous guests; and, though her brother said but little, it was evident that he took a deep interest in her active housewifery; indeed, he seemed in unusually good spirits since the day of the appearance of the advertisement in the public prints.

"I wonder whether they will all come?" remarked the pastor, as they sat, one morning, at their simple breakfast table.

"Oh! yes, all except the Wilds, I think," replied the provoking Pauline. "I understood that Mr. Wild was very busy preparing his wool for market."

"That will not prevent his attendance," rejoined Mr. Meltzer in a confident manner; "since I have reason to believe that he has already disposed of all his produce."

Upon this, his teasing sister pointed her finger at him, exclaiming triumphantly, "Ah! now, you have betrayed yourself, brother, quite betrayed yourself."

It was the day previous to the important 18th July, when Pauline, entering her brother's study, in walking attire, exclaimed animatedly, "I just run up to tell you, Edward, that as there is one dish of roast yet wanting for the supper, I propose stepping up to the castle-yard and try whether I cannot purchase a well-fattened turkey from the poultry-woman. You know a roast turkey goes far, and will be quite a suitable dish."

"Nay! I would rather that you should not go, Pauline," replied her brother, in a tone of quiet disapproval. "Situated as I am towards the proprietor of the manor, it seems to me, that delicacy forbids that we should ask the least favor from his dependents."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Pauline, vexed beyond all bounds of patience. "What is the use of being so precise about everything? There is nothing in the world to prevent my asking, at least, for if the hunting-season had commenced, our friend the head forester, would certainly have informed us of Mr. Silliger's arrival."

In the course of an half hour Pauline returned from her unsuccessful errand; and, as heated and fatigued with the rapid exercise, she lingered for

a moment to recover her breath in the shady avenue, her brother came forward to meet her, and her first exclamation, on seeing him, was, "Ah! Edward, I have bad news to unfold!"

"What! is there no turkey to be had?" asked the pastor, with a provoking laugh.

"No! no! that is not the worst," said Pauline, discontentedly; "but I even fear that our pleasant party will be quite spoiled, in consequence of what I am about to relate. On reaching the castle-yard, I saw all the windows and doors thrown open; servants were busied in preparing the numerous chambers; the steward ran about half-crazy, and the poultry woman was actively engaged in catching out some of the finest hens from the numerous broods that cackled vociferously around her, seeking to escape in every direction. I soon saw that I had chosen the wrong time for my visit; for when, in the most polite manner, I urged my request, she answered rather abruptly, 'that she had no turkeys to dispose of, since her master and family were expected on the ensuing day at Liebenhöhe, and intended remaining until fall; that all her produce would be necessary for home consumption, and that she was then busy in making a selection for the pantry.' You may readily believe, brother, that this news was exceedingly disagreeable; indeed, I feel convinced, that this proud lord, who has shown his enmity towards you with so little reason, will, in the end, spoil all our pleasure. My only trust is, that he will not show himself at the parsonage until our party is over."

"For shame, Pauline!" exclaimed her brother, with serious earnestness. "Let Mr. Silliger come when and where he will, he shall always win from me a hearty welcome. And what is to prevent him from yet becoming my friend? I have heard it said, that those who were once enemies, and through some happy occurrence became friends, ever remain most steadfast in their attachments, and embrace every opportunity for showing their sincere regret of former auspicion."

Pauline made no reply to this sensible determination, but only hurried away to some domestic arrangement.

The morning of the 18th July was just shedding its rosy tint over the village church-tower, and the shepherd's horn had scarcely broken the silence of the early dawn, when, roused by her youthful impatience, the restless Pauline hastened into the dewy garden to discover whether the fruit of the large strawberry bed was yet sufficiently ripened to furnish a dish for the festal repast; and being somewhat disappointed in her hopes, she next unlocked the door of the pretty summer-house, where, in pleasant weather, her brother was accustomed to pursue his studies; but which, for the last few days, furnished a commodious pantry for her varied stock of viands. What was her surprise, when, on crossing the threshold, she beheld two large baskets, carefully covered, and placed in a conspicuous place; and on raising the

lid of the first, she saw that it contained a variety of culinary preparations, far more than sufficient to supply every deficiency in her own abundant provision. In one corner lay several pair of pheasants and wild ducks, ready roasted, in another, a fine pie, which emitted the most savory odor, while between these meats were neatly arranged piles of the finest fruits of the season.

"The shabby fellow! what a trick he has played me," exclaimed Pauline, as she gazed delightedly on the well-filled basket, naturally enough supposing that her brother had caused her this agreeable surprise; but soon she added in a tone of reproach, "yet even when men are willing to take an interest in household affairs, they always overstep the mark, and instead of supplying a sufficiency, actually waste money in procuring what is not necessary. To be sure, this would be all very well if it cost nothing, but, dear me! if Edward had to furnish the house from the sum of money which he hands over to me at the beginning of each month, he would make bad work of it. How nicely this game is roasted, and I declare, the pie is still warm, which shows that it must have been baked in the neighborhood. Can it be that he was so foolish as to hire a cook? Nay, I will not wait a moment longer, but go and ask him;" and so saying, Pauline was soon seen glancing like a sunbeam along the grassy path leading to the parsonage, where her brother stood ready to greet her with his usual morning kiss. "Nay, come along," said she, as she seized him by the arm, and hurried him along the garden-walk, "you are indeed a fine fellow, and I could almost scold you, if I did not feel that your splendid addition to my pantry is really a cause for gratitude. Only see how well your orders have been executed."

Mute with astonishment, the pastor could only stand and gaze on the tempting viands, till, urged by fresh curiosity, his sister now lifted the lid of the other basket, and found that it contained various bottles of home-made cordials and light wines.

"What is the meaning of all this? From whence have you obtained these wines and provisions?" asked the young man as he turned to his sister with a gaze of eager curiosity.

"Ah! Edward, I never thought you so full of deceit before; from whom could they come but from you?" inquired Pauline with such a merry laugh as lit up every feature of her fair face.

"From me?" replied her brother, in a tone of surprise. "There you are quite mistaken, my dear; since I know nothing whatever about them, and am most anxious to learn from whence they came."

There was something so serious and decided in Meltzer's countenance and manner, as he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, as immediately convinced his sister that her suspicions respecting him were entirely unfounded, and for a long while they sat together mutually conjecturing the source from whence these mysterious

presents had arrived, till, as each in turn seemed unsatisfactory, Pauline left her companion at length, to give her attention to the busy duties of the coming day.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, carriage after carriage might be seen rolling up to the door of the parsonage, and as the young host and hostess welcomed each arrival with hearty cordiality, the former could not repress a secret emotion of disappointment, as he looked in vain for the guests whose presence he most earnestly desired.

"All have now arrived," whispered Pauline in tones of bustling activity; "all except Mr. Wild and his daughter; they only are absent."

"Only!" replied her brother with a sigh, which told how little he sympathized in her apparent indifference, and it is possible that he would have given some further expression to his disappointment, if just then a servant had not appeared to inform him, that a person at the door requested to see him for a few moments; and excusing himself to his guests, Meltzer went to inquire the cause of this intrusion.

When the pastor returned to the company, there was a shade of perplexity on his open brow, but with a calm, cheerful voice, and an air of entire self-possession, he announced that he had just received a note from Mr. Silliger, the lord of the manor, in which he, along with his family, proposed paying him a visit on that very afternoon, trusting that all former animosity might be forgotten in the favorable opinion which he hoped they would mutually receive in this, his intended visit."

"Alas! how unfortunate!" exclaimed Pauline, as, quite thrown off her guard, she almost upset a cup of coffee in the agitation produced by this unexpected news; while even her brother's usual equanimity of temper was almost overturned in the conflict of feelings produced by the non-appearance of his most wished-for guests, and his eager desire to win the good-will of the unknown lord of the manor.

Perceiving the head forester standing at the garden-gate, Meltzer deemed it a favorable opportunity for at once inquiring the cause of the absence of his friend, the agriculturist, and, laying his arm in Mr. Wild's, they quietly strolled along the path leading to the house, when, with some confusion of manner, the pastor inquired, whether he should not have the pleasure of his cousin's company that evening.

With a gay laugh, the sturdy forester now looked behind him; then laying his hand on Meltzer's shoulder, he whispered these electrical words into his ear, "they have just arrived! they are already here!" and on turning round, what was the host's delight and astonishment at beholding the agriculturist standing close by with the beautiful Ulrica leaning on his arm; who, as she caught Meltzer's earnest and repeated welcome, as it gushed from his inmost fount of feeling,



blushed so deeply that the pale rose of her cheek changed to deep crimson, while her dark blue eyes sparkled with unusual merriment.

"Would you give Mr. Silliger as hearty a welcome?" inquired the new guest in a significant tone.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the young host:—"I am so happy, so overjoyed at seeing you, that he too would be warmly welcomed."

"Indeed! then I am rejoiced to hear it," replied his guest, while he strove to check some apparent agitation. "And now, my dear sir, allow the one whom you have known as Mr. Wild, to beseech forgiveness for the unknown Mr. Silliger, who has so long persecuted you by his thoughtless animosity, but who now rejoices in giving testimony to the excellence of your conduct and the purity of your character. Can you receive as a friend one who has so long appeared your enemy? In a word, can you welcome Silliger himself?" and as the speaker uttered these last words he extended his arms towards the pastor, as if to win him to his friendly embrace; while fervently ejaculating "Father in Heaven, I thank thee!" the happy Meltzer lay for a moment on the breast of the impetuous, though true-souled Silliger.

The sentiment of reconciliation is one of the noblest and most delightful attributes of humanity. It consecrates joy and ameliorates sorrow, and for some minutes the whole company, who had been all along in the secret of Mr. Silliger's incognito, gathered around the principal group, and gave open and hearty expression to their satisfaction, while the sympathizing Ulrica secretly wiped the tears from her eyes, and tried to repress the agitation which she felt was but too visible in her speaking face. It was, indeed, an afternoon of the most complete enjoyment, and the gay party was still further increased by the arrival of Mr. Silliger's younger children, a group of fair and artless creatures, who were accompanied by their tutor, a youth of the most amiable deportment and uncommon intellectual attainments, but who soon forgot his student-like subjects of conversation, in listening to the sparkling wit and lively prattle of the young hostess of the mansion. Seated on the fresh turf bank which encircled the luxuriant vine, the guests yielded to the full enjoyment of the season; and when, about twilight, they were summoned to the tasteful and abundant repast, the full moon bathing the apartment with its silvery light, a fine tenorist arose, inspired by the occasion, and, in a clear, manly voice, commenced Schiller's beautiful "Song to Joy," in which the whole company joined.

On reaching the stanza which runs thus:—

"Draw the social chain yet closer;  
Vow, by this full draught of mirth,  
That all ill-will is forgiven.  
Hell is banished from our earth."

Silliger pressed his host's hand in his, and softly whispered, "Ah! how true it is that the

smallest ill-feeling makes of earth a hell;" while, returning the pressure, and with a furtive glance towards Ulrica, who sat directly opposite, the pastor added, "Yes! even as love changes earth to heaven."

The company dispersed at a late hour, and as Pauline and her brother, ere retiring to rest, expressed their mutual satisfaction over the issue of the evening party, and touched on one and then another of the varied occurrences of the previous day, she suddenly exclaimed, "Now it is easy to guess from whence came our fine present. There can be no doubt but that the Silligers sent it, and I will tell you why I think so; it is this; that when all the other ladies were loud in their praises of the delicious pie, Miss Silliger alone remained silent, as though prevented by delicacy from expressing an opinion."

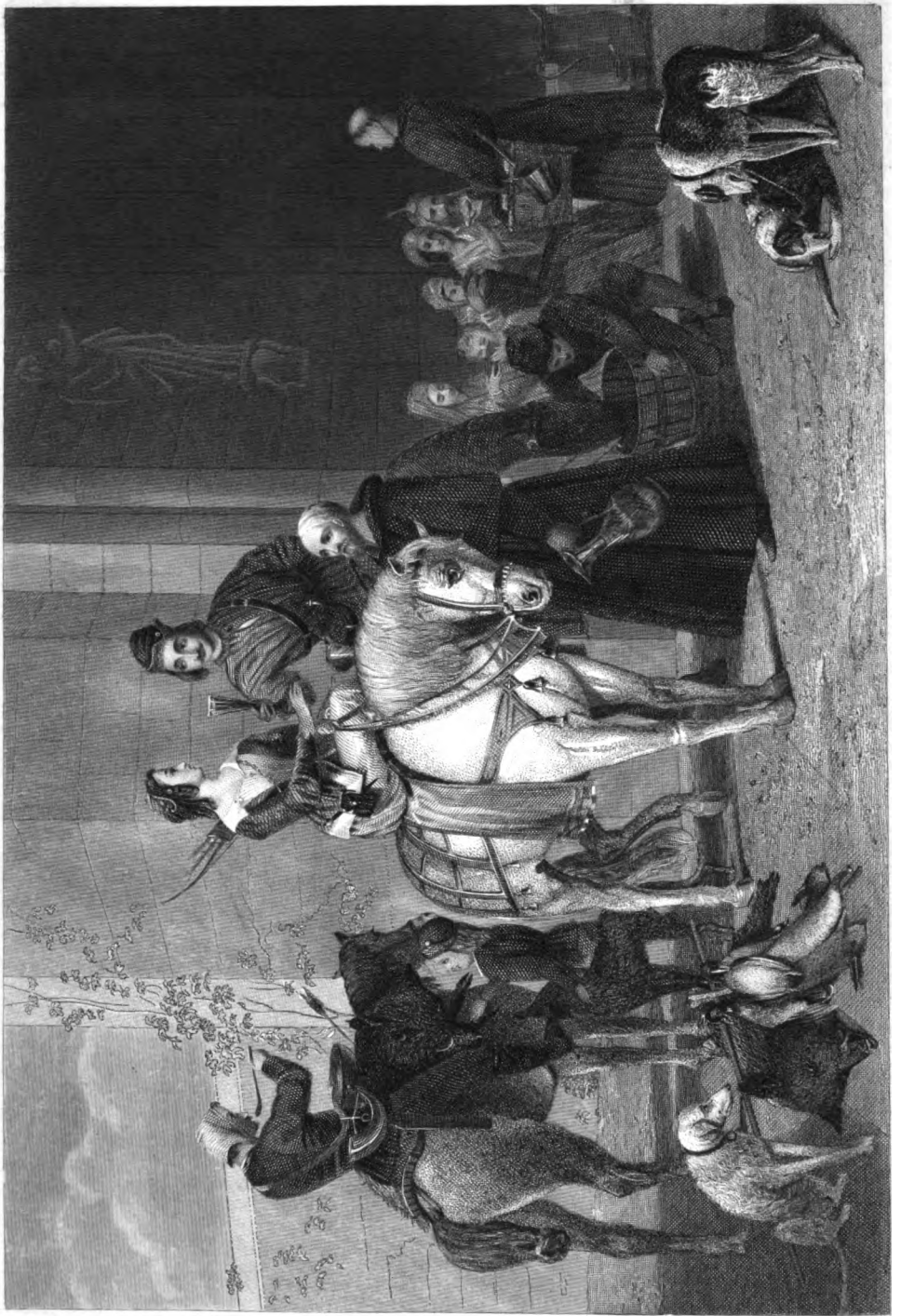
"She might have been probably thinking of something else," replied Meltzer, with an embarrassed air; and our readers may readily conjecture what was the object towards which he really wished her to direct her attention.

The relation which, from the above eventful evening, existed between the family of the lord of the manor and the inmates of the parsonage, was of the most agreeable and social character; seemingly, as though it would compensate by its warmth and constancy, for the earlier unpleasant circumstances of their intercourse. When, at length, the autumn arrived, and the rude and chilling north wind whistled over the dry stubble fields, and shook the latest fruits of the season from the withering boughs, Mr. Silliger expressed his determination to return to his city home, where business now earnestly required his presence; then, the pastor felt, it was full time to shake off that constitutional timidity which made him fear to sue for the hand of the lovely Ulrica, and, with a beating heart, he one morning solicited a private interview with the master of the castle. As in faltering accents he asked permission to seek to win his amiable daughter, Mr. Silliger, aware of his intrinsic worth, did not hold him a moment in suspense, but gave his hearty consent to his proposal; while Ulrica, though not quite so open in her expressions of regard, did not send away her lover in anxious uncertainty, but with that open ingenuousness, so peculiar to her character, gave him, at once, a definite and favorable answer.

The following spring witnessed a happy bridal in the valley of Liebenhöhe, that of the excellent Edward Meltzer with the fair daughter of Mr. Silliger; and, yielding to her husband her entire confidence, Ulrica unfolded all the trials of feeling through which she had passed in her first unfortunate attachment, and informed Meltzer, that the ring which she had bestowed upon him on the evening of their first meeting, was, in fact, a pledge of good faith, presented her by his unworthy predecessor in her affections.

The pastor was deeply affected by his bride's





artless relation, and gazing tenderly on the little circlet, which he always wore on his finger, he fervently exclaimed, "Now that it is mine, dear Ulrica, it shall prove indeed a faithful pledge; and when this hand shall be cold and palsied in the grasp of death, your tearful glance shall rest on this ring's beautiful impression, and with pious confidence, holy trustfulness and sanctified sorrow, you shall be able to repeat, 'Hope, Faith, Love, but the greatest of these is Love!'"

Years passed by, and in the place of the light frame-work, the bean-vine was now extended into a spacious arbor, beneath whose shade might be often seen a blue-eyed maiden and a dark-haired boy, sporting around their matron-like, but still beautiful mother; who, with her infant in her arms, loved to rest beneath its rustic canopy; while, as she looked upon its luxuriant foliage, a quick shade of passing remembrance would sometimes flit over her youthful face, just as the sun-beam glanced momentarily amid the vine's entwining tendrils.

One evening, in particular, as Meltzer sat at his wife's side in this favorite retreat, and yielded his glad heart to the stillness of the hour, Ulrica could not repress the fullness of her own feelings, but exclaimed sympathizingly, "Oh! yes, dear

Edward, this spot is far more precious to me than a throne canopied with royal purple, though," pointing to the rich tinted blossoms, she playfully added, "we might in truth boast of a drapery of true Tyrian dye; and when I reflect, that this arbor, with its countless tendrils and crowding leaves, is the produce of a single bean; when I recall that evening of innocent pastime, when the little seed fell to your lot, and see how rich and happy it has made me, (Ulrica pointed to her playful group of children, as she spoke,) then, my husband! I cannot refrain from raising my heart in prayer and thanksgiving to that wonderful Providence, who plants the germ of true and lasting happiness in objects the most trifling and insignificant on earth."

"Dear Ulrica!" exclaimed the pastor, as in his strong emotion he pressed his partner's hand in his, "the human heart truly resembles nature, since every faculty of our being, every virtuous sensation in our souls is a seed, which may be made to ripen into future felicity and enjoyment, and which, if but carefully tended and watched over, will not only yield us a rich harvest of pleasure here, but will add to the exceeding bliss of another and a higher sphere of being."

## HOSPITALITY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(See Plate.)

THE fashions of the olden time were strange, we must allow,  
And their hospitality would be a precious wonder now.  
Then a-hunting and a-hawking the fairest lady rode,  
Leaping over ditch and hedges, dashing through the merry wood;  
Her cavalier beside her, before the hounds in cry,  
In her beauty sweeping onward, like a meteor flashing by,  
With the quiver on her shoulder, where the feathery arrows play,  
She seemed the messenger of Love, to lead and bless his way.

But death was in her purpose, her pastime was to kill!  
The wild boar in the thicket, the wild deer on the hill,  
The heron by the river-side, and even the timid hare,  
When the hunt was heard the loudest, knew that woman's voice was there;  
Though soft as murmured music, or the summer's evening breath,  
In the spirit of the huntsman it woke the rage of death;  
For her the boar was slaughtered, the stag was brought to bay,  
And when the hunt was over at her feet the trophies lay!

When wearied with the pastime, then homeward sweeps the train,  
The shadows of the dying day are glooming o'er the plain;  
And still afar the castle, but the cloister rises near,  
And forth the holy fathers come the weary train to cheer:  
The ruby wine is flashing, so doth the lady's eye,  
As she tosses off her brimming glass beneath the open sky:  
Men looking up, and angels down, and she 'th' observed of all—  
Such was the "Hospitality" our picture would recall.

Well, let them laud those "olden times;" I frankly must avow  
I cannot join the strain; I think the better times are *now*;  
And that the best are still to come, and in the future see,  
What ne'er has been, the triumph of true hospitality—  
When "strangers" shall, like brothers, meet a welcome everywhere—  
But the theme requires a folio, and I've but a line to spare—  
So let your noblest fancies aid the falterings of my pen,  
And your dream of angels now will show what woman will be then!

## THE BLIND WIFE.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

My head upon thy breast, my love,  
My hand within thine own,  
I envy not the rich man's wealth,  
The queen upon her throne.

In thy caress I have a wealth  
That knoweth no decay,  
And feel that my heart over thine  
Beareth a gentle away.

And such a crowd of happy thoughts  
Come rushing to my mind,  
That for the moment I almost  
Forget that I am blind.

Although I have not seen thy face,  
I know that it is fair;  
I've touched thy forehead broad and high,  
And smoothed thy silken hair.

I know thine eyes are large and deep;  
They rest with love on me;  
And to behold that gentle glance  
I *sometimes* wish to see.

And then the voice that blesses me  
Is always soft and kind;  
Each word thou speakest tells my soul  
Thou hast a noble mind.

Oh, till I heard that cheering voice,  
My heart was sad and lone:  
It thirsted for one kindly word,  
Prayed for one gentle tone.

I seemed born but for misery,  
To hear of others' joy,  
And feel that in their happiness  
I might not find employ.

My life was one eternal night,  
Without a cheering ray;

I knew that ages might wear on  
Yet never bring the day.

I sometimes wished that death might come  
To free me from my woe,  
And bring the happiness I sought  
While pining here below.

'Twas then you saw and pitied one  
To whom life seemed so drear,  
Who in the past had known but pain—  
Whose future was all fear.

But hope and joy came to my heart  
When pity grew to love—  
It seemed that to my darkened soul  
Light came as from above.

I know not how I won that love,  
For wild and weak I'd been;  
And still I did not keep from thee  
One secret thought or sin:

But when I felt that it was mine,  
My sorrow all was o'er;  
And though the future may for me  
Have evil yet in store—

With thee, love, for my comforter,  
My guardian and my guide,  
My life will not be sorrowful  
Let good or ill betide.

Then, dearest, clasp my hand in thine,  
One kiss upon my brow—  
I should forget the dreary past  
When I'm so happy now.

And do not chide this foolish heart;  
It clings alone to thee—  
From every tie on earth save this,  
Full long it has been free.

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## HELOISE TO ABELARD.

A SONNET.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Must I not love thee? When the heart would leap,  
With all its thrilling pulses, unto thee,  
Must it be staid? Is not the spirit free?  
Can human bonds or bars its essence keep?  
Or drugs and banes hold love in deathful sleep?  
Love thee I must—yet I content will be,  
Like the pale victim who, on bended knee,  
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Presents the chalice, which his blood must steep,  
And prostrate on the altar falls to die.  
So let me kneel, a guiltless votary sink,  
Prayer on my lips, and love within my heart—  
Thus from these willing eyes recede the sky—  
Thus let these sighs my ebbing life-blood drink.  
May I but love thee still, but feel how dear thou art?

## SOUTHWESTWARD HO! OR, THE MYSTERIES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JAMES S. BELL, M. D.

[Concluded from page 93.]

ONE very warm day we halted at noon in a narrow mountain gorge, and as I was eating my frugal dinner at some distance from the others, I saw two mounted men approaching, whom I supposed to be Indians. When they drew near, however, I perceived with no little astonishment that one of them had the same remarkable cast of features, &c., which distinguished the guardian of Inez. He was about the same age, too, and addressed me in the same ancient, pure and musical Castilian. After a few minutes' conversation, I spoke of my fellow-travelers, and remarked that one of them resembled him very much in his complexion and the general contour of his features, and that his dialect was also similar to his own. The instantaneous change produced in the countenance of this man by the words I had used was so extraordinary, that I supposed it to be the effect of sudden and alarming illness. I soon abandoned this idea, however, for though his emotion was so excessive as to convulse every muscle in his frame, it was accompanied by a triumphant smile and a wild shout of exultation which could not have been co-existent with bodily indisposition. After this manifestation of his feelings he dismounted, threw his bridle rein to the Indian who accompanied him, and looking earnestly in my face, inquired if my fellow-traveler had a female with him. When I had answered this question, he paused a moment, and then strode rapidly to the spot where I told him I had left the others. I followed, of course. We passed a little clump of trees, and the stranger was in the presence of Morena. An involuntary movement, a slight tremor, passed over the marble features of the latter, and he then stood motionless as a statue, his fiery eyeballs glaring upon the stranger, who stopped when within a few feet of him, and gazed intently in his face. Hate personified and made incarnate could hardly have looked anything more expressive than that basilisk stare. Not a word was spoken. The stranger advanced one step, tapped Morena on the shoulder, and waved his hand in the direction of a hollow place which was separated from the spot where we stood by a chain of rocks. They understood each other, and I followed them to what I felt was to be the scene of mortal combat. When we reached the place, I hastily inquired if their quarrel could not be adjusted. The stranger waved his hand and smiled, as if the very thought were mockery. Morena stood mute and

motionless, and did not seem even to have heard me. Two subsequent attempts at interference were equally unavailing.

There was something awfully terrible, sublime even, in the silent wrath of the extraordinary beings who now stood confronting each other with a concentrated hate too mighty to be expressed in words, but which flashed forth in lightning glances from their jet-black eyes. Of an unknown race, and apparently alone in the world, it appeared to me as if the two last scions of some noble antique stock were about to perpetrate a mutual fratricide, and thus blot out their name and nation from the world forever.

Morena had no rifle with him, and as soon as they stopped, the stranger threw his away as far as he could cast it. Each then drew a long Spanish knife, and with this deadly weapon they commenced the combat. The courage and the ferocity of the two men were as great and as nearly equal as it is possible to conceive of, and their strength, too, was almost as well balanced—if there were any difference it was in favor of Morena. Both fought with the utmost imaginable fury, though both were cool and wary. The only difference between them appeared to me to be this—the energy of the stranger seemed to have its origin in revenge, that of Morena in despair; and I thought I could read in the expression and the actions of the latter something like the following idea—"I would not consider my life worth defending from any hand but thine."

A combat like this and with such a weapon could not be of long duration. The bodies of both were soon streaming with blood and growing weaker and weaker with each successive wound. The face of the stranger grew as pale as that of Morena, which could scarcely become more death-like than it was at first, but the strange black eyes of both still gleamed with inextinguishable ferocity. At this juncture, a piercing shriek was heard; we all turned our heads in the direction of the noise, and saw upon one of the rocks we had passed the form of the lovely Inez, her loose white robe and raven hair both floating in the wind, while her hands were clasped together, and her peerless eyes first fixed upon the combatants and then turned towards heaven, as if she were invoking Divine assistance to stay the effusion of human blood. Thus it was, at least, that I interpreted the gesture; and I immediately resolved to make another and a more energetic effort than

I had yet made with a view to terminate this savage contest. But it was too late—the sight of Inez had operated like a withering spell upon Morena, and like the ominous speech of Macduff to the Scottish tyrant, “had cowed his better part of man.” The knife dropped from his hand, and he stared wildly upon her, with eyes that seemed as if they would start from their sockets—the very image of horror and affright. The blood-stained hand of the stranger was already raised, and with a wild and scornful laugh, he summoned all his force and drove his weapon deep into the heart of Morena. It was his death stroke, but it seemed to recall his terror-stricken senses, and the fires of hate were seen to flash from his gleaming eyes once more before they were quenched forever. He was about to fall backwards, but with a staggering effort he managed to advance a step or two, and then fell heavily upon his adversary, whom he clutched with a death gripe, and brought him to the ground. They rolled over on the grass, and before I could interfere, the long white teeth of Morena fastened upon the neck of the stranger, and with his last expiring throes tore open one of the large arteries, and thus with his latest breath he sealed the fate of his antagonist.

One of the actors in this bloody strife lay dead, and from the mangled throat of the other the life blood was spouting in remittent jets, when Inez reached the spot. The dying man looked long and earnestly into her horror-struck face as she leaned upon me for support, and then turning his eyes to mine and gazing steadfastly into them for some minutes, he said—“Young man, are you willing to undertake to bear *her* to a place of safety?”

“I am ready to protect her at the hazard of my life,” I replied. “But what interest have you in her welfare?”

“It would be useless to speak of that now; my life is ebbing fast away, and every minute is precious. You have the solemn asseveration of a dying man, that if you follow my instructions, they will enable you to place her in safety among her friends and kindred.”

“But first,” sobbed Inez, “let us bind up your wounds and endeavor to save your life.”

The stranger seized the hand with which she was attempting to staunch the blood, and kissed it with the utmost fervor, after which he replied:—“It would be time lost to no purpose; I have other wounds more serious than the one you see. Feel in the pocket attached to my hunting-shirt; you will find writing materials there. Let me have the breech of your rifle—there, that will do. Now support me while I write.”

He now began to trace with a pen and ink, upon a slip of parchment, a variety of characters which had no resemblance to any letters I had ever seen. My curiosity was so much excited that I could not forbear to ask him what language he was writing. He waved his hand somewhat impatiently, but made no reply. When he had fin-

ished he fell back much exhausted. After a pause of a few moments he beckoned to the Indian who had accompanied him, and spoke a few words to him in what I supposed to be one of the aboriginal dialects, and then, after another pause, addressed me in a weak and tremulous voice as follows—“The first thing you have to do is to provide yourselves with food for several days, if you have it not already, for you are now about to enter the most barren portion of the great western desert. This Indian will guide you to a place called *Las Cuatro Cimas*, which you will recognize by four mountain peaks of a very remarkable form, and there he will leave you. You will then take this compass and shape your course directly southward until you arrive at a mountain, which will stop your farther progress in that direction. This mountain is about thirty-five miles from *Las Cuatro Cimas*. You must now travel along its base about nine miles in a westerly direction. You will find that it presents an almost perpendicular wall of rock for the whole of this distance, impassable at any point. At the distance I have mentioned from the place where you first strike the mountain, you will come to a small lake, which you will easily recognize, as it is nearly circular in shape and surrounded by a number of trees of an unusual size. The largest of these trees, one of extraordinary magnitude, stands at a very little distance from the lake and nearest the mountain. Under this you must halt, having secured about your persons or in packages those articles of value you may wish to take with you; then discharge your rifle three times as rapidly as you can load, after which clap your hands thrice, and when you hear the signal answered, fire off your rifle once more, and you will—”

The features of the dying man became suddenly convulsed, and his tongue lost the power of articulation. He made the most violent efforts to speak, but they were unavailing—another convulsion ensued, his eyes became fixed, his lower jaw dropped, and the stranger was no more.

What a situation was mine! Alone in the desert, many hundreds of miles from any civilized abode, utterly ignorant both of my present locality and of the direction I ought to take, and with a helpless woman dependent upon my exertions. I determined to follow the instructions of the stranger as far as they went and await the issue. It was impossible to tell how far these directions were complete or what remained to be told, and I soon found that the Indian—who was of that stupid and degraded race called *Root-diggers*—could do nothing more than guide us to the *Four Peaks*, as he had been ordered by one whom he seemed to regard in the light of a master.

I now looked about for Señor Don Juan, but he was nowhere to be found. He had no doubt been frightened away by the bloody scenes which had been so lately exhibited. My first care was to bury the dead, and with an axe which I found in Morena's wagon, I succeeded in accomplishing

it. I then inspected the provisions which had been laid up for Inez's use, and finding that there were still enough to last several weeks, I made all the necessary arrangements for starting; and having spent the remainder of the day in preparing a quantity of the long grass which grew most luxuriantly around us, and packing it away in the wagon as a substitute for fresh forage where none such was to be found, we started with the next morning's dawn for *Las Cuatro Cimas*.

Our progress was now exceedingly difficult and laborious, and if it had not been for the guidance of the Indian, who knew where to find the few *oases* in the desert where a scanty supply of grass was to be obtained, our mules must have died of starvation. On the sixth day we found it impossible to take the wagon any farther, we therefore left it, after having packed a portion of its contents upon one of the mules, and mounted Inez on the other. My intercourse with this lovely being was now uninterrupted, and I became more and more enamored every day. I will not allow myself, however, to make a beginning on this subject, for I would tire you to death before I could bring myself to a stopping-place.

On the morning of the ninth day the Indian gave us the welcome intelligence that we would be in sight of *Las Cuatro Cimas* before night, and accordingly, from an eminence which we ascended early in the afternoon, we saw the four needle-like peaks distinctly in the distance. The Indian here showed so much impatience to be gone, that, having given him a suitable reward, I dismissed him. On the evening of the following day we reached the base of *Las Cuatro Cimas*, and to our great satisfaction found plenty of grass for our half-starved mules. Inez was very much fatigued, and I made a halt here for twenty-four hours.

The Mountain of the Peaks is an interesting object and well worthy of description, but I cannot now pause for that purpose. As soon as we had had a good rest we set out again, and, guided by the compass, traveled slowly and carefully, so as to keep our course due south. Our march was now excessively toilsome, the road becoming more and more broken and precipitous at every step. It was now that we discovered the full value of our mules;—horses would have been almost useless in a country like this. We were three whole days in making the journey from *Las Cuatro Cimas* to the mountain which had been mentioned in our instructions. We found the description which had been given us perfectly accurate. An immense rocky mass towered almost perpendicularly above us, directly across our path. We now turned off towards the west, keeping the mountain on our left. According to our instructions, we had now but nine miles to go to reach the circular lake and the great tree beside it. My mind was now exceedingly agitated as to the future fate of my lovely companion. The abrupt termination of the stranger's directions, cut short by the hand of death, left me altogether

in the dark as to what was to be the end of our journey. The only reasonable conjecture I could make was, that we were by some means or other to obtain a guide at the great tree, who would conduct us to a place of safety. The whole affair, however, was involved in so much uncertainty, that my anxiety increased every moment, and I often doubted the propriety of pursuing the course which had been marked out for us, and which might be designed to lead us to destruction.

We had expected to reach the lake on the evening of the day on which we had turned towards the west, but we had started late in the morning, and our mules were so much jaded that night overtook us before we saw anything like the spot which had been described to us. Inez was very much fatigued, and I resolved to halt for the night upon an eminence which overlooked several miles of the valley behind us. It was a beautiful night, and the moon, as she floated up nearer and nearer to the zenith, threw down such a flood of radiance that every object was visible almost as distinctly as by the light of day. I had so many painful subjects for reflection that it was a long time before I could compose my mind to sleep, and when I did so, my dreams partook of the nature of my waking thoughts. I dreamed, among other things, that we had arrived at the great tree we were in search of, and that after I had made the prescribed signals, an immense cavern had opened beneath it. I was about to descend into it, when Inez called out to me to desist, so loudly, that it awoke me. I started up, and the voice still rang in my ears; but it was now a reality—it was Inez calling me by name.

"Hist!" said she; "do you hear those strange, unearthly sounds? What can it be?"

I listened a moment, and a faint moan, like the wailing of some lost spirit, came down upon the summer wind, which would swell into a fitful gust from time to time and then die away altogether. It was repeated in a few minutes, and I could fancy it to be the cry of some *Banshee* of the Indian race, sending forth an *ullagawn*—a lamentation over a dying people, soon to be blotted from the world forever. These half-dreaming fancies were dispelled by Inez, who crept to my side, pale as a ghost, and shivering with terror.

"If there be such a thing as a death-warning on this earth," she whispered, "that is one!"

I ridiculed her fears, and in order to reassure her, strove to remember some sound analogous to the one we had heard, but in vain; I could think of no forest-cry, among the many that had come to my ear, which bore the least resemblance to this. I seized my rifle with the intention of going down the valley in the direction in which it came, but Inez clung to me in such an agony of fright, that I did not dare to leave her. Again the wild wailing cry swept up along the mountain, and died away with the falling breeze. Again it came, and again, much louder than before, and all at once the true cause flashed upon my mind.



The similarity of the circumstances led me to think of Cooper's "*Last of the Mohicans*," and the death-cry of the horse which used to freeze my childish blood with horror; and the association of ideas soon caused me to remember that I had been told that the Mexican mules scent the approaching bands of hostile Indians at a great distance, and express their fear by a peculiar moaning cry,\* which is always regarded as an omen of impending danger. The moment I conceived this idea, I ran to the place where the animals were tethered, and soon convinced myself that my supposition was well-founded; I not only traced the noise to them, but found them all in commotion, and trembling from head to foot. After hastening back and imparting my discovery to Inez, I sprang upon a rock from which I had a view of the whole valley, bathed in moonlight, except where the mountain cast its huge shadow upon its southern edge, and emerging from this dark border into the bright light beyond it, I could easily distinguish a band of ten or fifteen men advancing rapidly up the defile. Two only were mounted, and one of these appeared to me to be a white man, though at that distance I could not be certain of it.

The danger seemed so imminent, so unavoidable, and the idea of my beloved Inez at the mercy of a band of savages was so horrible, that for a moment I was utterly unmanned and overwhelmed by the impending evil. After the first shock, however, I summoned all my energies, and determined at all events to sell my life as dearly as possible in the defence of my lovely companion. Suddenly it occurred to me that it would be worth while to attempt to reach the lake and the tree, which had apparently been given us as the terminus of our journey. It could not be very distant, and if we could reach it, something might happen to our advantage—at all events we could meet the enemy there as well as anywhere else. But was it really an enemy? Might not those who approached be friendly travelers, who would be disposed to assist rather than to injure us? This thought induced me to take another survey of the valley, and when I had done so, all doubt on this subject was removed from my mind. The mounted men of the band were now on the summit of a rocky hill, and the flashing of the moon's rays upon the glittering equipments of one of them, in connection with the peculiar pace of his horse, convinced me that it was no other than my Mexican friend, the redoubtable Don Juan, and I was morally certain that he came with no good intention. Alone, as an enemy, he would have been beneath contempt, but with numbers to back him, and to enable him to execute his revengeful and malicious designs, he was more to be dreaded than the most merciless savage in America.

The space of time occupied by these thoughts and actions was far less than that which I have

\* Fact.

filled in narrating them, and in a very few minutes after the discovery of the Mexican, we were pushing on farther westward as fast as possible. The way was rocky and uneven, and the slow pace of our mules but ill accorded with the impatience of our feelings. At last, however, the placid waters of the wished-for lake gleamed like a sheet of silver thrown across our path. The tree, too, an enormous oak, which had defied the storms of many centuries, was soon discovered. Hastily complying with our instructions, we snatched a few valuable articles from the backs of our mules; I then led them away to some distance from the tree and turned them loose. The next thing was to discharge my rifle, and I had many misgivings as to the propriety of a step which would inevitably make known our exact position to the enemy. It was no time for hesitation, however, and after a single glance down the valley, I pulled the trigger. A succession of echoes multiplied and prolonged the report, which reverberated through many a dell and cavern on the mountain side, and before they died away, a wild shout from our pursuers told us that they were aware of our proximity. Inez prepared the wadding while I poured in another charge of powder, and in an incredibly short space of time the piece was discharged a second time, and a third; I then clapped my hands thrice, and the distinctly audible throbbing of our hearts betrayed the anxiety with which we listened for an answer to the signal. We did not wait long; it came almost immediately, and to all appearance from the top of the tree. I threw some loose powder into my gun and fired it off, and at the same moment the hostile band was plainly to be seen rising upon an eminence which overlooked the lake. I threw upon them one or two hasty glances while loading my rifle and loosening my knife in its sheath, and if I had had any remaining doubts as to the identity of the white horseman with Señor Don Juan, they would have been removed the moment I saw the position which he now occupied; he had sent on before the mounted Indian—who proved to be no other than our late guide—while he himself brought up the rear! I also discovered that we had owed our safety thus far to the slowness with which the Mexican's horse, though trained to the mountain roads, picked his way along the rocky path; the Indian, too, though mounted on a mule, advanced much more slowly than he would have done on foot, and was evidently little accustomed to riding.

These thoughts occupied but a moment's time. The enemy were now just upon us, and were only prevented from seeing us by the deep shadow in which we were standing. They caught sight of our mules, and with a savage yell dispersed about the lake. Poor Inez screamed with terror, but it fortunately happened that her cry coincided so exactly with the whoop of the Indians, that it was unnoticed. At the next moment a gigantic savage came stalking towards us. I

raised my rifle, and was upon the very point of firing when something like a suspended cradle or basket fell from the foliage of the huge oak directly at our feet. As quick as thought I seized Inez by the waist, and in less than a minute we were swinging among the topmost boughs of the mighty tree, and effectually concealed from the Indian who stood directly beneath us. He was coming round the trunk of the tree at the moment of our ascension, and hearing a rustling over his head no doubt, looked up; but we were by that time securely shrouded among the leaves.

I could now distinctly see the Indians as they passed under the tree, and after a little while Don Juan, who did not seem to relish the idea of engaging personally in the search, took his station immediately beneath us. This was a strong temptation to me, for I could have lodged a bullet in his brain with little or no danger of discovery. I restrained myself, however, and in a few moments my thoughts were diverted into a different channel by a whisper which appeared to come from the trunk of the tree. We waited in silence for some time, and the whisper was repeated. It was evidently a watch-word or signal, and one to which we ought to reply, but alas! we had exhausted our instructions, and had nothing to direct us any further. There were two words, connected by the Spanish conjunction *y*—the first was *Dios*, the second some unpronounceable word of some unknown language. I addressed the voice in Spanish, and in a whisper narrated the manner in which we had become possessed of the signals we had already made use of, and told the reason why we had received no further information. After I had finished this statement, we listened for some time with intense anxiety, but all was still. I now began to feel much alarmed for the safety of Inez; she was utterly worn out with terror and excitement, and I could see no prospect of securing any place of rest for her on the top of an oak tree. I was, indeed, half crazy myself, from the unusual state of tension in which my nerves had been kept for so long a time. I was proceeding to climb farther up, in order to examine the point of attachment of the ropes by means of which our basket was suspended, when the idea struck me that it might be useful to mention the writing on the parchment, which I had not yet spoken of. The moment I did so, a human hand was stretched out from the trunk of the tree, above our heads and barely within my reach, with the words—“*Deme el pergamino!*” After the lapse of a few minutes we felt the machine move again, and we were soon raised to a level with the place where we had seen the hand. Here the main trunk was divided into two branches, and between them, at the point of separation, we saw a kind of door, which appeared to open into a cavity in the trunk. We now heard the voice again, desiring us to enter. Inez drew back, but seizing her in my arms, I entered the cavity, which was large enough to receive us

both, and before I had time to think, I felt a bandage placed over my eyes, while the same voice which we had heard so often, whispered directly in my ear that we were perfectly safe and that no harm was intended. Notwithstanding this assurance, I grasped my knife firmly in one hand and held Inez as tightly by the other.

We were now fairly “in for it,” but where we were going or what was to be done with us were questions to which I could get no answer. A hand grasped mine, and we began to descend. I was obliged to sustain the whole weight of Inez, for she was nearly insensible. Fortunately we had not far to travel in this fatiguing manner. After descending a few steps, I heard the door close above us, and we were immediately seated on soft cushions, which we had hardly touched when we began to move downwards, as I supposed. I heard at the same time the noise of machinery, and I could distinguish through the folds of the bandage that there were lights near us. In a few minutes we became stationary again. We were then led forward in a horizontal direction about twenty paces, when we were again seated on cushions as before. A proposition was then made to us which threw us into a state of perplexity greater than I can describe. We were told by the same voice we had heard before, that before we went any farther we must take a solemn oath not to leave the place to which we were about to be conveyed until we had received permission to do so from the proper authority; that it might be a long time before this permission would be granted—that it might, in fact, never be granted. It was not yet too late to withdraw, if we wished it.

A long silence followed the announcement of these conditions. The safety of Inez and an ardent desire to see the end of the adventure, on the one hand, urged me forward, while the prospect of a long confinement, perhaps a perpetual one, I knew not where, on the other, seemed too high a price to pay for safety and the gratification of curiosity. Seclusion from the world, however, in the society of Inez, would not be a very dreadful punishment, and I at last came to the conclusion that I would leave her to decide for both of us. At this juncture I heard a few words spoken beside me in a low whisper, after which the voice relieved us from all farther embarrassment, by stating that for certain reasons we would be allowed to go forward without complying with the conditions which had been made known to us. This news revived the drooping spirits of Inez, and she now began to feel some assurance of safety.

We were now led forward a considerable distance in the same direction as before. We walked on what appeared to be a smooth stone pavement, which sent forth an echo with every foot-fall. Finally we halted, and once more took our seats in a cushioned vehicle, which we soon felt to be in motion. When it stopped, we were transferred

to some kind of an apparatus with wheels, in which we set off at great speed down what appeared to be an inclined plane. During the whole of this time our conductor was profoundly silent, and his only reply to our questions was that we should soon see and hear all we wished to know. Again we came to a halt, and again we started off to walk. We had taken but a few steps, when we heard faint and far-off echoes of music, like a chant executed by many voices, and heard at a great distance. It swelled and grew louder and louder as we advanced, but before we could form any accurate idea of its nature it ceased altogether.

At last we stopped before some obstacle, beyond which we could hear a confused murmuring sound like that proceeding from some vast multitude. A minute later, the bandages were removed from our eyes, and a sight revealed to our astonished gaze for which the world might in vain be challenged to afford a parallel. We stood in the midst of a multitude of many thousands of human beings, clothed in costly and magnificent robes, and assembled in a mighty edifice, the splendor of which could only be paralleled by some of the air-built castles of oriental fiction. My letter is so long already that I will defer everything like a minute description of what I saw here until I have an opportunity of writing again, for even a cursory account of the wonders of this place would fill a volume. The light, when our eyes were first uncovered, was not greater than that of ordinary bright moonlight night, and when I first looked upwards I thought that we were in the open air, and that the moon and stars were shining upon our heads; but after a longer examination, I saw that what I had mistaken for the sky was only the stupendous dome of the temple in which we stood, and that the moon and stars were merely artificial lights set in an azure incrustation of a substance which resembled *lapis lazuli*. We had contemplated this wonderful spectacle only a few minutes when, with a mighty thunder-crash of music, an artificial sun of such brightness that no eye could gaze upon it for more than a second, arose on the eastern verge of the dome, and as it gradually ascended higher and higher, eclipsed all the lesser lights, at the same time that it revealed to us a miniature world of beauty and magnificence.

I have never seen nor heard of any specimen of architecture which would give you any idea of this wonderful structure, unless it might be one of the enchanted palaces in the "Arabian Nights." The Moorish Alhambra, in the days of its perfection, would probably approach nearer to it in style than any edifice on record. Brilliant white marble of Parian purity was the chief material. Except in the single attribute of vastness, it could not boast the grandeur of a Grecian temple; it was too fantastic, too elaborate and profuse in its ornaments, which were indeed its most striking characteristic. It was, in fact, a perfect blaze of

gold and silver; the capitals of the columns which support the majestic dome were composed entirely of those metals, and wherever I turned my eyes, they were dazzled by some ornament the cost of which would seem to be incalculable. Avenues bordered by silver trees bearing golden fruit, fountains of the most elaborate fillagree work of the same precious material, altars of pure gold of almost every imaginable shape and finish, pillars of the same, and monuments, richly chased, and with inscriptions in hieroglyphic characters—in short, gold and silver in every form, and applied to every use, which it is possible to conceive of in a place like this. The artificial sun had now become vertical and stationary, and shone upon all these precious objects with a brilliancy far more dazzling than the natural sun would have produced, until, with another burst of music, a thousand censers were flung into the air, and an immense cloud of incense arose and dimmed the lustre of his beams.

The vast multitude which we saw here assembled was almost as brilliant and imposing as the temple itself. Their dress was uniform, that is to say, each sex had a peculiar dress to which all conformed; and that of every individual was gorgeously magnificent. Their ceremonial, which was probably of a religious character, appeared to me to partake much of the peculiarities of the Roman Catholic Church, though mingled with rites which I supposed to be of pagan origin. Most of their time was occupied with processions, accompanied by chants from many thousands of voices, which swelled and reverberated through the vaulted dome, and added greatly to the imposing effect of the whole. Banners and devices innumerable were borne aloft, gleaming and flashing like meteors among the clouds of incense. They were composed, for the most part, of the many-colored plumage of tropical birds, wrought with gold and silver, and the gorgeous beauty of the workmanship immediately brought to my recollection the highly-prized *feather-work* of the aboriginal Mexicans. The most splendid portions of the dresses of individuals, also, were composed of the same exquisitely wrought material.

The most imposing portion of the ceremonies was that performed by a band of young and beautiful maidens, certainly not less than five hundred in number. They advanced up the vast central aisle with a slow and measured step, keeping time to instrumental music, and executing a variety of evolutions with exquisite grace and dignity. They were dressed in white, with golden zones, and a golden crown encircled with a wreath of roses. Their straight black hair, their magnificent eyes, and the peculiar cast of their features, plainly showed that they and Inez were sisters of a common race.

Lost in wonder and admiration, we gazed upon this splendid pageant until we were accosted by an individual who stood beside us, and whom I supposed to be our late guide, with a request that

we would follow him. We did so, and soon found ourselves in the open air, where new wonders awaited us. We were in the midst of a city—a city of palaces, hundreds of which rose round us, glittering in the silver moonbeams. The streets we passed through were nearly deserted, the inhabitants being assembled for the celebration of an annual festival in the great temple we had just quitted. We soon entered the gates of a splendid edifice, and having been conducted through a variety of halls and passages, we reached at length a chamber furnished in a style of quaint magnificence, unlike anything I had ever seen before. On a species of couch sat, or rather reclined, a very old and very venerable-looking man, to whom our conductor made a profound obeisance, and immediately withdrew. The old man rose, and having fixed his eyes for some time intently upon Inez, advanced towards her with outstretched arms.

"Sweet maiden," he cried, "I am thy grandfather!" and immediately clasped her to his bosom. He was overcome with emotion, and it was some time before he could speak again. At length, however, he seated her by his side, and with her hand clasped in his, spoke as follows:—"I am the father of thy mother, who is now in heaven. I have learned this from the parchment which I hold in my hand, and I am also aware of the services which have been rendered you by this young stranger: he shall not go unrewarded. For more than half a century I have reigned over the people of this valley, which is completely cut off from the rest of the world by impassable mountains on every side. We call ourselves the sons of Itla, for such was the name of the first of our dynasty, who founded this little kingdom more than six hundred years ago. Itla was of the royal blood of that ancient race who preceded the Toltecs and the Aztecs in Anhuac, and who once possessed the whole of Mexico and Central America. Their architectural remains still cover those regions, and the hieroglyphics which accompany them still mystify the world. The key to those treasures of ancient lore is deposited with us, and is unknown beyond the limits of this valley. Itla, who was the last of his dynasty, was obliged to flee from a treacherous usurper, and with a few followers, discovered this valley and laid the foundation of our race. We have a minute and authentic history of every reign from that to the present. Strict laws and regulations have preserved the secret of the valley from age to age. Rumors of its existence, it is true, have always been abroad, and in a very few instances strangers have penetrated it, but they have never been allowed to return. During the war of the conquest in Mexico, an incident occurred which greatly changed the condition of things in our valley. A young Spaniard of noble birth became disgusted with the cruelties of Cortes, and having mortally offended him, was obliged to fly for his life. With ten followers he took refuge in

the mountains, a few days' journey from this valley. Itla was at that time governed by a queen;—a pestilence had swept off all the male branches of the royal family, and nearly one-half the males of the valley, though it had destroyed very few of the other sex. The queen heard of the situation of the young Spaniard and his band, and they were eventually received into the valley, after taking the oath from which no stranger has ever been excused until this evening.

"I see that you are fatigued, and need rest; I will be as brief as possible. The queen became enamored of the young Spaniard, and shared the throne with him, while his followers soon found partners among the maidens of Itla. This event produced a great change, not only in the physical constitution of our people, but in their morals, manners and religion. Human sacrifices were gradually abolished, and many important alterations made in our government, laws, &c. Just about a century before this time, shelter had been afforded to another distinguished fugitive, the renowned Prince Nezahualcoyotl, who afterwards became the most celebrated of all the kings of Tezeuco. He preserved the secret of the valley to the last, and derived much of his wisdom from the teachings of the sages of Itla. It was he who founded our great temple, which employed all the most skillful architects of our country for more than two hundred years. From Queen Tula and her Spanish husband, you and I, dear Inez, are lineally descended; and you are now the last scion of that royal race. Great will be the joy of our people when they shall have been made acquainted with the fact of your restoration to us. You were stolen away from the valley, in your infancy, by the man whom you have been accustomed to call Morena, after he had murdered your mother. This man was one of our principal nobles. He had loved your mother, who was the loveliest of all the maidens of Itla; but she refused him, and married my only son, your father. Morena swore that he would have a bloody and a terrible revenge for what he chose to consider a mortal offence. Immediately after the commission of his crime and his flight, your father left us, with a vow that he would never return until he had found his daughter, and avenged the death of his beloved wife; and with this purpose he roamed the prairies, in the disguise of an Indian, for many years, and several times visited the United States and Europe. Still, however, the murderer eluded his grasp, and all this time I was left alone and childless. A few months ago your father received intelligence that his arch-enemy had educated you with the express purpose of consigning you to infamy, and thus satiating his fiendish appetite for vengeance, and that he was about to cross the prairies to California, in order to deliver you up to a well-known Mexican debauchee who has a large estate among the mountains. This hellish design has been frustrated and its author punished, but it has cost

the life of the last male descendant of the royal line of Itla. I have found a daughter, but I have lost a son;" and here the venerable speaker clasped Inez again to his bosom, and after embracing her repeatedly, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his furrowed cheek, he continued—"I will not keep you longer from your rest, my children. What I have said I thought it best that you should hear at once. Tomorrow you will have an opportunity of seeing something of our little kingdom, and every facility will be afforded to both of you for becoming fully acquainted with it. *Buenas noches, hijos mios*—good night, my children!" and with these words our conductor returned, and we were led away to our respective chambers.

Though provided with a luxurious bed, and worn down with fatigue, it was a long time before I could close my eyes, so great was the excitement into which I was thrown by the events of this memorable evening. The discoveries that had been made in relation to Inez were by far the most important to me. What effect they may have upon our ultimate destiny I am not yet able to determine. Of this and all other matters of interest I will give you a faithful account, but for the present I must bring my narrative to a close. I have now been six days in this wonderful valley, and every day brings with it some new surprise, some astonishing discovery. The government is rather patriarchal than monarchical, and appears

to be conducted with great ability; the laws in relation to foreign intercourse particularly have been enacted and administered in an admirable manner for securing the end they have in view. The people have almost every comfort and luxury within themselves, but they still manage to procure from without everything they think necessary. The only place of ingress and egress which is kept constantly open is that by which we entered. There is, however, in addition to this, a kind of railway, by means of which heavy articles may be transported over the mountain barriers; but it is rarely in operation, and can only be used by the officers of government. It opens on the outside through a cavern in the mountain. The route by which we were introduced consists of a complete tunnel through the base of the mountain, partly natural and partly artificial. I have paid several visits to the great temple, and every time with increasing wonder and admiration. The immense quantity of gold and silver in its decoration has been supplied from mines in the valley, which certainly exceed any in the known world for richness. These metals are not used as money—indeed, there would be little use for a circulating medium, as the wealth of the country is to a certain extent the common property of all. The minutiae of their system, their manners and customs, religion, literature, antiquities, hieroglyphics, &c., must be deferred till my next letter. *A Dios.*

## POET-LIFE.

### A FRAGMENT.

BY E. H. DUNLAP.

'Twas given thee a glorious heritage,  
O'ermastering the earthliness of life,  
To rise, engirt by Truth's strong panoply,  
Above dark Error's company of clouds  
That dimmed the brightness of the spirit's sky,—  
Then thy fresh heart would spring in joyousness,  
And, soaring like the sky-lark in raid-heaven,  
Bathe in the ether, and pour forth a strain  
Of rich, triumphal music, that, like his,  
Should flood the heaven's blue depths with melody.

Sweet was the music of the matin hymn,  
The voiceless echo of the rosy morn,  
Whose airy spirit flung about thy soul  
A mantle of the bright and beautiful—  
When the far sun, in majesty and might,  
Awoke the dreamy world to energy,  
Darting the radiance of his arrowy light  
On the proud cataract, until it shone

A band of steel, inwrought with living gold;  
Until the grandeur and the pillared pomp  
Of the gray cloistered woods, transformed beneath  
The day-god's golden alchemy, became  
A glorious temple for the holy shrine  
Of starry Genius and of Poesy.

And in the calm and grateful eventide,  
When the old earth, enwrought in emerald sheen,  
Flung back to the star-fretted dome of heaven  
The myriad sparkling semblances of gems  
From its gay, laughing cascades—from the deep  
And weltering ocean, as it ministers,  
In music-murmurs, to the lady-moon—  
Ay, from the rich and proud magnificence  
Of all its bright, dew-silvered panoply,  
Oh, gladsoonly went thy young spirit out  
Through those enchanting ecstasies in revelry.

## LYDIA LEESON—A STORY OF A SILK DRESS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Wear the gown, and wear the hat,  
Snatch thy pleasures while they last.—*Dr. Johnson.*

LYDIA LEESON was the youngest child of a gentleman who had passed much of his early life in the navy, as an assistant surgeon. He had resigned shortly after his marriage, and settled down as a physician in his native place and that of his wife; a small town on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake. Dr. Leeson soon obtained all the medical practice of Hazelridge and its vicinity; but his only inheritance was the house in which he had been born, with its garden, orchard, and pasture field. His family became large; and while bringing up, and educating his children, he found it impossible to lay by anything from his small income; even with the strictest economy in superfluities, and a resolute determination to expend nothing whatever on show, or in attempts at vying with his more opulent neighbors. Still the Leesons managed to have all that was necessary for health and comfort, and were contented and happy. As the sons grew up they went out into the world; tried their fortunes in the new settlements of the west; and were successful. The daughters married well; and at the period of our sketch (and that is a "long time ago") the only one still remaining with her parents was the pretty Lydia, who had just attained her sixteenth year.

For the last twelvemonth, Hazelridge and its surrounding country had been remarkably healthy. Even the best of Dr. Leeson's standing patients, a hypochondriac and lonely widower, whose malady induced him to imagine himself all sorts of animals in their turn, and when the fit was on him to imitate their habits with the strangest exactitude—even Mr. Henshaw's disease began to show favorable symptoms; particularly in the opinion of his servants, who regarded these evidences of improvement according to the rank of the thing it was their master's pleasure to perorate. For instance, one day on visiting Mr. Henshaw, Dr. Leeson was met at the door by a little black girl who told him with a smiling face redolent of satisfaction—"Master's a heap better to-day. He rabbit this morning, and run about a garden and bite a cabbages. He cockroach yesterday."

For several weeks, cases of illness had been even more scarce than usual, when the doctor was sent for, in great haste, by the Widow Trimbley, one of the silliest, most ignorant, and most sluttish women in the village; and whose hus-

band had, within the last two months, been released from her, and a weary life of discomfort and annoyance. Dr. Leeson had recently vaccinated her infant then six months old; and when he arrived he found Mrs. Trimbley seated in a low chair, attired in a cotton morning-gown which, having been lately dyed black, looked less dirty than her usual mourning-dress. She was rocking violently back and forward, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and her eyes fixed despairingly on the fretting baby.

"Oh! doctor! doctor!"—she exclaimed, holding out the infant's arm—"see—see—only see—the child's arm has mortified. It's black all the way down to the elbow, and even below it. Have you brought your instruments? Will you have to cut it off?"

"Cut it off, indeed!"—said the doctor, who could scarcely help laughing. "Why should I? Could you not perceive that the blackness is occasioned by the dye that has rubbed off from your dress as you pressed the child against you. A little soap and warm water will cure it immediately."

A few days afterwards, when Dr. Leeson was busy in his office preparing some medicines in case they should be wanted, a man came running in, out of breath with haste, with an urgent message from John Jackson, who lived near a mile and a half beyond Hazelridge, and whose child, about two years old, had bitten off its tongue, and spit it out.

"What an extraordinary case!"—said the doctor. "Run back and tell the Jacksons I will be there without delay, as soon as my horse can be put into the chair."

The messenger departed, and the doctor with his case of instruments, in a few minutes was en route for the residence of John Jackson, pondering over what was best to be done for this strange and dreadful accident, unparalleled in the annals of medicine. "Perhaps"—thought he—"I may find it possible to sew the tongue in again—but the child will never be able to talk."

On arriving, he was met at the door by the father, who saluted Dr. Leeson with many apologies for having given him the trouble to come; and explained that himself and wife had been entirely mistaken as to the accident, when they sent the messenger so hastily, as the child had *not* bitten off its tongue; and what it had spit out was only a dried peach.

Patients (that is, veritable patients) continued few and far between; and Dr. Leeson and his family were chiefly kept along by three nervous ladies, and four dyspeptic gentlemen; and by Mr. Henshaw, who, however, was fast progressing towards convalescence, his last character being a horse, extremely well performed.

Having introduced the Lecons to our readers, we will present a few extracts from a journal kept, irregularly, by their daughter Lydia, for the benefit of the youngest and latest-married of her sisters, and also for the self-indulgence of pouring out on paper such thoughts and feelings as she was accustomed without reserve to communicate verbally to her beloved Margaret, when both were living under the same roof. It will easily be seen that the fair Lydia was very young and very inexperienced.

I promised you, dear Margaret, to note down from time to time all the remarkable events that happen in the family, and in the neighborhood you have left, and of which you were once the ornament and the delight. It is a consolation to think that you are now ornamenting and delighting a home of your own, and a happy husband. I wish, for your sake, (as well as my own,) that I could write better; but I hope to improve by practice. Remember that all my little communications are strictly confidential.

Hazelridge and its vicinity still continue surprisingly healthy; for which it is proper to rejoice. The love of dress is increasing. Nearly every young girl in the place has come out in a silk, even the very Dudsons. To be sure the Dudson silks are far from elegant; being thin reddish-brown things, with narrow black stripes. But still, they are silks. I never owned a silk dress in all my life; a misfortune which dear Margaret has shared with me, and which both of us have borne with fortitude. But your husband being the sort of man to get along in the world, you may reasonably look forward to the time when you may wear silk every day. If ever I marry, (which is not the least probable,) I shall take care to select a man that is clever in his profession, whatever that may be; and one that is likely to make a good living. You know I am not the least mercenary; and I would not marry a bad young man, or a disagreeable old one, (nay, I would not take an old one on any terms,) even if he had all the wealth of Carroll and Carrollton, and could dress me in silk velvet and real diamonds. But then I shall be careful never to unite myself to one of those soft, over-amiable, lovey-dovey youths, that have no capacity for learning the world, and no energy for conquering its difficulties. However, it is vain to make resolutions on this important subject; for I have often heard that such resolutions are ominous; and that as sure as a woman steadily determines not to marry any particular sort of man, that is the very sort of man who eventually be-

comes her husband. You know Brunetta Brown almost made a vow never to accept a man with a fair complexion and light hair. And yet her helpmate (poor fellow) is a decided blond, with a milk-white skin and hair of the deadiest flax.

Rosamond Rose has been to Baltimore, and she made her appearance in church last Sunday in a beautiful pink and green plaid silk, made in quite a new fashion. It will go all round the town for a pattern. I could not have believed in the possibility of Rosamond Rose looking so well in anything. Certainly a handsome dress is very becoming. Only think of Peyton Pendleton joining and walking home with her. He never did such a thing before. Could it have been the silk gown? Young men are so silly.

Margaret, I do wish I had a silk. They are universal in Hazelridge, and it now looks strange to be without one, at least when full-dress is expedient. I hear that Rosamond Rose puts on hers every afternoon, and that Peyton Pendleton is there every evening. He never before seemed to take any account of her; at which I do not wonder, for she is no great beauty, and she has always been considered very silly. A man that falls in love with a gown is unworthy of farther notice.

I am sorry to have been so foolish as to set my mind on a silk dress; particularly as I see no prospect of obtaining one. I am trying very hard to banish these nonsensical longings; but how can I, when all Hazelridge has arrived at such a pitch of extravagance, that whenever I go out silk dresses are staring me in the face? And I have to glide about meekly and humbly in chintzes and gingham and muslins. I wish dear father could afford to let me have one; but I am not so wicked as to desire that more people should be sick. And then he takes the healthiness of the neighborhood so cheerfully. Excellent man! what a pattern he has always set us.

Joy! joy! dearest Margaret. But let me begin at the beginning. Uncle Kennedy (who you remember has been living many years in New Bedford, having married a rich Yankee girl, and engaged very successfully in the whaling business,) unexpectedly arrived yesterday to make us a visit; though he has taken up his quarters not in our house, but at Union Hall. He stayed and dined with us, and though he talked chiefly of whales, it was easy to perceive that he is a most excellent man; very plain and downright, and quite old-fashioned in many of his notions, but still a person whom it is impossible not to like. While at sea, he seems to have devoted much of his leisure to reading, and is a great admirer of Dr. Johnson, whose works he took with him in all his voyages. I told you he was old-fashioned. He was highly pleased when he found that I also was not ignorant of Dr. Johnson. You know in dear father's library are Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes, and Bos-

well's Life of Johnson, who, after all, could not have been an exactly desirable visitor; except to people of very great sense and such as were above all regard to their own comfort. You and I have often said that if Dr. Johnson were living at the present time he would have to behave better, or else few would tolerate him.

"Well, my dear"—said Uncle Kennedy to me—"I am glad to find you have some taste in books. An illiterate woman is my aversion. But, at the same time, I hope you are not too bookish. Can you make a shirt and a pudding?"

"Both"—I replied, blushing and smiling.

My dear mother then took up my cause, and informed her brother that the pudding he had that day partaken of, and praised so highly, was prepared entirely by me; and that all my father's linen was made up by my hands.

"I am very glad to hear it"—said uncle—"and I should like exceedingly to have, myself, a piece of linen made up by my pretty niece. What say you, little girl, to undertaking such a job for a desolate widower?"

"With the greatest pleasure I will do it, dear uncle"—was my reply—"and as soon as you please, for I have now no sewing on hand." I was going to add, (but I did not,) that those who have little to buy with, have not much to sew.

"Well, then"—said uncle—"I will buy a piece of linen, and send it you to-morrow. And now, little girl, let us understand each other—I do not mean that you shall spend your time, and prick your fingers, and tire your eyes for my pleasure and advantage, without obtaining in return some little pleasure and advantage for yourself. For making up this piece of linen you must allow me to reward you with twenty or rather five-and-twenty dollars."

"Oh! no, dear uncle"—I exclaimed.

"Oh! yes, dear niece. Do you mean to affront me by refusing what is only just and proper?"

"Indeed, it is entirely too much"—said I.

"Of that I am the best judge"—was his reply. "I say it is not. So don't let me hear another word of objection. Is it not natural for girls to like a little pocket money for their own little purposes?"

I thought in an instant that this would buy me a silk dress; and I could refuse no longer the good old gentleman's proffered kindness.

"This affair being now settled"—said he—"I will tell you a strange circumstance that happened the last time I came round Cape Horn."

And so he told, and told, and told; and I tried to listen with the deepest attention.

Oh! Margaret, I am so happy. How I shall enjoy wearing a silk dress earned by myself. I am sure I can get an elegant one for less than twenty-five dollars, and then have some money left for other purposes. I long to begin the shirts. I will not trust myself to take up a new book till

I have finished them; nay, if some kind friend was to offer to lend me a novel superior even to the Children of the Abbey, I would decline accepting the loan till the shirts were off my mind, I so long to have them completed. And then there is nothing to be ashamed of in making linen for one's uncle; even if I am compensated for it. It does not make a seamstress of me. And what if it did? Where is the disgrace in being a seamstress, even if all Hazelridge knew it? I may be compelled some time or other really to get my living by my needle. Away with false pride! Have I not been taught to despise it? I wish I were as good as I ought to be. Then I should not have such a foolish craving for a silk gown.

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I am proceeding rapidly with the shirts. There is no fear of my health being injured by sitting at them too closely. Since the family has become so small, you know that our only servants are Diana and Cuffy; therefore I have to assist in household affairs, sufficiently to keep me in bodily exercise during some part of every day. I am so anxious to get through with the sewing, that, frequently, after I have retired for the night, I sit at work in my room for two or three hours; or else I rise before the stars have faded, that I may have a little time for my needle while all the house is still asleep. Dear mother has several times offered to help me, but I will not permit it, as her eyes are no longer fit for fine work. I am trying my utmost to make up this linen beautifully.

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The shirts are all finished, and washed, and ironed, and sent home. I ironed them myself. This morning came Uncle Kennedy, and he praised me, and gave me two ten dollar notes and a five. A quarter of a hundred dollars! I never was so rich before. Never in my life had I held in my hand twenty-five dollars of my own. I continued thanking the kind old man, till I was stopped by the tears of joy that I could not repress. And then he kissed me, and told me never to mention the subject again.

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Another joy, dearest Margaret. There is not a word of truth in the report that Peyton Pendleton goes every evening to see Rosamond Rose in her silk gown. So far from that, he set off for New Orleans the very day after she first appeared in it. The only time she has worn it on week-day, was once when an old Scotchman, Professor MacPhog, came there with a letter to her father, and stayed to tea. And then in a fit of absence, he wiped his greasy fingers on her dress, as he sat beside her. Was not that Dr. Johnsonish? Think of her folly in wasting her best attire on a philosopher!

And now to get my silk bought. Mr. Yardley has sold off every piece in his store. I shall have to wait till I can go to Baltimore or Philadelphia, where I can have an unlimited choice, and get a



better article for the same money, than I could possibly procure in any of our country stores.

Margaret, I am too happy. I have just received an invitation from that charming woman, Mrs. Pentland, of Philadelphia, who spent a month last summer at Hazelridge with the Weldons, and whom we all liked so much. She pressed me, at parting, to make her house my home whenever I came to Philadelphia; and now she has proved that the compliment was not mere "words of course" by sending me a special invitation to make her a visit at once, and stay with her as long as I wish. I have not been in Philadelphia since I was eleven years old, when my father took me there for a few days, merely to see the place. Now I can buy my silk dress in one of the elegant stores of that elegant city, and wear it while there. In the meantime, I must set about putting all my best things in order to take with me. Good Jenny Green is to stay with mother during my absence.

All turns out enchantingly. More good fortune! Uncle Kennedy has just been here, and says he intends leaving Hazelridge in about a week on his return to New Bedford, and therefore he will be my escort to Philadelphia. Excellent old man! He has intimated, in his plain, downright way, that in return for the nice puddings and pies of my making that he has eaten at our house, my traveling expenses shall not cost me a cent. I am glad he is our uncle. We would not like to accept all this kindness from a stranger. He has had the delicacy never to ask how I intended to lay out the twenty-five dollars.

Here I am in Philadelphia. The streets look still longer and straighter, and the marble door-steps still cleaner and whiter than when I was here five years ago. Uncle Kennedy (who was all goodness on the road) deposited me at Mrs. Pentland's very nice house in one of the cross-streets; and accepted her invitation to drink tea, and spend the evening. Early this morning he departed for the east. When I took leave of him last night, (and I did so with tears,) he kissed my cheek and whispered—"My dear little girl, whenever you are in any difficulty, remember to apply to your old uncle."

The Pentlands are truly delightful people. The wife and husband are worthy of each other. He is engaged in a very lucrative business, but as he has not yet made his fortune, they enter into no useless extravagances. Yet how well they live; everything about them being on a genteel and liberal scale. They have three children, very lovely, and very good.

It rains to-day. To-morrow Mrs. Pentland goes with me to assist in choosing my silk.

We have returned from shopping, and you will be surprised to hear that my dress is not yet bought. We looked over silks at all the stores

in Chestnut street, and elsewhere; and I found it impossible to choose, among so many that were temptingly beautiful. I have never had a chance of acquiring experience in shopping. Mrs. Pentland was so kind and so patient, and did not hurry me at all. Now that I know the shops (the Philadelphia streets cannot be mistaken) and have acquired from my hostess some general ideas as to the choice of silks, I will not again trouble her to accompany me. Her children may want her at home, though she has an excellent and trustworthy nurse-maid. I shall feel better to go shopping by myself, for I fear it is a very irksome business to accompany a shopper. With some money that dear father gave me, I buy some little thing that I want, at every store where I have given them the trouble to show me silks. This is a small compensation for their untiring civility. This evening Mrs. Pentland expects some company that she has invited to meet me. She is really too kind.

I have spent a delightful evening. I was introduced to everybody, and there were some charming people. I wore the jaconet frock that I worked myself with little spots; and Mrs. Pentland arranged my hair for me. Among the gentlemen was Mr. Allen Dornig, just returned from Europe. His face may not be quite so handsome as Peyton Pendleton's, but how very superior he is in air and manner; and yet he seems so perfectly natural, and I am sure he is so. And he talks so well; and has read so much, and seen so much. Only think, of his own accord, he requested an introduction. He talked to me a long time, and then proposed making me acquainted with his mother, (a fine-looking woman, dressed very plainly in black,) and led me up to her for the purpose. I was delighted with Mrs. Dornig. She put me at once at my ease; and I felt as if I had known her for years. Though there is great disparity in their ages, I find that Mrs. Dornig is Mrs. Pentland's most intimate friend, and one of her most frequent visitors.

It is now so late, that I must lay down my pen for to-night. The Dornigs are certainly first-rate people. What a charming place is Philadelphia!

To-day I have again been out shopping, and by myself; and still cannot decide among the various striped silks, plaid silks, sprigged silks, and changeable silks. I wish, of course, to get one that will wear well, but not of a color too dark and grave for a young girl, or too light for frequent use. I tried the stores in Second street, and found there a large supply of very handsome silks, but was still at a loss to determine.

Several cards were left for me while I was out.

When Mr. Pentland came in to dinner, he informed us that he had taken seats at the theatre for me and Mrs. Pentland and himself, and Miss Tilford, who, like myself, was to see a play for

the first time. Miss Tilford, whom I saw last evening, is a young lady from some distant place, now getting her finish at one of the Philadelphia boarding-schools, and somewhat under the care of the Pentlands. She is considered pretty; but I did not see Mr. Dorning take the least account of her, except to bow in passing.

I never saw a play in my life; and therefore I am absolutely longing for the hour when it shall be time to go. I am almost wild with delight; so I cannot settle myself to write any further. I must go down again to look at the parlor time-piece.

I was in ecstasies with the play, which was *Pizarro*. How beautiful were the dresses and scenery! How deeply interesting the story! I could not look off for a moment, and between the acts I had no desire to talk. I could only sit and think, and long for the drop-curtain to rise again. Could any character be more perfect, more noble, more heroic, more sublime than that of the generous Rolla? I did not see his death, for my handkerchief was at my eyes almost steeped in tears. When the play was over, I was astonished to hear Miss Tilford say, "she had not been as much pleased as she expected." And yet it was her first play. "I am sure that is not the case with Miss Leeson"—said a low voice behind me, addressing Mr. Pentland; and turning round, I saw Mr. Dorning, who had been there all the time, without my knowledge. I am sure he is a good critic, but he had the consideration not to lessen my delight by pointing out any faults in the actors. On the contrary, he dwelt only on their best points. I do not believe Miss Tilford looked at the play half her time; and what she did see, she most probably could not understand. She is very silly. The farce was *Lock and Key*; so laughable that it put me into excellent spirits. Miss Tilford said it was stupid, and that it made her sleepy, and she wanted to go home before it was over. She is stupid herself. And that must be the reason Mr. Dorning cares nothing about her.

After we had deposited Miss Tilford at her boarding-school, Mr. Dorning accompanied us home, by earnest invitation; and we found a little oyster supper awaiting us. Over this table we discussed the play. Mr. Dorning told us of plays and actors he had seen in Europe; and then talked delightfully of *Shakspeare*, and of a visit he had made to Stratford-on-Avon. I could have listened to him for ever.

This morning I went out again to get my dress; but found that my mind was so entirely occupied with the play and other things, that I was quite unable to fix my attention properly on the silks; so as to make a judicious choice. So I thought I had best go home to Mrs. Pentland's, and give it up for to-day. In Chestnut street I met Mr. Dorning, who was so very polite as to turn about, and walk with me, and accompany me to Mrs. Pentland's door. There I was, walking up

Chestnut street, with a first-rate man, and various gentlemen bowing to him, and he bowing to elegant ladies. He was talking to me all the time, and no doubt delightfully; but, strange to say, I have not a clear recollection of anything he said. I wonder if I spoke, and looked, and walked in my natural way? I am afraid I did not. I must positively get the new dress to-morrow. I fear I shall be harder to please than ever.

Again a fruitless search. I wish there were not so many beautiful silks. I am undecided between three with satin stripes, two with sprigs, two unfigured changeables, and six plaids. It is very bad and shameful in me, to be sure, but I cannot help envying ladies that can buy two or three silk dresses at once, and that know when these are past wear they can easily get as many more. This evening we were at a small party at Mrs. Mordenfield's. I received more attention than I deserved, for I found the evening rather dull; most probably because I was dull myself. Except the Mordenfields, there were no persons that I had seen at Mrs. Pentland's.

Congratulate me, dear Margaret: the deed is done—the silk is bought. Having rambled to Second-street this morning, I was attracted into a large new store by some beautiful silks I saw at the window; and while I was pondering over them, who should join me but Mr. Dorning. He had chanced to see me, as he passed by, and so had come into the store to inquire after my health. I told him I was greatly at a loss in selecting a silk. "Shall I presume to assist your choice?"—said he. In three minutes he pointed out the most beautiful, as it certainly was; an armure, as they call it. One side was a changeable lilac and green, the other side green only. I saw at once that his taste was excellent; so I immediately bought the dress, paid for it, and desired it to be sent to Mrs. Pentland's. This time Mr. Dorning did not walk home with me, having business at the Exchange. Mr. Pentland says that Mr. Dorning is an excellent business man; notwithstanding all his accomplishments.

Mrs. Pentland is much pleased with my silk. She says it is not only very beautiful, but it will wear well; and that when the outside begins to fade, it can be turned, and that it will appear like a new dress of a handsome green. She recommended to me to get an extra yard, and lay it by for alterations that may be required when the dress is turned and re-made.

The next thing is to get it made as soon as possible. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Pentland's dressmaker; but she has so much work already on hand, that she could not undertake mine in less than three weeks. However, she recommended me to another very fashionable dressmaker, Miss Trimmings. I went from her to Miss Trimmings, who, keeping a greater number

of assistants, consents to fit me to-morrow, and finish the dress in three days. As she is *very* fashionable, I leave the style of making it entirely to her. I hope it will be done in time for Mrs. Melwood's party. Mr. Dorning visits in that family.

I have been fitted for my dress. I ventured to caution Miss Trimmings against certain errors I was afraid she would commit; but she assured me that she thoroughly understood her business, and that she worked for some of the first ladies in Philadelphia. I went from her to the store in which I had bought the silk, to get the additional yard as advised by Mrs. Pentland. It is all gone already, and I can match it nowhere. I am sorry; but if the dress is well made now, it will scarcely require any alteration when turned.

When I came home I was glad to find Mrs. Dorning, who sometimes brings her work and spends the day with Mrs. Pentland. She must be a welcome visitor everywhere. I never saw a mother and son so much alike.

Soon after came in Mrs. Barlow, for a morning call. Mrs. Barlow, though really much younger than Mrs. Dorning, is so stern and austere that she seems considerably older. Though herself engaged in conversation with Mrs. Dorning, Mrs. Barlow overheard me telling my dear hostess, that my new dress was to be finished in three days, and that I earnestly hoped the mantuamaker would keep her promise, as I was extremely desirous of wearing it to Mrs. Melwood's ball.

Mrs. Barlow, catching my words, interrupted herself to turn round and fix her awful eyes on me, saying, in a solemn tone—"I grieve to see so young a girl attach so much importance to a new dress. If I knew your parents I should consider it my duty to warn them against encouraging this fondness for finery. They certainly have never checked it in your early childhood. As soon as a little girl evinces a desire to wear a handsome frock, she should immediately be punished. And punished, and punished again, till that desire is entirely rooted out. Your mother could not have been aware of the dreadful consequences that might ensue from allowing pride and vanity to get into your heart. Did she ever correct you on this account?"

"She never whipped me for it"—was my reply.

Mrs. Barlow lifted up her hands and eyes.

"Yet"—I continued—"she reproved me whenever she thought it necessary. I recollect the first time I went to our dancing-master's ball (Mr. Allemande came every spring to give lessons at Hazelridge) I was equipped in a new book muslin frock with a pink satin sash, and my sleeves tied with pink bows; and when I was all dressed and standing on a stool before the glass to see myself at full length, my mother said to me—"Now remember, you are not to suppose you look pretty. Even in this dress you appear no better than usual." At this, I burst into tears, and cried—

"Oh! dearest mother—let me, for once in my life, be allowed to think that I look well." Then the tears came into her eyes, and she kissed me; and my father told me that I really did look pretty, and my mother said so too, and I dried my tears and went to the ball very happy."

"I am astonished at your parents!"—exclaimed Mrs. Barlow. "Why, this was really fostering a sin. They should have directly taken off your book-muslin frock, and compelled you to go to the ball in a common calico, or made you stay at home."

"That would have been too heart-breaking"—said I.

"Not at all!"—replied Mrs. Barlow. "The grief of children is so transient that it is unworthy of notice, when a useful lesson is to be instilled into their weak heads and unimpressible hearts. Are there not verses about 'the tear down childhood's cheek that flows,' and 'the tear forgot as soon as shed.'"

"I know that those lines are very popular"—said Mrs. Dorning—"but though from illustrious and immortal pens, I venture to think they must not be implicitly believed, unless with reference to mere infants. Children feel their little sorrows far more acutely and deeply than is credited by persons who have lost all minute recollection of their own childhood. Neither is it always true that the child is father to the man, or mother to the woman; or that the propensities of early life grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, and that from them the character of the adult always takes its color. If I may be allowed to give myself as an instance, you see how plainly I dress, and I have done so from choice ever since I arrived at womanhood. Yet when a child I had much uneasiness about the gratification of my fancy for at least one article of finery."

"Oh! do tell me what it was!"—I exclaimed.

"I declare"—said Mrs. Barlow, looking at her watch, and starting up—"I had no idea it was so late. I have still half-a-dozen calls to make before dinner-time."

She then, to my great joy, took her departure; and I begged Mrs. Dorning to go on.

"In my earliest days"—continued the lady—"hats of colored beaver were much worn by ladies and little girls. Some children, who lived next door to the house then occupied by my father's family, made their appearance in blue beavers—light blue, and of a beautiful tint. I was much struck with the elegance of these hats, and asked my mother to get one exactly like them for me, and also for each of my sisters. I was then only five years old; but I well remember my disappointment on being told that these hats were very costly, and that my father could not afford that we should wear any so expensive. I was very sorry, and hoped that my father would soon become rich. We soon after removed to London, where in a short time we became acquainted with several very pleasant and hospitable families. The

ensuing Christmas I was invited to a juvenile party. An absurd custom at that time prevailed in London, of ladies and girls (when particularly dressed) wearing their hats or bonnets in the house, and sitting in them at dinner and evening companies. At this party, I saw various handsome hats on various little girls; but there were two Miss Harrisons with my admired blue beavers. On this account I particularly attached myself to these children, tried to keep as near them as possible, and particularly to join *them* in the plays and pastimes that formed the amusement of the evening. When I saw the Miss Harrisons pass the mirrors, I wondered they did not always turn to look at themselves in their blue beavers. But they seemed to wear them 'as if to the manner born.'

"The vision of a blue beaver being again presented to my mind, I found that I was constant in my admiration of what I considered the most beautiful of all hats. I again petitioned for one, but was told it was not yet time.

"Next year our family removed to a larger and handsomer house, and our establishment denoted increasing prosperity. But beaver hats for females were now out of fashion. Still I would gladly have worn a blue one, fashionable or not.

"When I was about eleven years old, we were still in England, and beaver hats were again in vogue. A young friend of mine, nearly my own age, came to visit me in a blue one; the sight of which revived my still-lasting *penchant*. After her departure, I could not forbear reverting to it; and to my great delight my father said—"Well, well—if a blue beaver hat will make you so happy, you shall now have one." Imagine my ecstasies, at the prospect of this long-cherished fancy being at length gratified. Next day, my two sisters and myself were all taken to a hatter's in Oxford street, our heads were all measured, and blue beaver hats were ordered to be made for us in the handsomest manner, and decorated with cords and tassels. As usual, they could not be promised before Saturday night. That wished-for night arrived. My sisters became sleepy, and went to bed at the usual hour. I was wide awake; and begged to sit up till the hats came home. It was nine o'clock before I heard that humble single knock at the front door which in England is always given by acknowledged plebeians. 'There come the hats!'—I exclaimed, clapping my hands, and springing from my chair. A boy was ushered in with three hat boxes. I flew to open the largest. The beaver hat was there; but it was white, not blue. They were all white. Conceive my disappointment. Truth was, the hatter had forgotten that blue was the color desired; and the hats for which he had measured our heads and taken orders as to the shape, were made, in mistake, of white beaver. 'Am I never to have a blue beaver while I live?'—was my exclamation. All attempts to pacify me failed. I protested against wearing the white hat; was reprimanded severely,

and went to bed in tears; not quite sure that my heart would not break before morning.

"My sisters were very well pleased with their white hats when they saw them next day, but I ventured to implore that an attempt might be made to get mine exchanged for a blue one. In pity to the disappointment of a hope that I had cherished for years, an application to this effect was made to the hatter; but he insisted that white hats were far more becoming than blue ones, and therefore the mistake ought to be regarded as fortunate, and that none but fair-complexioned, light-haired children looked well in blue. Also, he finished, decisively, by saying that as colored beavers were going out of fashion, he had determined to give up making any more; and that he could not (most probably because he *would* not) prepare a little blue dye for one hat only. So with a heavy heart, I was obliged to submit to wearing the white one; to which I must say I never became cordially reconciled; and by the time it was unfit for further use, the fashion of girls wearing beavers was entirely over. We returned home to America, and I was no longer a child. So never in my life have I had a blue beaver hat."

"I can easily imagine all you suffered"—said I. "And I am perfectly convinced, that, as you say, young people feel much more deeply than old people suppose."

"I think so too"—said Mrs. Pentland. "Therefore I never impose any unnecessary pains and penalties on my children with the view of their benefiting by them at some distant period. In their progress through life their path may be strewn with thorns. I wish them to regard their childhood as a season of flowers and sunshine, for in making their way through the world, they will have enough of clouds and storms."

"And now"—proceeded Mrs. Dorning—"to return to my first inference. Notwithstanding my long-indulged, and never-gratified passion for a blue beaver hat, I did not (as might have been expected) grow up with any unusual fondness for dress in general. But rather the contrary; it being a subject that has, ever since I have been able to dress as I pleased, occupied perhaps quite too little of my thoughts."

The day passed very pleasantly, and the evening still more so. Mr. Dorning came to tea. After which, he took a seat next mine, and addressed nearly all his conversation to me. And such conversation! I could have listened to him all night. His mother cannot refrain, at times, from giving him a look of approval. I fear I am too happy.

Oh! Margaret! Margaret! my silk dress is ruined. This is the day of Mrs. Melwood's party, at which I expected to wear it. It came home this afternoon, accompanied by a receipted bill amounting to much more than I had anticipated, but which, however, I paid immediately,

as is the custom of our family. My heart misgave me as soon as I unfolded the dress. When I attempted to try it on, after much dragging and squeezing, assisted by Mrs. Pentland and her maid Susan, I found, to my utter consternation, that it was every way too small for me. No strength could draw together the hooks and eyes, so as to make it meet up the back; and across the chest it is disfiguringly narrow, and killingly tight. The sleeves are entirely too short, and so is the skirt, and no outlet has been left in any place whatever. All has been shaved, and snipped, and trimmed off close to the seams; and none of the leavings or shapings have been sent home, so that there is no way of altering or enlarging so as to make it wearable; and no matching it. Is there no law to punish a mantuamaker for spoiling a dress? What shall I do? It is really too hard to bear. The silk that I earned myself—that I sewed for with such diligence—that I had so much difficulty in choosing—and that Mr. Dorning, at last, selected for me—the first silk dress that I have ever had in my life. And I thought I should look so well in it to-night, at the party. He told me, last evening, he should be there. Oh! Margaret, I must lay down my pen, and cry—indeed I must.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have had a good cry; and I feel a little better. Dear Mrs. Pentland has, in the meantime, been making some improvements in the clear muslin that I brought with me from home, and that I wore to Mrs. Mordenfield's. And all I can now do is to wear that this evening. Susan is going to give it a nice smoothing over with an iron. Oh! my poor silk! What will become of it? There it lies, useless, on the bed. I will put it out of sight. It distresses me to look at it. I know it is our duty to forgive injuries—but as yet I cannot bring myself to forgive that mantuamaker.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, dear Margaret, we went to the party, and to my great surprise I found my spirits revive, so that I soon ceased to think about the unfortunate silk dress. I wore the clear muslin, and Mrs. Pentland fixed my hair beautifully, and told me kindly that I looked beautifully. Only think, Mr. Dorning called to go with us; and he conducted me into the drawing-room, and accompanied me to pay my compliments to Mrs. Mel-

wood, and talked to me more frequently than to any one else. There was dancing; and he danced the first set with me, and the third, and the fifth, and led me to the supper-table. While he had gone round to the other side to bring me some blancmange, Mrs. Pentland, who stood near me, said softly—"Mr. Dorning remarked to me, while you were dancing the second set, that he had never yet seen you look so well, and that he thought nothing so becoming to very young ladies as thin white muslin. 'It is time enough'—said he—for ladies to go to parties in silks when the bloom of youth is beginning to fade. In early youth the more simple the dress the more beautiful.'" Dear Margaret, was not this consoling? And it was so kind in Mrs. Pentland to tell it to me. I felt so happy, that I determined in future never to omit an opportunity of repeating (even to persons I do not like) whatever I may chance to hear that may give them pleasure. I have generally done so—now I will *always*.

As Mr. Dorning was putting me into the carriage, he asked me if I should be at home this morning. "Oh! yes!"—said I. "Then"—replied he—"I will have the pleasure of seeing you, and of talking over the party."

\* \* \* \* \*

Margaret, Mr. Dorning has been with me two hours. Mrs. Pentland was out, and we had the parlor to ourselves. He did not discuss the party at all. What do you think he *did* talk about?

—

Our limits will not permit us to give any farther extracts from the diary of the fair Lydia Leeson. But our readers may be glad to learn that the marriage of Lydia Leeson and Allen Dorning was solemnized in less than three months after their engagement. It took place at Hazelridge; his mother and Mr. and Mrs. Pentland being present; and of course, Uncle Kennedy, who had presented his niece with a handsome sum for her outfit. Eventually, Dr. Leeson was induced to remove to Philadelphia, where he succeeded in getting into very good practice. He and Mrs. Leeson occupy a house very near the residence of the superlatively happy Dornings.

The mantuamaker was forgiven. Our heroine carried the unfortunate silk dress with her, when she returned to Hazelridge, and there presented it to a young friend for whose Fenella-like figure it was not too small.

## A THOUGHT.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

WHAT might a single mind may wield,  
With Truth for sword and Faith for shield,  
And Hope to lead the way!

Thus all high triumphs are obtained,  
From evil good—as God ordained  
The night before the day!

## APPENDIX

### TO MY "FEW WORDS ON CRITICS AND CRITICISM."\*

BY CLARENCE A. F.

Oh, God-stirr'd spirit, unto thee  
My spirit moves, as moves the sea  
Beneath the moon, and longs to be  
Thy nearest brother  
In Beauty's holy land, that we  
Might bless each other.

Thy voice is like the voice of flowers,  
With tones of winds and vernal showers,  
With birds and streams in summer hours,  
In song united;  
It brings a dream of wildwood bowers  
Where love is plighted.

Not thine the manufactured lays  
That galvanize and set ablaze  
The penny critic's tongue of praise,  
And thus obscure  
E'en Shakspeare's glory, thirty days,  
And often fewer.

Nor thine the lyre whose wretched trade is  
To sing the loves and sighs for hades  
Of angel fops and fainting ladies,  
Whose tender passion  
In paints and stuffs and scents array'd is  
Of newest fashion.

Nor thine the lays that drip with gore,  
And glare with flame that flashes o'er  
The bloody fields, where furies glow  
And Madness leers  
At man who lies there wounded sore,  
And blind with tears.

Thy songs are melodies divine  
From life, where azure glories shine;  
They make my listening spirit pine  
For holy things;  
The Infinite Soul transfigures thine;  
An angel sings.

The soul's divine whom God employs  
To comfort humankind—rejoice,  
While Falsehood groans, to hear thy voice  
So clear and true,  
Whose swelling music drowns the noise  
Of Folly's crew.

Sing on, till every human spirit  
Has felt thy heavenly singing cheer it,  
And conquer'd every demon near it  
With force divine:  
A birthright such as few inherit,  
True bard, is thine.

Thy soul, so sturdy for the right—  
So bold to cope with Falsehood's might,  
With cloudless morning still is bright;  
Thy songs declare  
That thou hast only known delight  
And blissful care.

Thy glorious brow by wreaths is shaded,  
In Beauty's radiant gardens braided;  
No cloud of pain has yet invaded  
Thy glowing dawn;  
Thy cherish'd flowers are all unfaded—  
Not one is gone.

If thou through all thy early years  
Hast felt the strife with maddening fears,  
Where desperate doubt to shipwreck steers  
On Pain's black sea,  
More sad and wild, more chok'd with tears,  
Thy lyre might be.

If thou hadst felt the darkness where  
Heart-breaking anguish brings despair,  
And fought with desperate demons there,  
Thy quivering fingers  
Might waken tones to charm the air  
Where darkness lingers.

Then they who call thee too serene—  
Who bless when lurid light is seen,  
And think thy nature quite too clean  
For noblest bays,  
Might rush to hail thy darker mien  
With passionate praise.

But naught can spoil thy pure refrain;  
Throughout the darkest night of pain  
Thy inward brightness would remain  
All golden still;  
A growing beauty 'twould sustain  
In strife with ill.

Thy morning shineth, but the hours  
Are passing o'er thy darling flowers;  
The darkness will assail thy bowers;  
But thou art strong  
To strive and own the heavenly powers  
In deeper song.

Let those who quarrel for a name,  
In anxious prophecy proclaim  
Posterity's awards of fame;  
He lives forever,  
Who strikes his lyre with God-thrill'd aim,  
And falters never.

The bard who self forgets to hear  
The moaning sufferers far or near,  
And tells their sorrows loud and clear,  
Till Falsehood quails  
And Sin's high places shake with fear,  
All heaven hails.

Oh! ye self-honoring bards and sages,  
Whom busy vanity engages  
In making names for coming ages,  
Ye little feel  
That God will criticise your pages  
Without appeal.

\* See Editors' Table in the January number.

## MAIZE IN MILK.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

So now is come our joyful'st feast,  
Let every man be jolly;  
Each room with ivy leaves be drest,  
And every post with holly.  
Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
Round your foreheads garlands twine;  
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
And down with melancholy.

*Slightly altered from George Wither, 1622.*

(Concluded from page 65.)

#### CHAPTER II.

THE day of Christmas eve dawned propitiously upon the broad fields and groves of "Maize-in-milk." There never had been, in all the south, a brighter or sweeter December sunshine. Nature seemed to have yielded herself wholly to the moral of the season. She had put on her gayest habiliments; the earth sent up a perfume less penetrating and diffusive, perhaps, but not less sweet and persuasive than in the spring time, and the woods wore such robes as autumn had bestowed upon them—glorious, rich investitures of crimson and yellow, which made gum, oak and poplar look each like a sovereign prince begirt by his obsequious courtiers. Christmas in Carolina is very apt to be vexed with storm and rain, a fatal conjunction for thousands of schemes of juvenile delight and delinquency. But the present promises to be quite as favorable to the plans of happy-hearted creatures as the most amiable and philanthropic spirits could pray for; and, with the dawn, the three sons of Colonel Openheart, Tom, the good-fellow, Dick, the mischievous, and Harry, the little, starting from a sleep which teemed with the most happy dreams of turbulent enjoyment, had darted into the chamber of their excellent sire, and were hauling him out of sleep and bed at the same moment. He, too, had been in the enjoyment of the happiest heart fancies, such as are natural to the fond and hopeful parent. In his sleeping visions, he had beheld the return of his son Edward, now traveling in Europe, a tall and handsome youth, refined by foreign observation, and with a mind generously expanded to the appreciation of all that was excellent and noble in foreign standards. William and John were also returned from college, availing themselves of the brief respite of a single week accorded them during the great religious holiday of the year. And other forms, almost equally dear, and other images quite as sweet and persuasive, had passed beneath his waking fancy, while his

real and earthly nature slept. Sweet glimpses of dear Mary Butler, and his own fair daughter, Bessy Clinton, and vague and indistinct forms and aspects, in innocent relationship with these, all of which aroused the fondest hopes and the most grateful imaginings in the fond father's bosom. It was the season when all sights and sounds are sweet and wholesome to the heart which desires and exercises itself in wholesome influences—when, as the great bard expresses it—

"The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

And merrily, indeed, and with most vigorous throat, did the hundred voices of Mrs. Openheart's poultry yard respond to each other through the watches of that calm December night. Nor were these the only voices whose music somehow melted in with and formed a part of the dreams of the excellent colonel. All around the fine old mansion house of "Maize-in-Milk," the mock-birds had made homes for their young among the ancestral oaks and cedars. Of these, the bold choristers had maintained immemorial possession; and, as some of the trees spread their great limbs even up to the windows of the dwelling, against the panes of which their leaves rattled in the gusty night, it was easy for the Puck of the southern groves to send his capricious music through every chamber. These had Colonel Openheart been long accustomed to hear, but it seemed as if, at the approach of the season when

"a chyld was i-born,  
Us for to savyn that al was forlorn,"

the voices of the birds grew more full and numerous, and a generous and glad spirit, a soul of exultation, gave new impulse to their merriment and music. Their fitful and capricious strains formed fitting echoes to the fancies that swarmed

in the good man's visions; and his own heart caught up their echoes, and even while his boys were breaking into his chamber with their clamorous exhortations, he might have been heard to murmur in his sleep broken fragments of one of the ancient English carols—

"Now thrice welcome Christmas  
Which brings us good cheer,  
Minced-pies and plum-porridge,  
Good ale and strong beer," &c.

And this was the boys' welcome as they bounced into the chamber, and dispelled, with a single shout, all the visions of his sleep.

"Why, what a mischief, boys, is the matter, that you rout me up at midnight?"

"Midnight, father—why, the sun's a-rising!"

"Well, what then? Is that any good reason that the father shouldn't sleep? You don't know what fine dreams you have driven away by your uproar."

"Oh, this is no time for dreaming, father. Come, up with you, and let's go to the river, and shoot off the big cannon."

"Well, I suppose there's no resisting you," said the indulgent sire, as he prepared to obey the requisition.

"You will ruin those boys, Colonel Openheart," murmured his excellent help-meet, with some querulousness of accent, occasioned by the rude disturbance of a slumber which had been as precious full of dreams in her case as in that of her husband.

"Nay, never fear," was the reply; "the boys are not so easily spoiled. The danger is with the girls. Boys are naturally good—a little more boisterous than their sisters, but better on the whole. You women are always apt to confound honest impulse with misdoing. We must let them play. Childhood is the season for play, and play is necessary for the heart; and so, boys, let's go to play heartily, as others go to work. Now that you have roused me, get you gone till I get up and dress myself. I shan't stay long."

In a moment, their merry voices might have been heard upon the lawn in front, ringing clearly out in the dry sweet atmosphere. A gentler song suddenly took wing in an adjoining chamber, and the eyes of father and mother both twinkled with a lustre that came directly from the heart, as they heard the soft but melodious accents of Bessy Clinton, singing, as if in preparation for the coming day, a familiar old Christmas ballad.

"When in Beth'lem, fair citie,  
Chryst was born to die for me,  
Then the angels sang with glee,  
*In Excelsis gloria.*

"Ah! with what a lovely bright,  
To the herdsmen shone the light,  
Where he lay in lowly plight,  
*In Excelsis gloria.*

"Heavenly king, to save his kind,  
Bear we still his birth in mind,  
Singing ever as we find,  
*In Excelsis gloria.*

"Praying, as we sing, for grace,  
To behold, in bliss, his face,  
Whose dear coming saved his race,  
*In Excelsis gloria."*

"And you think boys better than girls—naturally good, husband—not so easily spoiled?" was the quiet but ironical inquiry of the wife, as the last murmurs of the girl's song subsided away, and were followed by a triumphant shout from below and a tremendous explosion from a huge blunderbuss, to discharge which they had not waited for the father.

"The rogues!" exclaimed Colonel Openheart. "But I did the very same thing myself when I was a lad—the very same thing—nay, something worse. I made a mine of a whole canister of powder, and nearly shook down the old house on Briar Hill with a single blast. That's the nature of the animal. Don't let it worry you, my dear Emily; they shoot and shout while Bessy Clinton smiles and sings, and I am content that they should both enjoy themselves in their different ways. But the rogues are impatient; hear how they clamor! Emily, dear wife, a kiss! God has blessed us in our children—eight living out of thirteen, five already blessed, and the others blessing us! We have not lived in vain, dear wife! And, hark you, is that Bessy Clinton again? No; it's dear little Rose. She has awakened at last, and sounds her little pipes in song also. How like her voice to Bessy Clinton's, and how like both to your own! But the horses are at the door, and those rogues are ten times as noisy as ever. And you don't like their singing, Emily, so much as Bessy Clinton's, eh?"

"Surely not. How can you ask?"

"Nor I—nor I," said the good-natured father, as he hurried below, leaving the now thoroughly awakened mother to the embraces of the two girls, who entered from an inner chamber, bearing in their hands great bunches of holly, pranked gayly with their own and the red berries of the cassina.

"You are late this morning, dear mother," said Bessy Clinton with a kiss; and little Rose echoed the opinion and followed the example.

"Late? You are as impatient as Dick and Harry," said the mother. "I am sure it's an hour sooner than you rise usually."

"Ah! but it's Christmas eve, mother, and we have to do a great deal. We shall have them here, pretty soon, and must get an early breakfast. Good old Mr. Bond will be here betimes to help us, and Squire Whipple won't be long after him."

"And Susan Bond's a-coming too, mamma, and Sally," was the eager assurance of little Rose, anxious to put in.



"You are all too like your father, too impatient, children. But now that you are here, Bessy Clinton, make yourself useful. Put the pin in this tippet, and—ah! child, how you're sticking me!"

"I'm so sorry, mother!"

"You're always so impatient! There, that will do. Pick up your holly branches and your berries: such a litter as you make. And come, we will hurry down and see about breakfast, so that it be in readiness when your father comes back. By this time he's half way to the river."

And they descended the stairs, Bessy Clinton singing pleasantly, while her fingers wove the green bushes and the red berries artfully together, from another of the ancient carols with which the English tastes of an affectionate grand-sire had long since made her familiar.

"I am here, the Lord Chrystmasse,  
Give me welcome, youth and lasse,  
For I come to heal trespasse,  
Hurtes of soule to heale;  
*Dieu gardez*—this I bring,  
And ye need, with welcoming,  
To rejoyce the man I sing,  
Come for sinners' weale.

"Tis Chryste's coming that ye see,  
He who died upon the tree,  
That your soules, from sin set free,  
Might be his once more;  
In this blessing, make your cheere,  
Yet of evyl joys beware;  
Satan spreads his fatal snare,  
Though his sway be o'er:

"Welcome me, the Lord Chrystmasse—"

Et cetera! The song was hushed in the sound of carriage wheels. The neighbors had already begun to make their appearance. Sure enough, there was good old Mr. Bond in his homely "Jersey," and Susan Bond in her nice white dimity and old-fashioned tippet, and little Sally, to the delight of Rose, in her faded calico, that sat upon her rounded limbs like the sack upon her great-grandmother; and they brought along with them bouncing Joe Dillon, a great chubby-cheeked lad of one of the farther neighbors, of whom the family at "Maize-in-Milk" as yet knew nothing. And such a tumbling out of the frail vehicle as followed, and such a tumbling out of the house to receive them as took place, is quite beyond description. Mrs. Openheart met old Mr. Bond on the threshold, and Bessy Clinton took charge of Susan, while little Rose led off Sally—the little also—followed by the chubby boy at halting paces. And between Bessy Clinton and Susan Bond, the work of the day began almost instantly. The myrtle and the holly, the cassina and the bamboo, were instantly in requisition, and over the great heavy windows and doors, and all about the huge mirrors and antique family pictures, you could see the arches, and the wreaths and festoons beginning to grow up in

green and crimson, giving to the spacious walls and rooms a charming aspect of the English Gothic. How sweet is work when our tastes go with the toil, and when beauty compensates industry. Our happy maidens were conscious of this pleasure in the progress of the labors of their hands; and now they put up and pulled down, re-arranged and altered, their tastes becoming more and more critical the more they were exercised. And "there now, Susan, that will so please father," declared at length that Bessy Clinton was herself quite satisfied.

Leaving the girls thus happily engaged, let us follow the boys in their excursion to the river. You should have seen the lads mount each on his own pony, not excepting Harry the little, who did not seem a bit too little for the marsh-tack, brought all the way from Pocatigo, which he straddled like an infant centaur. Colonel Openheart, mounted on a strong, black parade horse, upon which he had more than once marshaled his regiment, led the way, Tom trying hard to keep beside him in the narrow road, and Dick more ambitiously darting half the time ahead. They were followed by Swift, Sure and Slow, three famous dogs, which were the admiration of all the hunters of St. Matthews. Then came Bedford, the Superlative, a stout, gray-headed negro, who officiated as high sheriff over the plantation, carried out the wishes of his master, and reported progress nightly—a shrewd, sensible negro, cool and steady, confident in his opinions, yet perfectly respectful, who served God and his master as well as he knew how, and, murdering the king's English, seldom committed any more heinous offences. The way of the cavalcade lay over hill and dale, gentle eminences and pleasant slopes, and chiefly through woods which were as old as the hills themselves. Colonel Openheart was fond of trees and foliage, and had so contrived his fields as to maintain a fine body of wood between each. Through these his several roads meandered, and he could pass to the survey of one field after another without once leaving the shelter of the original forests. These were of pine, or oak and hickory, interspersed with a pleasant variety of gum and poplar, and shrub trees of every sort. Long reaches of swamp occasionally relieved the uniform aspects of the hill foliage, by the gigantic forms of cypress, ash and other trees of deciduous character. The brightness of that sunshiny December morning had its effect upon all parties. A cheery smile sat upon the face of the father, and brightened benevolently in his large blue eye; the white teeth of Bedford, the Superlative, never displayed their massive outlines more conspicuously than while riding along with the boys, responding to their eager inquiries; and they, the lads, their young souls spoke out only in shout and caracole, in impatient question that stayed for no reply, and in the expression of an exulting confidence in the joys of the day, which nature herself seemed to

counsel and encourage. The autumn still lingered among the tree tops in robes of saffron and purple; and the life which animated them beside, showed itself momentarily in groups of squirrels, white, black and gray, which, darting from tree to tree, seemed really only to sport themselves for the amusement of the cavalcade and the annoyance of the dogs. Sometimes a covey of partidges flushed up from the brown and half-withered foliage along the track, and a couple of great turkey-hawks might be seen to rise sweeping the air over the open fields in wide circles, with keen eye bent upon the long grasses in which the rabbit might be supposed to have slept the previous night. The track pursued by the party, though a narrow, was a sufficiently open one. Made studiously circuitous, it was a good two miles to the river, and every fifty or hundred yards afforded some pleasant or picturesque changes to the eye. Now they skirted a hill upon whose brow sits a crown of the noblest pines, green, towering and magnificent; and now they wind along a copse of bays, a thicket, whose leaves suffer only enough from the winter's frost as to give forth those sweets of which none of the persuasions of the summer could beguile a single breath. A uniform dark green overspreads this region, save here and there where a great gum-tree, rising in the midst, shakes a head of glorious yellow aloft in lonely majesty. And now they pass into the levels of the swamp, through some choice cotton fields, in which, however, Colonel Openheart sees but little promise, during the present season, of realizing the usual bountiful returns. They are already nearly stripped of fruit—the white pods which commonly sprinkled these fields, as if strewn with blossoms of the dogwood, until the last of January, being quite beyond his power to pick until that period, show now but a scattered whiteness here and there, which rather mocks than satisfies the sight.

"Bad business here, Bedford, this season."

"Monstrous bad!" says Bedford, with a closing of the lips and a lugubrious shaking of the head. "Monstrous bad, sir; but such a *portentous* drought as devoured us, and such a *tempestuous* tornado as beat us down after it, *just* as the field was going to blow in September, was a ravaging of us that no cotton could stand under."

"We must do better next year, Bedford."

"Ef it's the will of Providence, there shall be another guess *desemblance* in our swamp next year."

"It must be, Bedford," was the rather emphatic reply of the colonel.

The negro was silent. The master proceeded—"The old Salem tract must be put in order with the beginning of the New Year. You know that I have bought the force of our old friend, Ben Butler. They will be here to-day. We must work them on that tract, and must contrive to pay for them, in part, out of next year's crop. They are not the best negroes in the world, as you

know, but we must manage them with prudence. I look to you, Bedford, to do your best!"—the negro touched his beaver—"and I do not doubt that you can meet all my calculations. The seasons can scarcely be so bad again as they have been for the last two years."

But these details are sufficient. Crossing a pretty but shallow stream, which was skirted by a growth of gum and traversed by occasional cypresses, of immense size, that strode clear away, six or eight feet deep, in the water, the party emerged upon a hammock beyond which lay the river, and the impatient boys cantered away in front while the colonel and Bedford continued at a more moderate pace. When the two latter reached the banks of the river, the urchins were already dismounted, and each had his pony fastened to the swinging limb of a tree; and here the object which had brought them to this point was at once presented conspicuously to the sight. Here, commanding the river, which was a broad and turbid stream, with a vast stretch of drowned swamp spreading away on the opposite side, was a tiny fortress, a redoubt of earth, with its bastions and its merlons, and a neat little two-pounder, looking out with impudent aspect upon the raftsmen going down the stream. In a moment, the colonel unrolled a nice silken banner upon which the fair hands of Bessy Clinton had wrought a palmetto, and it was soon run up the staff and floating gayly above the juvenile ramparts. And it was to hear the thunder of this piece, and to see the smoke and fire issue from its jaws, that our boys, Tom, Dick and Harry, would at any time abandon the more staid and regular amusements of the household. The smaller piece at home, manufactured from an old ship's blunderbuss, and set on a rude block before the house, though in itself a delight, and which they could venture to discharge themselves, was not to be spoken of in the same breath with the more formidable engine by which the river was commanded. Strange passion which the boy has for guns and uproar! Colonel Openheart encouraged this passion among his sons, and the fantastic notion of a fort at his *landing* on the river was a sort of tribute to the memory of his father, who had been one of the defenders of Fort Moultrie against the British. The fact—then proved for the first time—that a rifleman of the American forests made a first-rate artilleryman, was one to be remembered by the son of one who had been conspicuous among those by whom the fact was so well proven; and the possession of a small British piece, which was one of the trophies awarded to his father's valor, had prompted the little battery that crowned the water approaches to "Maize-in-Milk."

But the signal is given! The eager hearts of the boys are bounding violently against their ribs; their eyes are dilating; their heads stretched forward, and their whole souls filled with delicious expectation. The torch is applied, and the roar

follows. Then they rush forward into the smoke, Dick leading the way, and even little Harry, convulsed with frenzy, rolling and tumbling about in the sulphurous fog. Twice, thrice the discharge is made, and then the signal is given to resume the march. Each lad unfastens his horse, Bedford performing the office for little Harry, who is too proud, however, to admit of any help in clambering up his pony's sides. The adventure of the morning is over, and now back to the domicile for breakfast, with what appetite they may.

There they found old Mr. Bond and pretty Susan Bond, and other guests, already arrived—for their excursion to the river had somewhat encroached, in spite of all their efforts at early rising, upon the breakfast hour. The breakfast consisted of all the varieties known to a Carolina plantation of ante-revolutionary establishment. I don't know that it would be worth while to enumerate the various "creature comforts" under which the table groaned; and yet there may be some young persons among my readers to whom a *catalogue raisonné* may not be altogether without its uses. And first, then, for the inevitable dish of Indian corn, in its capacity of vegetable rather than breadstuff—hominy! Now, your yellow corn won't do for hominy—the color and the flavor are alike against it. It must be the genuine semi-transparent flint, ground at a water-mill, white as snow, and swelling out in two huge platters at convenient places upon the table. A moderate portion of each plate is provided with this vegetable, boiled to a due consistency, neither too soft like mush, nor too stiff, hard and dry for easy adjustment with a spoon. It requires long experience on the part of the cook to prepare this dish for the just appreciation of an adept. There must be no rising lump in the mass; there must be no dark speck upon the surface. The spoon should lie upon it without sinking below the rims, and hominy should always be eaten with a spoon or fork of silver. I name all these little particulars, as I assume the time to be approaching fast when Great Britain and Ireland, and one-half the continent of Europe will be fed out of the American granaries, and when *hominy* will arrive at its position of true dignity and distinction in the *cuisine* of the Old World. The Carolina breakfast-table would be a blank without hominy.

That of "Maize-in-milk" had its usual bountiful supply on the present occasion, and was not without its variety of breadstuffs. There were loaves and cakes of wheat, corn and rye, all the growth of the plantation—Colonel Openheart not being one of those conceited wiseacres who rely only upon the cotton market and neglect every other interest. It may be that he relied still too much upon the profits and prospects of the cotton market so as to indulge in a too ready habit of expensiture, but he never was that purlblind proprietor who forgets the farm in the staple—a class of people still quite too large in Carolina for their

own and the good of the country. His table rejoiced in its rice cakes and waffles also, among his breadstuffs—rice being also one of the grains of his own production. But of these, enough is said already. Among the meats on table, to say nothing of cold corn beef and boiled venison, we must spare a passing sentence to the sausages and black-puddings. Christmas on the southern plantation is emphatically the sausage season. Then it is, as old Mr. Bond was wont to say, that every negro is heard to whistle, and every mouth looks oily. But perhaps it is not every reader who knows what black puddings are. Well, we shall not pretend to enlighten those who are unhappily ignorant. It is enough to say that a black-pudding is something in the nature of the Scotch *haggis*, so sublimely sung by Burns, without the deficiencies and infirmities of that venerable compound. It is less unsightly to the eye and less unfriendly to the taste, more delicate in its flavor, and perhaps even more various in its ingredients. You shall find it a goodly commodity, taken along with its kindred, sausage and hominy, at a southern breakfast, when the Yule Log is blazing. Colonel Openheart had just killed his usual hundred head of hogs, and this was one of the great events to bring happiness to the negro quarter. The great beef had also been slaughtered, and plenty and pleasure were conspicuous in every visage. No wonder the breakfast went off swimmingly. The boys were the happiest creatures in the world, and the achievements of the great gun were thrust into all ears. Not that they were either obtrusive or uproarious in the house with the guests or at the table. On these points, our colonel, though very indulgent generally, was something of a martinet, and breakfast was discussed and dispatched with a degree of order and quietude which only was not solemnity and stiffness. After breakfast the girls continued the work of decoration, and the boys went out to play. The lady of the house had her preparations still in some degree to make, and the worthy colonel took charge of good Mr. Bond, and they went together to the farm-yard, comparing notes, and discussing peas, ploughs and potatoes as they went. Soon, however, their attention was drawn to farther arrivals. First came poor old Kinsale, a worthy old Irishman—a farmer of small degree, who had been so long in America as to insist that yams and Spanish were the real potatoes of green Erin, and that the Irish potato had never been otherwise than sweet from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a good old man, seventy-six years or more, for whom Colonel Openheart sent his own horses and carriage every Christmas. Unlike Irishmen, who are not generally tenacious of early customs, he still wore small clothes and long stockings, having no better reason for his adherence to ancient fashions than the possession of a pair of legs which were formed after the best of ancient models. The youngsters of the day, however much they might smile at the tottering

gait and rheumy eyes of old Kinsale, were not without a sufficient degree of taste to prompt envy of his calves. The red bandana about his neck, and the great hanging cape and flaps of his Marseilles vest were in odd contrast with the modern sack, of newest pattern, which had lately beguiled him by its cheapness, its bright colors and glittering buttons, at a Charleston slop-shop. The old fellow was now all agog for the war with Mexico, and his first demand was for the last newspapers which spoke of that event. But that the approaches of age were quite too unequivocal to suffer such an absurdity, it might have been that we should have heard him talk of volunteering in the Palmetto Regiment. But he was still strong to totter about field and stable; he disliked the house, and placing his chair under the shade of a group of great oaks that circled the centre of the lawn before the mansion of "Maize-in-Milk," he indicated to the other gentlemen the propriety of choosing that as the place for the reception of the arriving company. So here they all took seats together, with the newspapers in the grasp of old Kinsale, and a variety of potatoes of the largest dimensions, yam, Spanish and brimstone at his feet. These, with a laudable brag of Colonel Openheart, he had displayed as the largest which had been made anywhere that season. A few superior cotton-stalks were also beside them, with some mammoth turnips and great ears of corn. While they sat together, in rolled the barouche of Captain Whitfield with his family, five or seven in number, soon followed by Squire Whipple and a Mr. Bateman, who had just bought a snug farm in the neighborhood, and had been invited to share the Christmas hospitalities of "Maize-in-Milk." All of these were farmers of moderate resources, well to do in the world without being wealthy, a comfortable and improving people. Colonel Openheart's pleasure was to feel himself in a neighborhood with which he could sympathize, and with this object he had been for a long period engaged in the politic task of endeavoring to secure the affections of those around him. He made but little difference between his neighbors, except such as was called for by moral differences among themselves; and if he thought of the poverty of any among them, it was only that he might remember the needy with more seasonable assistance.

But now other guests began to make their appearance, and as a stately carriage came whirling down the road, dear Bessy Clinton ran out to the trees where her father was seated, exclaiming—"It's Mary Butler, papa—that's the carriage;" and the eager eyes of the damsel sparkled as dewily bright as if the sunshine which they showed was about to issue from a tear. Sure enough, it was Mary Butler,—but who is it with her? Bessy Clinton had never been so fortunate as to know Elijah Skinflint, Esq., the lawyer of Messrs. Ingelhart and Cripps, to whom the temporary charge of Mary Butler had been confided.

Mr. Skinflint, though he owned a plantation a few miles above that of Col. Openheart, was a practicing lawyer at a distant court-house, which he seldom left, except hurriedly, to cast an eye upon the doings of his overseer. His lean and angular person, red, searching, ferret-like eyes, and gaunt, erect frame, were quite new to our Bessy Clinton, who, though anxious to embrace Mary Butler, somewhat shrunk from the idea of approaching the grim guardian who came along with her. But, Skinflint and all his terrors were forgotten, when her father lifted Mary from the carriage; and the fond damsel bounded to her friend, and took her about the neck with as much fervency as if all the blood from her heart had gone into her arms. She was about to lead the lovely orphan away, when the voice of her father called her back; and she suffered a formal introduction to the redoubted lawyer, who had himself suggested the proceeding. Skinflint was evidently struck with the appearance of Bessy Clinton; who, for her age, was a tall and womanly-looking creature. I need not say she was a very lovely one. Skinflint appeared to think her so, and threw as much gentleness and animation into his glance, when he spoke with her, as a long practice in a very different school permitted him to do. He would have given her his arm in moving towards the house, but the damsel, too anxious to have Mary Butler to herself, contrived not to appear to see the awkward half-tender of civility which the learned barrister had made. In this way she got off, and the two girls were out of sight in an instant. The gentlemen again went towards their trees, where they soon forgot the other sex in a discussion which was equally shared between politics and potatoes.

Skinflint was something of a politician, but he met his match in old Kinsale. If the one was expert at weaving the knot of Gordius, the other had a prompt Alexandrine method of unloosing it. His sturdy, practical mind, and clear, direct judgment, made him more than a match for the lawyer, who soon contrived to get as far from him as possible. In a little while the attention of all parties was drawn to new objects which appeared upon the highway. These were the negroes of the Butler estate, whom Col. Openheart had so rashly purchased, and at such high prices. He had sent all his carts and wagons to bring them to their new abodes, with all their prog and furniture. And a quaint and merry-looking cavalcade they made. The carts, four in number, the wagons, too, and a great ox-cart, were all laden heavily with baggage and bedding. Grinning little urchins lay on the top, and the able-bodied walked beside the vehicles. Each carried something in his hands, or a wallet upon his shoulders. More than one old fiddle was to be seen among them, and the song with which they accompanied the crazy music of its strings, only ceased when they came in sight of the group beneath the trees. Col. Openheart, followed by his guests,

went out to the roadside to speak to them as they passed. He had a pleasant word for each, and shook hands with old Enoch, the patriarch of the plantation, where the latter sat in the wagon which brought up the rear. Bedford appropriately made his appearance at this moment, and took charge of the cavalcade, which he conducted to the quarters prepared for them. Affectionate memories of his friend, Ben Butler, caused the eyes of Col. Openheart to grow dim as he shook hands with the aged negroes; but a very different sentiment was in those of Lawyer Skinflint. Be sure, that excellent citizen had thoughts in his mind, as he beheld the scene, which he would never have ventured to declare in any of his pleadings. But the worthy colonel neither saw nor suspected anything, and his deportment to Skinflint, whom he did not love, was quite as courteous and kind as to any other of his guests. For that matter, as the day advanced, Skinflint began to grow in favor. He evidently took some pains to make himself agreeable. He was a man of considerable experience and information; had traveled; was well read, and not entirely wanting in those finer tastes which so happily garnish even the conversation of the merely sensible. He could be sportive when he would; and a vein of dry humor, which at the bar was causticity, seasoned his most ordinary conversation. He was habitually a hard man,—cold, ascetic; sarcastic, selfish; with but little sympathy for humanity in its susceptibilities, and in those pliant movements of the heart and fancy, which the worldling is apt to regard as weaknesses. But he knew how to humor the moods of others; and, with an object in view, he could play the pleasant companion for an hour, or a day—nay, quite as long as he had anything to gain by it. And he had something to gain at “Maize-in-Milk;” at least, we already half suspect the grim bachelor of being more than pleased with the graces and charms of dear Bessy Clinton. We don’t know that any eye but ours beheld him, as, frequently, in the progress of the day, his glance was fixed on the fair face and beautifully rounded form of the maiden, with a positive show of interest and pleasure. The insolent! He to presume on the affections of that sweet creature—that incarnation of all that is delicate and dear in humanity and woman!

But the day passes,—O! most pleasantly to all; and the young increase in numbers as the hours melt into the past; and the brightness grows in every eye as, sporting on the lawn, they seem to hurry the footsteps of the sun. And he sets at last! Then emerging from an ancient closet, our host brings forth the rude charred fragments of a half-burned log. It is the Yule Log of the last year. The hall chimney is carefully denuded of all its fires—the sticks are taken out, the hearth is swept. The great back-log, chosen

for the fire of the new year, is brought in, and the fragments of last year’s log are employed to kindle it. Our colonel delighted to continue, as nearly as he could, with propriety, the customs of his English ancestors; and his own shoulders bore the log from the wood-pile, and his own hands lighted the brands of the new year’s fire as the sun went down. Doubtless, there is some superstition in all this; but such superstitions are not without their charm, and have their advantages. The superstitions which tend, in some degree, to make us forgetful of self, are equally serviceable to humanity and religion.

The tea-things are removed; the night advances, the sable fiddler has made his appearance; and, seated in the piazza, attended by an urchin with a rude tamborine, he brings forth sounds which have a strange effect upon youthful feet and fancies. The dance begins, and, for two hours, the girls and boys foot it merrily in the great hall. Then a few steal away to another apartment, and there the eggs are broken. One seizes upon the bowl, another upon the dish, and they proceed to manufacture a noggin of eggs—that luscious draught not to be foregone, styled, in homely parlance, *eggnog*! not an inebriating beverage in that temperate household. The dance ceases; the draught is enjoyed; the more youthful disappear, and the sweet voice of Bessy Clinton, as she sings another of her ancient Christmas carols, is the signal for the separation of the company that night at the mansion of “Maize-in-Milk.” Verily, Lawyer Skinflint never, in his life before, appeared so devotedly fond of music. He hung upon the tones of the sweet songstress as if she were especially the sweet singer in Israel, while she poured forth, at her father’s summons, the old “Carol for Christmas Eve.”

Where, among the pasturing rocks,  
The glad shepherds kept their flocks,  
Came an angel to the fold,  
And, with voice of rapture, told,  
That the Saviour, Christ, was born!

Born in Bethlehem, sacred place,  
Of a virgin full of grace,  
In a manger, lowly spot,  
Symbol of his mortal lot,  
Lo! the Saviour, Christ, is born!

Dread and glorious was the bright  
Of that sudden, shining light,  
Which, around the angel then,  
Token’d to the simple men,  
That the Saviour, Christ, was born!

But the voice that fill’d the blaze,  
Cheer’d them in their deep amaze;—  
“Tidings of great joy I bring,”  
In the coming of your King:  
The true Shepherd, Christ is born

## BERTHA.

### A STORY FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

A SILENT group surrounded the bedside of a dying woman. The apartment showed none of that luxury of the sick room which almost tempts the healthy poor to envy the wealthy invalid. It was nearly bare of all furniture; and its scanty moveables seemed to tell the story of one who, having exhausted all that the world had conferred upon her, and used to the utmost all that she possessed, was now going out, carrying nothing with her, and literally leaving nothing, to which she held any claim, behind.

The sound of a distant clock came into the room, with slow and funereally distinct utterance. It seemed so like a knell that the attendants of the dying woman raised their eyes from the couch of death, and, as if prompted by a common impulse, looked inquiringly and with awe-stricken countenances at each other. The close, warm air of the room seemed to turn icy cold; the hearts of the living no less than that of the dying appeared to cease to beat. The clock went on and finished its tale. Ten—eleven—twelve! Imagination scarce could resist the persuasion that each succeeding blow fell fainter as it numbered the last seconds of the parting year.

The echo died away. A smile, though a sickly one, passed over the doctor's face, that he, all used to scenes like this, had partaken of the contagion of superstitious awe. All were reassured, and ventured to breathe again—all but the dying woman. She breathed no more.

A slight convulsive struggle drew all eyes and thoughts back to the dying bed. A smile passed over the pale features, transforming the gaunt in suffering into the beautiful in death. The struggle was over. A soul was released, and the thousand clocks which told the last moment of the dead year, were its passing bells.

All were relieved. Near that bedside had stood neither kith nor kin. The stranger had been taken from amid strangers, home; and the pity of those who had befriended her, unselfish, inasmuch as it was not that of dependents or of kindred, ceased when the sufferings of the dead were over. Tears fell, in sympathy with our common frail nature. Words were said in a subdued voice in praise of the heavenly meekness and patience of the sufferer—now a sufferer no longer—and expressions of pity for the distant relatives were uttered also by those who knew the pangs of separation from friends. But there arose no wail of grief, no bursts of unreasonable sorrow; for all felt that the friendless

and unknown, who had departed in the calm confidence of a Christian soul, submissive to the will of its Maker and trusting in the mercy of its Redeemer, had exchanged what had been indeed a bitter journey in the vale of tears, for a welcome in that heaven where tears are wiped from all faces.

There was *one*, indeed, who, but for the happy ignorance of childhood, might have wept—an hour or two before she had fallen asleep on the pillow while the mother strained her dying eyes over the infant's face, and breathed many, many prayers, unheard except by Him to whom they were addressed. When the babe slept, she was removed. Now, as if the strange presence of death in the house had chilled and frightened her baby dreams, she waked and cried in terror. The nurse, confused in her divided duty, caught up the child and returned to the bed again. The infant in her arms danced and shouted as it saw the face which all its little life had been its shield from fancied danger and its solace in childhood's little afflictions; struggled to get down and kiss the smile which death had stamped there; clapped its little hands, and cried out "Mother!"

Day had fairly broken. Guns sounded without; shouts of early revelers rose; and the attendants looked abroad, almost wondering as they threw up the windows, now that the air was scarce colder than the clay which but a few hours before needed so many appliances to its comfort. A little time gave the apartment all the formal, icy state of death, which the decent respect of the family of man for a deceased member prescribes. The infant was carried from the house, and all unknowing what it had lost, was soon loudest in its childish glee among a knot of hospitable little ones, who forced upon it their toys, and shouted in its wondering ears—"A happy New Year!—a happy New Year!"

## CHAPTER II.

A HAPPY New Year! While many raise this shout, how many others pine in sorrow! While one part of the race is rejoicing in hope, how many sink in despair! While these hear the congratulations of friends, how do those quail before the eager pursuit of enemies! As joy turns her radiant face on one, she turns from others; and

misery's tenacious hold upon earth is only broken in one spot, that elsewhere it may fasten deeper and surer. Some good souls wonder how man can rejoice while there is so much distress in the world. Bless your honest hearts! None could ever be glad did they wait till all sorrow were off the earth. It is ungrateful not to be cheerful when Heaven blesses us—and it is sinful to be an ingrate. No sin is worse.

A worse ingratitude than mere moroseness is that, however, which forgets the woes of others in our joys, their necessity in our plenteousness, and their loneliness in our troops of friends. Little Bertha's fate was better ordered, and she was not forgotten. It chanced that when in one house death was sweeping a mother into eternity, in another a child was called early to rest; and while in one a mother yearned for her child, and in another a child looked despair out of its innocent eyes for a mother, Providence directed the two bereaved ones. Bertha nestled in a bosom which seemed to her at first a little strange, but soon she clung as naturally to her new mother as if she had known no other.

Years passed, and the lady who had taken her into her arms even before she fairly laid her own dead child down, and into her heart while it was yet warm with living love for the departed, had quite forgotten that her adopted was not indeed her own child. Lovely she grew, and was reared with discriminating and anxious tenderness, for sorrow teaches the heart to love, and bereavement schools the afflicted how best to provide for those who are spared. There was only one thing in which Bertha's mother—for so we will call her—erred. That one error was, perhaps, a pious fraud. She coveted the child's whole heart, and did not tell her that she was not literally, and by the whole of woman's destiny, her daughter.

She might have been less reserved—for there seemed no danger that any would dispute her claim. A cold, dark-featured man did appear upon the funeral scene when the last obsequies were paid to Bertha's mother. He carefully paid every due, and canceled every demand. Nay, he was even gracious enough to say that the deceased was his daughter by marriage, but having of his own will accorded so much information, he skillfully parried or rudely repelled all questions. The child seemed a sad annoyance to him, and it was certain, if actions can speak, that he regretted more that the infant lived than that its mother died. When the babe's new friend, a childless and widowed woman, timidly put forward her claim, as if she feared so great a boon would be denied, he who should have clasped the infant to his breast could ill conceal his joy at parting with it; and any less humane and tender of heart than the newly-bereaved mother would have discerned in his pleasure something more than the mere joy he professed that his dear little infant was so well provided for. If he was little curious to learn anything respecting her who adopted the child he resigned, she was well content that nothing should be known of him. It was

a pardonable feeling that led her to consider the child as scarcely less than a direct gift from Heaven to her lonely heart; and she was anxious to forget all in connection with little Bertha except that the cherub came to fill a void in her being, even before she was fairly conscious that such a void existed. Thus was her sorrow disarmed, and thus were her whole affections transferred to the orphan, so that orphan she ceased to be almost before the name had been given her.

So she grew—cheerful and happy—but when were cheerfulness and happiness ever let alone? Never, certainly, since the first intermeddler in the business of others came into the world. Bertha was wandering in the village grave-yard, as she dearly loved to do—and as every child has a passion for doing. There is something poetically beautiful in it. As our first parents wandered in Eden unconscious of death, so do little children seem to play with the tombs in the garden of graves—all unconscious that death has entered the world. If untaught by silly nurses to attach terror and gloom to the quiet silence of the spot, they find in it a place for their gambols, which is chiefly remarkable for furnishing quaint and singularly interesting reading upon its head-stones and tablets when they are weary. And what are, then, infant gambols but life in epitome? What is life itself but a game of hide and seek with the grim archer, which sooner or later must be ended by a stumble, not over the grave like the child's fall, but into it? Silly as children, but not so innocent, are those who trifle their lives through, without a thought of the inevitable close.

"Strange that you of all children, can play here," said a woman that looked over the wall.

Bertha looked up, all wonder—her fair face mocking the chubby angel in the stone against which she leaned, and her bright eyes sparkling with half-awe-struck curiosity. Her face was in a glow with ruddy health, and her hair, beautiful in its negligent curls, danced upon her shoulders in the light air that played, like her (and she no less innocently than that) amid the graves. The picture of trusting happiness—what could have been the woman's thoughts who marred it?—Bertha at length said—

"Mother told me I might."

"Your mother! Heigho!" and here a long drawn sigh and lugubrious shake. "Your mother sleeps under your feet."

Bertha, horror struck, looked down as if the grave were yawning beneath, and withdrew from the spot trembling with puzzled terror—"My mother!"

The woman was gone. Little Bertha hurried home, and ran from room to room till she found her whom she only knew as mother, and burying her face in that bosom which had so dearly cherished her, cried as if her little heart would break.

"She told me you was dead—asleep—but here you are, and I will never, never leave you a minute again!"

## CHAPTER III.

It was a calm and beautiful sunset. The fragrance of the early summer flowers came into the open windows with a weight almost oppressive. The foliage sparkled as if gemmed with diamonds—and each leaf bent under their weight. The earth had been refreshed with a summer shower, and the slanting rays of the sun twinkled, not only in the rain-drops on the leaves, but shone in the tears which trembled on Bertha's eyelids. Matron and child had been weeping, but were calm; for as the rain to the thirsty earth, so are tears to the weary spirit.

"But you *are* my mother for all?" inquired Bertha with a tremulous voice. The answer was a long and ardent embrace. No words further were spoken—none were needed. Mrs. Malcolm had been telling her ward and more than daughter, the melancholy story how her own mother had died; for the hint thrown out by the meddlesome woman had made such a communication necessary. Perhaps it was as well that the child should know the truth. If now no more she loved her kind friend with the blind affection of instinct, her heart every day expanded more and more with gratitude to her who, when in death her mother forsook her, had been prompted of Heaven to take her up.

Poor Bertha! She was old enough to think, and what a world of care that age brings with it! Her cheerful sunny hours were clouded. She knew that children have fathers as well as mothers; until death comes in to sunder the parental tie. Hitherto, when her widowed protector had spoken of Mr. Malcolm, she had listened, attentively and affectionately, as to memories of her father. But this, she perceived, could no longer be. If we were usually in the habit of giving children credit for the faculties they possess, and the observations they make, Mrs. Malcolm might have divined Bertha's thoughts, and would have been silent and guarded on that subject. She was the reverse. The establishment of a confidence between her and Bertha, led her to speak often of her own lost child whom Bertha had succeeded, and of her husband, whose loss had been her first sorrow. When she kissed Bertha's forehead, and fondly said, "You fill the place of both my child and its father," Bertha sighed. She did not speak—but she longed to ask "Who was my father?" How much may a thoughtless word inflict—and how little did the curious, officious woman who clouded Bertha's paradise suspect, as she saw her growing more pale from day to day, that it was to her own foolish tongue the charge was due. She only said to her goseips, "That child grows weakly, like her mother, and I wouldn't wonder if she went the same way, some day." The marvel is that she did not say so to Bertha's self. So indeed she would have done, but Bertha avoided her as her evil genius.

## CHAPTER IV.

A PLAIN, upright slab marked where Bertha's mother rested, and on it was inscribed the single name EMMELINE. It was all that Mrs. Malcolm knew of the departed—all that she once thought she wished to know. Now she would have given worlds to know more, for while she did not suspect the true cause of her dear child's uneasiness, she fancied that if she could tell her everything of one parent, that Bertha would not think of the other. How strangely selfish is woman's love for her children; strange at the first thought, and yet it is natural. She who bears them in sorrow, who suffers in all their infantile sorrows as much, and in their after sorrows more than they, may be pardoned for the delusion that she alone fills their whole hearts.

Near the mother of Bertha, a lesser mound marked where Mrs. Malcolm's infant slept. Here with her ward, after the revelation which accident had forced upon them, they often walked. How wonderful the double ties, which thus linked the dead to the dead, the living to the living, and all, living and dead, thus in one band!

As autumn with its bleak winds advanced, they felt that these visits soon must close. One day, as with this presentiment they delayed longer than usual, they perceived a stranger enter the grounds. This, though not very common, was still not remarkable. Thoughtful travelers—and it is strange that there can be any other—never omit to visit the places where the dead sleep; for there is mirrored, in the manner of their bestowal, the character of the living.

But when, as Mrs. Malcolm and Bertha were about to withdraw, they saw the stranger pause near them, the widow was astonished—shall we confess it—almost alarmed. He had passed hurriedly and with a look of unsatisfied curiosity everywhere else; he had passed indifferently the marks of posthumous pride and the relics of antiquity; he had possessed no eye for what were deemed the notables of the place; but now having reached the grave of Emmeline, he stood, as if spell bound. For a moment or two he gazed at the headstone, as at an object which he recognized as the companion of his thoughts and the furniture of his dreams; then bowing his head upon it his whole frame shook with unexpressed emotion.

Mrs. Malcolm was scarcely less affected. She divined all; and for an instant was half tempted to chide Heaven for what seemed to her another bereavement. A thousand thoughts intruded upon her troubled mind. Once she started to draw the child away from an unnatural parent who could thus neglect her—but startled at Bertha's half resistance, she desisted. The father raised his head; and seemed a moment annoyed, as if he now, for the first time, perceived that there had been witnesses of his sorrow.

Mrs. Malcolm pointed to Bertha. The stranger looked a moment—then clasping her to his heart,



said, "Her mother's self! But they told me she left no child!"

The mystery is easily solved. The father of the stranger, cold, covetous and ambitious, had frowned upon a union in which the parties consulted no counsellors but their hearts. The young husband, scarcely out of his minority, was driven abroad in a state of half exile, half dependence. The young wife was grudgingly assisted, and that only on condition that she should bury herself in some village where the parents of her husband should not be offended with the sight of one whose presence reminded them that their child had consulted his own happiness rather than their pride. The rest the reader knows already. If she sinned,

bitterly did she suffer. Nor did the father, ere summoned to his account, escape—for the pride which tramples on another, rends its own heart.

If this narrative be not strictly true, it is less wonderful than many truths. The remainder we leave to the reader's fancy, for it will not always do to unite in a fiction, the lights and shadows which come so abruptly together in real life. But as some aid to the imagination, we will merely say that a little girl, very like Bertha, popped out from behind the breakfast-room door, on Friday the 1st of January, 1847, and cried:

"A happy New Year, father and mother—now I've caught you both!"

## HEART FANCIES.—A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE."

### FIRST LOVE.

Thou hadst my young idolatry—to thee  
With the first blush of morning still I came,  
Unconscious, and in artless speech set free  
The fancy striving in my heart like flame:  
I had no secret from thee—scarce a thought  
That stirr'd not at thy bidding. Didst thou sigh?  
My young heart trembled into sympathy,  
And by thy tearful eyes mine own were taught,  
Like sorrows, till they look'd on us as one,  
Ere yet, in childhood's ignorance, we knew,  
Or cared to know, alas! that we were two!  
Ah! that the lesson leaves us both undone!  
Why had I thy first words, thy hopes, thy fears?  
Why, over all, shouldst thou thus still enforce my tears?

### PROFITLESS FIDELITY.

And still I sink in that idolatry  
Which was my boyhood's rapture, and is now;  
My manhood's sorrow—since no longer thou  
Hast tears when I would weep, or for my sigh,  
Find'st me an echo in the heart that still  
Finds me an altar. There, in worship vain  
I yield me, vainly struggling to thy will,  
Having no right to sue or to complain.  
Ah! wherefore, when thou took'st from me my hope,  
Left'st thou my memory?—must the cruel thrill,  
Born of old pleasures, still increase my pain?  
Nor apathy nor blank forgetfulness  
Be left with consciousness of loss to cope?  
Nor aught be mine of bliss, save that which cannot  
bless?

### TEARS.

Some men, I'm fain to think, are born to tears—  
They have a seemly fitness in some eyes,  
And would not, with a like propriety,  
Find homes in others. With the man of cares,  
Stubborn of will, that other will defies,  
They start up as a hideous mockery,

And fright you with their presence. But in him  
Who, to acutest sensibility  
Unites the virtues of meek mood and taste,  
That ripen to expression in the shade,  
They seem like pearls, by angels dropt from high,  
And make the eyes that wear them bright, not dim:  
We say in such the sorrow is most chaste,  
And moves to love by love alone betray'd.

### METEOR AT SEA.

A line of rosy light, as if a flower,  
Hung by a spirit of beauty through the sky,  
A boon to some beloved one, for a dower,  
Henceforth the hope and aim of every eye!  
How lighten the blue chambers, while the breeze  
Subsides to homage; and the envious stars,  
Envious, but dazzled, shrinking from the blaze,  
Crouch in the shadows of their twirling cars.  
'Tis as some generous spirit sped through air,  
Sent on benevolent mission:—soft the light,  
Yet rosy,—and the waters leap outright,  
Catching the smile, and looking all so fair,  
As if no tempest lurked within their caves,  
And ghastliest terrors ne'er had walk'd their smiling  
waves!

### THE THREE GRAVES.

Oh! sweet is still that saddest memory,  
Born only when some precious hope departs:  
Such is our sorrow for our children three,  
Sleeping in earth, but smiling in our hearts.  
We laid them in the low ground and we wept—  
But look not there to find them. Our sad eyes  
Have still an upward search, when stars arise,  
And holiest fancies to our hearts have crept,  
Giving us loveliest aspects which would seem  
Precious to memory, innocent and dear,  
Like those which brought us love and left us care:—  
And though these aspects come but in our dream,  
The dream is born of heaven, and we, in sooth,  
Believe it as a blessing and a truth.

## THE CORNER PEW.

A TALE.

BY MISS META M. DUNCAN.

THE epithets, "time-honored" and "venerable," in America, are acknowledged as belonging to our language; they are to be found in Webster, and most people can give a dictionary meaning of them: but as far as the living vocabulary is concerned, they are dead letters—few use them, and still fewer feel them. Novelty and change are the watchwords which have taken their place, and one generation recklessly undoes the work of a former. This is all very well, to a certain extent, for, in a country like ours, the cry for ages yet to come must still be "onward." But in this restless search for improvement, would it not be well to pause, and ask ourselves if there be not some holy places, some consecrated spots, where the presumptuous hand of modernizing improvement should not enter? We are called a calculating people. Why omit, in the summing up of useful results, the influence which the relics of the past hold over the human mind? Patriotism is a sentiment which is nourished chiefly through the feelings and imagination; it is the chain which must bind us together as a nation—and yet, year by year, we suffer the landmarks and tokens of the past to be uprooted and demolished before our eyes, and when future generations shall ask for the tangible witnesses of their country's history, what will be the reply? The young, the enthusiastic and the impulsive, must seek in vain for the speaking though silent witnesses of those who struggled, suffered and died that they might be free!

This reckless disregard of the monuments of the past pervades our whole people. Witness Mount Vernon, and the indifference to its possession exhibited by the nation at large. We need, however, go no farther than our own city for crying witnesses of this fact, while we can point to the Hall of Independence and remember the sacrilegious spoiling which its interior underwent some years since. With us, the shadows of the mighty dead linger not round the spots hallowed by their sufferings and their struggles. We stand amid scenes and in places consecrated by the tread of the sage, the patriot and the hero, nor feel our spirits stirred by the association which those dumb witnesses, wood and stone, can call forth! And if the hour comes when expediency—or what seems expediency—sets forth its claims, we tear down and spoil without a remorseful feeling. This love of innovation and change does not alone affect the spots connected

with our history and great names. Our old churches share the same fate, and are so altered, so modernized, that, with a few exceptions, a stranger, to judge from their appearance, would suppose that the observance of public religious worship was with us the growth of the last twenty years. The capacious and comfortable pews in which our forefathers offered up their prayers are now transformed into softly-cushioned pigeon-boxes, and the pews which Franklin owned and Washington knelt in are obliterated in this rage for modern improvement.

Reader, when we took up our pen, we meant to lead you for a little while reverently, though on secular cares intent, into a church; but as a vision of the sacred building rose before our mental eye, and we beheld it—as we liked it best—dim, venerable and time-worn, we remembered with a sigh how few, how very few such remained to us in the simplicity in which our forefathers had worshiped in them; and for an instant we feared that there was not even one left in which gilding, bronze and luxurious furnishing had not usurped their ancient sober adornments. The train of thoughts called up by these reflections you have before you, and we have given them to you at once for two reasons—first, that the current of our narrative should not be stayed by any digressions; and next, that you might not suppose that, having led you into a church, you were expected to listen to a sermon! And should your eye light upon this paragraph first, you are assured in all sincerity that the whole of the foregoing remarks may be "skipped" without any detriment to the tale.

It is Sunday morning, and we are within the precincts of one of those dim and ancient-looking churches, which in their aspect seem so befitting their solemn object. The hushed and reverent stillness which prevailed within the venerable old church, broken only at intervals by a softly-opened door or gliding footstep of some laggard among the congregation, fell upon the spirit with that tender, softening influence so well becoming such a place. The clergyman had not yet appeared, and the attention of the congregation was as yet unfixed. We shall, therefore, choose this moment to call your notice to the objects which have brought us hither. In a large and comfortable pew, conspicuously placed, three persons were seated. The oldest of these was a gentleman advanced in life, whose heavy, forbidding counte-

nance repulsed one at the first glance. Beside him sat a lady, some five or six-and-twenty years of age, whose features in their general resemblance to his marked her at once as his daughter. In the features alone, however, dwelt the resemblance; the expression was totally different, while her eyes were so fine as to redeem her otherwise ordinary face. The third occupant of the pew was a tall and handsome young man, so unlike both his companions that few would have guessed him to be the son of the one and the brother of the other. The lady sat reading attentively in her prayer-book. The old gentleman, with his back turned to the pulpit, was apparently watching the entrance of the congregation; while the young man, facing the opposite direction, was gazing intently, though furtively, upon a pew in an obscure corner of the church, in which sat a tall, care-worn man and a young girl.

Weekly, for many months past, had Edgar Gransden's attention been riveted upon this pew. Not that its inmates were new and strange to him. Oh, no; the thin, pale face of the gentleman was familiar to him from boyhood, and the young lady was the same little girl whom he had seen a sweet, gentle-looking mother lead, for years, to her seat in that dusky pew. Edgar, however, had been absent some years; and months ago, when he returned home, his attention had been attracted to the changes which time had wrought upon the occupants of that pew, till gradually—we are ashamed to confess it—his thoughts at times became completely absorbed in contemplating them. The thin, pale-faced man was now become paler and thinner than ever; the gentle-looking wife had disappeared altogether, and beside her father sat the little girl—now grown into the loveliest revelation of human beauty he had ever seen—dressed in deep mourning. One glance was enough to enable him to read the tale of their bereavement. One glance, however, did not suffice to stifle Edgar's awakened interest. He became curious as to the occupants of the neighboring pews, and asked his sister if she knew the name of the pale-faced gentleman. Miss Gransden had never heard it—knew nothing of him. Soon after, Edgar took an opportunity to linger behind the congregation and hold a little conversation with the sexton. From him he learned that the pale gentleman's name was Sandys, and that he had lost his wife about two years since. He also mentioned their place of residence, but this Edgar already knew, having adopted the simple expedient of following them from church till he saw them enter their small, unpretending dwelling.

Some weeks after this point was gained, he made a further discovery. Entering accidentally the office of a moneyed institution one morning, he found Mr. Sandys occupied at a desk, and learned that for a number of years he had filled the situation of one of its officers. The dwelling place and means of living, however—those bare

facts—were all that Edgar had as yet learned relative to these objects of his unceasing interest, notwithstanding he had cautiously questioned several persons on the subject. But they either knew nothing or purposely avoided the subject. To his young companions he never mentioned them, for already, like the miser, he dreaded attracting attention to this hidden treasure. On one or two occasions, when he had spoken to his sister about them, she answered carelessly—"Yes, she is a beautiful creature; but they must be very plain people, as we never see or hear of them anywhere but at church."

This argument was by no means conclusive with Edgar. Mr. Sandys was evidently a gentleman, and to call his daughter, that graceful emanation of loveliness, by the much-abused term "lady," was but feeble praise. She whose every look, attitude and motion proved her a gentlewoman! Most sons would naturally have applied to their father for information respecting a person who habitually worshipped in the same church which he had attended all his life, but Mr. Gransden's children seldom held familiar communion with their harsh, unsympathizing parent—besides which, Mr. Gransden always sat with his back studiously turned to that part of the church, and Edgar, who had never seen him change his posture, doubted if his father had ever seen the objects of his curiosity.

That the subjects of all this speculation were not unconscious of this unceasing scrutiny on the part of Edgar, was apparent. His eye often fell beneath the steady regards of the sad-looking father, and the daughter had lately changed her seat so as to screen her sweet face from his gaze.

Mr. Gransden was a gentleman of very large fortune. His wife, a lovely and estimable woman, had been dead for many years, leaving but the two children whom we have introduced to the reader. The gossiping world spoke of Mrs. Gransden as a gentle, sensitive woman, who had been sacrificed to a man of overbearing character and violent temper, whose tyranny and harshness had assisted the ravages of disease on a very fragile constitution. That there was some truth in these assertions there was no doubt, for though not an habitually unkind parent, he was hard, cold and exacting, and if thwarted, had shown that he could be harsh and peremptory.

With the world, Mr. Gransden was an arrogant, purse-proud man, and though his wealth gave him extensive influence and troops of acquaintances, he had no friends. Self was the god of his idolatry—though he went regularly to church, occupied his family pew, and knelt with outward reverence upon his velvet footstool. His carriages, his horses, his fine mansion and furniture, his entertainments and ostentatious summer "progresses" occupied all his thoughts; even his children he valued as a part of himself—as the inheritors of the wealth which he worshiped, the illustrators of his magnificence! His daughter,

a very superior woman, was far less an object of regard to her father than his son, for she was plain and unattractive in appearance; but Edgar, whose fine person and manners made him everywhere popular, ministered to his vain and worldly pride.

It was in the unpleasant month of February that our tale opens, and the pavements were thickly coated here and there with ice, the remains of a recent storm of sleet and rain. Service was now over, and the congregation was slowly departing for their several homes. Three or four carriages were drawn up in front of the church, and in the most sumptuous of these, Edgar Gransden placed his sister, who was followed by her father. For himself, he preferred to walk, and he slowly followed with the throng, till, gradually dispersing, it left him almost alone—for, save a lady and gentleman who were some distance before him, there was scarcely a being to be seen for several squares. Upon these two forms his eye was fixed, when suddenly the gentleman slipped, fell, and lay prostrate upon the pavement. In an instant he was by their side, bending over the fallen man, inquiring if he was hurt and offering assistance. Mr. Sandys—for it was he—opened his eyes with a look of anguish, but when he observed who it was, he turned aside his head, and motioned young Gransden away with a gesture of impatience.

"My dear sir," said Edgar, gently, "I fear you are much hurt; permit me to assist you into some neighboring house till a carriage can be procured to take you home—or perhaps you may be able to reach your own dwelling with the assistance of my arm. Pray, suffer me to aid you."

"Do, dear papa, do," said a low, tremulous voice beside him. "I cannot help you, and you are dreadfully hurt, I fear. Do, dear papa, I implore you."

Mr. Sandys attempted to rise, but with great difficulty, and when Edgar Gransden again offered to assist him, he did not repulse him as before. After ascertaining that he was able and preferred to walk, Gransden drew the arm of the sufferer within his own and slowly proceeded to his residence, which was not more than a square distant. When they reached the house, Edgar entered with them unbidden. After assisting to place Mr. Sandys comfortably upon a sofa, he intercepted the servant who had been directed to go for the doctor, and leaving his name and address, flew like lightning to summon him himself, and did not return again to the house.

In the evening he called to inquire for Mr. Sandys, and learned that he was doing very well, the physician having decided that no bones were broken nor serious injury sustained. He saw only a servant, with whom he left a card and his compliments.

Edgar Gransden laid his head on his pillow that night an exulting, happy man. The long-wished for and eagerly-sought opportunity of be-

coming known to Miss Sandys had at length arrived. The acquaintance had commenced, too, under circumstances so favorable to himself that he felt he had every right to look for its continuance if he wished it—for Edgar was not ignorant that the standing and wealth of his family would alone make him a welcome guest with most people without any additional recommendation. His surprise and dismay may therefore be imagined when, upon his calling on Mr. Sandys the next morning, he was received by both father and daughter with a reserve and coldness of manner that completely put to rout all the airy visions of the last twenty-four hours. Not that Mr. Sandys failed to thank him in courteous terms for the assistance which he had rendered him—no; these were duly paid—but Gransden missed that cordial warmth which his own eager feelings prompted towards his new acquaintance; and though the daughter spoke her few words of grateful acknowledgment with a heightened color and embarrassed air, still the restraint which marked her manner was evidently a painful and not a flattering one to him. Edgar was, however, too much in earnest to be easily checked; he had too eagerly longed for the privilege which he now enjoyed to yield it without a struggle. He stood his ground, and seated by the sofa of the invalid, he continued for some time to converse with the frankness, good-feeling and excellent sense which characterized him. Mr. Sandys listened and smiled, and finally yielded to the genial influence of his young acquaintance's manner, but when Gransden arose to go, and with a cordial grasp of the hand expressed his hope that the acquaintance which had commenced so unpleasantly might not be suffered to die away, Mr. Sandys replied with a changed, grave expression of countenance—"You have won for yourself, Mr. Gransden, a right to a cordial welcome in my house, and I shall always be glad to see you. But are you prudent, my young friend? Have you counted the cost of such an intimacy? Have you weighed well all the unpleasant consequences to yourself which you are risking in this step?"

Edgar colored deeply as Mr. Sandys proceeded, for the first and only thought that entered his mind was that Mr. Sandys had detected his admiration of his daughter and was warning him against a misplaced attachment. Nevertheless he answered immediately, laughing and shaking off his embarrassment—"I know of no consequences but pleasant ones that can follow an acquaintance with your family, dear sir—no risks that I am not willing to run." And with a renewed pressure of the hand, and a hurried bow to Miss Sandys he left them.

"What an extraordinary man!" exclaimed Gransden, as he reached the street. "What can he mean? Is it possible that he has observed how much I am interested in his daughter and is warning me against running into danger? Can

she be already engaged?" The next moment he rejected the idea. Mr. Sandys was evidently too well-bred a man to be capable of such a course; and he bent his steps homeward, pondering alternately, with a puzzled brain, upon the odd and mysterious address of the father and upon the charms of his lovely daughter.

Edgar did not again see his new friends till the following Sunday, when, having placed his sister in the carriage after church, he walked round to the door, and joining them, accompanied them to their own door. In a few days he ventured another visit. Mr. Sandys was not at home and Miss Sandys was engaged. On the following Sunday, Mr. Sandys informed him, in reply to his expressions of regret at not finding him at home, that he was usually engaged with business during the morning, but that he was always at home in the evening. This hint was enough. Edgar soon made an evening visit, which was followed by others in quick succession, till finally his intimacy with the family became established. Long ere this, however, Edgar had become irretrievably in love with Florence Sandys. The excessive admiration which her beauty had excited in him was deepened when, upon nearer view, he became familiar with her character; when he felt the influence of her domestic virtues; when he observed her affectionate devotion to her father, her steady principles, gentle manners and cultivated mind—the beauty which had at first attracted him bore a secondary influence in the love which she inspired.

Meanwhile there was much in the manner and habits of his new friends to puzzle Gransden and interfere with a perfect confidence in and understanding of their characters and situation. The retirement in which they lived was in some measure accounted for by their limited circumstances and by the strictness of their mourning, for the loss which they had sustained had evidently sunk deeply into the hearts of both father and daughter. But this was not sufficient to explain their total retirement into themselves, nor for their strict silence on the subject of persons and events that in the busy, hurrying world in which he moved, made the staple of every-day conversation. Their conversation was of abstract questions, of books, music and art, and of the wise and gifted of other lands. Of the every-day world, of the community in which they lived they appeared to know nothing; and the inner life of the poet and the wit of the days of Queen Anne was more familiar to them than the *on dit*s of society or the passing events around them. If they had friends, visitors, acquaintance, Edgar never saw them, never heard them mentioned. The father and daughter appeared to be perfectly isolated, all sufficient to each other. Why this should be, strangely puzzled Edgar—for though simple in his mode of life, Mr. Sandys lived like a gentleman, and his breeding and intelligence entitled him to an elevated place among the educated and refined. And then

his daughter? It was a marvel and a wonder to Gransden how such a bud of loveliness should have been permitted to spring up and linger in the shade which surrounded her. In other lands he had seen examples of beauty not comparable to hers, elevating and making the fortunes of a whole family, while she remained unnoticed and unknown, brightening one solitary and simple fireside. Nor was this all; in their intercourse with himself there was also much to cause speculation. Frank, cordial and warm as he was with them, he had never been able to do away an occasional restraint in their manner to himself. If he spoke of himself and his pursuits—except when referring to his travels abroad—a change was immediately perceptible in their countenances and manner, and any allusions to his connections, friends or home, were met with a chilling reserve; while, added to all this, came his recollection of the repulse which he had received from Mr. Sandys when offering him assistance on the occasion of his fall, and when soliciting for a continuance of their acquaintance.

Once, when left alone for a few minutes with Florence, seated by her side and gazing upon her downcast face, the strong and earnest love with which she had inspired him subduing his whole nature into tenderness, he spoke to her of his sister. He told her how, from his boyhood, he had leaned upon her for sympathy and advice. He spoke of her firmness of character, her strong understanding, and her warm, affectionate heart, and he said how happy it would make him if she would suffer him to make two persons whom he felt could so well appreciate each other, acquainted. To his great surprise, this overture was received by Florence with the most manifest emotion, and as her father's step was heard approaching the room, she placed her finger upon her lips and motioned him to silence.

It may readily be supposed that these evidences of mystery and reserve produced a disagreeable impression upon the mind of Edgar Gransden, but the spell which had been cast upon him by the daughter, as well as the respect which he was compelled to entertain for the father, prevented any attempt on his part to intrude into their secrets, and was too powerful for any thought to arise to their discredit.

The effect which all this had upon him was to make him restless and unhappy, and he determined, as soon as possible, to put an end to his suspense. This could only be done by informing his father of his attachment, and asking for a settlement which would enable him to marry—for Edgar, though the expected inheritor of a princely fortune, was without a profession and dependent upon his father. Before taking this step, however, Edgar disclosed all to his sister. He was somewhat alarmed to find that Harriet had serious misgivings of the success of his application to their father, after she learned that the object of his regard was no other than the unknown

beauty of the corner pew. Harriet was older and had lived more with their father than Edgar, and she understood his character far better. She knew that Mr. Gransden was a proud, ambitious man, and that he would expect his son to make a match that would increase, if not his wealth, his family influence, and she feared that her brother's choice would call down his serious displeasure.

Edgar, however, was resolved, and he sought his father, to prefer his request. Mr. Gransden listened to the confession and demand of his son without a comment, but when at length Edgar spoke of the family of his beloved, and the words "Florence Sandys" trembled from his lips, his father sprang from his chair as if stung by some venomous reptile, the blood flowed in a purple torrent to his swollen face, and hissing out the name of "Sandys!" he cried—"What demon has tempted you to mention that accursed name to me?"

Pale and alarmed, Edgar attempted a reply, but his father motioned him to cease, and in a voice of passion, he exclaimed—"Leave me, and never let me hear that name again, or you are no son of mine!" Then turning and entering an adjoining room, he closed the door after him violently.

With a perturbed, excited mind, Edgar immediately rejoined his sister, and poured into her sympathizing ear the account of his father's strange and violent reception of his communication.

Harriet heard his story with infinite concern, for though prepared for strong objections on the part of her father, she had not expected any exhibition of violence such as her brother described.

"What can be the cause of my father's enmity to Mr. Sandys or his family?" said Edgar as he hastily walked the floor, with a flushed face and excited manner. "If he has objections, good objections, why not explain them to me? I am not a child, nor can I suffer myself to be treated as one where my happiness is so dearly concerned. I never heard my father mention the name of Sandys in my life. I knew not that he was aware of its existence. If there is good and substantial reason for his enmity, why am I in ignorance of it? Have you ever heard him mention the name, Harriet? Can you give me any clue to unravel this mystery?"

Harriet protested with deep concern that her ignorance was as great as his own.

"Mystery! Yes, it is a mystery," continued Edgar; "and now I can understand why I was received with so much mistrust and coldness by Florence and her father—why it is that even now they preserve towards me an unnatural reserve. I will go to Mr. Sandys at once and ask for an explanation from him, since I am denied it by my father."

But Harriet interposed to prevent this hasty, ill-judged step, pointing out to her brother the evil consequences to his suit which might follow

such an imprudent step. Edgar suffered himself to be influenced by her sensible advice, and agreed to adopt the plan which she suggested, which was to apply to an old gentleman who had been for many years chief clerk and confidential friend of their grandfather, for enlightenment upon this painful subject. Mr. Foster, in his early life having lived in the family of his employer, and being from his position acquainted with all the private affairs of the family, Harriet thought would not only be the most likely person to possess the information, but also the most proper and prudent person to consult on so delicate a matter. During the childhood of Harriet and Edgar, Mr. Foster had been in the habit of visiting them frequently, and they were both great favorites of the old gentleman, but within late years a complaint in his lower limbs had prevented his leaving his house, and both Harriet and Edgar were since in the habit of visiting him occasionally in his bachelor establishment.

Edgar's mind was in too great a state of excitement to admit of his delaying a moment to follow out his sister's suggestion, and he set off immediately to visit Mr. Foster. His first question was an abrupt inquiry of that gentleman whether he knew Mr. Sandys.

Mr. Foster looked somewhat surprised at this question, but he answered immediately—"Yes; certainly, my dear boy."

"And his daughter, Florence Sandys?"

"Of course; she is my most attentive visitor, and has only just left me."

Edgar's astonishment increased at every step he took in this matter, and he exclaimed, impetuously—"Then will you tell me who they are and why it is that my father feels so bitterly towards them?"

Mr. Foster looked at his young friend for an instant with a peculiar expression of countenance, and then said—"Is it possible, my dear Edgar, that you do not know who they are?"

"I know Mr. Sandys only as a worthy, excellent man; his daughter as the loveliest and best of her sex. I never knew till this morning that my father had ever heard of their existence."

Mr. Foster paused for an instant, and various emotions flitted across his countenance. Then raising his eyes to Edgar's face, he said, gravely—"Mr. Sandys' wife was Florence Gransden, your father's half sister, and Florence is your cousin."

"My cousin!" exclaimed Edgar, and he bounded from his chair in the violence of his feelings. "My cousin! Great Heaven, how you surprise me, sir!" Then pausing in his rapid progress across the floor, he exclaimed—"What have they done? How have they offended my father that this mystery, this unnatural estrangement should prevail between such near relations?"

These were difficult questions to answer. Mr. Foster was, however, an eminently just man.

He saw that Edgar was singularly interested in his unknown relatives, that it was impossible he should remain satisfied with the partial light which had been thrown upon their history, and he deemed it best, difficult as would be the task, to explain to him himself how the unhappy relations now existing between the families should have come to pass. He was prompted, too, in this decision, by a strong feeling of justice and affection towards Mr. Sandys and his daughter, and though it required great delicacy, where the conduct of a parent was to be condemned, Mr. Foster fulfilled his task with honesty and good feeling. This narrative, broken by digressions and numberless questions from Edgar, we will narrate in an uninterrupted form, that we may give a full explanation to the reader and more perfectly elucidate our story.

Mr. Gransden, the grandfather of Edgar, was twice married. By his first marriage he became the father of a son, and by the second, many years after, of a daughter, whose mother died shortly after her birth. Mr. Gransden, though the accumulator of the large fortune now enjoyed by his family, was a man of weak and narrow mind, and as he advanced in life, he fell entirely under the influence of his son. His daughter, a gentle, sweet child, whom her step brother always looked upon as an intruder upon his rights, grew up a neglected girl, in as far as concerned the affection, tenderness and watchful care required by her sex and age—her natural strength of character and good sense alone elevating and guarding her against the many evils of her lot.

Her brother married, and Florence was left alone to the companionship of her father. When she was about the age of nineteen, Florence became acquainted with Mr. Sandys, then a young man just beginning life in a mercantile concern. Mr. Sandys was rather a favorite with Mr. Gransden; he amused him, serving to while away the ennui of his evening hours, and he received from him every encouragement to continue his intimacy in the family. This intimacy progressed for many months, till finally a strong attachment grew up between the young people. When this became known to the younger Gransden, who entertained a dislike towards Mr. Sandys, he was much incensed, and with his unbounded influence over his father, had the power of soon putting a stop to any further intercourse. "It was great presumption," he said, "for a beggarly fellow like Sandys, who would never be able to make salt to his bread, to aspire to Mr. Gransden's daughter;" and he boldly asserted that Sandys' views pointed solely to the expected fortune of the lady. This was a sore point with the old gentleman, and he peremptorily forbid his daughter to receive or speak to Mr. Sandys. But things had gone too far for Florence to obey such a cruel mandate. Her affection for Sandys had grown up immediately beneath her father's eye and by his tacit approval, and it was impossible, at the instigation

of an unfounded charge, a mere caprice, for her to yield her whole prospect of happiness.

Mr. Sandys was of a respectable family in a neighboring state. His manners, education and habits were those of a gentleman, and there was but one reasonable objection to his proposal; he was not yet sufficiently established in business to enable him to marry with prudence. They were both young, however, and willing to wait, and as, in our blessed land, all who perseveringly strive for the means of living, will in time succeed, this objection had little weight with the lovers.

To these arguments Mr. Gransden, prompted by his son, turned a deaf ear, and finally, in a most insulting letter, he informed Mr. Sandys that, as money was without doubt the object he sought, his daughter, if she married him, should never see a cent of his.

This was a terrible blow, not only from its injustice, but because, for a trifling sum, such as Mr. Gransden could not have felt the loss of, his daughter's happiness and prosperity might have been assured. The lovers, however, were too deeply attached to suffer even this harsh threat to separate them; they determined to wait patiently till Mr. Sandys' income should be sufficient for their simple wants, and then to marry at all risks. This determination Florence made known to her father, who, enraged at what he called her obstinacy, threatened to turn her from his house. A year of persecution and misery followed, and Florence's health began to fail. Then her lover implored her to marry him at once—poverty together was not so hard to bear as the evils they were now obliged to endure apart. Florence communicated her intention firmly to her father; a painful scene ensued, and the next day she left the paternal roof for ever.

In less than a year after Florence's marriage, Mr. Gransden died, leaving the whole of his enormous fortune to his son. No communication was ever made to Florence, by her brother, after this event, and she soon had confirmation of her suspicion, that her brother had been her worst enemy. In winding up her father's estate it was found, that the concern in which Mr. Sandys had embarked his little all, was made responsible for the liability of a third party, and though a word from him would have averted their ruin, that word was unsaid, and Mr. Sandys became penniless.

Indignant at their wrongs, yet too proud to murmur, Mr. Sandys struggled on for several years, on a small salary, as clerk in a mercantile house. Several children were born to them during this period, none of whom survived but the little Florence. Though obliged to toil and endure privations, Mr. and Mrs. Sandys were happier than when surrounded by the luxuries they had abjured for each other. Devotedly attached, congenial in all their tastes and feelings, the burdens were light and cheerfully borne which they shared together. When little Florence was about eight years old, Mr. Sandys received the appointment

which he now held, and the salary which it afforded, though not very large, was ample, compared with their former means. Mr. Sandys was now enabled to relieve his wife from her constant exertions, to afford his family a few luxuries, and give his daughter those advantages of education which he so much desired for her.

The vindictiveness of her brother's feelings and conduct towards her, was such as to prevent any wish on the part of Mrs. Sandys, as years went by, for a reconciliation with him, and both husband and wife endeavored as much as possible to let the connection fade away from their minds. Mrs. Sandys never saw her brother after her marriage, except at church. Even there it was painful to meet him, and she urged her husband to take a pew in some other church, but Mr. Sandys refused. He said it was not his place to fly from the man who had injured him. He could perform his devotions with a conscience undisturbed by Mr. Gransden's presence, and his wife should not be driven from the church in which she had worshipped from childhood. If Mr. Gransden was uncomfortable, let him leave. But Mr. Gransden had no such idea. His family pew was one of the outward symbols of his respectability, and he occupied it every Sunday morning filled with "pride, vain-glory and hypocrisy," without a twinge of conscience relative to the sister whom he had so wronged; contenting himself with turning his back to the part of the church she occupied, and forgetting her! But year after year his feelings insensibly took a deeper tone of bitterness towards her, for it is a fatal consequence with the evil-minded to hate those whom they have most injured.

Towards his children, Mr. Gransden observed himself, as well as exacted from all around him, a profound silence regarding his sister, and they grew up without knowing that they had such a relative. Mr. and Mrs. Sandys did not follow this example with their daughter. From her earliest years she had known in what relation the occupants of the neighboring pew stood to her, and as she grew up, she became acquainted with her mother's history; so that she had the advantage during the whole period of Edgar's speculations regarding them—of knowing who he was and all connected with him.

The comparative poverty which Mrs. Sandys fell into shortly after her marriage, soon had the very common effect of diminishing the number of her friends. Some dropped her because she lived in an unfashionable part of the town. Some through the influence of Mr. Gransden, who represented her as having thrown herself away in marriage upon a beggarly, worthless fellow. Others left her off, because Mrs. So-and-so no longer visited her, till finally her acquaintance was diminished to a very small number of old family friends, who still clung to her. These, however, dwindled, as year after year went by, by death and other changes, till Mrs. Sandys became like a

stranger in her native city; for in the retirement of her life, and in the adversity which she had been obliged to struggle against, she had no wish to make new friends. Even when better days came, that which had once been necessity now became her choice. Her happiness was in the inner world of her home, in the companionship of her beloved husband, and in the training up and education of her daughter. She had no wishes beyond it, no feelings of sympathy with a world which to her had been a heartless one.

When Florence was little more than sixteen, Mrs. Sandys was taken off by a violent disease. Even then, in the stern hour of death, the ties of blood were unacknowledged. Mrs. Sandys rested not in the family vault; stranger hands assisted the bereaved husband to lay his wife's head in the grave, and Mr. Gransden went on in the daily round of his heartless pleasures, recognizing by no outward sign, that his father's daughter had been gathered to the tomb.

All these circumstances known, it is not surprising that Mr. and Miss Sandys should have experienced great annoyance at the scrutiny which they constantly underwent from Edgar Gransden, when, after an interval of some years, he again made his appearance in the family pew. Nor is it astonishing that their reception of his advances was so cold and repulsive. In the beginning they concluded that Edgar was perfectly aware of the connection which existed between their families and that his conduct was a specimen of bold and fashionable effrontery. Their first interview, however, caused a doubt on this subject, and a further acquaintance confirmed the impression, while at the same time it increased the favorable opinion which they had already conceived of him. At first Mr. Sandys intended to speak to Edgar on the subject of their peculiar position with regard to one another, but a strong disinclination to claim relationship with a family which had so entirely disowned them—a feeling sharpened by his sense of Mr. Gransden's wealth and influence, and his own poverty—as well as a proud repugnance to making the young man acquainted with circumstances which his own father had seen fit to conceal from him, made him hesitate. Though determined to discourage the acquaintance, a closer knowledge of Edgar disposed Mr. Sandys to alter his purpose. Edgar's warm and flattering overtures of friendship, his prepossessing manners and cultivated mind, had so strongly influenced him in his favor, that he found it difficult to reject his advances, and he soon began to question, whether he was right in flinging from him the spontaneous regard of one who was innocent of all unkindness towards them, and whose only fault in their eyes was, that he was his father's son; the secret bias of his feelings leading him to the conclusion, that as Edgar was old enough to form his friendships without dictation, his father's prejudices and enmities should have no weight, and he rather gave himself credit for the spirit of



forgiveness and charity, which had enabled him to forget the past, and receive the young man as he would have done any other stranger. Thus cheating himself, as we all do, into what he liked best.

It was strange, did we not know that it is always so—that Mr. Sandys never should have thought of the possible influence of his daughter, in calling forth this remarkable interest on the part of Edgar. But it was in fact the last idea that entered his mind, for always thinking of Florence himself as a mere child, he took it for granted that she was viewed in the same light by others.

Edgar listened to this relation in breathless attention. His sharp, searching questions, drawing forth every particular from Mr. Foster. That his aunt had been treated with great injustice and severity by his grandfather, he did not hesitate to affirm, and not even the blindness of filial regard could conceal, that his father had been a hard and unkind brother.

"And we," said Edgar with emotion, as the old gentleman paused, "have been rolling in wealth, while my poor aunt was suffering the hardships and privations of poverty;—wealth too, which in justice she should have shared. How well I remember her sweet, mild face, as she sat every Sunday in the corner pew at church! Was there no other objection made to Mr. Sandys and their marriage than those you have mentioned, my dear sir?"

Mr. Foster shook his head and gravely answered, none.

A dark shade crossed Edgar's face. His father's character and conduct was opening to him in a most painful light, and with a burst of impetuous feeling he poured out to Mr. Foster a history of his acquaintance with Mr. Sandys, and of his deep and fervent love for his daughter.

Mr. Foster listened with concern to this confession, and his first comment was a question as to what Edgar meant to do under present circumstances?

"As I can never sympathize with my father in his vindictive feelings towards my aunt's family," replied Edgar firmly, "I shall inform him of my intention to follow up my suit with Miss Sandys, and if he decides to fling me off, as he has done them, I will abide the consequences. Thank God I have hands to work, and education and ability to aid them, and if Florence will accept me, and wait till I have acquired the means to support her, we will marry and be happy as were her parents before her, spite of poverty and the world's cold frowns."

"But would it not be as well, my dear Edgar, before risking your father's displeasure, to ascertain if your addresses would be acceptable to Florence and her father?"

Edgar's countenance fell. This was a view of the case, which, in the ardor of his feelings, he had not yet taken. He replied immediately, however.

"Of Mr. Sandys I have little fear. He likes

me, I am sure. He has always known who I am, it seems, and he certainly could not object to my doing as he did himself. Of Florence's sentiments, it is true, I am ignorant, but I will soon learn my fate from her."

Edgar sat for a few moments in deep meditation, then taking up his hat, he hastily left the house, and with rapid steps proceeded towards Mr. Sandys' residence. His visit was at an unwonted hour, but the servant introduced him immediately into the pleasant little parlor usually occupied by Florence, and where she now sat alone. He approached her with a quick step, and taking her extended hand held it within his, gazing silently and intently upon her till the color deepened in her face. Then seating himself beside her, he concealed his eyes with one hand, striving with an effort to compose his agitated feelings.

"I fear you are ill, Mr. Gransden," said Florence, surprised by his singular demeanor. "Is there anything you will have?"

Edgar's hand fell, and looking at her fixedly, he said; "Will you believe me when I tell you, that till within the last three hours I never knew that the same blood runs in our veins, that we are relations?"

"Both my father and myself were satisfied of your ignorance of that fact," replied Florence, kindly.

"And why did you never tell me of it, Florence?"

"I believe my father thought, Mr. Gransden, that we were not the proper persons to inform you," said Florence, a little proudly.

"Do not call me by that formal name, dearest Florence," he replied, impetuously. "Am I not your cousin? Call me Edgar—Cousin Edgar, if you will!"

"Well then, cousin Edgar," said Florence, laughing off the embarrassment which the warmth of his address had occasioned, "how was it that you learned you had such a relation?"

Edgar's countenance fell, and he arose and paced the room with rapid steps, then resuming his seat beside her, he exclaimed:

"Dear Florence, how shall I tell you all the feelings that are burning and struggling in my heart? Oh! smile upon me, pity me, or I am lost. Florence, I love you! but I come to you a beggar, with nothing to offer save that love—the deepest, the most fervent that man ever cherished. Yet one word from you, beloved Florence, will nerve my heart to such exertions as must bring blessings in their train. With that word to cheer me, I can brave every difficulty, even an unjust parent's curse."

Florence grew deadly pale as Gransden ceased. At length, with a strong effort, she replied, though her voice faltered a little,

"You are very good—very kind. I feel the compliment which you pay me very sincerely, but excuse me, if I beg you will never mention this subject again."

"Then you are utterly indifferent to me, Florence!"

"Oh! no," she replied, quickly, "not indifferent; far from it. I have—we both have, a great regard for you, and now," she continued, trying to smile, "as you have claimed kindred with us, we shall feel a deeper, kindlier interest in you."

"And do you think, Florence, that a mere cousin's love could satisfy me after all I have confessed to you?"

"Do not, I entreat," cried Florence, decidedly, though with increasing agitation—"do not pursue this conversation; I cannot, I must not listen to you, Mr. Gransden."

"And must I go forth, in the bitterness and desolation of my lot, with no further reply than this? Am I not to be told why you cannot listen to me?"

"Few would ask such a question of a self-respecting woman, after what you have told me, Mr. Gransden," said Florence, with some haughtiness, "but since you press me, it will be sufficient to say, that I can never submit to become an unwelcome intruder into any family."

"And yet your parents argued differently, Florence!"

"My parents were differently situated. I have never been ignorant of the relative positions of our families, I know everything, and my mother's wrongs must be a warning to her child."

"I acknowledge your mother's wrongs," replied Edgar, somewhat wounded by her manner; "and no one can feel them more bitterly than I, for I am, in doing so, forced to condemn a parent. Yet, in the strength of my love for you, I am ready to disobey that parent and sacrifice every worldly consideration he can offer. If you loved me, Florence—if you even thought that you *could* love me, some sacrifice on your part would not be impossible. But I see it all. I have deceived, deluded myself, and I awake from a dream which has long filled my heart with feelings of wretchedness, such as I pray it may never be your lot to suffer. Farewell, Florence, may God bless and give you every happiness," and he rushed from the room.

Edgar reached the street door before he discovered that he had left his hat in the parlor. Immediately retracing his steps, he hurried back for it. The door yielded noiselessly to his hand. He entered and beheld Florence kneeling before the sofa upon which she had been seated, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaking with the sobs of anguish that burst from her full heart.

Edgar gazed upon the prostrate form of the being he idolized, till the warm tears rose to his eyes, but when she raised her streaming face, and with hands impetuously clasped, murmured, "Forgive me, O God, for I am very miserable;" he passed to her side. Neither spoke, but bending over the kneeling girl, he raised her from the floor, and seated her on the sofa beside him, her

head fell upon his shoulder and she wept unrestrainedly, her strength, her power of resistance, all gone, as she yielded to the softness which her strong will heretofore had alone been able to overcome.

Another moment and she withdrew herself from his arms and turned away. Edgar rose. He seized her hands, while he impressed kiss after kiss upon their snowy surface. Another moment and he was gone, pacing with rapid steps towards his home.

How strange! No word had passed between them, yet Gransden knew by love's unerring intelligence, that Florence loved him! It was not necessary for the lips to tell him, that the heart which had throbbed so near to his, was all his own. He felt that it was so, and wished not for words to confirm his blissful certainty, and with his bosom filled with the exulting hopes to which this assurance had given rise, he returned home to write to Mr. Sandys a full exposition of his feelings, views and situation.

After dispatching this letter, Edgar sought his sister, and in a long conversation with her, informed her of all the particulars related to him by Mr. Foster, and of his present position and hopes. Harriet's astonishment on learning the near connection subsisting between the Sandys family and their own, was as great as Edgar's had been, and her condemnation of her father's course even more decided. She approved of Edgar's determination to urge his suit with Florence, and also of his resolution to enter upon some mode of life which would enable him to gain an independent livelihood, her high spirit revolting at the tyranny which it was evident her father intended to exercise over her brother, in the dearest interests of his life. She soothed, consoled and comforted him, as only an affectionate sister can do, and in her sympathy, Edgar found his greatest support.

In the evening Edgar received the anxiously looked for reply of Mr. Sandys to his letter. Mr. Sandys' letter was kind, manly and affectionate. He assured Edgar, on his own part, of his warm approbation and regard, but added that it was unnecessary to dwell upon his views relative to the application which he had made, as it was a point which must be decided by his daughter, and Florence had already decided against him. His daughter, he said, would allow herself to take but one view of this subject, and that one was too humiliating to herself, to admit of her entertaining his proposal for an instant. She desired that this might be considered a decisive answer, and begged Edgar's forgiveness for the pain which she had given him. Mr. Sandys added, that as it could only be conducive of unpleasant feelings on both sides, he thought it best to say, that it would be well for Mr. Gransden and his daughter not to meet for some time. He did not, however, consider this prohibition as extending to the future, for in the high regard which he entertained for Edgar, he hoped when all painful feel-

ings had subsided, to be able once more to welcome him as a friend.

This letter was a severe blow to Edgar. He had left Florence in the sure though secret knowledge of being loved; flushed with hope and utterly unprepared for the severe sentence which she had passed upon him. For a moment he called her cold, heartless and cruel, but in a little while his better feelings returned. Though he could not fathom all the motives which influenced her—though he knew nothing of the thousand little bitter irritable feelings which had colored her opinions through life, towards a relation who had wronged and despised her parents, and who, in the strength of his wealth and arrogance, had built up a wall of separation between them which had influenced her whole existence—though he could not call up the picture of a toiling father and care-worn mother, doomed to obscurity by the injustice of that relative, still, he could enter sufficiently into her feelings to comprehend and excuse what at first seemed overstrained and harsh, and with the recollection of those few moments of deep though silent emotion, in their last interview, warm at his heart, he wrote to Florence. His letter was manly and tender. He assured her, that nothing but her marriage with another, should ever induce him to forego the hope of one day winning her hand. He told her that he should obey her command, and not make any attempt to see her, but that all his efforts should now be strained to one point; to secure an independent and honorable support, which would entitle him, one day, to ask her to become his wife, before the whole world. He asked no answer to this letter, he only wished her to know that the love which he bore her, must endure with his life, and with this knowledge impressed upon her mind, he was willing to await the future with a patient, hopeful heart. He did not speak of his father, or attempt to combat any of her prejudices, but left it to her good sense to perceive the injustice of visiting the offences of his father on him.

This letter of Edgar's showed a deep insight into woman's nature. Even if he had not possessed a secret belief in Florence's tenderness towards himself, he could not have fallen upon a method more calculated to win her heart. He asked nothing for the present, he called up no feeling of opposition, but with a total abandonment to the one sole object, he laid at her feet his pride, his self-love, his whole prospect of happiness. Few disengaged hearts could have withstood the delicate flattery of such a course, few generous ones have resisted it.

His determination made, Edgar now sought his father, and in respectful terms expressed his desire to enter into business, and requested his assistance.

"Business?" replied Mr. Gransden, reddening with anger. "Pray sir, what need have you of any business? Is there a young man in America

with a larger allowance than you have? Is there another so independent?"

"Excuse me, sir. I am far from being independent, as you have lately shown me. I cannot marry as I wish, and in the most important step of my life, I am utterly without independence."

"And so you shall remain, sir," replied Mr. Gransden, violently, "as far as I am concerned, if your intention is to marry that beggarly girl whom you mentioned to me the other day."

"I have no intention of marrying at present, sir," said Edgar, striving to be calm, "as it has been my misfortune to be rejected by Miss Sandys, but, as I shall never give up the pursuit, so long as my cousin remains unmarried, I wish to provide for my future subsistence, should Florence in time reward my constancy and honor me with her hand."

Nothing could have been more calculated to exasperate the temper of Mr. Gransden than this reply of Edgar's. Every sentence contained its poison. He overwhelmed Edgar with reproaches and insults, and heaped upon the object of his love the most withering sarcasms. He swore an impious oath, that not a dollar of his should ever go to enrich one of the name of Sandys, and concluded by bidding Edgar begone—to leave his house, and never to appear in his presence, or expect a cent from him, till he had repented of his present conduct.

Edgar left his father's presence with an unfaltering step, and with a stern and high determination in his heart. He sought his sister, and for hours these two attached relatives poured out to each other their sympathy and their grief. Then Edgar left his father's roof and sought Mr. Foster. The tale which he was obliged to pour into the ear of his kind old friend was a painful one, but it was necessary, as it was upon him that Edgar leaned for advice and assistance in his now destitute condition.

Mr. Foster, though much distressed at this unhappy state of things, entered with ready interest into Edgar's feelings. After conversing for some time, he said, "Well, my dear boy. I see nothing better for you, than to place yourself in my hands. I am an old bachelor, with more money than I can use, and as I intended it all for you at my death, I see no reason why you should not enjoy some of it now, when you most want it. It was all made through your grandfather's means, so you need feel no scruple. I have kept up many of my old business acquaintance, and I have no doubt that with the influence I possess, and a little capital, we can get you safely niched into some safe business concern. You shall be a son to me, my dear Edgar. Come and live with me and be a comfort to my old age. I shall be the greatest gainer."

Edgar was deeply touched by this warm and generous conduct of his old friend. He could scarcely give utterance to his feelings; Mr. Fos-

ter stopped all expression of thanks, and after some demurrings, some scruples on the part of Edgar were overcome, it was decided that he should immediately take up his residence with Mr. Foster and commence his career.

In a few weeks Mr. Foster's exertions were crowned with success, and with an amount of capital much larger than Edgar deemed necessary to abstract from his friend's fortune, he was taken into a large and flourishing firm.

Harriet, during this period, spite of her father's prohibition, was constant in her affectionate attentions to her brother, cheering him in his progress and consoling him with her sympathy and hopes for the future. Immediately after Edgar left his father's house, Harriet had written to her cousin, informing her of the unhappy event that had occurred, and of her brother's steady determination to pursue the course he had laid down. She expressed her own friendly and affectionate sentiments towards her lately discovered relatives, with an assurance of the pleasure with which she looked forward to one day becoming acquainted with them. This letter was replied to by a hurried, agitated and most incoherent note, upon which the traces of tears were apparent. This note was too precious to Edgar to be returned, and Harriet, like a good sister, suffered him to keep it.

Harriet was unable to give her brother any favorable accounts of her father's feelings towards him, and she would not distress him by telling him the whole truth. Mr. Gransden never inquired for his son, and never uttered his name. If by any chance it was mentioned before him, he flew into a violent passion, and upon several occasions, when letters addressed to Edgar came into his hands, he had trampled upon them in a frenzy of rage, or thrown them into the fire. At present she saw no hope of a change, but with a firm faith in the influence of time, she awaited the moment to sow the good seed.

Months passed by, and Edgar never saw Florence, save once a week, from the gallery of the church, for though shut out from his father's pew, he could not deny himself the pleasure of offering up his prayers within the same walls with her, of gazing upon her sweet face, and feeling the elevating influence of her presence. Mr. Sandys he occasionally saw at Mr. Foster's. By him he was always received with warmth and feeling, but Florence ceased her visits to their old friend when he became an inmate of his house.

A long, dreary winter passed away, followed by a sober, active summer, and still more busy autumn, closing Edgar's first year as a business man. Though slow, his progress had been steady, and he still looked with an unfading hope to the future.

About this period Mr. Gransden was seized with a violent inflammatory disease, and he remained for some days in a very critical situation. When her fears were most deeply excited about

him, Harriet ventured to mention her brother's name to her father and ask him to receive him, but this proposal threw Mr. Gransden into such a paroxysm of rage, that the physician assured her he would not answer for her father's life, if it was repeated.

In a few weeks Mr. Gransden was again restored to comparative health, but with the assurance from his physician, that any imprudence would bring on a fatal relapse. Mr. Gransden, however, in his indomitable self-will, gave little heed to this advice. He ate and drank and exposed himself without the least precaution, and the result was, as had been foretold, that he was again seized with an attack so violent as to leave little or no hope of his recovery.

Under these painful circumstances, Harriet was at a loss how to act. Her knowledge of the effect which the mention of her brother's name had produced upon her father before, rendered it highly dangerous to attempt it again; yet how could she suffer him to die in enmity with his son—how overlook the important influence which it might probably have upon her beloved brother's worldly interest? The physicians, however, forbid positively any allusion to agitating topics, and she was obliged to await in deep anxiety the event.

Several days of great anxiety and fading hopes passed by, when, one night, Harriet took her place beside her father's bed, to relieve the nurse, who had retired to take some rest. The patient was restless and uneasy, and as the night deepened, the stupor which had obscured his mind all day, gradually passed away. At his request, Harriet raised his head and placed the light upon the table beside his bed. For some time his brightened eye wandered rapidly round the room, then in a voice scarcely audible, he directed his daughter to bring him a certain drawer from a small escritoire in the chamber. Harriet did so. The sick man took from it with his trembling hands a paper bound up and sealed, and laid it upon the bed. Again his eye wandered over every object in the apartment, then turning to his daughter, he said, in a hollow whisper—"It will all be yours, Harriet—all! Take it;" and he handed her the paper.

"And Edgar, my dear father, my beloved brother! Will you not forgive him? Oh! do not shut him out from your heart in this awful hour."

"Never!—Let him starve!" hissed the dying man.

"Oh! no, no, father," exclaimed the terrified girl, sinking on her knees beside the bed, "forgive him,—forgive your son. Destroy this fatal paper, and let your children share alike. Die not with a curse upon your lips!"

With a dying effort the sick man raised himself from his pillow, and in a steady voice called upon his daughter to swear that not a farthing of his should ever be shared with her brother. It appeared as if for the first time it had occurred to

him, that the purpose of his will might be frustrated by his daughter's act. The idea that any one would be willing to surrender a large fortune lawfully their own, having been the last to enter his mind.

Harriet arose from her kneeling posture and stood erect before her father. "I cannot swear to wrong the innocent," she said, "nor will I aid in this great injustice. Oh! father," she cried, clasping her hands in a burst of grief, "repent, and cast not all mercy from you."

"Swear," screamed the dying man, "or I will curse—"

But his sentence was unfinished, the jaw fell, and the eye rolled upward, glazed in death.

At this horrible sight, a smothered cry burst from Harriet's lips, and she sank senseless upon the floor.

The gray light of dawn had begun dimly to penetrate the closed curtains of the chamber of death ere Harriet was aroused from her swoon. As she arose the rays of the lamp fell upon the rigid face of her father, and with one rapid retrospect the whole dreadful scene was before her. A burst of tears relieved her full heart, then approaching the bed, she reverently closed her dead parent's eyes. As she retired, awed and shuddering from this contact with death, the paper which her father had given her fell upon the floor. She picked it up. It was endorsed—"My last will and testament," and directed to her.

For a few moments Harriet remained motionless, with the paper in her hand. Then removing the light to a distant part of the room, she examined it carefully. Another moment, and she deliberately tore open the will. Everything her father possessed in the world had been left to her! Edgar's name was not even mentioned, nor a single bequest made. She was sole heir to that enormous fortune!

With calmness and deliberation Harriet read the document through. When she had finished it, she approached the bed and knelt for many minutes in silent prayer beside her father's remains. She arose strengthened, comforted and justified in the step which she was now about to take; for to shield her father's memory from the reproach of injustice beyond the grave, and to secure to her beloved brother the inheritance which was justly his due, where her holy objects. That Edgar might never know his father's undying animosity to him—that he might be able to cherish his memory through life with tenderness, could only be achieved by destroying the document which was the witness of his implacable resentment, and this the high-hearted girl determined to do. "I can be the only sufferer," she said, "by the act, and Edgar will enjoy his rightful inheritance, respecting his father's memory, and ignorant that he owes it to me."

How little do we reflect upon the strange and eventful scenes in the drama of life which are

constantly enacting around us, as we carelessly gaze upon those dumb enclosures of brick and mortar, the closely packed houses of a large city. The scene which took place in that chamber of death illustrates our remark, and might have furnished food for the pencil.

Upon the bed, in a handsome apartment, surrounded by all the trappings of wealth, lay the rigid form of the departed. The very luxuries and remedies collected together for his comfort and relief, upon the table beside his bed, rendering more startlingly vivid the change which had just taken place. The gray dawn scarcely penetrated the heavily curtained windows, and a single light glimmered in this spacious apartment; revealing the ghastly and unmistakable object which lay upon the couch, and casting its yellow rays full upon the bloodless face and excited eye of Harriet Gransden, as bending over it, she applied her father's will to the lamp. The flame rose, and in a few moments a heap of ashes lay upon the marble slab before her. Another moment and these were carefully gathered up and thrown into the fire, and no trace remained to prove that a will had ever existed. Once more Harriet approached the bed, and bending over it she pressed her lips to the marble brow of her father. This done, she left the room, and summoning the attendants, she sent for her brother.

When the last rites were paid to the departed, search was made for a will. There was, of course, none to be found, and Edgar, with his sister, shared, according to law, their father's estate. Harriet kept her secret, and was amply repaid for the pain which her extraordinary step had caused her, by witnessing the heartfelt satisfaction which Edgar felt in the belief that some relenting feelings towards him had induced his father to forbear making a will.

It was in church that we first introduced to the reader the characters in our tale. In that same dim old church, we will now take leave of them. It was early summer, and the morning was yet young, yet a clergyman in his surplice already sat within the chancel. The summer wind came wooingly through the half-opened windows, while it wafted against the glass, from time to time, with a soothing sound, the soft green branches of the weeping willows which grew hard by. The clergyman looked at his watch once or twice, till at length the sound of approaching carriage-wheels was heard, and in a few moments the sexton threw open a door and ushered a bridal party up the aisle.

Edgar Gransden led the way, leading by the arm an infirm old man. They were followed by Miss Gransden, supported by a young gentleman. Mr. Sandys came next, and upon his arm leaned his daughter, habited in bridal white and covered nearly to her feet by a rich lace veil. While behind came one or two intimate friends.

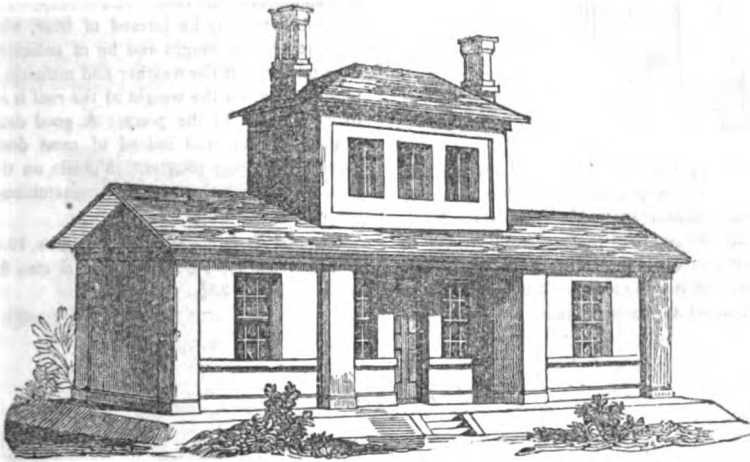
The beautiful marriage service of the Episco-

pal church commenced, and in a few minutes Edgar Gransden and Florence Sandys were united for life.

As the party passed out of the church, cheerfulness and smiles taking the place of the solemn countenances with which they had entered it,

Edgar and his bride approached the pew of Mr. Sandys. Both their eyes were bent upon it, while Edgar, pressing the arm which reposed in his, bent down and whispered—"I shall never see you there again, dear Florence, but I shall always love that dim old 'Corner Pew.'"

MODEL COTTAGES.

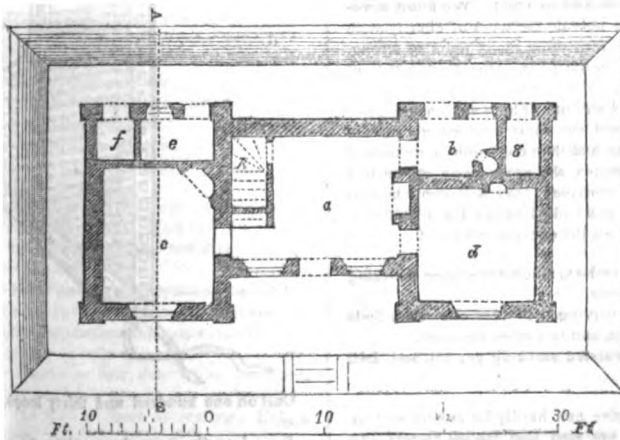


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

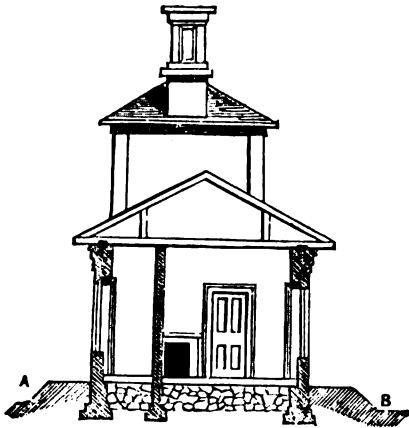
*A Cottage Dwelling with four Rooms, with a back kitchen, cellar and other conveniences.*

*Accommodation.*—The accommodations of this dwelling are, as usual, a kitchen, *a*; with closet under the stairs, *h*; back kitchen, *b*; parlor, *c*;

bed-room, *d*; dust hole or place for fuel, *f*; and privy, *g*. There is a bed-room over the kitchen, and two useful garrets, one over *c*, *e*, *f*, and the other over *b*, *d*, *g*, which may be lighted from the ends. The apartment, *e*, may in this, as in most of the other designs, be used either as a cellar or



GROUND PLAN.



cow-house, or a place for keeping fuel and lumber, or as a receptacle for potatoes and other roots, or whatever may be most desirable in the given locality. We are aware that there are objections to having a cow-house and pig-sty too close to a dwelling, but it will be recollected that much depends on the manner in which these animals are kept; but

by having the door of the cow-house far apart from the door of the house, the practical inconvenience would not be felt. We think the apartment for a cow ought to be added to all cottages not having a cellar, because if not used for the former purpose, it may be applied to the latter, and a cellar is almost everywhere a great source of comfort to the cottager.

*Construction.*—The paneled piers may be built of stone in courses, or of brick, or they may be framed of wood and filled in with brick and covered with cement. The same may be observed as to the architrave, which rests on these piers or pilasters and supports of the roof. The interspaces between the pilasters may be formed of frieze, which will support its own weight and be of sufficient thickness to keep out the weather and maintain a steady temperature, for the weight of the roof is supposed to be carried by the piers. A good deal of the beauty of this, and indeed of most designs for cottages showing pilasters, depends on the materials with which the panels or cementitious part of the wall is filled up.

*General Estimate.*—Cubic contents, 12,563 feet, at 9 cts. per foot, \$1130 67; at 6 cts., \$753 78; at 4½ cts., 565 33½.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.—KNITTING.

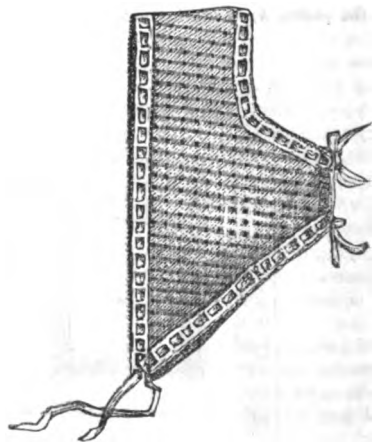
We did not exhaust this subject last month. Such an useful art will furnish materials for another article. The knitting of the family stockings has, to be sure, been in a great measure superseded by the cheapness of the manufactured article. Still, the warmest and most lasting stockings are those knit by hand. We know several elderly ladies who now do the work of charity with their knitting needles, furnishing many pairs of strong, substantial stockings for the poor. One Boston lady of our acquaintance knit *eighty pairs* in one year, for a charitably society to distribute. She was rich, and gave "many alms," but said she most enjoyed giving the stockings, because she had then done something herself for the poor. The money she gave away others had given to her. This benevolent lady will know how to sympathize with the good old English Lady Dufferin, who so feelingly laments the encroachments of

"Those power-looms and odd machines—those whizzing things with wheels,  
That evermore 'keep moving,'—besides, one really feels  
So superannuated-like, and laid upon the shelf,  
When one sees a worsted stocking get up and knit  
itself."

But the work we give can hardly be superseded by machinery—and we are glad that ladies' fingers still have a mission to perform.

Here is a pretty pattern for a

PELERINE, OR HALF CAP.  
WHITE BERLIN WOOL.—STEEL PINS NO. 11.



Cast on one hundred and thirty loops, knit one plain row.

*Second needle*—pass the wool twice over the needle, and take two together; repeat to the end, and pearl back.

*Fourth needle*—take two together, knit plain to the

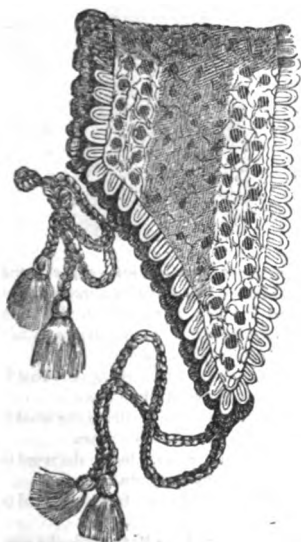
end; knit the next three needles plain, decreasing one at each end. The above to be repeated, decreasing one at each end of every needle, until there are seven rows of open knitting, which forms the head piece.

Take twenty-nine stitches off one end of the pin; knit as before, narrowing at the same end of the needle until there are fourteen loops left, which must be taken off; take up twenty-nine loops on the other side, and knit as before, narrowing at the same end of the needle until the loops are reduced to fourteen. Cast off. This forms the back part; join it up behind, take the stitches at the front, and take up the loops at the back; knit one plain round at the top; next round, pass the wool over twice, then knit two plain rounds, and take off; pick up the loops behind, which will be about eighty; turn the wool over twice to make a row of holes, then knit two plain rounds and take off.

Run a satin ribbon through the holes at the top, and round the face and back. Sew on ribbon strings.

Another very becoming pattern is the

#### OPERA CAP.



This is prettiest in double German wool, but three-thread fleecy may be used.

Cast on seventy-four stitches, white.

*White.*—Pearl one row, knit one row.

Pearl one row, coloured. Bring the wool before the needle, and knit two stitches together.

*White.*—Pearl one row, knit one row.

*White.*—Pearl one row, knit one row.

The above forms the border.

*First division, colored.*—Pearl one row. Knit one row, decreasing one stitch at each end. Knit one row. Knit a fancy row, by taking two stitches together, keeping the wool before the needle.

*Second, white.*—Pearl one row, decreasing one stitch at each end. Knit one row, decreasing two stitches at each end. Knit one row, decreasing one stitch at each end. Knit a fancy row as before.

*Third, colored.*—Pearl one row, decreasing one stitch at each end. Knit one row, decreasing one stitch at each end. Knit one row, without decreasing. Knit a fancy row as before.

*Fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh.*—The third division to be repeated, alternately with white and colored wool.

*Eighth, white; ninth, colored.*—In these last two divisions, only two stitches are to be decreased in each; this is to be done in the row after the pearl, decreasing one stitch at each end.

N. B.—There should be forty stitches left on the needle in the last row.\*

Pick up thirty stitches on each side, and make the borders at the sides and back like the first.

Make up the cap by turning in the border to the fancy row, and hem it all round: it is to be tied behind and under the chin with ribbons or plaited wool, with tassels of the same.

We have also several pretty patterns for purses, and the knitted ones are stronger than those wrought by any other method.

#### FRENCH PURSE. THREE FINE PINS NO. 20.



Thread some beads on fine netting silk; cast thirty-six loops on each of three fine pins No. 20. First round, plain. Second round, plain. Third round, knit four, cast on one, knit one, cast on one, knit four, slip one, narrow, pass the slip stitch over, knit four, cast on one, knit one, cast on one, knit four, repeat to the end. Fourth round to the fourteenth same as third. Fifteenth round to the eighteenth, plain. Nineteenth round, with No. 22 pins; cast on one, narrow, knit one, narrow, repeat. Twentieth round to the twenty-third are plain. Twenty-fourth round, plain; pass a bead every stitch. Twenty-fifth round to the twenty-seventh are plain. Twenty-eighth round, cast on one, knit one, narrow, cast on one, knit one, narrow, repeat.

Now take the No. 20 pins. Twenty-ninth round, knit one, cast on one, pass a bead, knit one, narrow, cast on one, pass a bead, knit one, narrow, cast on one, pass a bead, repeat. The odd stitch which you knit in this round is the cast on stitch in the last. Thirtieth same as the twenty-ninth, only passing two beads each time instead of one. Thirty-first and thirty-second rounds the same, passing three beads each time. Thirty-third round same as thirtieth. Thirty-fourth same as twenty-ninth. Thirty-fifth round, with coarser silk, knit plain. Thirty-sixth round, all pearl. Thirty-seventh round, pearl, passing a bead every stitch. Thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth rounds, the same. Fortieth round, pearl. Forty-first round, knit plain. Forty-second round, resume the fine silk, pearl. Forty-third round same as the twenty-eighth. Forty-fourth round to the forty-eighth same as the twenty-ninth. Forty-ninth round the same as the thirty-fourth.

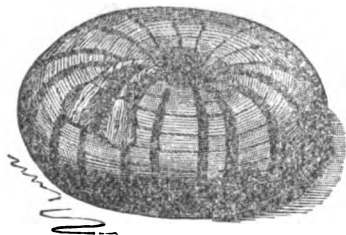
\* If the pins are small, commence with eighty stitches; then there should be forty-six stitches on the needle instead of forty.



Now take the No. 23 pins. Fiftyth round to the fifty-second plain. Fifty-third round plain, passing a bead every stitch. Fifty-fourth round to the fifty-sixth, plain. Fifty-seventh round to the sixty-second the same as the twenty-ninth to the thirty-fourth. Sixty-third round, take the coarse silk and work to the sixty-ninth round, same as the thirty-sixth to the forty-first. Resume the fine silk. Seventieth round same as the forty-third. Follow on the pattern from this round, till you finish the ninety-seventh as the sixty-ninth; divide the stitches six parts of eighteen each; slip the first, knit the next, pass the slipt stitch over, pass a bead, knit thirteen plain, knit two, passing a bead each stitch; repeat to the end of the round, narrowing at the beginning of every eighteen stitches. Next round, slip the first, knit the next, pass the slipt stitch over, pass a bead, knit eleven, pass a bead, knit one, pass a bead, knit one, pass a bead, knit one, pass a bead; continue the same, narrowing as before, until you come to a point; sew on a tassel and slip in three rings to keep out the parts knit with the coarse silk; draw a string through the top. (*See Plate.*)

The above makes a beautiful bag, worked with thick twist and large pins.

A BRIOCHE.



The *bricche* knitting-stitch is simply as follows: bring the wool forward, slip one; knit two together.

A *bricche*\* is formed of sixteen straight narrow stripes, and sixteen wide stripes which gradually decrease in width towards the top or center of the cushion. It may be made in three-thread fleecy or double German wool, with ivory or wooden pins, No. 19.

Cast on ninety stitches, in black, for the narrow stripe, and knit two turns; then three turns in gold color, and two turns again in black. This completes the narrow stripe.

The conical stripe is knitted as follows:—knit two stitches, and turn; knit these two, and two more of the black, and turn; continue this, taking each time two more stitches of the black, until within two stitches of the top, and turn. The wool will now be at the bottom or wide part of the stripe. Commence again with the

\* So called from its resemblance, in shape, to the well-known French cake of that name.

black, as in former narrow stripe, knitting the two black stitches at the top.

By a *turn*, we mean one row and back again.

The colors for the conical stripe may be blue and drab, or any two or four colors which assort well together; or they may each be different, thus:—white, blue, scarlet, stone color, bright green, crimson, white lilac, deep gold color, ruby, white, buff, French blue, chrysophas green, and lilac.

When the last conical stripe is finished, it is to be knitted to the first narrow stripe, and the *bricche* is to be made up with a stiff bottom of mill board, about eight inches in diameter, covered with cloth. The top is drawn together, and fastened in the centre with a tuft of soft wool; but they are generally preferred with a cord and tassels, as represented in the engraving. It should be stuffed with down, or fine combed wool.

GRAHAM MUFFATEES.



Two colors are generally used—say red and white. They are prettiest in four-thread embroidery fleecy.

*White*.—Cast on forty-five stitches. Bring the wool forward, knit two together; repeat the same to the end of the row. Knit six plain rows.

*Red*.—Knit six plain rows. Bring the wool forward, knit two together. Knit six plain rows.

*White*.—Knit six plain rows. Bring the wool forward, knit two together. Knit six plain rows.

*Red*.—Knit six plain rows. Bring the wool forward, knit two together. Knit six plain rows.

*White*.—Knit six plain rows. Bring the wool forward, knit two together.

Take double wool, and needles double the size.

*White*.—Knit one plain row. Pearl one row. Knit two plain rows. Pearl one row.

*Red*.—Knit one plain row. Pearl one row.

Repeat these two red and white stripes alternately four times, and finish with the two stitches together as at the commencement.

The cuffs, when finished, roll over at the top. The engraving represents them without the roll.

Two needles No. 11, and two No. 16, will be required.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"THE dead have all the glory of the world.

We never can be deathless till we die.

But no? The brave

Die never. Being deathless, they but change

Their country's arms for more—their country's heart.

Give then the dead their due."

The universal heart of the nation mourns for the soldiers who have fallen in the late battles of our country. The bereaved families of those heroic men feel that their grief has the sympathy of millions. It should be so. A free people have no lives to barter away, and those who offer themselves in the hour of their country's need, should be honored through life and lamented in death. The bereavements in private life can of course be rarely known but in the private circle of family friendships, yet it may be allowed sometimes to those who deeply sympathize in such sorrow to give a wider expression to their feelings, and thus make known the merits of the dead as an example to the living.

Among the first to welcome us when we came to reside in this pleasant Philadelphia, was the late *Mr. Dexter Stone*. From him and his interesting and excellent wife we received at once that cordial hospitality which makes friends of strangers. In truth, they never were like strangers. We only seemed renewing an old and intimate friendship—and thus it has been till his lamented death, at the close of last year, took from his family the almost worshiped husband and father, and from us one of our most dear and valued friends. Our readers will feel that a tribute from us to the memory of such a friend is not misplaced in our "Book," and though his name is not found in literary annals, yet for the promotion of literary improvement he was warmly interested. However, his character as a business man—the successful and honorable *American merchant* (greater than that of *prince*)—we do not intend to describe, but only sketch his domestic worth and disinterested benevolence. At home he was the centre of all plans and hopes; in his life his affectionate wife and children seemed to live. And on his part, he devoted to them every leisure moment—every wish of theirs was anticipated—no sacrifice of personal comfort or expenditure of money within his means was thought too great for those he loved.

But his kindness and liberality were not confined to his own family. The appeal for charity he always answered; and perhaps one of the most remarkable traits of his character was the unostentatious manner in which his deeds of benevolence were done. He fed and clothed many poor children of want who never knew the name of their benefactor; and many a friend less blessed than himself has been the large recipient of his liberality without a hint from whence the favor came—and on almost every subscription for religious or charitable purposes was recorded his *anonymous* devotion. Had we room, we should give the affecting description of his death-bed scene as it has been described to us; but we can now only say that those who witnessed it felt that—

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walks  
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.  
His comforters he comforts!"

There is much consolation for the sorrowing widow of such a good man. Whatever may be her trials here on earth, she feels sure he is safe and blessed in heaven. Will it be accounted strange if she should cherish the thought that his spirit is still watching over those he loved best? That his little daughters and herself are still objects of his care? She, at least, may confidently rely on the God of the widow and the fatherless. He never forsakes those who trust in Him.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.—We are true to the creed that the civilization of the world is to be the work of woman, and so we keep the chronicle of her progress as the index of the world's advancement. And here is quite a collection of phenomena, for which we are indebted to the queen among the weeklies\* of our land, on whose fair robe the free pen of one of the best magazine writers of the world is now flashing like a sunbeam.

"A sort of petticoat ascendancy seems coming about. Two companies of women have been armed and equipped as an ecclesiastical guard by the Catholic vicar of one of the valleys of Switzerland. The Mormon women were lately formed into a regiment. Female suffrage is being advocated. A governor's recent message recommends that ladies shall control their husbands' 'going security.' The proposed abolition of slavery in Turkey would give thousands of beautiful women of the East a privilege they never dreamed of—that of loving by choice. A young lady in Louisville has had \$60,000 given her in a verdict as damages in a single flirtation. Mrs. Chase, of Tampico, has had a battery named after her for her heroism."

English publications have also given the strange intelligence that two ladies have actually built a church—preparing the stone with their own hands—and that two others, sisters, have glazed and painted the windows of their father's church.

Now, we do not desire to see women doing "man's work," for we cannot, like Miss Fuller, have faith to believe a woman could manage a ship in a storm or a fire engine at a conflagration as well as the stronger half of creation. So we would not much encourage the stone-cutting business or advise ladies to enlist—though we think Mrs. Chase has well won her honors—nor join the cry for "female suffrage," which the men have not yet learned to use wisely; but we think the adornment of windows a suitable object of attention for our sex; and the art of engraving, particularly on wood, might be made a very profitable branch of female industry, as it would be a pretty accomplishment. Pray try it, ye young ladies who are wishing for something to do.

"Casa mia, casa mia!  
Per piccina che tu sia,  
Tu mi pari Una Badia!"

was the first Italian sentence which Hannah More ever saw, and she says it took such hold of her memory and affections that it was always the first idea coming to her mind when she returned from the mansions of the great to her own lowly roof.

\* "The Home Journal," published in New York—edited by *Morris and Willis*.

**COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES.**—History is one of the studies at young ladies' schools. The compendiums used, however, are necessarily a collection of dates and isolated facts, rather than a story of the times. They show the mere skeleton, not the image of the past. These dry bones must be clothed upon by the aid of the dramas, poems, biography, and especially the mythology of the ancients, before we can understand the history of the ancient world. Fortunately for American ladies, there are aids within the reach of all. Inheriting, as we do, the wondrous stores of learning contained in the Anglo-Saxon language, now enlarged by translations of all the celebrated Greek and Roman writers, besides many gems from oriental literature, and the best of the modern European works, we have such abundant sources of reading before us, that the great danger is of running over too many books.

To read and meditate alternately, is the way to understand. The "weariness" that Solomon asserts as inseparable from "much study," disqualifies for reflection or retention in the mind. Remember the aim of the mind should ever be for improvement.

Before giving the list of books on ancient history, it may be well to give a few remarks on the best method of reading, keeping in mind that the aim is to use time, not pass it. When reading a sentence or remark we particularly wish to remember, the best way is to raise the eyes from the book and mentally repeat it, till the meaning is plain. We remember longest what we understand best. Then at night, think over what you have read during the day—this is a habit of great importance. If, on awaking in the morning, you can recall perfectly to mind the leading topics or sentiments of a book read the day previously, you have reason to rejoice. You have not lost the day.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial."

This manner of reading will require more time than is usually devoted to books; unless you discard the new novels and follow the counsel given by the French philosopher to Madame Dupuy, to read only those works which have been for a long time considered the best. He says truly:—"Il y en a peu; mais on profite bien plus en les lisant, qu'avec tous les mauvais petits livres dont nous sommes inondés." And he adds:—"Vous verrez que nos bons écrivains, Fenelon, Bossuet, Racine, employaient toujours le mot propre. On s'accoutume à bien parler, en lisant souvent ceux qui ont bien écrit; on fait une habitude d'exprimer simplement

et noblement sa pensée sans effort. Ce n'est point une étude; il n'en coûte aucune peine de lire ce qui est bon, et de ne lire que cela."

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**—We ventured to suggest, in our "Book" for January, that the last Thursday in November would be the day best suited for the Annual Thanksgiving holiday throughout our Republic. The suggestion has been responded to in terms of approbation, and we trust the leading journals in the nation will give their aid to prepare for such a universal rejoicing next November. That month of gloom would then become the gladdest in the year.

**HEALTH.**—We propose giving to this important subject a place in our "Book." As ladies are the true conservators of the physical as well as moral well-being of our race, they should be well informed how to preserve their own health; and to this our new department will be devoted. We might give it, more properly, perhaps, the title of "The art of acquiring and preserving beauty"—for health is essential to beauty—and is beautiful itself; but we will refer to the *cause*, and the *consequences* may come in as illustrations.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—"The Supper of Madame de Brinvilliers"—"Sixty-five"—"A Fragment"—"Song"—"Woman's Heart"—"Be Thou my Rock and Shield"—"Our Home," and "To Morris." The writer of these two pretty pieces need not be discouraged; but if she wishes to have her contributions appear she must write prose. We think, from the style of her letters, she might become a favorite correspondent. A few articles we must decline, though some deserve to be published we have not room for:—"The Evergreen,"—"Fables"—"The Plague"—"Notes"—"Song"—"Love's Favorite," and a "Sonnet."

We have received "Helen Latimer; or, the Love Letter," but no letter from the writer.

A piece of poetry has been sent us from 91 Benefit street, Providence, and have answered the letter addressed to Providence, R. I., but do not send the book as we are not certain whether it is Providence, R. I., or not. Will the writer please inform us.

We are in receipt of a letter dated at Campbellsville and post marked Campbellsville, enclosing five dollars. As there are several places of the same name, will the writer please favor us with the name of the state?

A correspondent will find upon examination that we give a scale of feet to every Model Cottage.

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Pictures of Early Life; or, Sketches of Youth*," by Mrs. Emma C. Embury. An excellent work for the young, and indispensable in all school libraries. Harper & Brothers, New York. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"*The Pleasures of Taste, and other Stories, selected from the Writings of Miss Jane Taylor, with a Sketch of her Life*," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Our own share in this little book is proof that we thought it would be of service to our young friends. Let all read it then, and see if they do not endorse our opinion. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"*Washington the Model of Character for American Youth*," is the title of a little book just published by J. Murphy, of Baltimore. It is simply an Address, delivered by Rev. J. N. McJilton before the boys of the public schools in that city; and well was it worthy of publication by the "committee." It should be in the hands of every boy who can read. We can place no mere human model before the young of such influence and perfection as that of our Washington.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Harpers' Pictorial Shakspeare*," Nos. 129, 130, 131 and 132, and "*Pictorial History of England*," No. 15, which are for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, corner of Chestnut and

Fourth streets. The last two numbers contain the life of Shakespeare.

Mr. T. B. Peterson has for sale "*Rupert Sinclair*," by the author of "Ten Thousand a Year."

The same publisher has also sent us No. 5 of "*Architectural Cottages*," published in New York by W. H. Graham. A most useful work for a person about to build, and a good guide for the architect and builder.

Messrs. Burgess & Stringer have published the last new number of the "*London Lancet*."

Messrs. Long & Brother have published, and Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have for sale, "*North American Scenery*," a beautiful set of landscapes drawn by E. Whitefield, and painted in colored lithography, with literary matter by John Keese, Esq. This work is issued periodically in the quarto form, at the low price of 25 cents a number.

Zieber has also issued Nos 9 and 10 of that valuable publication, "*Chambers' Information for the People*." It is to be completed in sixteen numbers. We will gladly receive orders for this publication at twenty-five cents a number.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued "*The American Poulterer's Companion*," by C. N. Bement, fifth edition. This book is strictly practical, and richly deserves the popularity so well attested by five editions in a few months. It is beautifully illustrated.

The same publishers have issued "*The Lives of Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer of America, and Americus Vesputius, the Florentine*," with engravings. This is a neat pocket volume, containing an excellent summary of the great events relating to the discovery of the western continent, written in a pleasing and popular style. Philadelphia publishers, Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

They have also republished James' very pleasant and interesting novel of the "*Huguenots, a Tale of the French Protestants*."

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have added to their series of "Small Books on Great Subjects," "*An Introduction to Vegetable Physiology, with reference to the works of De Candolle, Lindley, &c.*," "*An Exposition of Vulgar and Common Errors, adapted to the Year of Grace 1845*," and "*Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Second Century*." This is a very useful series of books, and it is deservedly popular.

Lea & Blanchard have also sent us "*The Battle of Life*," by Dickens, and the last number of "*Dombey and Son*." L. & B.'s edition of the latter is better printed than any other, and each number contains two engravings. These numbers are worth preserving for binding. "*D. and Son*" increases in interest as the story progresses. Of the "*Battle of Life*" it is only necessary to say it is by Dickens to insure a ready sale for it.

"*Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*," from the sixth London edition, with many useful illustrations. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. On looking over this work we do not wonder that it has gone through so many editions; we predict for it as great a sale in this country. Those who read this work will find it very instructive. It is in a series of dialogues plainly and impressively told.

Wemyss has published, or rather Burgess and Stringer have for him, his twenty-six years of the Life of an Actor, in which he tells many truths, and gives a good history of the stage in this country during that time. Let all who are ambitious of scenic life read this book, and we think they will find it embittered by more than the usual bickerings of any other profession.

"*A Quarter Race in Kentucky and other Tales*," edited by Wm. T. Porter, of the New York Spirit of the Times, published by Carey & Hart. If any person has been so

unfortunate as to have a note protested, and such things will happen in his race after dollars, he will need something to refresh him. Let him read the "*Quarter Race*;" it is just the book for that purpose. The illustrations by Darley, are in his usual spirited style.

We have received from the publishers, Otis, Broaders & Co., of Boston, through Messrs. Carey & Hart of this city, "*Cards of Character*," by which the disposition, habits and taste of individuals are accurately described. A very amusing game.

"*Poems*," by Thomas B. Read. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co.;—pp. 124. We are always sure of a beautiful book—externally—when we see the imprint of this Boston firm. And the gems of fancy contained in this are worthy of the setting. Mr. Read has won an enviable place among the magazine poets of our land, and this volume will make his name a word of love in many households. In the first lay, "*Christine*," we hardly know which predominates, the genius of the poet or the painter. It is beautiful. We like better the short pieces, however. There are "*The Water*," "*Sunlight on the Threshold*," and "*The Birds*;" these are our favorites. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, publishers.

"*Letters on Astronomy*," by Denison Olmstead, LL.D. The elements of astronomy, in connection with its history, are here taught in a series of familiar letters addressed to a lady. We like the method, and think this the best compendium for schools and families that has appeared. Astronomy is, in every respect, a desirable study for our sex; and the wonderful attainments of Mrs. Somerville seem to have made this science the legitimate province of woman. We commend this book to all our friends. The style is animated, as a familiar correspondence should be, but pure; the descriptions graphic and clear; and the many excellent engravings, with the copious index, leave nothing to be wished. Harper & Brothers, New York. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston.

We have been presented by the author, W. Chaney Langdon, with two games; one—"The Game of English Blood Royal," the other "The Game of American Story and Glory." We have been much interested in these games, and think they will be instructive to children as well as interesting to those of a larger growth. They are the work of a youth of fifteen, one of the most interesting lads we ever met with. He was only fourteen when he completed the first work. He wrote the game, set the type, rolled the press (he was too weak to pull it), made the boxes, established his agents, and in fact did all that his youth would allow to put his works before the public. L. J. Cohen, of N. York, is the agent, but they will shortly be for sale at all the book establishments in this city. The profits of this work, and we hope they may be great, Master Langdon means to devote to the completion of his education.

Mr. Wm. A. Pratt, of Richmond, Va., has sent us two beautiful views taken from Washington's House at Mount Vernon; also a daguerreotype view of the church in which Washington worshipped at Alexandria, D. C. These are all in the hands of the engraver, and will shortly be given to our subscribers. Mr. Pratt, while in this city, showed us some beautiful specimens of daguerreotype: the members of Congress and heads of department. We congratulate our Richmond friends that they have such an artist among them.

We have lately seen a fancy piece and several miniatures by Mr. Brown, of this city, whose rooms are in Walnut street above Fourth. We unhesitatingly pronounce them superior to the work of any artist of the

present day. The miniatures are excellent likenesses of those they represent, and the execution of them is superb. Mr. Brown's terms are very moderate. We commend him to our friends.

The Messrs. Collins, at their rooms, No. 98 Chestnut street, continue to take most excellent daguerreotype likenesses. Indeed, we think that the work of these gentlemen in their peculiar line is not to be equaled.

W. G. Simms' beautiful story of "Maize-in-Milk" will be concluded in two more numbers.

We have received several complaints lately, both in the city and from the country, that our "Book" is either not received or that it comes late. Upon examination, we have always found that subscription has been made to some other establishment than our own. If the money is sent to us we will insure that the subscribers will regularly and early receive their numbers.

We are very much obliged to the gentleman at Nassau Hall, who proposes to nominate us for President of the United States, but we are not yet ambitious enough for that high honor. We are at present well pleased to cater for the ladies of these United States.

In copying from our book we would particularly request that credit be given on the articles—"From Godey's Lady's Book," and not editorially only. The reason for making this request is plain. In the paper first published it be will seen by the editorial column from what source it is taken, but a second paper copying the article may not see the editorial column, and thus many of our best stories travel throughout the papers of our land with no credit to them. We pay large prices to our contributors, and all we ask is that the source from whence they come may be acknowledged.

The following letter we find in that excellent paper, the Boston Olive Branch.

"N—, January 4, 1847.

"BR. WHITTEMORE:—A short time since I paid my subscription for a paper which I have been taking for some time, and I have been astonished at the change of feeling which has come over me in reading that paper. I feel so much better. I really read with more freedom, more pleasure. The reason is obvious. I am reading my own paper, not the editor's. On every page, I read 'Pay for your paper—pay for your paper.' I do not say you put the words there; but my mind conjured them up. And now, in order that I can read your paper with the same relish that I read the other, I here enclose \$2: this will about square my account. And if any of your subscribers do not read your paper with pleasure and profit, tell them of this case. I have tried it in another instance, and know it is a certain cure. J. G."

An excellent idea, and one that we hope may prove useful to us. How any person can take a work and read it, knowing at the same time the anxiety of mind the editor and publisher have suffered in preparing the work for them, and that they have not paid for it, is to us inexplicable. Every number that is received is a silent dun. Let them try the above experiment, and then see how much pleasanter it will be to partake of the literary feast that is provided for them. They will

also be obeying an order that is conveyed to us in that best of Books—"Render unto every man his dues."

While upon this subject we annex an extract of a letter received from a physician in Tennessee. We have lately issued a circular making a liberal offer to induce persons to remit us *our own*.

"Enclosed you will find eight dollars which will pay for my wife's subscription for 1845-46 to the Lady's Book. We cannot take advantage of your proposal—the original rates will be our guide," etc.

This we consider noble and we hope our subscribers—those who have been long in arrears—may bear the above in mind when remitting.

We think it our duty at this time to publish the following post-office laws regarding subscriptions to newspapers and periodicals.

"1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

"2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their paper, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

"3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills and ordered their paper discontinued.

"4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

"5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for is '*prima facie*' evidence of intentional fraud."

Sometimes we receive a notice from a postmaster stating that the "Book" sent to a certain address is not taken from the office—that the work had been sent to the subscriber by some friend. In some instances, two or more years are due and unpaid. To those persons we can only say, that they are liable at common law for the payment of their dues. Any person receiving a work to which he has not subscribed, should at once inform the publisher and ascertain the source from whence it comes. It is but a pitiful excuse, after having taken a work for several years, and read it, to say you never subscribed for it. It is unbecoming a lady or gentleman.

To postmasters also, we would say, when they write us that they have several times informed us to stop the work sent to a certain address, that it is no such thing. We have never—since we have published the "Book," now seventeen years—in any one instance hesitated for a moment to erase the name of any subscriber when we have received a post-office notice. We immediately erase the name, and afterwards inquire the why and wherefore. Simple post-office notices seldom miscarry. It is only letters containing money to which that misfortune happens. We have made arrangements to test, in every case that may in future happen, whether or not we are to be the sufferers by a love of literature of many of the subordinates in the post-offices of these United States.

FRAGRANT ODOR FOR SICK ROOMS.—A few drops of oil of sandal-wood, which, though not in general use, may be easily obtained, when dropped on a hot shovel, will diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the atmosphere of sick rooms, or other confined apartments.





# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1847.

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### LIFE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

(See Plate.)

THERE they are, pic-nic-ing in real gipsy style, enjoying that life of freedom dwellers in the pent-up city would find so delightful—for a few days. But the scene will soon be changed. The foot of the Yankee is on the soil, and his presence is everywhere the harbinger of improvement and civilization.

It is only eleven years since Texas was a Mexican province, with but a few thousand of American colonists. It is now a member of the great family of free states that form the American Union, with more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Cities are appearing as by the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp, dwellings and villages dotting the wide prairies, and the school-house and church rising side by side, as on our own New England hills they stand.

As an index of this wonderful change, we saw lately a list of the post-offices now established in Texas—one hundred and nineteen! And remember, that ten years ago where the greater number of these post-offices are now located, was wild forest and prairie.

But another and better omen of prosperity is the attention paid to education. It is this feature of life in Texas that gives it a resemblance to the New England character. As soon as Texas acquired her independence, she made noble appropriations of land for this object. Large donations out of the public domain are granted to colleges, and every county is entitled by law to three leagues of land, and one-tenth of the revenue of the state is set apart for common-school purposes. But this fund, though liberal, is prospective. The land is not convertible at this moment into school-houses, &c., and so the good people of Galveston have taken the matter into their own hands. We have seen an account of a great celebration in

that city last Christmas day, on the opening of the public schools. It seems that the citizens have now provided free schools for the education of all the children of Galveston, and this event was one of great rejoicing. They had a procession, oration, poem, and an evening party, in which parents and children seem to have been as "happy as happy could be." This scene would make a good companion-piece for "Life on the Rio Grande." Another ten years will, we trust, see the reality of the Galveston picture where our pioneers are now bivouacked. Men may enjoy the nomadic life, but for woman the lot is hard. And to show how highly the influence of the sex is valued in this new state of Texas, we will quote a few sentences from the eloquent address of General H. McLeod, delivered at Galveston on the opening of their public schools, to which we have adverted.

"The civilization of every age has been the reflection of female influence. In the early dispensation she was the handmaid and the hireling, and 'when the sound of the grinding was low,' woman still toiled at the mill. Under the grotesque chivalry of the middle ages, she rose from menial servitude to queenly power; from having been man's slave, she became his divinity—she was not loved, but worshiped. The ladye-love of the warrior of the cross was as far from woman's true sphere as were the purchased beauties that filled the harem of his Moslem enemy. Modern enlightenment, with its fearless spirit of investigation, has opened the dawn of a new day, and woman's release from her ancient captivity, has disenthralled mankind.

"Remember then, mothers, that the destiny of your daughters is in your own hands; upon them depend the purity and the virtues of the coming



generation. Liberty is ever degenerating into license, and man is prone to abandon his sentiments and follow his passions. It is woman's high mission, her prerogative and duty, to counsel, to sustain—ay, to control him. No stranger can fill a mother's place or perform a mother's duty: nature has denied the power. The beauty of the mother's daily life is the mirror of the daughter's virtues. Do not, then, I pray you, send your daughters to distant seminaries until their sentiments are formed and their principles

fixed. They may return to you meretriciously adorned—fair to the eye, but tainted in the soul—and the only consolation left you will be the miserable reflection that another hand than your's instilled the poison."

Such are the sentiments of a Texan. If acted upon, and the system of popular education now begun is carried out, that state (or states) will soon be among the brightest lights in our galaxy of stars.

## GRAVITY AND GAYETY.

(See Plate.)

THE Lady reigned in beauty's sway,  
With captive lovers at her feet;  
And there, like rivals in a play,  
The Scholar and the Soldier meet:  
*This* wore the smile of wit unchained,  
And *that* the seal of earnest thought,  
But in their souls one purpose reigned—  
Her favor was the gerdon sought.

Ah! Lady, as the morning bright,  
So Gayety in youth appears,  
Yet often 'tis a meteor light,  
And ends, like April's smile, in tears:

While, like the evening o'er the earth,  
Staid Gravity in shade may come,  
Soon stars of mind are shining forth,  
To bless that heaven of love—his home.

'Twas thus her guardian angel's voice  
Within that maiden's heart was heard,  
And she had fixed her wavering choice  
Before the rival twain appeared;—  
But then, how could she speak the word  
That doomed to sorrow one of those  
Whose love for her such grief incurred!—  
Say, gentle reader, which she chose?

## THE TWO PORTRAITS.

[Versified from an anecdote in the Life of Chapman the Artist, as related in the Lady's Book for September, 1846.]

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

AN old and withered crone was she,  
With bended form and tottering limb,  
Earth's brightness from her lot had flown—  
Her eyes were wan and dim.  
Spring unto her brought hope no more,  
For her were summer splendors dreary,  
And night and day she murmured o'er—  
"I'm weary—oh! I'm weary!"

A radiant picture hung beside,  
Red lips, rich tresses, features bright,  
And youth, sweet youth around the brows,  
Like a coronet of light;  
A face that one might kneel before  
As to some goddess rendering duty,  
And sun himself within the light  
Of its immortal beauty.

Unto the picture's loveliness  
The palsied crone would point anon—  
"Nay, wondering gazer, marvel not  
That that and I are one!  
A wide unnavigable gulf  
These two doth from each other sever,  
And I seem to stand on some far shore  
Of life's dim rushing river.

"Strange glimpses of its sunny side,  
They visit me anon and aye:—  
Of golden paths and flowery nooks  
Where bright old phantoms stray,  
Of the glories of that fervid time  
When heaved the heart with young emotion,  
And tides of thought rushed o'er the brain  
With sweet and wild commotion.

"Those hours are faded to a dream,  
Those thoughts of passion faded too—  
The same, yet not the same, I seem  
As one who dreamed long time ago!  
Yet mourn I not these parted wreaths,  
Morn followeth fast on eve's gray gloaming—  
The light of spring on blasted heaths—  
And a fairer youth is coming!"

"Hast thou not heard of those far climes  
Where beauty finds immortal birth?  
A star amid the stars, whose light  
He once brought down to earth!  
And there I go to claim my crown,  
Where bright locks change no more to hoary.  
Nor Love doth sadly turn to weep  
O'er changed and vanished glory."



Engraved by J. M. Wright

Designed by A. Kneller

GRAVITY & GAINETY.

Engraved for Godeys, Ltd. & Co. by Google



## OUR ARTISTS.—NO. VII.

G. L. BROWN.

Among the safety-valves of youthful enthusiasm, in regard to which almost every man of ardent fancy boasts agreeable reminiscences, is the dramatic mania. In literary cities, like Edinburgh and Boston, where the animal spirits incident to early life are prone to exhaust themselves on intellectual objects, dramatic clubs once formed a great resource to school-boys, collegians and apprentices. Popular lectures and mercantile associations have now given a different and more desirable turn to aspirations of this nature, but the widely-acknowledged talent of one of our best landscape painters received its first decided impulse at one of these juvenile fraternities. He had entered into the objects of the club with all the cordiality and singleness of purpose which belong to artistic organizations. It was not, however, the illusions of the stage that attracted him, but the field thus opened for gratifying an instinctive love of those combinations, laws and effects which are understood by the term art. He was found to be a most serviceable ally, with an extraordinary aptitude and unlimited will, being equally efficient and cheerful whether enacting Julius Cæsar, manufacturing thunder or painting a scene. The latter occupation, however, proved by far the most interesting, and the idea of being destined for a painter first broke like sunshine upon his mind, amid the loud plaudits of his comrades at the appearance of the long-expected and—in their view—miraculous drop. "As if it were by libraries, academies," exclaims Carlyle, "the dead force of other men, that the living force of a new man is to be brought forth into victorious clearness!" He alludes to the triumph of genius over circumstance in the instance of Burns, or rather to the divine capacity of genius to elicit its own education from life, however unpropitious. This anecdote of Brown's youth illustrates how slight and accidental are the events which awaken boundless intimations in gifted minds. The design was no sooner conceived than every hour's reflection confirmed his purpose. He thought with satisfaction upon the habits acquired too early for their date to be traced, and of which he all at once became for the first time conscious—of drawing upon slates and paper, objects and incidents that caught his attention, and especially a certain vague delight he had ever taken in the tints of costume, vegetation and skies. These facts of consciousness assured him that he did not err in believing that his permanent satisfaction was to be sought in

artist-life. The only available method of commencing his enterprize that presented itself was that of offering his services to a wood-engraver. It was requisite that he should quiet the protests of his relatives against what they considered his perverse indifference to several eligible schemes by which his respectable subsistence would be made certain, by uniting with the study of art a lucrative employment. At this time a demand for illustrated books, especially those intended for children and popular use, had manifested itself, and several of the Boston publishers had issued favorable specimens. To these gentlemen, after a year's apprenticeship to an engraver on wood, young Brown applied for employment. His labors appear to have given much more satisfaction to his patrons than to himself, but he sought alleviation from the monotony of his workshop by excursions into the country and haunting every studio where he could obtain admittance, and finally by experiments in oil. His first complete essay of the latter kind was executed in the room of a portrait-painter who had won some influential friends among lovers of the arts. It here arrested the eye of a gentleman, who was struck with a certain boldness and feeling it displayed, notwithstanding very obvious indications of want of practice. His interest was greatly increased when assured that it was a first attempt. He at once purchased the landscape and sought an introduction to the painter, whose views he professed himself heartily disposed to promote. Brown's wishes were then confined to a visit to Europe. Without experience, full of hope, and quite uninformed as to the actual demands of life and of art, he cherished vague but delightful ideas of artist-life in the Old World. As the poor son of Erin expected to tread upon dollars the moment his foot touched American soil, our deluded painter fondly deemed that in the land of Raphael or Rubens, recognition and success awaited but his presence. To understand the extent of his feeling and the dreamy basis of his buoyant expectations, it is enough to say that when asked what sum would enable him to execute his project, he instantly named one hundred dollars. The benevolent merchant whose sympathies had been enlisted alike by his enthusiasm and his wants, stared a little at this reply, and inquired what he proposed to do on arriving the other side of the Atlantic. "Be an artist, sir," said Brown, confidently. His friend gave him the required sum, with an ominous shake of the head and his best wishes, and Brown ran, quite wild with joy, and paid seventy-five dollars

at once, to the captain of a brig bound to Antwerp, for his passage. But a few hours remained for the young adventurer to complete his arrangements and take leave of his friends. He did not allow himself to suffer the discouraging observations which every one volunteered, to subdue his elation or change for an instant his purpose. He felt that confidence which sometimes seems to be divinely imparted, and no distrust of the future beguiled him from hopeful visions. He had labored for several of the freshest years of his existence with scarcely a word or look of sympathy; he saw no promising ray in the horizon about him; the objects and spirit of his acquaintance were alien to his own, and he longed to thrust himself forth into the great world, to escape from the limits of routine, and to cast off the bonds of local prejudice. He had formed a sweet alliance with nature, and there was a companionship in the works of great artists more sustaining than that of ungenial fellow-beings. To such influences he would courageously trust himself; he believed they would console him for a separation from kindred and country. Anticipations, too, of a return under happier circumstances, lent brightness to his musings; and in fancy, he beheld himself welcomed with a respect quite in contrast to the half-pitiful God-speed with which he had been sent on his way. One little scene attendant upon his departure is too ludicrous to be omitted. At the last moment, he discovered that it was expected of each passenger to provide his own mattress. He went on shore to make the purchase, and being in haste as well as economically inclined, followed the eastern custom and carried his own bed. It was towards dusk that thus burdened, he made his way through the principal streets of his native city, encountering as he went several members of the dramatic club, of whom he had taken leave in the morning, and whose doubts of his sanity the encounter by no means lessened. His voyage was a period of frequent and complete enjoyment. The firmament and the deep had never been so entirely revealed to him, and many impressions were then unconsciously obtained which have subsequently enriched his canvas, as at early morning, sunset and midnight, he watched the changeful tints of the ocean or the blending lights of the sky. From reveries like these the process of unlading the vessel all at once aroused him. The generous captain surmised his lonely and destitute condition, and with great delicacy tendered him what assistance he could. Now the vicissitudes he had braved were at length clearly perceived. He felt that he was a stranger and poor, and as he slowly walked up from the pier, began seriously to wonder at his own improvidence.

The few succeeding months of his life would furnish hints enough for a popular novelist to construct many attractive chapters. With his powers of observation and endurance continually exercised, and his moments of enthusiasm alternating

with hours of keen anxiety, he lingered in the neighborhood of Antwerp until the friendly captain sailed. That true-hearted mariner, who seemed to the lonely painter to carry with him the last visible bond which united him to home, was his companion in an excursion to the field of Waterloo, and his pioneer to some novel illustrations of life in the Lowlands. Brown passed many hours daily in the cathedral—the first grand specimen of religious architecture he had seen, and one which at his age and under the peculiar circumstances of his visit, made a deep and lasting impression. The pictures of Reisdale also gave him singular delight, and awakened a new series of ideas in regard to his art. He could not, however, indulge these tastes with equanimity, while his small resources were rapidly dwindling, and not the smallest chance of profitable occupation or hospitality offered itself to his now sobered imagination. He determined, therefore, to embark at once for London, and arrived there almost penniless. After a few weeks' residence, which he improved as far as his scanty means would allow, he availed himself of the timely assistance of a countryman and went to Paris, with a view of copying in the Louvre. The merchant who had befriended him in Boston authorized him, at his departure, to send the first products of his industry to his address. Accordingly, he had no sooner finished a few pictures than they were carefully transmitted. Meantime, Brown shared the humble apartment of a brother artist, and for several days lived upon bread and water. While in suspense as to the result of his experiment, he could not afford even to purchase the materials of his art, and wandered along the Boulevards and through the gardens of the brilliant metropolis, often in a state of feverish anxiety, yet ever and anon beguiled from a sense of his isolated and impoverished condition by a rare engraving at a shop window, or a beautiful effect of light and shade evolved from illuminated shrubbery, dazzling fountain or moonlit architecture. He could have obtained pecuniary aid by merely stating his wants, from more than one pleasant comrade, but with the pride natural to his cherished aims, he manfully preferred to suffer privations awhile rather than extend his obligations beyond the kind but poor artist whose lodging he shared. When more than sufficient time had elapsed, however, for a response to his application, he began to feel that heart-sickness which is born of hope deferred; and one lovely day in spring, he rose from one of the benches of the Tuileries and ended a gloomy reverie by a determination to seek for the last time the banker to whom his letters were to be addressed, and if again disappointed, to proceed on foot to Havre and beg or work his passage to America. With a thrill of joy, he found warm acknowledgments from the merchant awaiting him. The pictures had proved more than satisfactory, and remittances adequate to liquidate his small debt and

provide for his immediate necessities had been placed to his credit.

Let us now pass over a few years. It was a beautiful autumn noon, and the many churches of Boston had poured forth the throngs of their respective worshippers. Two young men stood at the end of Long Wharf, gazing upon the waters of the harbor. They approached and recognized each other. "Why are you here?" asked one. "In certain moods I find a peculiar refreshment in beholding the sea. In view of these vessels and that bay, I easily recall the pleasant hours of my life abroad, and it is sometimes grateful to realize how near at hand is the medium by which, if my dearest wishes fail at home, I may pass to a distant land endeared by association and redolent of promise." "What a singular coincidence!" exclaimed his companion: "you have given expression to the very feeling which pervaded my mind, though it had not assumed a distinct shape. I have seen just enough of foreign scenes to feel their inspiration. Under the pressure of want, I knew amid them a flow of ideas, a consciousness of sympathy and a vivid ambition, which I am confident in more auspicious circumstances would have called forth all my latent ability and won me a reputation in my art, but I returned from necessity prematurely, and have since learned, from bitter experience, that 'a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.' The old feeling will not come back, although I labor assiduously—the mechanical triumphs over the spiritual. I wait in vain for orders. I miss the brotherhood, the high examples, the free life, the artistic influences of Europe; and yet I cannot, if I would, chill the spirit which my present life renders dormant but not dead. You remember how Corinne felt in England? I am in a like condition. What skill is mine as a mere draughtsman remains, but the power of improvisation in colors seems blighted. The technical eclipses the spontaneous." "This is all quite intelligible to me," answered the other, "although I have never seen your works. Is there no feasible method of accomplishing your desire?" "None that I can imagine, except obtaining commissions—and Allston, to whom I went for that encouragement he so readily administers, last night, told me that my copy of one of Claude's landscapes was the best he ever saw." "Do you think he would put that in writing?" "Undoubtedly." "Bring such a certificate to me on the morrow, and we will see what can be done." The result of this colloquy was that the endorsement of the great painter was brought to the notice of several wealthy citizens who had a taste for adorning their houses with authentic memorials of the old masters, and whose patriotism inclined them to support native talent. Articles setting forth Brown's project were inserted in some of the leading journals, and in less than a month he was on his way to Italy, with a reasonable advance on the price demanded for two

or three copies of Claude Lorraine's masterpieces. He found himself at work in a Roman palace with just sufficient to carry him through the winter. Incited alike by gratitude and hope, he toiled long and faithfully, and for half a year carried his picture to and fro daily between the gallery and his lodgings. While giving the finishing touches, it caught the eye of a Baltimore gentleman of fortune, who had accidentally visited the collection; an acquaintance ensued, and Brown's anxieties for the future were put asleep by a draft for a thousand dollars, to be invested according to his own taste in the fruits of his expressive pencil.

For the last six years Brown has resided in Florence, where he is at present established. During this time he has painted sixty landscapes, and those not executed in fulfilment of particular orders, have met with a ready sale among the traveling English and his own countrymen. The greater portion of these works are compositions, many of them representing felicitous combinations of Italian scenery. The fir-tree, the tower of the middle ages, the picturesque bridge, the fragmentary aqueduct, the contadina at the fountain, the cross by the wayside, and other objects, are indeed sufficiently familiar to the lover of art, and form a kind of staple imagery for the traveler's portfolio. A bolder outline, greater freedom and richness of coloring, and a more expressive tone, however, give Brown's treatment of these subjects a peculiar charm. They appeal, under his hand, more earnestly to our associations; and yet we are far from regarding his style as faultless. Sometimes there is a too obvious striving for effect; the tints have a certain prominence, something like those of gorgeous tapestry, and the light is not enough subdued. His efforts, too, are quite unequal, and he wants practice in the figure. But these are rather erroneous tendencies than radical imperfections. More study will not fail to correct them. On his return last autumn, on a visit for a few weeks, he brought some excellent specimens of his ability, which were very generally admired, and gained rapidly upon public estimation the more they were contemplated. Among them were two moonlight scenes in Venice, of rare beauty. One in particular gave with admirable truth that peculiar density of the sky so remarkable in Italy on a summer night after a storm, when the moon appears to sail far out from the infinite depths of the blue concave, and silver the edges of the massive clouds below. At a proper distance the illusion of this view is absolutely startling, and one who can recognize its local fidelity, feels a thrill of solemn delight such as once transported him when gazing upon the heavens thus illumined from the piazza San Marco. Critics objected that the pigments were laid on too heavily, but none looked upon the landscape unmoved, and not a few acknowledged that it was the best southern moonlight they had ever seen upon canvas.



Happiness is distinguished from mere pleasure by the fact that in that state we repose upon sensation. If we analyze in our memories the enchantment of genuine delight, it will be found that a wish indefinitely to prolong the mood or condition, an invincible dread that the spell may be broken, a tranquil but intense absorption of consciousness, is the distinctive trait by which real enjoyment may be known from artificial. At such a moment our being is harmonized; there is a sweet blending of the elements of life: it is what Campbell means by "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below," and Croly by "passion made essential," and Coleridge by the realization of "gentle wishes long subdued, subdued and cherished long." In the clear perception of truth, in communion with nature, in what the devotional mean by peace, the moralists by integrity of soul, and the lover by recognition, the feeling we would suggest is involved. It is the settling of the quivering balance, the ultimate swell of the choir, the mellowness of the full noontide, the entire calm that succeeds both excitement and reaction—in a word, that completeness, satisfaction, content, which, like the calm glow of autumn, seem to fill all conscious desire, and hush the pleadings of expectancy without inducing any of the stagnation of indifference. Politicians talk of a balance of power; there is an equilibrium of soul somewhat analogous. In literature and art a quality similar to this moral condition obtains. It is to such works what temperament is in individuals—the subtle principle uniting mechanical and spiritual attributes. Thus we talk of books that soothe and books that inspire. Byron says, "high mountains are a feeling." The corresponding effect in the creations of genius is that which appeals to the soul—not referable to outline, form or perspective, but evolved from or mysteriously combined with these. It is the indefinite charm of art and character, the magnetism and not the anatomy of things. No phase of nature so thoroughly represents the idea as atmosphere. Indeed, the use of this term in regard to persons and places, is the best proof of its significance, and the genius of landscape painting is most perfectly exhibited by successfully reproducing its magic. Claude's peculiar merit lies in this very achievement. As he watched the sunsets from the Pincian mount, he not only saw but felt them, and in imitating celestial hues, imparted also the emotion with which they inspired him. Upon some landscapes we look with pleasure on account of their marvelous correctness; from others we imbibe the sentiment with which they overflow. It is the same in poetry. Crabbe had an eye for the minutest details of nature; Wordsworth takes in the very spirit of the universe, and the writings of each affect us accordingly. The special phase of success and promise in Brown is his susceptibility to the language of atmosphere and skies. We have already stated that as a copyist of Claude he first

advanced both in reputation and means. His success in giving that painter's manner has procured him the name, among his countrymen and brother artists in Florence, of Claude Brown. In order to estimate wherein this merit differs from other essential qualities of landscape, it is requisite to consider the many delicate variations which exist in the skies and atmospheres of different countries and seasons. Whoever is alive to the language of nature, must be sensible of having experienced, as it were, her most changeful and insinuating moods while contemplating the twilight, sunset, or morning aspect of the heavens in America, Switzerland and Italy, and in spring, winter and autumn. Perhaps this is the most subtle and mysterious language which she addresses to the mind, and therefore more difficult to define or analyze. "There is an evening twilight of the heart," says Halleck—and who has not felt it? Our sunsets are gorgeous rather than serene, and the light and skies with us are too exciting to afford the deepest gratification to the feelings or the most desirable material for the artist. The moon and stars appear to stand forth from the firmament rather than be half lost in its depth. The evening clouds often lie in huge fleecy masses, grand and bright—

"As if some spirit of the air  
Might pause to gaze below awhile,  
Then turn to bathe and revel there."

There is a keen transparency in the atmospheres of our autumn and winter, but only the haze of the Indian summer breathes a genuine poetry. To this neutral tint, subdued effect, some intervening medium or reflected light whereon the eye can rest without being dazzled—in short, a tranquilizing as well as brilliant element, is quite essential. This is the peculiar charm of Italian skies. Violet tints, soft and deep, seem to float over the snowy Apennines. There is an apparently penetrable density in the azure of the sky, observable especially when seen through the opening of a cupola—as that of the Pantheon, for instance. At sunset, the clouds stretch in penciled lines along the horizon, and every variety of hue trembles through a lucid mist. The effect upon the mind is dreamy; the senses are won by gentle encroachments, and the feelings are melted rather than roused as we gaze. Claude was remarkable for the "dewy humidity which he threw over dark, shadowy places." This he acquired from Ausonian nature. *Firmamento lucido* and *cieli immensi* belong to the south of Europe. Beckford, who, if we may be allowed the expression, was an epicurean lover of nature, when he first saw the sun go down upon the southern plains on the other side of the Alps, wrote thus—"A few hazy vapors—I cannot call them clouds—rested upon the extremity of the landscape, and through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray." The tints of the Apennines are singularly mellow, the air which encircles them often at

once pearly and transparent, and their summits are sometimes invested with a saffron light. When the Swiss mountains greeted Allston's vision at early morning from Lake Maggiore, he says—"They seemed literally to rise from their purple beds and put on their golden crowns." And in Monaldi, describing a summer noon at Rome, he observes—"There was a thin yellow haze over the distance, like that which precedes the sirocco, but the nearer objects were clear and distinct, and so bright that the eye could scarcely rest upon them without quivering, especially on the modern buildings, with their huge sweep of whited walls and their red-tiled roofs, that lay burning in the sun; while the sharp, black shadows which here and there seemed to indent the dazzling masses, might almost have been fancied the cinder-tracks of fire." Such descriptions evince the richness of this field of observation to an artist. Mere acuteness of perception, however, is not sufficient to transfer such vague beauties to canvas. There must be a vivid sympathy with transitions so interwoven and aerial. We have compared the atmospheric phenomena of color, light and shade, density and transparency, as visible in nature, with the moods of the mind.

To extend the similitude—to those who do not sympathize with and love us, our moods are purely objective, arbitrary and isolated states; but the eye which can read our own, the heart whose pulses vibrate to our touch, recognizes in these moods a soulful meaning. And thus the painter who only sees nature with his eyes, can but embody her more palpable forms and colors; while he who is drawn towards her by undefinable attraction and feels her more intricate relations, portrays her in the spirit of faith as well as of sight. This is only saying that in regard to susceptibility, the painter should be, and is by nature, a poet also. There is as much sentiment in one of Claude's best landscapes as there is in Raphael's Holy Family. Hitherto our landscape painters have excelled mainly in graphic ability, in the American aptitudes of tact and quickness; they have faithfully depicted the material objects which constitute scenery, but rarely caught a trace of the soul of the universe by which she allies herself to the heart of man; and it is because we discern the clearest tokens of this genial feeling in some of Brown's pictures, that we would cheer him onward.

## MODEL COTTAGES.

(See Plate.)

*A cottage dwelling with four rooms—with a back kitchen, cellar, and other conveniences.*

The accommodations of this dwelling are, as usual, a kitchen, *a*; with closet under the stair, *h*; back kitchen, *b*; parlor, *c*; bed-room, *d*; cellar, *e*; dust-hole, or place for fuel, *f*; and privy, *g*. There is a bed-room over the kitchen, and two useful garrets, one over *c*, *e*, *h*, and the other over *b*, *d*, *g*, which may be lighted from the ends. The apartment *e* may, in this as in most of the other designs, be used either as a cellar or a cow-house, or a place for keeping fuel and lumber, or as a receptacle for potatoes and other roots, or whatever may be most desirable in the given locality. We are aware that there are objections to having a cow-house and pig-sty too close to a dwelling, but it will be recollected that much depends on the manner in which these animals are kept—having the door of the cow-house far apart from the door of the house, the practical inconvenience would not be felt. We think the apartment for a cow ought to be added to all cottages not having a cellar, because, if not used for the

former purpose, it may be applied to the latter, and a cellar is almost everywhere a great source of comfort to the cottager.

*Construction.*—The paneled piers may be built of stone in courses, or of brick; or they may be framed of wood and filled in with brick, and covered with cement. The same may be observed as to the architrave which rests on these piers or pilaster, and supports the roof. The interspaces between the pilasters may be formed of frise, of brick or clay nogging, of rubble stone, of pebbles, of flint, or, in short, of any material which will support its own weight and be of sufficient thickness to keep out the weather and maintain a steady temperature—for the weight of the roof is supposed to be carried by the piers. A good deal of the beauty of this, and, indeed, of most designs for cottages showing pilasters, depends on the materials with which the pane/s or cementitious part of the wall is filled up.

*General Estimate.*—Cubic contents, 12,563 feet, at 9 cts. per foot, \$1130 67; at 6 cts., \$753 78; at 4½ cts., 565 33½.



## THE FALSE LOVE.

BY ORPHEUS.

HE was a man of sorrows when they met,  
With a heart rest of all it loved on earth,  
Bleeding for sympathy at every pore,  
Yet in its anguish strong—for he had tamed,  
Though not subdued his wo, and the fresh wounds  
Were something stanch'd; for in his sorest grief  
He had this touch of solace, that his heart  
Was faithful to the dead—that in the grave,  
Or high above the grave, he yet had one  
Who loved and wept for him.

And he could gaze  
Upon that picture—that fair face which thou  
Hast seen—and think it smiled on him,  
And smile on it himself, with that fond hope  
Which is akin to joy.

But *she* did come,  
Enchantress, and—for why he knew not—woke  
His sorrow into tortures, gave him hope  
That he should once again be loved; that *she*  
*Did* love him; soothed his soul with sympathy;  
Sighed with him for his dead, and made his child  
Love her, though not as he did.

She did rob  
His wretched soul of the last thing it had  
To soothe it—made it faithless to the dead;  
For in his secret spirit he confessed  
He never loved even *her* with such a force  
Of wild and passionate love, as now he poured  
From his deep soul on her the traitress. Ay!  
And where they stood together, he and she,  
Gazing upon that picture, he stands now  
Alone, and guilty in his own esteem.  
And daring not to look upon those eyes  
Which used to smile upon him, but now frown  
Severe and melancholy.

Oh, great God!  
Why did she do this thing to him—to him  
Who never wronged her, unless to adore  
Madly, be wrong? Had not her beauty won  
Conquests enough, that she must come and tear  
The lone heart-hermit from his sacred grief,  
And madden him with tender looks of love  
And tenderer caresses, and then cast  
His adoration back upon his heart,  
Like burning coals of fire heaped on a head  
Already scathed, with added pangs of scorn,  
And ridicule, and self-reproach, and hate  
Of his old friends, and terrible remorse?  
Why did she do this thing to him—to him  
Whose soul she knew pure honor's very shrine—  
To him who, from the first, doubted and prayed  
For truth and candor?

She did hurl him down  
From the high pedestal of conscious right,  
And of one virtue that might all redeem  
His wildest follies—that one virtue, love  
Triumphant over death, fidelity  
Beyond the grave. This hath she done, and now  
Denies to hear him.

Oh! bethink thee yet,  
False one and cruel. He would raise thee up  
Above the unworthy things which soil thee now.  
He would have taught thee purity and love,

And lifted thee above the world, and spread  
Tranquillity and peace o'er all thy soul.  
And is this nothing? Which of those who now  
Degrade thee, flattering thy darkest faults  
And bidding thee avoid him—which of those  
Can offer anything like this?

For thou  
Dost know, while mocking him and casting by  
His true affections like a worthless weed,  
That in his breast a heart of higher mould  
Beats earnestly—a soul of greater aims  
And vaster aspirations, and endowed  
With powers to love thee far above the scope  
Of those whom thou dost favor.

Woman, God  
Has given to thee one attribute of his—  
Nor that the smallest—the immortal power  
Of making happy one who would return  
The happiness tenfold.

Oh! think awhile—  
We all of us are mortal, all have sinned.  
All need forgiveness. Oh! remember now,  
In thy rare youth and loveliness, and power  
Of making wise men fools, a time shall come  
When age will bleach those curls of living gold,  
And wrinkles furrow that smooth, snowy brow,  
And tears bedim those soft and gentle eyes—  
Think when that time shall come, and all thy life  
Shall pass before thee, will this thought be sweet:—  
“I found a man of sorrow o'er a grave  
Weeping, yet not in agony; but strong,  
Though very sad, and in his sadness firm  
And resolute in duty. This man's love  
I won, and crazed him, that he forgot all  
But only me—his child, his buried love,  
His strength, his duty, and the stubborn will  
That never yet did fail him. I did mock  
This man with show of fondness, and I knew  
That he adored me—knew that his strong heart  
Would make his strong love lasting as his life.  
He had resolved never to love again  
Or sue to woman. I did make him love,  
Did make him stoop and bend himself, and fall  
Prostrate before me. Then with pitiless foot  
I trod upon his heart, and stamped it down  
Into the dust of desolate despair,  
And left him crushed and writhing like a worm,  
Half mad, and robbed of his last earthly boasts,  
Strong reason and strong duty. I did this,  
I, for my pastime!”

So thou shalt, one day,  
Feel. And may God be pitiful and forgive  
Thee who art pitiless to him, and wipe  
The keen remorse away which thou wilt feel  
For smiting thus the smitten, treading out  
A desolate spirit's last hope. 'Tis true—'tis true!  
Woman, thou hast done this, and he cannot  
Hate, threaten or betray, but only cry,  
With one sad, piteous, everlasting cry—  
“Oh, hear me—hear me! let me win thee back  
To love and virtue. Hear me, only once,  
Beauteous enchantress—bid me not despair!”

## PARIS IN "SIX LESSONS."

BY THE LATE J. M. FIELD.

THE pupil is presumed to be happy in the disposal of a ten pound note, a carpet bag, and a week's leisure.

Dusk from St. Germain's—*chemin de fer*. Dim, distant, vast! What rises on the sight? Never beheld yet known square, towering—*l'Arc de l'étoile*—Napoleon! You are approaching Paris! Yon outline—irregular, undefined, stretching away on each hand from beneath the mighty phantom—'tis the great city! Darker the shadows; and now—here—there—sudden, distant sparks. They multiply—they enlarge—they spread along the horizon—they arrange themselves into illuminated vistas! The tolling of faint bells—the rattle of the cars—a wall—a mansion—they disappear—others—a plunge between tall shadowy embankments—groups illumined by lamp and torch—slower your speed—a hum of voices—a labyrinth of tracks and trains, and engines—you are at the *depôt* near the barrier *Monceaux*. *Fiacre* and *Rue Rivoli*.

### FIRST LESSON.

Morning—morning in Paris! *Valet de place*. And where? The *Louvre*—'mid the antiques of the sculpture gallery—the fair pupils who line the interminable picture walls. Contemplate the bed-chamber of *Henri Quatre*, the bullet-marks of the "three days;" cross the "*Place*," and, through archways yet ringing with the death-shots of the Huguenots, seek the banks of the *Seine*, the swarms of *le Pont Neuf*. "*Le bon roi*," *Henri*, from his bronzed steed, looks far along the *Seine*—the spanning bridges and baths, the arks of *les blanchisseuses*, quai, mansion, palace wall and shining dome. Onward, you tread the *entrails* of the capital—*l'isle de la cité*—the labyrinths of historic story and of modern romance—the Counts of Paris to *Hugo*—*Eugene Sue*—*Notre Dame* and *La Morgue*, *Esmeralda* and *Chironneur*—tread the *Palais de Justice*, hall and dungeon—thence to *l'Hotel de Ville*—*Robespierre*—the *Place de Grève*—*Marché des Innocents*, its swarms and cries—the *Halle au Blé* and dome—*Meurice* and *table d'hôte*, and *Chambertin*.

Gardens of the *Tuileries*—twilight, statue, *allée*, grove, and hum of happy crowds. From the palace westward—*Place de la Concorde*, fountain, obelisk, bridge, palace, *Champs Elysées*; and yonder, far along—termination of that glorious

avenue, peerless, imperial—the arch triumphal—*Napoleon*!

"Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!"

So proudly ne'er before commemorated.

*Concerts d'été* under the trees—the merry *bière* drinkers. Compare them with the sodden crowds of London! *Theatre des Singes*—six sous and monkey tricks. Approach *le Cirque Olympique*. Music floats from every quarter. "*Le commissaire*" teazes to be employed—you commission him "to the d——!"—hear his sarcastic reply, "*A l'Anglais*." Poetry of horsemanship—grace—fancy—thronged pavilion—splendid band—all perfect but the *clown*. Buffoonery at home alone in England!

### SECOND LESSON.

*Jardin des Plantes*. The pole—the burning desert—earth or air—survey its habitants, each tribe, each plant. The mineral kingdom also—earth's crust in fragmentary samples, *Cuvier*, probing the globe with his finger, seated in the midst. You have seen the animal creation in their lairs. Ascend—gaze on their lifeless semblances; wander amid the silent feathered tribes; enter yon vast hall, where, as in a crowded ark, from the pert cur to mighty Behemoth, the motionless troop awaits you. Pass on to the halls of *Anatomie Comparée*—view them once more—blanched, hideous *skeletons*, the human least in interest were it not for yon grim frame, the shriveled bones of whose right hand bespeak him the Arab fanatic, the fire-tortured assassin of *Kleber*.

Thence to the church of *St. Etienne du Mont*, tomb of *Genevieve*, the patron saint of Paris, so loved of heaven at eight years of age that her mother "was stricken blind for slapping her!" She who upon two meals a week with hourly prayers turned back *Attila* thirteen centuries ago, and who now lies with the freshness of youth in her original coffin, covered with flowers, lighted with candles and surrounded by devotees.

The Pantheon, "*aux Grand Hommes*," its dome; its vaults; *Voltaire* and wild *Jean Jacques*, and the dread echoes which haunt their tombs at stranger steps, as with the complaints of angry ghosts. On to the *Luxembourg*; *Mary de Medicis* and modern paintings; dead kings and living artists; Chamber of Peers, and death ground of *Ney*. Stop not—that is *l'Observatoire*, its halls

of science glorified by the midnight watchings of M. Arago. Onward towards the *Barrier d'Enfer*. This wall surrounds the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*. This box, lined with cushions and turning on a pivot, receives the puling stranger; a bell rings, and stranger hands welcome it as their charge, to live or die, for weal or woe—no parent's heart to throb, no kindred to inquire.

*Musée d'Artillerie*, a sort of Tower of London—arms of kings and warriors—the dagger of Ravillac. You have already seen the spot where *Henri* fell, in the *Rue Feronore*, opposite the house of his mistress, marked with a cross; while the monarch's shirt, stained with his blood, you have beheld in London among the priceless collections of Madame Tassand.

*Allons*—the school of medicine; its *Musée d'Anatomie*—frightful toys—its curdling interests, "fearfully made," as wondrously dissected. On to the *Musée Dupuytren*—its store of priceless horrors. Hydrocephalus expansions past belief! Monsters of humanity—*fœtii*; *fungii*; cancer; gangrene; hermaphroditic phenomena, and loathsome consequence, unspeakable, of that last, worst vice. Its life-like presentation to the view. Strange employment for the artist—from the beautiful and the ideal to the poisonous details of the hospitals! Awful lessons. Behold them in revolving cases, each phase of horror given to the eye horribly perfect, and each the copy of an actual subject! A female form recumbent. How exquisitely modeled and how lovely! Is it a dream? Her bosom opens—her pulseless heart appears, muscle and gland, each hidden organ—the *embryo* in its cell! And yonder—the dissecting table. Approach and fear not; no grave has been despoiled to furnish it. The artist of the horrible exhibits here his masterpiece. And who is gazing by your side? A woman—yes, a woman! You're in *Paris*! The whole neighborhood a cabinet of osteology—grinning skeletons in every window, bearing their labeled prices between their jaws; preparations of each part and of all values—nay, hearts and limbs to let!

Dine at the *Palais Royal*—the *carte* of "*les deux frères*." Cigar, *Gazette*, and *Opera Comique*.

### THIRD LESSON.

*Hotel des Invalides*—glorified in its builder—thrice glorious as the tomb of one far greater! Its magnificent approach from the river—its cannon-planted fosse—its sculptured front, each window piled as with suspended armor. Yon blind and shriveled entity nursing a cat 't the sun, can he discourse of Moscow? Of Egypt this? Of *Austerlitz* yon other? Enter the grand court—chief at all—*Napoleon*! The bannered church—grand altar—dome and *tombs*. *Turenne*, *Vauban*, and ye, victims of *Fieschi*, immortal in *his* neigh-

borhood. The dining halls, the *cuisine* and the sleeping wards; the cleanly cot with its lithographed *Empereur*. Each footstep whispers—"Vive la gloire!"

Thence to the *Champ de Mars de Mai*. Yon balcony—no hero now—no eagles! The race horse, not the charger, spurns the sod.

Over the *Pont de Jena*. Again the Arch of Triumph—bold, sublime—a world's wars, yet one man's deeds. Behold its sculptured wonders! Hail "young France!" Thou glorious young giant, would they stay thee? Off to the field, unarmed and naked, who shall yet withstand thee? And oh, ye marble scrolls of deathless heroes—bright names! Seek here the age's young nobility, not mid dull parchments. Read them in the rock—study the graven arches up to the summit. Mark the royal *Avenue de Neuilly*, its throng of plumed life; the far-off *Tuileries*, *Place de la Concorde*, *Madelaine*, *Vendome*, *La Chambre*, *Invalides*—a spread of nearer beauty; while beyond, dome, pinnacle and tower fatigue the sense.

Centre of the *Place de la Concorde*, soothed by the fall of fountains. Recall the guillotine, the rabble throng; a gory head is waved aloft—a king's. Now over the bridge named after that high martyr, to the "*Chambre*." Its portico, its halls; seated in a throne chair, above the tribune, read—shade of the Bourbon!—the graven oath which royal lips now utter: "*I swear to observe the constitution and act as becomes a loyal deputy*!" And now, your steps retraced, once more beneath that obelisk, your back to the "deputies," regard the *Madelaine*—art's latest, loveliest triumph! Approach; behold its noble platform, majestic columns, matchless pediment. Enter: the chisel and the pencil; years of devoted and ennobling labors. Proud result—and honor unto the king citizen who graced the world by its completion.

*Place Vendome*: yon towering column; its brazen sculptures; that giant's deeds, whose every foot-print was a battle plain. Up, up the winding stairway and behold him, his stern eye fixed upon the *Tuileries*, where dwells no blood of his. A sudden shower; a rainbow tints the scene. Beneath, why gathereth the crowd? Why wreath they every corner of the base with crowns immortal? 'Tis his *fête*—the *Fête Napoleon*. Off to *St. Roch* and note its celebration. A noble church—a crowded nave and *choir*. The banner of the Virgin—virgin borne—*les frères et sœurs de charité*—priests, *curée*, golden crucifix and vestments, singing boys, and swelling peals from the far loft. Why is that old devotee disturbed at her rosary? She has not paid the "tariff"—two sous—for the chair by which she kneels. So, to her prayers again. Chapel behind the grand altar. A double mass is celebrated. A third, the chapel of the Saviour: its matchless crucifixion! Divine art! Can we not say as much, too, for religion? Alas, all this is but an earthly pageant.

Hence to the *Palais Royal*. Heart's core of the

gay city, how it throbs—its efflux and returning circulation! Burn, level Paris, all without this parallelogram, and Paris still is here! What hath the gay wanton that here is not, from the throne chamber to the cabaret—the theatre to the author's garret—the *Champs Elysées* to the rayless vault—the diamond dealer to the *décrotteur*? The chevalier, the "garçon," cross, mustache, garden, fountain, chair and the *Gazette*. The gilded *café* and its varied crowd; the *dîné* up from one franc unto fifty. Philippe Egalité and Philippe King! Wise landlords! The "honest penny" soils not nowadays e'en royal fingers. Dine at "*Vefour's*," and thence to "*l'Ambigu*."

## FOURTH LESSON.

Hence with the *boutique* and the *restaurant*. The *Tuileries*, pavilions, halls and staircases—we tread them. The *Pavillon de Flore*; upward, a hill of marble. *Salle de Louis Quatorze*. The throne. The *Salle des Mareschaux*. Gaze east, the "*Carrousel*"—westward, the *Arc de Triomphe*—around, the marbled memories of France! Immortal family of heroes—terrors of Europe—greater than its kings! Demigods of the Corsican Jove's war-heaven! Others are there, but ye—each eye is on you.

And now the *Rue de Richelieu*, the king's library. Yon grinning statue—a bronzed Mephistophiles in years—it is Voltaire. The chair of Dagobert. Dendarah's zodiac. Corneille and Fenelon's ink-blazoned manuscripts. A world of curious gatherings. Gaze and go.

Yon commerce-raised temple—look—the *Bourse*. No olden memories dedicate unto present golden interests. Through the superb "*passage*" and tread the *Boulevard*. 'Triumphal arches! *St. Denis*! *St. Martin*! Monuments of the proudest of the Bourbons. Paris but speaks of three:—Henri 4th, the Louis and Napoleon. Stay—thy city-girdling miracle, king citizen!

On through the *Barrière*; the car awaits to waft you to the royal *Mausoleum*. Fair spreading fields each side of a broad avenue; an hour's ride, and the time-honored pile appears before you. *St. Denis*! Dagobert and his queen within the portal. Onward! Duguesclin's war-cry calls you. Lo, his tomb! Thrice gorgeous Valois—regal, knightly Francis! The altar, sacristy and saintly relics then, downward 'mid the vaults. Old Merovingian Clovis and Clotilde! Martel! *St. Louis*! Thy bronzed gates, Napoleon! There spoke the demon whisper of thy heart—"Imbeciles!"—yet not amid thy brotherhood of glory. With regal dust must mix imperial ashes! Helena's rock preserved thee from thyself, and France has given thee a grander tomb. Gather thy heroes round thee. Summon *Ney*—le brave des braves—from his unhonored grave.

Returning, plunge amid the quarried halls, cy-

clopean buttresses, the vaults, the domes, and the Egyptian darkness of *Montmartre*—its distant torch-gleams, its grim, spectral forms! Thence, with dust-laden garb, clay-clogged boots—thence to the *décrotteur's*—its raised seats of velvet, gilded foot-rests, bust, drapery, and volume richly bound. Emerge at ease: you've—visited your boot-black! *Diner*—*Théâtre Français* and *Rachel*.

## FIFTH LESSON.

Where now? By *Rue St. Honoré*. Trace the vast city's length, its busy throngs and swarming tenements. Still eastward, reach the *Place Royal*. Alas for former glory! Onward still. And now *La Place Bastille*; the *Column of July*—its martyr scrolls and fame-surmounted crests. Has liberty, indeed, redeemed the spot? Rises not yet the mist of blood around? The guillotine—gleams not its sharpened glave as it descends? Hear ye not woman's laughter? *Faubourg St. Antoine*! Where are its howling swarms, its murderous bands? No guillotine, and yet the scent of gore! Come to a shambles far less bloody—the *abatoire de menil montant*—a vast enclosure. View the throngs of bovine prisoners, fated to feed an appetite still craving, but less horrid than thine, oh hatred and revenge! No *sans culottes*, yet yon red pools, surrounded by foul forms with wooden shoes and bare and crimsoned legs! Here fall the herds, the uncomplaining children of the plain. Still east, behold the *Barrière du Trône*, that hailed thy coming, Marie Antoinette; welcomed thee—to the dungeon and the glave. Forward, yon massive tower, huge beacon, leads you on *Vincennes*. The wood, the rustic fête, moat and portcullis, dungeon, court and keep;—Mirabeau's prison, D'Enghein's slaughter-pen.

Returning, give the eve to *Père la Chaise*, *Vincennes* still peering from afar.

"I am among ye, silent habitants."

Abelard, Heloise—their wreaths "*Immortelles*." Preparatory tomb of three fair sisters—"Demain peut-être!" Bellini, Boileau—their strains float gently from *l'Académie*. Cassimer Perrier, Lavellette, Suchet, Massend, *Ney*! Foy's gorgeous mausoleum. Molière, La Fontaine, Talma. Who is this, thrice lofty and adorned? Felix de Beaufour. What his virtue? Wealth! He left a "yearly prize," and rots *en prince*!

## SIXTH LESSON.

*St. Cloud*! The comfortably splendid! stately rest! Its dreamy groves, its sunlit meads, bright fountains! Its watch tower and the gorgeous

plain beneath! Stream, meadow, wood, villa and clustering town! The shining city spread afar—dome, spire and tower, column, and that proud "*Arc!*" Oh, couldst thou, conqueror, gazing from this hill, this matchless sight before thee, couldst thou a *second time* resign it all?

Onward. *Versailles!* Past human finger posts, whirl on till dull and silent streets arrest your speed. Crossing a square, what bold, heroic figure meets your gaze? *HÔCHE!* Ranks at sixteen; general at twenty-five; finished his bright career at twenty-nine! *Place de la Cœur!* Sublime revelation! Terrace and statue, and the spreading pile. Enter and onward—hours and miles and hours, marble and canvas, and less precious gold! Artist and warrior—thrice glorious as he glorifies the other! History living—heroes animate! The trump, the steed, the field,

war's "circumstance," and he its child and master—look, behold him! On o'er the waxed floors. Theatre, chapel, gardens, fairy land! The alleys strangely trimmed! The peeping statues; the play of water and the countless throngs.

When will Columbia boast such palaces? *Never!* Oh, may she *never!* Or if, the arts alone inhabit them. Raise your proud halls of learning, knowledge, intelligence, celestial kings. In throning *you* we build not up distinctions. Your glorious *privileges* all must *earn*. Build palaces, if wealth must be expended, but in them place the couches of the poor.

*Versailles!* Where next? To the *Académie*. Crimson and gold, and glorious, gushing sounds; a regal presence, beauty, dream, *la danse*, wreath, perfume, rapture, and so ends the scene.

## THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE.

THE ice-crown of Winter has melted away,  
The sunbeams are out in their golden array,  
The snow on the path of the waters so free  
Has glided in foam to the caves of the sea.

A breeze is abroad with a whisper as sweet  
As a voice from the south that would gladden and greet,  
And bring from the gardens of sunlight and flowers  
A breath of that clime as a token to ours.

And soon will the leaves of the forest appear,  
And the green branches wave in the bright atmosphere,  
And far distant mountains, that limit the eye,  
In blue mantles gleam through the haze of the sky.

Then, like a fresh picture, the meadows around  
Will start into bloom, and the rivulet's sound  
Come forth from the herbage that tangles its brim—  
The olden, unceasing, melodious hymn.

The buds of the morn will be crystalized in dew,  
But spread their sweet bosoms at noon to the view;  
The white clouds will garnish, not darken the day,  
And sunshine to starlight fade gently away.

The Spirits of Beauty, whose footprints we see  
In roses and lilies impressed on the lea,  
Will linger around us, and kindly impart  
The youth and the gladness of Spring to the heart.

## ANSWER TO VERSES ENTITLED "ENVY NOT THE POET'S LOT."

BY AMELIUS WATSON KIPPEN.

Why envy not the Poet's lot?  
Upon this earth, oh! can there be  
A joy more bright or pure of thought  
Than gleams in soul-fraught poesy?

He knoweth joys undreamt by those  
Whose souls are of the dust they tread—  
Who toil through their brief day of woes,  
To earth and its dull passions wed.

But to his visions of delight  
There is so bright a halo given,  
His soul o'er mounts her earthly night,  
And tastes before the joys of heaven.

And if a pensive shadow flit  
Across his brow, deem ye not thence  
It is earth's petty griefs that sit  
Upon his soul's ethereal senec.

Ah no! 'tis but the exceeding light  
Vouchsafed unto his soul to share,  
Which pains—as a young eagle's sight  
Shrinks from the sun's meridian glare.

Then let mine be the Poet's lot—  
What are the world's vain things to me?  
Her joys, her triumphs—but a blot  
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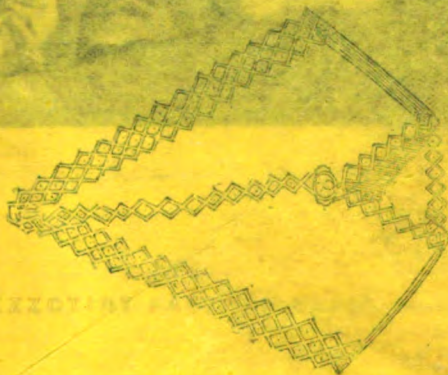
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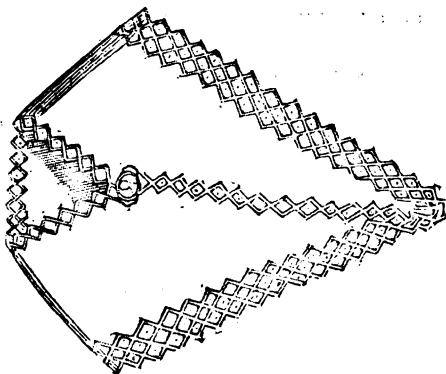
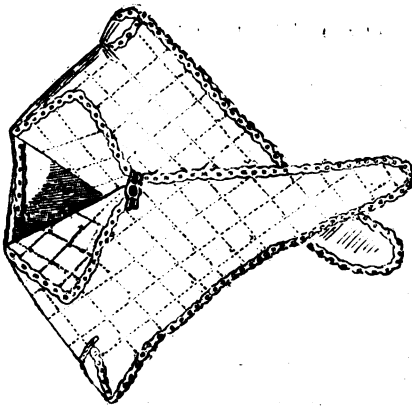
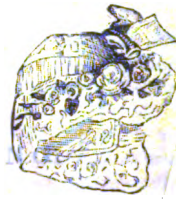
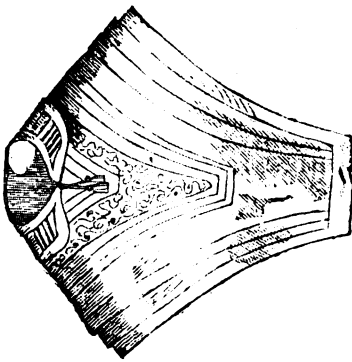
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## BOTH TO BLAME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Of course, both are to blame."

"Of course. You may always set that down as certain when you see two persons who have formerly been on good terms fall out with each other. For my part, I never take sides in these matters. I listen to what both have to say, and make due allowance for the wish of either party to make his or her own story appear most favorable."

Thus we heard two persons settling a matter of difference between a couple of their friends, and it struck us at the time as not being exactly the true way in all cases. In disputes and differences, there are no doubt times when both are *equally* to blame; most generally, however, one party is *more* to blame than the other. And it not unfrequently happens that one party to a difference is not at all to blame, but merely stands on a just and honorable defensive. The following story, which may or may not be from real life, will illustrate the latter position.

"Did you hear about Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Tarleton?" said one friend to another.

"No; what is the matter?"

"They are up in arms against each other."

"Indeed; it's the first I've heard of it. What is the cause?"

"I can hardly tell; but I know that they don't speak. Mrs. Tarleton complains bitterly against Mrs. Bates; and Mrs. Bates, they say, is just as bitter against her. For my part, I've come to the conclusion that both are to blame."

"There is no doubt of that. I never knew a case of this kind where both were not to blame."

"Nor I."

"But don't you know the ground of the difference?"

"They say it is about a head-dress."

"I'll be bound dress has something to do with it," grumbled out Mr. Brierly, the husband of one of the ladies, who sat reading a newspaper while they were talking.

"My husband is disposed to be a little severe on the ladies at times, but you mustn't mind him. I never do," remarked Mrs. Brierly, half sarcastically, although she looked at her husband with a smile as she spoke. "He thinks we care for nothing but dress. I tell him it is very well for him and the rest of the world that we have some little regard at least to such matters. I am sure if I didn't think a good deal about dress, he and the children would soon look like scare-crows."

Mr. Brierly responded to this by a "Humph!" and resumed the perusal of his newspaper.

"It is said," resumed Mrs. Brierly, who had been asked to state the cause of the unhappy difference existing between the two ladies, "that Mrs. Bates received from her sister in New York a new and very beautiful head-dress, which had been obtained through a friend in Paris. Mrs. Tarleton wanted it very badly, and begged Mrs. Bates for the pattern; but she refused to let her have it, because a grand party was to be given by the Listons in a few weeks, and she wanted to show it off there herself. Mrs. Tarleton, however, was not going to take 'no' for an answer; she had set her heart upon the head-dress and must have it. You know what a persevering woman she is when she takes anything into her head. Well, she called in almost every day to see Mrs. Bates, and every time she would have something to say about the head-dress, and ask to see it. In this way she got the pattern of it so perfectly in her mind that she was able to direct a milliner how to make her one precisely like it. All unknown to Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Tarleton came to the party wearing this new style of head-dress, which made her so angry when she discovered it, that she insulted Mrs. Tarleton openly, and then retired from the company."

"Is it possible!"

"That, I believe, is about the truth of the whole matter. I have sifted it pretty closely."

"Well, I declare! I was at the party, but I saw nothing of this. I remember Mrs. Tarleton's head-dress, however, very well. It certainly was very beautiful, and has become quite fashionable since."

"Yes, and is called by some the Tarleton head-dress, from the first wearer of it."

"This no doubt galls Mrs. Bates severely. They say she is a vain woman."

"It is more than probable that this circumstance has widened the breach."

"I must say," remarked the other lady, "that Mrs. Tarleton did not act well."

"No, she certainly did not. At the same time, I think Mrs. Bates was served perfectly right for her selfish vanity. It wouldn't have hurt her at all if there had been two or three head-dresses there of exactly the pattern of hers. But extreme vanity always gets mortified, and in this case I think justly so."

"Besides, it was very unladylike to insult Mrs. Tarleton in public."

"Yes, or anywhere else. She should have taken no notice of it whatever. A true lady, under circumstances of this kind, seems perfectly

unaware of what has occurred. She shuns, with the utmost carefulness, any appearance of an affront at so trivial a matter, even if she feels it."

Such was the opinion entertained by the ladies in regard to the misunderstanding, as some others called it, that existed between Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Tarleton. Both were considered to blame, and nearly equally so; but whether the parties really misunderstood their own or each other's true position will be seen when the truth appears.

Mrs. Bates did receive, as has been stated, a beautiful head-dress from a sister in New York, who had obtained it from a friend in Paris. The style was quite attractive, though neither unbecoming nor showy. Mrs. Bates had her own share of vanity, and wished to appear at a large party soon to take place, in this head-dress, where she knew it must attract attention. Although a little vain, a fault that we can easily excuse in a handsome woman, Mrs. Bates had a high sense of justice and right, and possessed all a lady's true delicacy of feeling.

The head-dress, after being admired, was laid aside for the occasion referred to. A few days afterwards, Mrs. Tarleton, an acquaintance, dropped in.

"I have something beautiful to show you," said Mrs. Bates, after she had chatted awhile with her visitor.

"Indeed! What is it?"

"The sweetest head-dress you ever saw. My sister sent it to me from New York, and she had it direct from a friend in Paris, where it was all the fashion. Mine I believe to be the only one yet received in the city, and I mean to wear it at Mrs. Liston's party."

"Do let me see it," said Mrs. Tarleton, all alive with expectation. She had an extravagant love of dress, and was an exceedingly vain woman.

The head-dress was produced. Mrs. Tarleton lifted her hands and eyes.

"The loveliest thing I ever saw! Let me try it on," she said, laying off her bonnet and taking the head-dress from the hands of Mrs. Bates. "Oh, it is sweet! I never looked so well in anything in my life," she continued, viewing herself in the glass. "I wish I could beg it from you; but that I haven't the heart to do."

Mrs. Bates smiled and shook her head, but made no reply.

"Here, you put it on, and let me see how you look in it," went on Mrs. Tarleton, removing the cap from her own head and placing it upon that of her friend. "Beautiful! How well it becomes you! You must let me have the pattern. We can wear them together at the party. Two will attract more attention than one."

"I am sorry to deny you," replied Mrs. Bates, "but I think I shall have to be alone in my glory this time."

"Indeed, you must let me have the pattern, Mrs. Bates. I never saw anything in my life

that pleased me so much, nor anything in which I looked so well. I have been all over town for a head-dress without finding anything I would wear. If you don't let me have one like yours, I do not know what I will do. Come now, say yes, that is a dear."

But Mrs. Bates said no as gently as she could. It was asking of her too much. She had set her heart upon appearing in that head-dress as something new and beautiful, and could not consent to share the distinction, especially with Mrs. Tarleton, for whom, although a friend, she entertained not the highest esteem, and for the reason that Mrs. Tarleton had rather a vulgar mind, and lacked a lady's true perceptions of propriety.

"Well, I must say you are a selfish woman," returned Mrs. Tarleton, good-humoredly, and yet meaning what she said. "It wouldn't do you a bit of harm to let me have the pattern, and would gratify me more than I can tell."

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Mrs. Bates to this, with a reluctant effort that was readily perceived by her visitor, "I will give you the head-dress and let you wear it, as long as you seem to have set your heart so upon it."

"Oh no, no; you know I wouldn't do that. But it seems strange that you are not willing for us to wear the same head-dress."

The indelicate pertinacity of her visitor annoyed Mrs. Bates very much, and she replied to this rather more seriously than she had before spoken.

"The fact is, Mrs. Tarleton," she said, "this head-dress is one that cannot fail to attract attention. I have several very intimate friends, between whom and myself relations of even a closer kind exist than have yet existed between you and me. If I give you the pattern of this cap and the privilege of wearing it with me for the first time it is seen in this city, these friends will have just cause to think hard of me for passing them by. This is a reason that would inevitably prevent me from meeting your wishes, even if I were indifferent about appearing in it myself alone."

"I suppose I must give it up, then," said Mrs. Tarleton, in a slightly disappointed tone.

"As I said before," returned Mrs. Bates, "I will defer the matter entirely to you. You shall have the head-dress and I will choose some other one."

"Oh no; I couldn't think of such a thing," returned Mrs. Tarleton. "That is more than I ought to ask or you to give."

"It is the best I can do," Mrs. Bates said, with a quiet smile.

"Sister," said Mrs. Tarleton, on returning home, "you can't imagine what a sweet head-dress Mrs. Bates has just received from Paris through her sister in New York. It is the most unique and beautiful thing I ever saw. I tried hard for the pattern, but the selfish creature wouldn't let me have it. She is keeping it for

the Listons' party, where it will be the admiration of every one."

"What is it like?"

"Oh, I can't begin to describe it. It is altogether novel. I wish now I had asked her to let me bring it home to show it to you."

"I wish you had. You must go there again and get it for me."

"I believe I will call in again to-morrow. Perhaps she will have thought better of it by that time, and changed her mind. At any rate, if not, I will ask her to let me bring it home and show it to you."

This was done. Mrs. Bates did not object to letting Mrs. Tarleton take the head-dress and show it to her sister, for she had the fullest confidence that she would not do anything with it that she knew was against her wishes, which had been clearly expressed.

The sister of Mrs. Tarleton was in raptures with the head-dress.

"It is right down mean and selfish in Mrs. Bates not to let you have the pattern," she said. "What a vain woman she must be. I always thought better of her."

"So did I. But this shows what she is."

"If I were you," remarked the sister, "I would have it in spite of her. It isn't *her* pattern, that she need pretend to hold it so exclusive. It is a Paris fashion, and anybody else may get it just as well as she. She has no property in it."

"No, of course not."

"Then while you have the chance, take it to Madame Pinto and get her to make you one exactly like it."

"I have a great mind to do it; it would serve her perfectly right."

"I wouldn't hesitate a moment," urged the sister. "At the last party, Mrs. Bates managed to have on something new that attracted every one and threw others into the shade. I wouldn't let her have another such triumph."

Thus urged by her sister, Mrs. Tarleton yielded to the evil counsel, which was seconded by her own heart. The head-dress was taken to Madame Pinto, who, after a careful examination of it, said that she would make one exactly similar for Mrs. Tarleton. After charging the milliner over and over again to keep the matter a profound secret, Mrs. Tarleton went away and returned the head-dress to Mrs. Bates. It had been in her possession only a couple of hours.

Mrs. Pinto was a fashionable milliner and dress-maker, and was patronized by the most fashionable people in the city, Mrs. Bates among the rest. The latter had called in the aid of this woman in the preparation of various little matters of dress to be worn at the party. Three or four days after Mrs. Tarleton's visit to Mrs. Pinto with the head-dress, Mrs. Bates happened in at the milliner's, who, during their consultation, about various little matters of dress, drew the lady aside, saying—"I've got something that I

know I can venture to show you. It's for the party, and the loveliest thing you ever saw."

As she said this she took from a box a facsimile of Mrs. Bates' own beautiful head-dress, and held it up with looks of admiration.

"Isn't it sweet?" she said.

"It is the most beautiful head-dress I ever saw," replied Mrs. Bates, concealing her surprise. "Who is it for?"

"It's a secret, but I can tell *you*. It is for Mrs. Tarleton."

"Ah! Where did she get the pattern?"

"I don't know; she brought it here, but said she couldn't leave it for the world. I had to study it all out, and then make it from my recollection of the pattern."

"The pattern did not belong to her?"

"Oh no. Somebody had it who was going to show it off at the party, she said; but she meant to surprise her."

"Have you any new patterns for head-dresses not chosen by the ladies who have made selections of you for Mrs. Liston's party?" asked Mrs. Bates, not seeming to notice the reply of Mrs. Pinto.

"Oh yes, ma'am, a good many;" and half-a-dozen really handsome head-dresses were shown—none, however, that pleased her half so well as the one she was about throwing aside. She suited herself from the assortment shown her, and directed it to be sent home.

Mrs. Bates felt justly outraged at the conduct of Mrs. Tarleton, but she did not speak of what had taken place, except to one or two very intimate friends and to her husband. The evening of the party at length arrived. Mrs. Tarleton was there a little earlier than Mrs. Bates, in all the glory of her ungenerous triumph. The beautiful head-dress she wore attracted every eye, and in the admiration won by the display of her taste, she lost all the shame she had felt in anticipation of meeting Mrs. Bates, to whom her meanness and dishonesty would be at once apparent.

At length she saw this lady enter the parlors by the side of her husband, and noticed with surprise that her head-dress was entirely different from the one she wore. The truth flashed across her mind. Mrs. Pinto had betrayed her secret, and Mrs. Bates, justly outraged by what had occurred, had thrown aside her beautiful cap and selected another.

Now Mrs. Bates was a woman whom Mrs. Tarleton would be sorry to offend seriously, because her position in certain circles was undoubted, while her own was a little questionable. The fact that Mrs. Bates had declined wearing so beautiful a head-dress because she had obtained one of the same pattern by unfair means, made her fear that serious offence had been given, and dashed her spirits at once. She was not long left in doubt. Before ten minutes had elapsed she was thrown into immediate contact with Mrs. Bates, from whom she received a polite but cold bow.

Mrs. Tarleton was both hurt and offended at this, and immediately after the party, commenced talking about it and mis-stating the whole transaction, so as not to appear so much to blame as she really was. Mrs. Bates, on the contrary, said little on the subject, except to a few very intimate friends, and to those who made free to ask her about it, to whom she said, after giving fairly the cause of complaint against Mrs. Tarleton—"I spoke to her coldly because I wished our more intimate acquaintance to cease. Her conduct was unworthy of a lady, and therefore I cannot and will not consider her among my friends. No apologies, if she would even make them, could change the wrong spirit from which she acted, or make her any more worthy of my confidence, esteem or love."

"But you will surely forgive her?" said one.

"The wrong done to me I am ready enough to forgive, for it is but a trifling matter; but the violation of confidence and departure from a truly honest principle, of which she has been guilty, I cannot forgive, for they are not sins against me, but against Heaven's first and best laws."

But this did not satisfy some. Persons calling themselves mutual friends strove hard to reconcile what they were pleased to call a misunderstanding, in which "both were to blame." But it availed not. To their interference, Mrs. Bates usually replied—"If it will be any satisfaction to Mrs. Tarleton to be recognized by me and treated kindly and politely in company, I will

most cheerfully yield her all that; but I cannot feel towards her as heretofore, because I have been deceived in her, and find her to be governed by principles that I cannot approve. We can never again be on terms of intimacy."

But it was impossible to make some understand the difference between acting from principle and wounded pride. The version given by Mrs. Tarleton was variously modified as it passed from mouth to mouth, until it made Mrs. Bates almost as much to blame as herself, and finally, as the coldness continued until all intercourse at last ceased, it was pretty generally conceded, except by a very few, that "both were about equally to blame."

The reader can now make up his own mind on the subject from what has been related. For our part, we do not think Mrs. Bates at all to blame in at once withdrawing herself from intimate association with such a woman as Mrs. Tarleton showed herself to be, and we consider that a false charity which would seek to interfere with or set aside the honest indignation which should always be felt in similar cases of open betrayal of confidence and violation of honest and honorable principles.

We have chosen a very simple and commonplace incident upon which to "hang a moral." But it is in the ordinary pursuits of business and pleasure where the true character is most prone to exhibit itself, and we must go there if we would read the book of human life aright.

## TO EDGAR A. POE.

BY THE LYNN BARD.

I READ thy "Song of the Raven," Poe:  
The thrilling notes of its magic flow  
Sunk into my heart, like the summer rain  
In the thirsty earth, till it glowed again.

When I read the first lines of that wondrous song,  
That doth to a brighter world belong,  
I said—no poet of Freedom's land  
On the summit of such a height can stand.

'Tis a clime of supernal ether rare,  
No mortal poet can breathe and bear;  
And he must make, in his sad confusion,  
A "most lame and impotent conclusion."

Another verse, and I seemed to stand  
On the verge of limitless Fairy Land,  
While spirits were passing to and fro,  
And the earth lay far and dark below.

Then I went higher, and higher still,  
O'er the summit of many a star-crowned hill,  
Through the trackless realms of immortal mind,  
Which the sons of song alone can find.

Could I have my choice of the treasured lore  
Of classic land, I would give more  
The author of that strange song to be,  
Than of volumes of unread casuistry.

There are hearts so cold they may never feel  
The thrills which the harp's fine strings reveal;  
But while my life's warm pulses flow,  
I bless thy name and thy memory, Poe.

A thousand brilliant years may flit,  
And still that classic bird will sit,  
As he sat in the golden days of yore,  
On the bust of Pallas above the door.

A thousand strains may rise and sink  
In the bubbles of old Castalia's brink—  
But thy lay shall float by Song's bright shore,  
On the countless tides of "EVERMORE."

And many a heart in this dark, cold world,  
From its throne of sweet affection hurled,  
As it cons that strange, wild ballad o'er,  
Will sigh for its own loved, lost Lenore.

## THE LINDLEYS; OR, HABITS AND HAVINGS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

THERE needs a vast deal of kindly philosophy to live in a country where property is infinitely subdivided by law, as well as constantly changing hands by the fluctuation of circumstances. We Americans ought to be the most prudent people in the world, but unfortunately we are anything else. Habits and means are continually at war; habits of expense struggling with poverty, habits of economy made to seem and to be meanness, or changed into the wildest and most selfish extravagance by the acquisition of wealth. Everybody aspires to everything, and this limitless competition, which is a blessing when properly understood, becomes a curse when it is suffered to induce a universal restlessness, making content a thing unknown among us. Ceaseless labor, angry and envious repining, and wasted lives and broken hearts, are the consequence in one class; while almost equally painful effort, pride, selfishness and hardness of heart are too apt to characterize the other. Every day's experience teems with examples of these errors. We will select an instance from the mass.

Mary Foster married very young and very well, though her father, a wealthy merchant, was not quite satisfied with the bridegroom's pecuniary condition. He himself beginning with nothing, and having been educated in habits of great economy, had acquired a large fortune, and with it the very highest appreciation of the blessings of money. Mr. Lindley was a young lawyer in good practice, belonging to a wealthy family, and sanguine in his anticipations of fame and fortune at the bar. But his income was as yet precarious, and Mr. Foster would have been better pleased if the marriage had been deferred until something solid had been acquired to begin upon. He was very indulgent, however, and could not bear to see a cloud on Mary's brow; so he gave her a handsome outfit, and the young couple commenced housekeeping in a style scarcely inferior to that of their parents.

Mr. Foster did not live to realize the half million which was the goal of his ambition, and when his estate came to be settled, and the property divided among a large family and a young second wife, for whom he provided handsomely, the portion of each child was but small in comparison with their *habits*. Lindley began to look a little grave when he found his wife's fortune so far less than he had anticipated. His father's family were living to the extent of their means, and therefore little likely to have any surplus; and he was talking very seriously of reform and retrench-

ment, when he himself, in the prime of his days, was stricken with illness, and after lingering a long time, died, leaving Mary, at thirty, a widow with five children.

Retrenchment now began in earnest, although it was far short of what it should have been. Six persons were to be supported in luxury on a moderate income which there was no present prospect of increasing; and this required all Mrs. Lindley's management, and more than all her economy. She did what she could, but she still struggled to maintain the appearance of style, making all sacrifices but that of show, and every year saw the struggle more and more difficult. A smaller house, fewer servants, less expensive dress, came down to a very small house, one servant, and dress that allowed no fashionable visiting—that is to say—to a style, which, if adopted at first, would have saved all anxiety; yet by the time the eldest son was ready to undertake business on his own account, very little capital was forthcoming for him to begin with. He was an excellent young man, however; and the house with which he had been several years as a clerk, received him as a partner on favorable terms, so that here seemed a gleam of sunshine.

Fanny Lindley, the eldest girl, was largely endowed with the "fatal gift of beauty," and although beauty is too common among us to be often the foundation of pecuniary speculation, as we are told it is abroad, she happened to attract the attention of a gentleman who, coming home very rich from South America, thought he could afford to please his fancy in a wife. He was not very young nor very handsome, but he had seen something of the world, possessed a good address, and was a most attentive lover; so we cannot wonder that Fanny, who had felt a thousand times that nothing but money was needed to make her mother's family perfectly happy, was, in time, persuaded to fancy herself in love too. We must do Mrs. Lindley the justice to say that she warned her daughter against mistaking her feelings, and laid before her the sin and misery of marrying for money; and if the poor widow did not plead quite so earnestly for the truth as she might have done if her fireside had been wider, it was weakness and not wickedness which induced her to sanction the sacrifice. Fanny was so lovely! and it seemed such a pity that she, who would adorn a palace, should be condemned to a penurious economy which seemed likely to become more and more strict and painful.



So Fanny Lindley became Fanny Winterfield—or rather, as we ought to say,—Mrs. Winterfield, since the accession of dignity that she acquired on that occasion should admonish us to be more respectful. An elegant house, furnished without regard to expense, a carriage or two, plenty of servants, and a wardrobe fit for an ambassadress, made no small change in the condition of Mrs. Lindley's eldest daughter, who, beautiful and accomplished as she was, had been accustomed for some years to look at these things only from a distance, with eyes that tried hard not to be envious. No wonder that Fanny became at once the supreme object of attention, admiration and *quotations* to her family. Mrs. Lindley, especially, was dazzled by this new glimpse of the expensive way of life in which she had herself been educated. "Happy Fanny," she said every day.

"Make haste, Anne, and get the breakfast table out of the way, for Fanny is coming for me this morning to go shopping with her, and we look so poverty-stricken here, after her elegant Dresden set," said Mrs. Lindley one morning.

"Fanny is accustomed to our old breakfast things, mother," said Anne, who was a quiet, reasonable girl, and not having been brought up with her mother's expensive habits, found it easier to conform to her situation.

"Very true, my dear," said Mrs. Lindley, "but contrast is everything, you know. While Fanny saw no other, I dare say these seemed very comfortable; now, the case is altered. At any rate there is no need of thrusting these things before her. We ought to try to appear as well as possible, even for her sake."

Anne sighed, and occupied herself in making the tiny parlors as smart as their well-worn furniture would allow. Fanny came, all radiant with smiles, and looking so charming in her delicate morning-dress that her mother was ready to fall down and worship her. They spent the whole morning in shops of various descriptions, where the thousand "unconsidered trifles" that go to the perfecting of an elegant establishment were purchased, as well as several pretty articles of dress for Mrs. Lindley and Anne.

"Anne," said Mrs. Winterfield, as she threw a handsome lace pelerine over her sister's shoulders, "I want you to look as nice as can be, for Mr. Winterfield is going to invite a few of his friends, and wished me to ask you and mother, and I should be mortified to death if you did not appear as well as anybody. We are to have several people from the south, and a great heiress, who, I dare say, is not half so pretty as you."

So she ran on, but tears came to Anne's eyes. "Was there already such a difference? Had Fanny begun to measure her respectability by such a standard?"

She thanked Fanny for the pelerine, but thought within herself that it would cut but a sorry figure over a faded silk, which was the only dress she

could muster for a small party. Mrs. Lindley, in her usual dress of black, always looked lady-like at least.

The evening came, and Fanny received her mother and sister with her usual affection, and her guests with a gentle grace which delighted her husband. They were very gay people and overpoweringly drest. Anne began to think she might have worn her bridesmaid costume. Lace, velvet, diamonds—such splendor! Not much conversation, to be sure, but a good deal of talk and some music. Miss Vinton, "the great heiress," as Mrs. Winterfield whispered to Anne, was persuaded to sing, and after giving her bouquet to one gentleman, her elegant downy fan to another, and her gloves to a third, tucking her embroidered kerchief in the most approved manner under the music-book, and shaking the blood out of her hands by an upward movement not a little practised on such occasions, she began. Anne Lindley was observing all this, yet she started involuntarily at the first burst of song. It was as if some very heavy person had trodden upon a dog's foot. Such a note! or rather succession of notes! The strain grew more human after a while, and the bravura concluded with the usual operatic close, which requires the support of an orchestra at least.

"Splendid, is it not?" said Fanny to her sister. "Miss Vinton has taken lessons of B—and Q—and Z—ever since she could reach an octave. Her education has cost thousands!"

Poor Fanny! she had learned the vulgar estimate, even of music.

Anne was asked to sing, and complied with her usual modest self-possession, but her delicate pathetic songs seemed faded and insipid (to that company), after Miss Vinton's. Fanny felt quite mortified. "Anne was so tame," she said to her husband afterwards. "She was quite put down by Miss Vinton."

This evening, the first they had spent at Fanny's with company, concluded not without its mortifications to Anne and her mother. There was a sense of estrangement which they could hardly account for, and which they did not mention to each other, although each felt it keenly. Some particulars, however, they did mention, though they forbore to carry out the deductions.

"I think Mr. Winterfield might have sent us home in the carriage, or at least sent for one, if he did not choose to have out his own in the rain," said Mrs. Lindley, as she sat with Anne talking over the party before what had been a fire.

"It rained but little," Anne said, "and perhaps Mr. Winterfield did not know that it rained at all."

"Oh, yes—he knew it; for I heard him, when he saw Miss Vinton to the door, call for an umbrella, although she declared it was not necessary. He did not see us to the door."

"He considered us as belonging to the family,"

said Anne, against her conscience, for she knew very well that her brother-in-law's manner bespoke anything else.

"Ah! my dear Anne," said poor Mrs. Lindley, with a deep sigh, "you must not expect Fanny will feel as she has done towards her own family. Did you notice how secretly she gave me the cake for the boys? It was as if she smuggled it, for fear her servants should see it. If it had not been for some such feeling, she would have sent a servant with it, instead of giving it to me to carry."

This may serve as a specimen of the intercourse between Fanny and her family, after the wide separation of their fortunes. There had been a vague notion that riches, even to one member of the family, would prove a blessing to all; yet here were heart-burnings and disappointed affection on one side, and frequent mortification and vexation on the other. It was not that the Lindleys wished to share Mr. Winterfield's fortune, or to be burdensome to him in any way; but that they were wholly unprepared for the distinction which instantly arose between the rich and poor members of the same family. Mrs. Winterfield tried hard to make it otherwise, and resisted, as far as possible, the estranging influences of her situation; but she had her husband to please, and it pleased him to make the most of his wealth in every way for his own gratification. The difference between Fanny's appearance and her sister's secretly gratified him, for he was a mean man, though not an essentially vicious one. He loved to confer a favor now and then, but it must be something that *told*. He held it to be miserable economy of means which allowed bounty or kindness to flow in a thousand scarce perceptible channels, increasing comfort but not making itself evident as bounty, like the stream

That by a livelier green  
Betrays its silent course, itself unseen—

And he watched Fanny very closely, lest she should subtract something from her own expenses in order to be generous to her sister. Indeed, he became, after a while, so wary, that, instead of supplying his wife with money, he desired her to buy whatever she wished and have the bills made out in full and sent to him, observing that it was more convenient to him to pay in checks. So that Mrs. Winterfield, whatever may have been her inclination, had no opportunity of practising her little self-denials which would have enabled her to lighten her mother's cares, and to lessen the too obvious difference between the condition of the families. With the ingenuity of real affection, Fanny tried another mode of making her wealth of some little advantage to her mother. She wished Mr. Winterfield to invite Anne to reside with them, knowing that, however reluctant Mrs. Lindley might be to part with her, she would not hesitate if such an advantage were offered. But

being aware of her husband's foible of ostentation, she endeavored to make the suggestion come from himself, and only observed how well fitted Anne was to grace any society, and the pity that she should be so secluded. Mr. Winterfield assented to all this, but remarked that young women, after all, were none the better for being too much in company, and declared he had no doubt Anne would "catch" some rich man yet. Fanny bit her lip, and scarce avoided expressing what she felt at this reply. A little reflection enabled her to pursue her point for her sister's sake, and she changed the mode of attack, saying plainly that it would be a great relief to her mother if Anne were provided for. Mr. Winterfield made no reply, but seemed very much absorbed in getting at a secret drawer in his escritoire.

"I do not know but poor Anne will be obliged to attempt giving music lessons," pursued Fanny, determined to have an answer from her prudent lord.

"Music lessons? the very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Winterfield; "what a capital idea! how came anything so practical into your head, Fanny? That will be the best possible way of getting back part of the money that your mother has —" he paused for a word, he was going to say "squandered," but changed it to "lavished" — "has lavished on her education. I will give her my two nieces to begin with, and they can recommend her to everybody!"

The practical man was so pleased with the plan, that he did not notice Fanny's evident mortification at being thus promptly taken at her word. He lost no time in proposing it to Anne, saying that as his nieces must have a teacher, it would be necessary for her to decide immediately. Thus urged, Anne, who had had some floating thoughts of making the effort for her mother's sake, resolved upon beginning at once, and in spite of Mrs. Lindley's reluctance, she commenced with the two little girls the very next week, though her mother felt sure, to the last moment, that Fanny never would permit such a sacrifice while she was living in the greatest magnificence.

Fanny wept with vexation, but she was powerless. Her husband had that sort of quiet, self-complacent determination which walks over everybody else's will without an apparent effort, and he held the purse-strings with so firm a hand, that he secured a deference that almost amounted to awe, from all about him. Anne felt it, perhaps, less than anybody, especially after she found she could support herself, and enjoyed the independence which is the natural consequence of that discovery. Mr. Winterfield felt her glance sometimes, when he said or did anything particularly little, and she occasionally took her own part in a way that made him stare.

"I told Fanny she might give you her purple mantilla," said he, one day, to Anne; "she has just received one I ordered for her from Paris."

"Thank you," said Anne, "but I have no occasion for it."

"I am sure it looks a great deal better than your shawl," retorted Mr. Winterfield, rather angrily.

"Perhaps so," said Anne, "but I like the shawl best."

She spoke civilly enough, but the least show of spirit was so new to Mr. Winterfield, that he was not a little discomposed. But a far greater trial of his temper was in store. A bachelor friend of his, just returned from South America, and come home, like himself, determined to enjoy to the uttermost the golden ingots he had collected there, visited frequently at his house, and there saw and was pleased with Anne's elegant manners and appearance, as well as her musical abilities, which were often in requisition at Mr. Winterfield's. Mr. Winterfield immediately undertook to make a match; put on a patronizing air with regard to Anne, criticized her dress with a mysterious, business-like face, and even presented her with several articles that were not second-hand, which he thought would improve her appearance. The matter went on for some time without attracting Miss Lindley's notice. She observed that her brother-in-law was disposed to be unusually gracious; and always wishing, for her sister's sake, to be on good terms with him, she met him half way, and was equally obliging. She allowed herself to be seated with Mr. Broughton at chess or at piquet, or to be placed by his side in the carriage for a drive, without ever supposing anything but that she was assisting Fanny to be civil to her husband's old friend. Mr. Broughton was to her a comfortable, dull bachelor, whose florid countenance bespoke high living, and whose puffy walk betrayed a rather disproportioned obesity—and nothing more. She never gave him a thought beyond this ordinary notice. But by and by Mr. Winterfield's "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" became too palpable, and Anne, waking up, saw through the whole game. From this time, neither artifice, argument nor persuasion could induce her to enter Mr. Winterfield's house at any hour of the day when the bachelor beau could possibly be there, and when he called at Mrs. Lindley's, he never saw anybody but that lady herself.

Mr. Winterfield was outrageous. He inveighed against Anne's ridiculous pride, and prophesied it would have a fall; reproached her with the trouble he had thrown away upon this capital scheme, and even with the money he had spent in furtherance of it. This brought matters to a crisis. Anne sent back in disdain every article he had ever given her, and was only deterred by her sister's tears and entreaties from resolving never to enter his house again. While things were in this unhappy state, Mr. Broughton made a rather pompous proffer of his heart and hand, which were civilly but decidedly declined by Miss Lindley.

This was a sad disappointment to poor Mrs. Lindley, who had all along cherished a hope that Anne would yet be induced to look with favor upon her wealthy suitor. Strange that a mother, after seeing the little happiness brought by a large estate to her eldest daughter, could yet covet a similar lot for the younger. Yet how common is this inconsistency? Anne, with her spirit, her talent, her elegance, would make such a magnificent woman, if she were only placed in a proper position?

Anne had another suitor, far less agreeable to her mother, but a good deal more acceptable to herself; and Mrs. Lindley's constant fear was that Anne would "throw herself away" upon Henry Carr.

"He will never be rich," Mrs. Lindley would say; "he buys books, he takes no interest in politics, and he is an enthusiast. Enthusiasts never make money."

"Perhaps they need it less than other men, dear mother," said Anne.

"How so? does not everybody need money?"

"Certainly; but I have observed that those whose pleasures are from within—that is, I mean, independent of others, need less."

"What strange ideas you have, Anne! as if anybody that is poor can be happy."

"Do you think Mr. Winterfield is happier than Henry Carr, mother?"

"Why—I do not know—he does not seem so, certainly. But then Mr. Winterfield has so many cares! He is harassed to death by his agents and his debtors, and people about business. If it were not for that he has everything to make him happy, I am sure."

"Henry Carr supports his mother and sisters by his own unassisted efforts; yet he has more leisure, and, I really believe, far more enjoyment, than Mr. Winterfield."

"He has made you believe so, Anne, because he would persuade you to marry him."

"Dear mother," said Anne, with emotion, "I will never marry him nor anybody else while I am necessary to your comfort."

"But," insisted Mrs. Lindley, "why couldn't you accept Mr. Broughton, then?"

"Would it add to your comfort to have me as Fanny is, mother? separated from us almost as if she had never been one of your flock, and herself daily more and more enslaved to what she, or her husband for her, calls her 'duties to society.' When you are ill, who would nurse you, if I had a husband like Mr. Winterfield, whose selfish maxim, that a lady's place is her own parlor, never allows Fanny even to spend a day with you?"

"Mr. Winterfield is certainly very exacting—but Mr. Broughton is a very different person—"

"Yes—a *bon vivant*, with no more conversation than an automaton; who drinks more glasses of wine than he speaks words at the dinner-table. To hope for kindness or sympathy from such a

man would be madness. But, dear mother, once for all, I can never marry for an establishment, and if I ever marry at all——”

“It will be Henry Carr! I thought so! and live in poverty all your life!”

“I will not marry to live in poverty—I will not marry while there are any fears of it; so be content, mother, and do not urge me to leave you.”

Anne was as good as her word. Mr. Carr's sisters married, and his mother went to reside with one of them, but Anne still taught music and remained the main stay of her mother's household. Her eldest brother had been unfortunate, and obliged to begin the world anew. The younger ones were educated as well as very narrow means would allow; and they were now seeking employment—a search in which so many young men of what are called “good families” spend months and years of depressing anxiety. They have a “position” to support; friends and relatives whose pride will be wounded by their adopting any profession below a certain grade; yet this consideration, while it serves to embarrass their choice, does nothing towards providing them with subsistence. Old Mr. Lindley offered to do something for them if they would go to sea, but they were both averse to this, and the old gentleman declined interfering further in their fortunes. He was one of those who think it absurd for people of no property to have either opinions or feelings. By the aid of Mr. Carr, however, they at last procured tolerably eligible situations, and Mrs. Lindley had the satisfaction of seeing all her sons doing well, though with small prospect of the “fortune” for which she had always sighed.

It was not long before Mr. Broughton found his addresses more acceptable in another quarter, and, as soon as he was married, Anne became again a visitor at Mr. Winterfield's, but she could not but perceive that even her sister felt less cordially towards her after this unlucky incident. Fanny was gradually becoming a good deal moulded by her husband's force of character, and she learned to think with him, that such pride in one situated as Anne was, was quite absurd. If she had been asked whether happiness had been the result of her own marriage, the question would, perhaps, have embarrassed her not a little; yet she would probably have concluded by answering in the affirmative, since the appliances of wealth had become so necessary to her that the thought of happiness without them scarcely entered her mind. Her husband treated her kindly, at least as kindly as was consistent with the complete merging of her character and wishes in his. If she had ventured upon opposition, we might have had a different story to tell. As it was, she believed herself at least “as happy as married women generally are”—a sad estimate! Can it be the true one?

Mrs. Winterfield had a family of daughters, some of whom were now growing old enough to begin what was technically called their “educa-

tion;” and governesses, and masters, and stocks, and braces, and all the paraphernalia of nature-extinguishers were in requisition to make the Miss Winterfields all that young ladies of large expectation should be. Aunt Anne was of great use in all these matters, although her instructions in music, thoroughly excellent as they were, were not considered “stylish” enough for her nieces. Mrs. Winterfield said, “Everybody has Z—— now. A young lady's reputation as a performer depends upon having Z——.” This was, of course, somewhat disadvantageous to Anne, as the world soon began to fancy that if her teaching were just what it should be, Mr. Winterfield would certainly allow her to instruct his daughters. Anne felt this, but she none the less cheerfully lent her aid to her sister in the care of the young people, who had now become her only thought. The children Mr. Winterfield considered as a part of his own dear self, and insisted that every thing should be sacrificed to them, so that Fanny, worn down and prematurely old with care and confinement, became almost a cipher in her own house.

At thirty, and not before, Anne Lindley ventured to marry, and Mr. Winterfield took the opportunity to disclaim all connection with her. “Such folly—such insanity,” he said, in his sister-in-law, “to disgrace herself by a marriage so decidedly beneath her—with a person not known in society!” He charged Fanny to break off all intercourse with her sister, and but for shame's sake would have extended the proscription to the rest of the family. Fanny, no longer the Fanny of former years, made no resistance to this decree, and, more and more absorbed in her own affairs, or rather those of her husband and children, seldom saw even her mother.

But Mr. Winterfield, although, as he often boasted, he was his “own insurer,” and although he always seemed to think himself raised above all the ills of life, found his beloved thousands inefficient to resist the intrusion of disease. His affairs calling him to South America, he was there seized with a fever, and died after a short illness. His remains were brought home, and laid in the earth with so much pomp that it seemed a pity he could not have witnessed the ceremony. The mourning, too, was of the most profound kind. Such loads of crape and bombazine as bespoke the desolation of that household! Even the Italian greyhound, that was the bosom-companion of Miss Isidora, had his blue ribbon exchanged for a black one, and the new letter-paper ordered for the occasion was imbued with grief to the depth of half an inch.

But the will! It was a singular one, though perhaps not inconsistent with the character of Mr. Winterfield. His immense estate was left entirely to his three daughters, who, the testator was certain, would provide properly for their mother! This was undoubtedly a device to exclude Fanny's family, since Mr. Winterfield, if

he had made any provision for his widow, could not in decency have made less than a handsome one, and he feared that Fanny might, even after all his tuition, have been disposed to share it in some measure with her relatives.

By the present arrangement all such fear was excluded. The daughters had been brought up in the most intense selfishness, and from the time they were made acquainted with the tenor of their father's will, their extravagance knew no bounds. The elder ones were soon emancipated from all control of their mother, and contrived to make her very bread bitter by their undutiful conduct. Fanny, whose character had been crushed under the iron rule of Mr. Winterfield, ceased to attempt the regulation of affairs, and the three girls became, in succession, the prey of dissolute fortune-hunters. The great house, the scene of

Fanny's first splendor, was sold, with all its rich furniture, and she who had once exulted in being its mistress, was without a home. Now was the time for Henry Carr, the "enthusiast," who never was and never will be rich, to open his doors to his wife's sister, and make her an honored member of his family, with the mere chance of a pittance from her graceless daughters. He, who never had an expensive piece of furniture in his house, could afford to be generous, and his wife, whose dress was noted for its extreme simplicity, always found the wherewithal to clothe some who were less fortunate than herself. Mrs. Lindley's family learned at last to accommodate their wishes to their havings, and the old lady herself confessed, that, of all her children, not one had been so unfortunate as she whom they all once called "Happy Fanny!"

## SPRING.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

Thou art hastening onward, Spring—  
Onward on a joyous wing;  
Thou dost make the forest ring  
With thy infant glee!  
With thy beauty and thy bloom,  
With thy sweetness and perfume,  
From old Winter's cheerless gloom  
Comes wild minstrelsy.

Birds are singing from the trees,  
Music floating on the breeze—  
Like a prince o'erlooking these  
Steps the bright sun out;

Smilingly he looks on earth,  
Meeting there that glance of mirth—  
Freely gush the waters forth  
With a joyous shout.

Spring! we love thee for thy beams,  
For thy free, rejoicing streams,  
And the spirit-stirring dreams  
Resting on thy wing:  
For thy life-reviving showers—  
For thy incense-breathing flowers,  
And thy happy laden hours,  
We will bless the Spring.

## PENCILINGS.

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

INCENSE and rosy light were pour'd  
From the golden urn of day,  
And the flash of Aurora's chariot wheels  
Had melted the night away,  
And gilded the mountain-peaks with fire,  
Bright'ning the hill-tops and village spire.

The sun declin'd—a hill of clouds  
Rose towering, edged with flame—  
Swift from their dark, revolving folds,  
Red lightning swiftly came,  
While ruin grim, with shadowy form,  
Drove thundering on the red-wing'd storm.

It pass'd—the bow of peace appear'd,  
Radiant with heavenly dyes—  
An arch of glory in the east,

Bending along the skies,  
Like a trail of melting splendors bright,  
Left glowing after an angel's flight.

It faded—at the close of day  
The broad sun sunk to rest,  
Where clouds were pencil'd in crimson bars,  
Afair in the gorgeous west,  
And the glow on the wall of heaven was bright  
As the golden portals to endless light.

Night darken'd round—the lights were hung  
In heaven, star after star,  
Like golden lamps round the throne of God,  
In the azure vault afar—  
While the moon uprose, full orb'd and pale,  
And threw o'er the landscape a silver veil.

## MAIZE-IN-MILK.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

(Continued from page 152)

AND never did a Christmas morning dawn more cheerily on human eyes than did this, so much looked for at "Maize-in-Milk," in St. Mathews. The harmony of heart within, seemed to lend its aspect to the outer world; and though at sunrise a heavy white frost lay upon the fields and woods, yet the day was sweetly mild and the atmosphere vigorous and bracing. The song birds are seldom forest birds. They fly to the shelter and countenance of man, from the deep thickets where the hostile vermin keep shelter. Perhaps there is an intellectual consciousness which they feel that the human is the most justly appreciative audience. So, the smaller birds of game harbor only in the neighborhood of fields which are cultivated by man, not for the reason assigned by M. Chateaubriand, but simply because these furnish most readily the food which they desire; and because, here, also, in the neighborhood of human habitations, they are less likely to fall victims to the prowling owl and fox or the vigilant hawk. Now the proprietors of "Maize-in-Milk" had, from time immemorial, been disposed to acknowledge the confidence which the feathered tribes thus tacitly seemed to repose in their forbearance; and, in the immediate proximity of the homestead, no hostile gun was permitted to ruffle a bird's feathers. The song-birds laughed merrily at noon-tide and morning in the roof-tree, and had no apprehension, and the partridge led her young along the roadside, skirting the hedge of box and myrtle, having no fear of being thought a trespasser. Our Christmas morning, on the present occasion, was particularly distinguished by these free forest visitors, who came about the habitation, to the great delight of the guests, as if they not only were disposed to assert their privileges, but as if they knew that the season was one for Sunday clothes and merry-making. When poor old Kinsale rose, therefore, some time before the sun, and before any other of the household—for old age requires fewer hours for sleep than youth—very sweet and pleasant was the sight that greeted his aged eyes. Sitting in the great massive porch of the building, which faced the south, a wide lawn spread out before him covered with green trees. These were of the various sorts of oak and orange, with a sprinkling of laurel and other trees, most of which were aged like himself, but showing far greater proofs of vigor. Their heavy tops were populous

cities of song birds. Here the red-bird flourished, with his crimson tufts, satisfied with his glorious plumage and his brief but complacent note. Here was the imperial mock-bird, one of which, well known to the household, and fed with crumbs by the children—old Puck—very soon discerned a stranger in the portico, and was sending forth a short, sharp and querulous inquiry, which might be translated, "and who are you, my good fellow? and what do you want?" But, though pleased with the familiarity of the bird—for if there be anything which age most loves, it is society—old Kinsale was not the person to invite them by his presence. The summer of childhood is always most effectual, and, failing to conciliate the suspicions of old Puck, who hopped off at his call to one of his remotest twigs,—the old man turned his attention upon the great trees of the park, and finally, beyond them, to the open fields. It was the policy of the proprietor of "Maize-in-Milk" to maintain about his household, as much of the aspect of spring and freshness as he could. His fields on the right were accordingly covered with a vigorous growth of wheat, which, in his hands, was a crop of respectable production for Carolina. While his less considerate neighbors were satisfied to get but eight bushels of this luxuriant grain from the average acre, he, by skilful dressing, and the free use of lime, contrived to extract nearly thrice that quantity. On the opposite side was to be seen a broad tract of rye, green and growing, while beyond, on every hand, spread a wall of thickly wooded copse and forest, by which each of his fields was girdled, and through which lay pleasant walks and openings to the corn and cotton fields still farther distant. The settlements at "Maize-in-Milk," standing upon a hill, gave a very extensive view on every side. Looking from the rear of the dwelling, the eye might discern, a few miles off, the great gray tops of the cypress that looked forth from the dark recesses of the swamp. For these objects old Kinsale had an eye. They had harbored the aged man in the revolution from some of his tory neighbors.

But he was not suffered long to indulge in his solitary survey. Soon the children came skipping forth, Tom, Dick and Harry, each clamoring with new discoveries. Santa Claus visits us in the south, too, but under no such Dutch appella-

tion. We do not confound the day of St. Nicholas with that of Christmas, though we distinguish them, in the old houses, by similar customs borrowed, however, from our English ancestry. With us, the good genius of the nativity, in a merely social point of view, is good old Father Christmas himself. The benevolent old gray-beard makes his presents to the children, under this more seemly appellation. And the urchins are very well accustomed to look for his coming. They hang their stockings in the chimney-place, each with a sprig of ivy, or cassina, or holly, or sumach, either or all, in tribute to the venerable visitor. These he withdraws, and leaves in place of them such gifts as he deems best suited to the character and the deserts of his protégé. To some of these a bunch of hickories conveys a rebuke and threat, which by no means makes the coming of Father Christmas a merry one.

Our lads and lasses at "Maize-in-Milk" had done their best to merit, or, at all events, to receive the bounties of the ancient patron. Tom had hung his new boots, the first pair that had ever embraced his ankles, upon sticks pendant over the fender. Dick more ambitious of favor, had occupied a chair fronting the fire-place, with one or more suits of clothes, hat and shoes included, from each of which, capable of holding them, might be seen the protruding green and red of the sumach and the holly. Dick, without pockets to his breeches, had put his cap, shoes and stockings. The girls had also made provision for their guest. The tiny stockings of dear little Rose were placed conspicuously not to escape attention, while Mary Butler, Susan Bond and Bessy Clinton, had set their nice white baskets, beautifully dressed with flowers mingled with holly, on different sides of the fire-place in their chamber.

And now came forth the boys, each bounding tumultuously with his treasure, which had come with the dawn of Christmas. They had all slept with an eye open, eager to see what sort of visage the old man would put on. Dick swears he saw him, a big man, in a sort of white over-all or shirt, with a great basket on his arm, a great pair of horns on his head, and a long beard, like moss, hanging to his knees. Tom thinks he saw him, but is of opinion that he had on petticoats, and looked something like his mamma; while little Harry slept through it all. As for the girls we can only say that when asked what they saw, Bessy Clinton and Mary Butler smiled knowingly, but said nothing; while dear little Rose insists that Father Christmas was a big lady like her own mamma.

But for their gifts!—Old Kinsale had the first sight of these. The treasures of each were spread before him, and he was called upon to decide on their value. Tom emptied his boots to display a pair of spurs, a buck-handled knife and very pretty flagelet; with all of which he seemed very well contented. Dick held himself quite as lucky with one small qualification. His trophies were,

a knife also, but smaller than that of Tom's, a bag of marbles, an India-rubber ball, a *bilboketch*, or cup and ball, a joint-snake, and a bunch of hickory switches. There was something in every pocket or receptacle among his clothes, from which the holly sprig had been taken. Little Harry was quite satisfied with certain toys that leapt like frogs, barked like dogs, or rolled and grunted like hogs. He was also indulged in a tippy Turk, with his *chibouque*, manufactured in *papier maché*. The gifts of Father Christmas to the girls were in less doubtful taste. Dear little Rose had her toys, it is true; but Bessy Clinton found in her basket a beautifully bound copy of the common-prayer and a fine ladies' gold watch. A single sentence written in antique characters, evidently by King Christinasse himself, warned her to use the first gift properly that she might not lose the value of the second. Mary Butler had a ring with the initials of Bessy Clinton. Susan Bond was not forgotten. Her tribute of holly disappeared, and a very pretty musical-box, with a handsome set of chess-men, and a beautiful copy of Pilgrim's Progress, remained in place of it. The ancient sire had chosen judiciously. He knew the tastes of all parties and their deserts too. They were all satisfied equally with his liberality and justice; and, in their satisfaction with their treasures, the great gun was almost forgotten. Its sharp and loud report routed the rest of the sleeping household, and each urchin, lying in wait, made the house ring again as the several members came forth, with "Merry Christmas, papa! Merry Christmas, mamma!" "I've caught you,—I've caught you!" And this led to a new distribution of gifts. Father Christmas had done his duty, but the ordinary sire of the household must do his—and the mother and the sister and all;—and the custom did not confine these claims to the children, but extended to the house-servants, none of whom forgot that the advent of Father Christinasse, gave them claims upon *massa* and *missis*, which were to be urged early in the morning with vociferous cries, as soon as they should show their faces.

Before this rout had well subsided, the girls, Bessy Clinton, Mary Butler and Susan Bond, were busy at another and equally essential part of the ceremonies of the season. Each had a pile of eggs before her, and there were huge bowls and dishes spread out, and great vessels of sugar and a decanter of wine; and the eggs were broken, the whites emptied into the dish, the yolks into the bowl, and Susan Bond, seizing upon the bowl, began to beat away with a spoon like mad, stirring in every now and then a modicum of sugar with the yolks, till they lost their golden hue, and put on one more silvery and less rich. At the same time, our Bessy Clinton, even more busy, and at the more laborious process, was beating the white and mucilaginous portions of the egg into a thick foam of such final consistency that she could turn the vessel upside down with-

out losing a drop of the commodity. This was the standard point, which, once attained, the yolk and white were again to be united, the wine was to embrace the two in its ardent grasp, and the whole was then fit for the palate of Father Christ-masse himself, the King of the Feast. This is egg-nogg—a noggin of which is the necessary preface to a Christmas breakfast, after the old fashion in Carolina. This discussed, and breakfast followed, ample and various as the preceding day; and then all parties sallied forth, in several groups, to ride, to ramble and to hunt. Two or three of the young men, taking Tom Openheart along with them, and calling up the hounds, set off to chase the deer. Numerous *drives* on the ample estate of "Maize-in-Milk" promised abundant sport. We shall not follow the hunters, but content ourselves with saying that their efforts were rewarded with a fine fat doe and a monstrous wild cat, four feet from snout to tail, inclusive, that made famous play with hounds and hunters, and was only caught after three hours' running and doubling, and a most terrific fight.

Meanwhile, breakfast scarcely over at Maize-in-Milk, a new collection of shining faces appeared about the porch of the dwelling, in waiting for the appearance of "old maussa" without. These were the *field* negroes, under the lead of ancient Enoch, including those not only of the plantation proper, but those also who had just been bought of the Butler estate. The household servants, as we have already hinted, had made sure of their "Christmas" as soon as the family bugged out of their several chambers. And such a chorus of cries and salutations! Such a happy variety of voices in the same monotonous chaunt of "Merrie Chrystmasse." There were voices of lame, halt and blind; beginning with old Dolly, a white-headed matron of ninety-three, whose memory was a complete chronicle of the revolutionary warfare. Blind and deaf, she sat between her great, great grand-children, on the steps of the porch, and shook her palsied head, with a feeble chirrup, which was drowned in the more vigorous burden of a hundred more, whose lungs deferred but little to her weight of years. And there was Binah, the mute, and Tony, the one-armed, and Polly the half-witted, and Diana, the rheumatic, and a dozen more of both sexes, whom the master only knew as dependents for whom he had to provide, and who were of more trouble and expense to him than thrice their number of the rest. But of this, our excellent proprietor did not complain. Indeed, these poor creatures were particular objects of his attention. He was content to take the evil with the good, and he regarded these old heir-looms as so many subjects of his father, who, having served their time faithfully, deserved to be protected and provided for during the future, in consideration of the past. There was no discharging the operative the moment he ceased to be useful.

And such a clamor as was raised, as our Col.

Openheart came forth at the head of his guests, as if his benevolence was now to be assailed by storm. The jaws of eighty or more were instantly unclosed upon him; and "God bless you, maussa,"—"Merry Christmas, old maussa,"—"How all is, dis merrie Christmas?"—"Hoping you live tousand merry Christmas more,"—"And all de chillans." These were some few of the burdens of their common song. Some had it in rhyme, borrowed probably from the school-boys:

"Christmas come but once de year,  
Da's wha' mak' we come up yer (here)."

Or,

"Enty dis da Christmas come?  
Yer's de nigger look for some!"

Or,

"Merrie Christmas, maussa, for true,  
You'ole niggers pray for you;"

And, from another voice, as if by way of chorus,

"Gee 'um only you good cheer,  
An' you'll hab de happy New Year."

For this scene our excellent proprietor had been accustomed to prepare. In this respect he followed the example of his ancestor, and, indeed, of most of the very old native proprietors. A sort of pedlar's variety was produced from a huge case, which had been brought up from the city a few days before. To some were given knives and scissors; caps, shawls and handkerchiefs. Others had hatchets, razors, tobacco, and cases of pins and needles. Some chose cotton or wool cards,—for most of the negro women of *character* on a plantation, carry on some little domestic manufactures of their own; and others were quite content with queer clumsy toys, and great grinning masques, with which they could amuse or frighten the more simple of their own or of neighboring plantations. Money is seldom given, never by a judicious proprietor, as it is sure to be spent perniciously at some neighboring groggery.

This distribution of Christmas presents occupied an hour or more. In some instances, but not often, and only when Col. Openheart could trust the good sense of the recipient, he was permitted to choose his article for himself. They all withdrew, more or less satisfied—their greasy, grinning faces doing ample justice, by their expression, to the bounty of the master, and the fullness of the hogmeat upon which they had been feasting for a week past.

Lawyer Skinflint was not satisfied with the spectacle he witnessed. He thought it a mode of spoiling them. They would always expect such favors. It invited familiarity. It would provoke jealousy among themselves. It would be productive of many other mischiefs which we shall not mention. To all these Col. Openheart opposed evasive answers only. It was not the season for discussion, nor was he, in his old age, to discuss or doubt the propriety of a practice which his grandfather and father had pursued



before him without being thought worse persons than their neighbors. The excellent lawyer only ceased his pleadings with the appearance of the ladies in the portico, when he addressed himself with a benignant smile to Mrs. Openheart, and, after a few studied phrases about the day, turned to play the gallant with lovely Bessy Clinton; a new rôle which seemed by no means native.

The horses were now in readiness, the carriage and barouche. All parties were preparing to go forth. Col. Whitfield, with his wonted promptness, offered his services to Mrs. Openheart and Mrs. Whipple for a drive; while Misses Whipple and Jones, failing to persuade Bessy Clinton, Mary Butler and Susan Bond from the saddle to the barouche, very civilly offered to take up good old father Kinsale. Having ascertained how Bessy Clinton went, the lawyer determined to engage also in equestrianism, though really inclining, by reason of his peculiar physique, to the cushions; and he, Col. Openheart, Mr. Bond and the two boys, became the companions of the three girls, and were soon mounted upon the liveliest and pleasantest pacers in the whole parish. It was a day for horseback, and the "right merrie" cavalcade dashed at once up the highway for a mile; then, turning aside, proceeded to pay an annual visit, in especial, to the old fort, overlooking the river, remarkable for its local traditions; where you may yet see the proofs of the devil's presence, in one of his ancient frolics, in the tracks of his tail and carriage wheels—a legend which, at some future and convenient season, we shall have to put in print. The description of the scenery along the route taken by our party we must reserve for the same occasion. Enough to say of it that it harmonized admirably with the bracing air, the calm, generous sunshine, and the rapid but easy motion of the horses. All parties were delighted—eyes were in a glow, cheeks were brightly flushed, and even our lawyer, who kept his horse neck-and-neck, like a young gallant, with that of Bessy Clinton, talked of nothing but purling brooks, green leaves and love in a cottage the whole way. The sweet, gentle-hearted girl heard him with respectful kindness, and answered without hesitation or reserve. She had no suspicions of his gallantry, to put her on her reserves; and all things might have gone, with him, "as merry as a marriage bell," but for a slight incident which happened on the route.

Dashing suddenly into the main road, on their way back to "Maize-in-Milk," they came unexpectedly upon another party, the sight of which kindled the eyes equally of Col. Openheart and Bessy Clinton. "Why, Bessey," said the Colonel, "that is Mrs. Berkshire's carriage, surely. What brings her from the city?" The words were scarcely spoken, when the head of a young man was thrust forth from the carriage, which was in front, and suggested a new conclusion to our worthy proprietor of "Maize-in-milk." "It is she, and that is her son, Fergus, just from col-

lege," and, with the words, giving his horse the spur, our colonel dashed ahead, and was soon alongside of the vehicle and the persons in question. In another moment the carriage was stopped, Colonel Openheart alighted, and changing places with young Berkshire, the latter soon joined the young ladies by whom the rear was brought up. A handsome, tall, high-spirited young fellow was Fergus Berkshire. He spoke to Bessy Clinton as to an old acquaintance, and our lawyer watched, with some uneasiness, the sudden flush upon the cheek of the damsel as she hailed the youth's approach. He soon explained the motive of the sudden appearance of himself and mother.

"The old mansion-house and estate were in bad condition, and something was to be done with it before he went to Europe. Of course," he added, "it is our purpose, now, to spend our Christmas at 'Maize-in-Milk.'"

Bessy heard and answered him with undisguised pleasure.

"You know, Fergus," she answered, "you are always at home with us."

"We took that for granted," said the youth, "though I almost feared that a three years' absence had caused you to forget us all."

"And you go so soon again?" she inquired.

"Yes; mother is anxious to comply with the earnest wishes of my poor father, whose instructions were, that, after leaving college, I was to pass two years in foreign travel. We shall spend a couple of weeks here, with your permission, get our new overseer fairly under weigh, then proceed to the city and to New York, so that our preparations may be complete for sailing in the May packet."

He was silent and so was Bessy Clinton. A certain gravity which was unusual overspread her face. We will not trouble ourselves just now to ask wherefore this was so. Let it suffice, that from whatever source her emotion may have sprung, it did not make her forgetful of the courtesies; and the introduction of the new comer to the rest of the company, took place *selon les règles*. Our lawyer's share in this proceeding was conducted with sufficient stiffness; but it escaped the notice of all parties, except possibly young Berkshire himself; who, by the way, did not seem greatly to consider the presence of our excellent Skinflint. He soon contrived to get himself close beside our heroine, and on her bridle-hand, and they jogged along together rather too slowly, it would seem, for the attorney, whose steed had suddenly become possessed of the idea of going forward with all possible rapidity. An hour brought all parties home safely to "Maize-in-Milk," and after the interchange of the usual courtesies with the newly arrived, the company was left to dispose of itself as the several members pleased, until dinner time. We will but remark that Berkshire was the first person to emerge, after making his toilet, and sweet Bessy Clinton was the first to find him in the parlor. The per-

son who next entered to them was Skinflint, who listened demurely to the conversation of the young people, without taking part in it, wondering to himself all the while, what, in the name of common sense, people could find to please their minds in the prattle about their days of childhood. Fergus Berkshire and Bessy Clinton made much more of the theme than sour old Skinflint had ever made of his childhood. He, unhappily for himself, had never known the period. He was born a man,—hard, wiry, inflexible, calculating, selfish,—with his coat buttoned up to his chin, and his hard intellect busy from the first in stifling all his natural affections.

Old Colonel Openheart was one of those to whom the every-day world would give the title sneeringly of a man of affectations. He was certainly no humdrum personage. His Christmas dinner, for example, was not a good dinner merely. It was a *Christmas* dinner. He did not summon his guests to eat, simply, and to drink. The mere swill was not his object. The intellectual tastes were to be consulted, the fancies, the very superstitions, which, in the progress of the ages would naturally accumulate about the practices of a people on peculiar occasions. His Christmas was a season of equal thanksgiving and enjoyment. There was to be a natural ebullition of the feelings at such a time. There should be exultation. High and humble should equally show gratitude; and the natural expression of gratitude is good humour and cheerfulness. The high was to be high only in the exercise of an ability to make the lowly glad and happy; the humble was to exult in gratifications which showed them consciously in possession of bounties bestowed, in the first instance by the Lord of all, and intermediately by those whose only boast was in being able in some degree to follow his example in its bounties and its sympathies. Colonel Openheart strove for these objects. We have glimpsed at some of his household modes of doing this. His Christmas dinner, as it appealed somewhat to the superstitions and the fancies, was designed for this end also. And when the great hall was thrown open to his guests, dressed in a deep Gothic garment of green boughs and branches, sprinkled with red berries and blue, with candles distributed between, and a great oak wood fire blazing at the extremity—with a stately arch of green at each end of the table, and one of triumphal aspect and colossal size spanning its centre—the entering company felt themselves transported to the old baronial domains of our Anglo-Norman ancestry, and their minds were naturally elevated with the moral sentiments which grew out of their recollections of history. The quaint masking was not without its influence. The device was a homily; and when the head waiter made his appearance bringing in, as the first dish, the “boar’s head,” done after the ancient Saxon method, dressed in rosemary and with a huge lemon in its open mouth,

they were all in the mood to join in chorus with the host, who, knife in hand, began chanting merrily the ancient carol:—

“*Caput api deferro*

*Reddens landes Domino.*

“The bore’s head in hand bring we  
With garlands gay and rosemarie,  
I pray you all sing merrily,  
*Qui estes in convivio.*

“This head you must understand,  
Is chief service in this land,  
Looke wherever it be scanned,  
*Servite cum cantico.*

“Be glad, gentles, lord and lasse,  
That to cheer you this Chrystmasse,  
We do bid the bore’s head passe,  
Ciad in rue and rosemarie.”

Set in the centre of the table, this “armed head” was soon surrounded by the several solid meats for which John Bull has always been renowned, and the taste for which has been amply inherited in the south, with certain “graftings” of our own. Ham and turkey, for example, are certain as the day at our Christmas, and when venison is procurable it is never omitted from the board. But ours is no mere catalogue. The reader must imagine the variety. He must suppose the presence of roast and boiled—the beef and the venison pastry,—the duck as well as the turkey, and much of these to have been stricken wild in the woods and waters, with all the provoking freshness of the game flavor upon them. Wines of ancient denomination,—Madeira that had been walled up for thirty years, and sherry that had grown pale, indeed, from weight of years, was at hand; but our host confined himself, on this day, chiefly to his new supply of natty English ale,—a potation which did honor to the British breweries. The dessert was composed of the fruits of Cuba and the north, nuts and figs, not forgetting pindars, groundnuts, or peanuts as they call them north of the Delaware. Nor had the damsels of the household neglected the usual preparation of mincepies and plum-puddings. In the latter article, in particular, our worthy colonel was resolute to do honor to his ancient English origin, and the plum-pudding was as certainly upon his Christmas table as was the soused head of the boar.

Day slipped away unconsciously while the parties were still at table. It seemed as if the quaintness of the feast, and the admirable humor of “Mine Hoste” had penetrated all hearts, and made each wholly forgetful of his cares. Even the excellent attorney was subdued to a temporary oblivion of the acidity which belonged to the profession, and the peculiar rigidity with which he practised it, and at the close of a certain number of glasses of old south side Madeira, to which he did (like Desdemona—eh?) “seriously incline,” he might have been seen pelting our

Bessy Clinton with almonds across the table, with a studied slyness of intention which his skill did not enable him to realize, and the familiarity of which made young Fergus Berkshire look rather graver than his wont. Suddenly the great gun in the park in front was heard to explode, and then followed a huzza from Tom, Dick and Harry, and a cloud of urchins whom they had gathered to the event. This uproar was succeeded by one of more gentle influence. The violin was heard in an adjoining apartment, the tamborin responded with its lively jingle, while the heavy foot of old Jake Priester, the white-headed Butler of the establishment, gave notice to the young people of stirring preparation, which would task all the lightness of their heels and hearts. But these were preparatory notes only, for old Jake always took some time to get his foot and fiddle in tune, and to put little Christier, his grandson, in training with his tamborin. Of the dance which followed we shall say nothing, except that "*will-he, nill-he*," Skinflint was resolute to dance with sweet Bessy Clinton. This was a bold resolution of the attorney. He had certainly taken lessons in his youth; but that day had gone by many years, and his practice had been much more constant and devoted in the courts of law than in those of beauty. Still he had not forgotten the figures, and the wine of Colonel Openheart had enlivened his head, if it had not strengthened the virtue in his heels. He was not to be outdone by any young fellow, however fresh from college. But how, in the Virginia reel which followed, he contrived to get entangled between Bessy Clinton and Fergus

Berkshire, and to take his length on the floor in consequence, is not easily understood. He himself ascribed it entirely to the awkwardness, or the malice of young Berkshire, whom he did not remember accordingly with any especial affection. While the young people were dancing in the mansion of "*Maize-in-Milk*," the blacks were busy in the "*Negro Quarter*." Thither Colonel Openheart soon withdrew, accompanied by Whitfield, Whipple, Bond and the older portion of the company. The negroes had their fiddle also—nay they had three of them, such as they were—one belonging to "*Maize-in-Milk*," one from the Butler estate, and one who volunteered from a neighboring plantation. Such wholesale *abandon* as they showed—so much recklessness of care, and toil, and vexation of spirit—would delight a philanthropist from Utopia. Every house had its circle, with open doors—and the grounds between their several cabins were filled with jiggling groups—tossing heads, kicking shins, rompings and rollicking—with the rare impulse of so many happy urchins just let loose from school. They had their supper too, and devoured a good-sized barbecued steer, and several hogs, to say nothing of sundry possums made captive the night before. Of bread the consumption was intolerably vast; and some fifty gallons of *persimmon* beer—an innocent domestic beverage of their own manufacture—somewhat resembling cider,—were finished before the fiddlers and dancers showed signs of weariness. It grew to the shortest possible hours before "*Maize-in-Milk*" was everywhere fairly wrapt in slumber.

(To be continued.)

## HATE AND LOVE.

BY GEO. HARTWELL.

I HATE the bands that bind me down  
To pompous, heartless form;  
The studied words, the soulless thought,  
All groveling as the worm;  
The base deceit, the deaden'd soul,  
The hollow-hearted tone;  
The careful smile and measured step  
All heartless as a stone.

I hate the hand that warmly grasps  
When the heart within is cold—  
(Mark the earnest gaze and willing tongue!)  
Such friendship's bought and sold.  
I hate the fiend that will dash the cup  
In which hope's blessings glow,  
And then will pierce the burden'd heart,  
And gaze on the crimson flow.

But I love the man with a feeling soul,  
Whose passions are deep and strong;  
Whose chords, when touched by a kindred power,  
Will vibrate loud and long:  
The man whose word is bond and law—  
Who ne'er for gold or power  
Would kiss the hand that would stab the heart  
In adversity's trying hour.

I love the man that will dare to lift  
His voice for the struggling poor;  
The man that will open his heart, nor close  
Against the beggar his door.  
Oh! give me a heart that will firmly stand  
When the storm begins to lower—  
A hand that will never shrink, if grasped  
In misfortune's darkest hour.

## PRINCE SIGISMUND.

### A TRADITION OF POLISH HISTORY.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CALDERON'S fiction, so full of meaning, is founded upon this legend. The following *risuimento* may give the reader some idea of it.

E. F. E.

—  
"Das Leben ist ein Traum!

Und Nichts bleibt uns von allem, was wir hatten,  
Als — die Erinnerung an uns're Thaten."

A light was burning dimly in the lofty turret of the royal palace in the Polish capital—many hundred years ago. The night was fiercely tempestuous; black brooding masses of clouds were rent continually by gleams of lightning, and the sullen thunders burst forth ever and anon, while the rain drove in furious dashes against the casements, and the wind caused the solid walls to tremble. The streets of the city were silent and deserted. Few would venture out in so wild a storm—and not many in those days were shelterless, for the number of inhabitants were not yet disproportioned to the dwellings.

Within the turret a middle-aged man was busily at work. The apartment was low and narrow, and littered with astronomical instruments. Several manuscript volumes, with worm-eaten bindings, were scattered about; and a parchment, covered with hieroglyphics, lay on the table on which the lamp stood. The man was dressed in a loose robe of serge, with head uncovered; but a certain dignity of mien bespoke him no ordinary person. Such, indeed, he was not; it was Basilius, one of the early monarchs of Poland. His renown as a warrior was spread over all the countries of the north, and his reputation for wisdom and science was yet more widely extended. It was currently believed that he was deeply skilled in knowledge of occult things, and many who would not have feared to stand before his prowess in battle, dreaded a conflict with one whose powers were supposed to transcend the limits of human sagacity.

The astrologer monarch, as we have said, was busily occupied. Now he adjusted the globes, and consulted the hieroglyphics and one of the worm-eaten volumes; now he would ascend into a sort of observatory and remain there some moments, although the raging of the elements without allowed no favorable opportunity for contemplating the heavens. The result of his calculations seemed to be anything but satisfactory. A deep gloom sat upon his noble features, and he moved about his task mechanically, like one impelled by some irresistible power, yet saddened by every new discovery. When was it other-

wise with the sage since Adam tasted the fruit of a knowledge forbidden?

A heavy step was heard ascending the stairs. Basilius suddenly ceased from his work, and stood still, every feature expressive of the most intense expectation. The narrow door opened, and a man entered.

"Well, Clotald, what tidings? Speak quickly."

"You have a son, my lord."

"The moment of his birth—thou hast it written down exactly?"

"It is here, my lord;" and the attendant handed a piece of writing to the king.

"Thou hast done well, Clotald. Descend now, and bring me word of the queen's health."

The man obeyed in silence. Basilius resumed his labors. After a few moments, an expression of profound anguish passed over his face; his lips worked convulsively; he let fall the parchment he held, staggered backward, and with a low groan, sank into a seat.

Half an hour might have elapsed after this, when the door was again opened, and Clotald once more appeared. This time his face was pale, and he was breathless with haste.

"Thou needst not speak now!" exclaimed the king, wildly, and starting to his feet. "I know it all—I know the queen is dying——"

Clotald placed his hand upon his heart, and bent his head with a gesture of grief. Basilius passed him, and descended the stairs with trembling steps.

In an apartment furnished with the utmost magnificence of those days, surrounded by attendants, lay the feeble queen, who, having just become a mother, was about to leave this world. Her husband leaned over her with looks of despair; her hand was closely locked in his, and her glassy eyes were fixed on his face. There was a deep silence, for all knew that the queen's last moment was approaching, and none dared, even by lamentation, disturb the solemnity of the scene.

At length the dying mother, in a voice scarcely articulate, made known her desire to see her infant. The helpless child was brought to the bedside. She signed that it should be placed in the father's arms; then smiled, and pointed upward, as if commending the helpless one to paternal care, and, with that trusting smile upon her lips, expired.

—  
Many days passed ere the bereaved monarch would admit even his most favored servant to his presence. At last the Baron Clotald was summoned to the royal closet. He found his master

calm, though pale and changed in aspect. It seemed as if all the joy of life were gone, and but its sorrow, the bitter fruit of knowledge, remained.

"Clotald," he began, abruptly, as the baron entered, "thou hast grown gray in my service; but I have to ask of thee a stronger proof of loyalty and fidelity than has ever yet been required. Thou art at liberty to decline it."

"I am your faithful slave unto death, my lord."

"To thy death—or—another's?" asked the king, in a low tone.

"Either or both," was the unhesitating reply.

"Thou dost not falter?"

The baron knelt at his master's feet, and took a solemn oath to devote himself body and soul to his service.

"Listen, then," resumed Basilus: "the boy mine only son, whom his lost mother prayed me, with her latest breath, to protect, I cannot cast him off—I cannot slay him!"

Clotald gazed in bewildered astonishment, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses. The king appeared not to notice his emotion.

"Yet that infant, now so feeble and helpless, is destined—I have read it in the stars—to prove in after years a monster of ingratitude, a scourge to his people, a curse to the earth!"

The baron started and grew pale, but ventured no answer.

"All my observations and calculations before his birth, pointed to the same result. My labors on that fatal night, and the indications of the time of his birth but confirmed my worst fears. He will grow up a wild beast rather than a man! He will trample on my subjects—he will rebel against his father—he will set his foot upon my neck!"

Clotald listened in appalled silence. At length he said—"Is it your pleasure, my liege, that he be removed?"

"Slay him not," answered the deep voice of the king. "He is yet innocent; there is no stain yet upon his soul. *Let us keep him thus* till he is fitted to reign. Many leagues from hence I have a castle where thou and he may dwell in security. Some trusty followers shall go with thee. Depart to-night—but first have the prince baptized. It shall be announced to all that he is dead, that thus he may grow up in ignorance of his birth, and no murmuring be caused among the people."

The commands of Basilus were obeyed. The baron departed secretly with the prince and a few soldiers, and the whole court and capital were called upon to mourn the death of the heir to the crown. The body, as it was pretended, was laid in the same tomb with the queen. In those days of imperfect civilization there was little communication between one part of the kingdom and another, so that a fraud which would now be impossible was then easily accomplished.

Seven days' journey from the capital, in a wild valley enclosed by rocky mountains, stood an

ancient castle, so rudely built that it seemed rather a pile of rocks thrown together from the steep mountains than a building shaped by the hand of man. The interior was somewhat more seemly, and not deficient in convenience, though it was no abode for luxury. In this secluded and solitary dwelling the young Prince Sigismund (that was the name he received at his baptism) spent the years of his childhood, with his faithful guardian the Baron Clotald, and the military men appointed for the security of the royal captive. The secret of his birth was not entrusted to them; they knew only that it was their business to guard an important state prisoner, and that death would be the penalty of any neglect or violation of their trust.

The education of the young prince devolved entirely upon Clotald, who instructed him not only in all manly exercises and the science of arms, but in branches of knowledge—then little cultivated—in which it behoved a monarch to be skilled—for the possibility of his inheriting the throne was never lost sight of by his father or tutor. Every month the baron dispatched a trusty messenger to Basilus with news of his son, and to report his advancement in his studies.

From these regular accounts the king learned that his son's improvement in personal strength and mental accomplishments was truly remarkable—that his quickness of understanding and love of knowledge, with his courage and independence, justified the fairest hopes in his preceptor. At the same time, he learned that the temper of the young man was wild and headstrong; that his passions outstripped the wind; that in obstinacy and ferocity, when provoked, he was an object of terror to all who knew not how to control him. It was but too evident, in short, that they had reason to dread the fulfilment of the destiny predicted by his horoscope.

Prince Sigismund, on his part, had no other amusement when his tasks were over than to watch the driving clouds or follow the eagle's flight, or stand by the stream that rushed through the depths of the valley. Sometimes he would leave his chamber at night and go forth into the open air to gaze at the glittering stars, every one of which was a world peopled by his ardent imagination. Sometimes he would murmur at his fate. "The fish," he would say, "glide unrestrained through the waters; the birds are not chained as they soar through the air; the stream, the winds are free; the lightning has no master. Am I not nobler than these? Why then should I be fettered? What have I done that I alone must be deprived of liberty?"

The king's heart bled when these words were repeated to him. But the long suspense was to be ended. Sigismund was of an age suitable for trial. Basilus called together the members of his council, disclosed to them all that he had done, and announced that his son yet lived.

The information was received with enthusiasm.

"Give us our prince!" was the general cry. "He only shall be our sovereign when you, our liege lord, are gathered to the tomb!"

Basilus answered gravely—"If my son prove worthy to reign over you, the crown shall be his; if he be unworthy, then my sister's son, Iwan, Duke of Moskau, and Fanisky, Princess of Poland, shall share the throne between them."

But the Princess Faniska replied, in her gentle though impressive voice—"You are but a cruel parent to condemn your son anew to banishment and solitude after he shall have tasted of the joys of life and freedom, if he stand not the severe trial. Thus will he be more unfortunate and wretched than before."

And the Duke of Muskau said—"I will never wear a crown so long as the rightful heir is living!"

"Be content," answered Basilus, "and reproach me not if in my duty as a monarch I have merged the feelings of a father. This night, by my command, will the Baron Clotald give to my son a drink I myself prepared, which will hold him in a profound slumber long enough to be removed by rapid stages hither. At his awakening he shall find himself king. If he demean himself wisely and well, I will place him on the throne at once, for years and sorrow have so wearied me that I need repose. But if Sigismund show himself unjust and tyrannical—in short, unworthy to reign, he shall again be thrown into sleep and conveyed back to his lonely castle, so that when he awakes he shall imagine his brief royalty but a dream. So shall the recollection prove to him no source of bitterness."

All were satisfied with this, and the king gave the orders necessary to provide for the waking of the prince.

The scheme was immediately put in execution. Clotald himself drugged the wine, which was drunk by the unsuspecting Sigismund.

A strain of heavenly music awakened the sleeper! He opened his eyes and looked about him in amazement. Instead of the gray walls of his chamber in the castle, he found himself in a spacious and splendid apartment, the walls covered with rich silken tapestry, and golden censers emitting perfumes that floated in light clouds through the air. Instead of the rude couch on which he usually reposed, and the coarse garments he had thrown off at night, he was reclining on luxurious cushions of silk, and a suit of linen and velvet richly adorned with jewels, gold and pearls, was awaiting his use.

The prince sprang up, rubbed his eyes, and looked around him. There was no end to wonders. "Am I not Sigismund?" he asked aloud, as if doubting the sound of his own voice, "or what is the meaning of this?"

As he spoke, several attendants came into the chamber bearing costly garments and articles of luxury, wine and other refreshments. They sa-

luted him as King of Poland, helped to array him in the royal apparel, and waited upon him assiduously. Sigismund heard and observed all in utter astonishment. "I King of Poland?" he asked, when he recovered himself a little.

A courtier here advanced, and with a low obeisance, asked if it would please his highness to go into the hall of audience to receive the homage of the nobles of the kingdom. Sigismund assented, and assumed an air of real dignity as he entered the hall, where he took his seat upon the throne, and with a majesty truly royal received the submission of the grandees.

"I am, then, a king!" he said to himself; "though how it happens is to me a mystery. Since it is so, I will reign as becometh a king." Then looking round the circle of grave and dignified men, he espied at a little distance a youth dressed in a variety of colors, with a cap and bells on his head. Sigismund asked who this was. The figure came instantly forward, and with a grotesque bow, announced himself as the king's most trusty counsellor. His speech was delivered in a manner so comical, that the prince laughed immoderately.

"Come nearer, my prime fellow," he cried, "and seat thyself on the steps of my throne. I am better pleased with thee than any I see here, and will have thee always with me."

One of the nobles here ventured to remark that it was unkingly and unwise to prefer the society of a fool to that of sensible men. Sigismund reddened, for his conscience smote him; but he answered angrily—"It is far more unwise for a courtier to dare reprove his sovereign unasked, even were the king in fault. Wherefore have I my fool if my learned men demean themselves thus foolishly?"

The noble retired disconcerted, and the whole council wondered at the keen and ready wit of the prince, thus prompt to defend himself even in error.

The Duke of Moskau here entered the hall and courteously saluted the prince, congratulating him on his accession to the throne, while he announced himself as his cousin.

"That may be!" answered Sigismund, gruffly, for he was vexed that the duke had not uncovered his head like all the rest.

The duke replied—"I expected a kinder answer, cousin, to my greeting."

"If my answer does not please you," retorted the prince, "the next time you shall have it."

"King," whispered the jester, "be not severe with him; it is the Duke of Moskau, a powerful prince."

"I am a king, and greater than he," answered Sigismund, proudly; "and he dares to salute me without uncovering his head."

"My liege," again interposed the courtier who had before spoken, "this right belongs to him as the prince of an independent country, and therefore your equal."

"Thunder!" exclaimed Sigismund; "he who contradicts me again shall be thrust out of the window! Sir fool, what is your name?"

"Clarín, my lord," answered the jester.

The beautiful Faniska here entered to pay her respects to the new sovereign. Sigismund, who had never before seen a woman, exclaimed—"Oh, Clarín, tell me, what is that heavenly creature?"

"That is your cousin Faniska, gracious king," replied the jester.

Sigismund leaped from his throne and attempted to embrace the princess. Faniska, frightened and blushing, took refuge behind the Duke of Moskau, who, repelling the prince, said, gravely—"Cousin, it does not beseem you to behave in such a forward manner. You offend the princess."

"You—you offend me!" cried Sigismund, in a rage. "Out of my way this instant, and never appear in my presence again, or you may lose your head, hat and all!"

"My lord, you must moderate your passion," said the nobleman aforementioned. "Lord Iwan is a free prince and your equal, as I observed already."

"You again!" exclaimed Sigismund, stamping his foot. "Said I not I would have him who dared withstand me thrust out of the window?"

"My lord," replied the chamberlain, "you cannot, dare not use a free man thus!"

"Say'st thou! Then I will begin with thee!" cried the prince, furiously.

He seized the speaker and dragged him across the hall and out upon the balcony. Before those present could interpose or rush after him, he came back, laughing and muttering—"I have thrown him down into the river, and will do the same to any other meddler."

The nobles and courtiers hastened out, some to the chamberlain's assistance, some to inform King Basilius of what had happened. Sigismund and the jester were left alone.

Clarín observed—"The saucy courtier has his deserts, and I am glad of it; but, my liege, the thing will make a noise, and your royal father will take it ill."

"Thou art licensed to speak freely, being the court fool," answered the prince. "But have I a father? I thought the Baron Clotald—"

Here he stopped and looked around bewildered, for his thoughts were confused.

"The Baron Clotald," replied Clarín, "is here himself, and will give you full information on the subject."

Sigismund looked up quickly. To his astonishment he saw his preceptor advancing towards him, not as usual with a mien of command and severity, but with the respectful air of a subject. He saluted the prince submissively, and solicited his grace and favor. Sigismund replied courteously, and asked an explanation of the strange things that had occurred. Clotald informed him

why his father had kept him so long in seclusion, and that his parental affection had at length induced him to bring him forth from captivity and invest him with his rights—adding that he hoped Sigismund would show himself worthy such love and confidence.

Scarcely had the baron finished his statement, when the prince burst into ungovernable rage.

"Traitor!" he exclaimed, "what evil had I done thee that thou shouldst league with my unnatural father thus cruelly to rob me of all human rights—my tyrant, and for so many years? Thou shalt die for this!"

He sprang on the old man, and would have torn him to pieces on the spot had not Duke Iwan, who at that moment entered with the king and courtiers, interfered and separated them. The prince, baffled in his revenge, was like a raging wild beast, but became more composed as he met the stern, fixed gaze of his father. Basilius approached and addressed him with grave dignity.

"I have come to meet you," said he, "and fain would I embrace you as my son; but my heart sinks within me, and I shudder at your looks. The first traits shown by you have been wild passion and ferocity."

"What otherwise could you expect?" interrupted Sigismund. "You have tutored me not like a prince—nay, not like a man—but like a wild beast! It was fear, not love, that caused you to bring me from my prison. The people demand their lawful prince. Love have I never received from you. How can you expect love from me? Have you dealt cruelly with me out of foolish superstition—you reap now the harvest of that you sowed! Look to it—that all your visions be not fulfilled—that I trample not literally upon you!"

"Monster!" exclaimed Basilius; "and speak'st thou thus to me? Thou reckonest on a power of which thou art not certain. Thou seest armed soldiers ready to fight at thy bidding, and deem'st thyself unassailable. But how if all is a dream! How if to-morrow find thee again in thy prison, the subject of another's will?"

So saying, the king turned and departed, accompanied by all the nobles. Sigismund was again left alone with the jester. The prince looked not a little confused. But the fool soon persuaded him to go into the banquetting room, where they feasted so long that Sigismund fell at his length on the ground, wholly overcome with intoxication.

Sigismund awoke from troubled dreams of tyranny, and wrangling, and bloodshed. It was quite dark. He called aloud—"What, ho! servants—guards—bring lights!" There was the faint glimmer of a lamp in a room adjoining, and presently Clotald appeared at the side of his bed. The prince started up and looked around him bewildered. He saw nothing of the sumptuous

luxury of his late apartment, but only the sullen walls of his cell. He looked long and doubtfully on the baron; then his head sank upon his breast, and he sighed deeply.

"You have slept long," observed Clotald; "from one evening to another. The wine must have been too strong. You have talked strangely, too, in your sleep. Of what have you been dreaming?"

"Dreaming?" repeated the youth, thoughtfully, and was silent for several minutes. "Yes—*dreaming*," he resumed; "but, Heavens! no, it is impossible! And yet—yes, I have been dreaming!"

"Of what?"

Sigismund related all without reserve.

"And you would have murdered me, your preceptor?"

"I held you for my tormentor, and hated you," answered the youth.

"That was unworthy," said the baron. "A king should never hate, but judge righteously; and when he can, forgive. Generosity, next to justice, is the first virtue of a monarch. As you were in your dream, so would you be waking—ungenerous, cruel, the sport of your passions! The dream has shown you that you are not worthy to reign, since you cannot govern your own wild impulses nor control your anger. Lay to your heart the lesson, and bear in patience your gloomy lot."

When he had thus spoken, Clotald retired.

"He is right," said Sigismund to himself; "I was unjust, ungenerous and cruel in my dream. I would do better were I to dream again or were it reality." His meditations, having taken this course, were not long before he fell asleep again, for it was yet night.

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This time the slumbers of the prince were not of long duration. Just as the day dawned, he was awakened by a loud uproar. He sprang from the bed and hastened out into the balcony. A large number of soldiers and a mixed multitude were without the gates of the castle. They shouted, as they saw the young man—"Long live Sigismund, our king! We will have no stranger to reign over us!"

The leaders called to the prince to come forth and place himself at the head of the army. "We will venture our blood, our lives for you!" they cried. "We will march to the palace of Basilius, overcome his guards, and compel him to yield the throne to you! All the people, when they see our prince, will be on his side!"

Sigismund stood still in astonishment, and thought—"It is all a dream!" But the tumult and uproar increased, and the chiefs pressed him to join them. "I will," he exclaimed at length; "the vision is too bright if only a dream!"

As he descended to the gates, several soldiers came across the court, leading as prisoners the Baron Clotald and the guards of the castle. Pale

and trembling, the captives implored mercy. Sigismund's heart swelled as he saw the tyrants of his childhood and youth, but by a strong effort he mastered his feelings, and said kindly to them—"Fear nothing; I seek my rights only, not revenge. You were only the tools of a tyrant's will. Depart in peace wherever you please."

The prisoners were instantly released, and having thanked the prince for his clemency, made the best of their way to the court of King Basilius.

The old monarch made immediate preparation to meet the insurgents. It was not many days before the rival armies encountered each other in battle. The force of Basilius was by far the most numerous, but the prince fought bravely, and so well had he profited by the lessons of Clotald in military science, that he knew how to avail himself of every advantage as well as the most experienced general. The old king was driven back and pressed so vigorously by the enemy, that he was near being taken prisoner.

"It is in vain," cried the despairing monarch, "to struggle with destiny. The fate I madly sought to avert has overtaken me through my very precautions. Let me bow, then, to what is inevitable."

In haste he called together a few of his chief nobles and went with them to meet his victorious son. When within hearing, Basilius threw himself prostrate on the earth.

"Sigismund," he exclaimed aloud, "what the stars foretold has come to pass! Thy father lies in the dust, humbled at thy feet. Come, then, and set thy foot upon his neck!"

Sigismund hastened forward, raised his father from the ground, and knelt himself at his feet. "My father and my sovereign," he cried, "behold your son prostrate before you! He fought only for his liberty. You have sufficiently atoned for the madness of too implicit faith in the stars. Well shall it be for both of us if you will learn to trust the heart of your son rather than ambiguous oracles!"

Basilius made no reply, but fell upon his son's neck, weeping tears of joy, while shouts of exultation arose from the rival armies.

Sigismund succeeded to the throne, and married his beautiful cousin Faniska. The Baron Clotald, as well as the guards of the castle where his childhood had been passed, were provided for royally by his bounty. But the leader of the rebels was dismissed from his service. "When treason is accomplished," said he, "there is no further need of the traitor."

Long and happily reigned King Sigismund. When men praised his justice, wisdom and goodness, he would answer with a smile—"Wherefore do you laud my wisdom? I only make use of what a *dream* taught me!" He had learned the lesson—

"Life is itself a dream!"

And naught remains to us of all we had,  
Save only the remembrance of our deeds."



## WOMAN'S SABBATH MISSION.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

— Mightier far  
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.—WORDSWORTH.

— What is strong?  
God's breath within the soul.—HEMANS.

As the summer dews, distilling  
Gently, raise the drooping flower,  
All its buds with beauty filling,  
All its leaves with health and power:

So the Sabbath rest to woman  
Comes with healing virtue fraught;  
Heavenly dew on flow'ret human,  
By her angel watches brought.

Men, like pines that brave the thunder,  
Through life's crushing storms may rise—  
But their funeral shadow under,  
Who could see the blessed skies?

Love's bright hopes and fancies cheerful  
Never there would seek repose—  
Such is man—stern, gloomy, fearful,  
When no Sabbath rest he knows.

Earth's Circéan pleasures blind him—  
Mind, the thrall of sense, is bowed—  
Superstition's dark robes blind him  
Heavy as an iron shroud.

But o'er Woman's gentler nature,  
Finer sense and purer soul,  
Moulded by an angel stature,  
Earth has never held control.

When she sinn'd, 'twas Wisdom tempted,  
Earnest purpose God to scan;  
This is why she lives exempted  
From the toil imposed on man.

He must work—the world subduing  
Till it blooms like Eden bright;  
She must watch—his faith renewing  
From her urn of Eden light.

Thus of her was promise given,  
And by her the Saviour came;  
Man's first thought, first hope of heaven,  
Mingles with his mother's name.

Never will he hear another  
Word of human origin,  
Which has power, like this of mother,  
To restrain his soul from sin.

As the wandering seaman turneth  
Ever to one steadfast star,  
So the mother's love-light burneth  
O'er her son, or near or far.

To the Sabbath's holy altar  
'Tis her hand that leads him first;

Of the strong man's soul would falter,  
But for faith in boyhood nursed.

When, her day of trial ended,  
In the sheltering grave she lies,  
Still with heaven her image blended,  
Draws him upward to the skies.

Then the wife, in angel seeming,  
Clasps his weary, toiling hand,  
With her love his lot redeeming,  
Ever by his side to stand.

When life's flood of cares he bideth,  
And dark clouds his vision fill,  
She his sad eye onward guideth,  
Where hope's sunshine resteth still:

Sunshine that is darkened never,  
If our heavenly watchers come,  
And they minister wherever  
Pious woman has her home:

Their sweet tones her spirit heareth,  
Their soft eyes illumine her path;  
This is why so meek she beareth  
Want and sorrow, pain and death.

Man, thy arm with strength is gifted,  
And thy will the world can bind—  
But, with power and pride uplifted,  
Wouldst thou canonize the mind?

Grant thee learning, wealth and talents—  
Life immortal will they give?  
'Tis the heart that holds the balance—  
Love alone in heaven will live.

Ay, and Love, o'er earth extended,  
Must the sovereign sceptre sway,  
Ere the reign of sin is ended,  
Ere the just enjoy their day.

Thou who calm heaven's will awaitest,  
On thy heart these counsels bind:  
Gentlest things work changes greatest—  
Truth, when pure, is ever kind.

Where a slave the woman liveth,  
Slaves the mass of men must be;  
Where no rest the Sabbath giveth,  
Never can the soul be free.

Wouldst thou draw the angels nearer?  
Make the woman's lot more blest:  
Wouldst thou read Heaven's wisdom clearer?  
Holier keep the Sabbath rest.

## NAPOLÉON'S DREAM.

BY BERTHA CLINTON.

In a small room in one of the suburbs of Paris, sat a young man deeply engaged in thought. From his military undress it was evident that he belonged to the republican army, and that his rank was not higher than that of sub-lieutenant. His appearance was careless and negligent, his person slender and rather below the middle height, and his complexion sallow; but the discerning spectator could see much in his classic features to arrest attention. His forehead betokened a powerful intellect; his deep-set, penetrating eye spoke of a soul within born to command. On a table at his side lay a copy of Ossian, whose wild sublimity suited well with his enthusiastic imagination; a volume of Plutarch was in his hand, and long did he continue immersed in reverie, beholding visions of glory conjured up by the great historian of antiquity. At last his eyelids closed, the book dropped from his hands, his head sank down upon the table—Napoleon slept.

The ivory gate of dreams was opened, and there issued forth a female form of lofty stature, helmeted and clad in a brilliant coat of mail. A woman she was, in glorious, heavenly beauty, but no feminine softness or timidity dwelt in her heart; her countenance was grave, severe, sublime; her mien was dignity itself. No distaff did she grasp, as when Athenian matrons were taught the arts of peace; but her hand brandished a spear, piercing and transforming as Ithuriel's, from which falsehood shrunk back abashed. Napoleon gazed upon the awe inspiring vision—he recognized Minerva!

The first-born of Jove approached, and thus addressed him:—"My son, in thee I behold a kindred spirit: go forth and prosper. Thy brain be wise to plan, thy hand be strong to execute; be thou the man of the age, the hero of the nineteenth century. Free nations from tyranny; deliver thine own from anarchy and bloodshed; patronize science, and set the seal of thy genius upon generations yet to come. Let Europe, Asia and Africa tremble before thee; let ancient kingdoms quail at thy presence; the Alps shall behold in thee a second Hannibal—the city of the seven hills shall pay thee homage. Thou shalt rule upon the shores of the Seine, the Tiber and the Nile. Be thou strong and dauntless; fear nothing—but thyself! Be warned by me, and let not pride dwell in thy heart to ally thyself with imperial foes, parting from the wife of thy bosom; and let not the lust of dominion carry thee to the land of snows, the cold, unconquerable north, else will thy good genius forsake thee there, and thy days will end in darkness, thy empire will be a rock—a rock in the

ocean, far, far away from France. Remember my words, for the future is yet before thee; consider well the past, and learn to restrain ambition. Look now into the mirror of history, and ponder the lessons of wisdom!"

With these words, Minerva raised her shield. No Medusa's snaky locks and deathly countenance were there to turn to stone the horrified beholder. The clear and burnished metal reflected the features of Napoleon as he earnestly gazed upon it; but looking more intently, a cloud of dust arose upon its polished surface, a cry as of the battle-field was heard, and presently he beheld a confused mass of men engaged in deadly combat. He saw the wounded and the slain, and the terrible war-horse, rejoicing in its strength, prancing fearlessly over both, while the shout of victory and the cry for mercy rang in his ears. Presently he began to distinguish the opposing parties. On one side was an immense host, glittering in gold and gems, more suited to adorn a satrap's court than to defend an endangered country: soft and effeminate, they were soldiers who loved "the pomp and pride, and circumstance of war," but not the toil and peril of the battle-field. Opposed to them was a band of steel-clad warriors, whose manly forms and sinewy arms spoke of many dangers overcome, whose stern countenances told of revenge for past injuries and of dauntless resolution. At their head, in the thickest of the combat, was a young hero, whose deeds of valor inspired their enthusiasm, who led them on from victory to victory. An eagle heart and an eagle eye were his, and lofty was his aim, like the king of birds who flies upward toward the source of light and returns the gaze of the sun unabashed. Born to a throne, a throne satisfied him not while a world lay before him unconquered. The kingdom of Macedonia could not contain ALEXANDER. His enemies are routed—he remains master of the field. Will he tarnish his valor by cruelty? Ah, no! The pupil of Aristotle has not yet forgotten the lessons of his master. Queens kneel in anguish at his feet, the lovely and the venerable; he is generous and courteous—he will be a son to the mother of Darius—he will be a brother to his wife.

The scene has changed, and Napoleon beholds Tyre, the renowned and ancient city, whose merchants were princes and whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth, fall before the sword of the mighty conqueror. Whither now shall the ships of Tarshish repair? The nations of the earth shall mourn for Tyre: all her beauty and wisdom, and strength are brought down to the dust, and her

feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn. Prepare yourselves, ye fishers, for Tyre shall be like the top of a rock—it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.

Vanish, Tyre—appear, Jerusalem! Deck thyself, though, in fear and trembling, to greet the conqueror of Asia. Adorn thy streets with garlands, and let thy children array themselves in virgin white. The victor cometh—go ye out to meet him. And lo! a long procession—children with flowers, beautiful youths with precious gifts, and at their head the priests of the Most High, inspiring awe by the majesty and sanctity of their mien; and the high priest in his gorgeous apparel, with “Holiness unto Jehovah” inscribed upon his forehead. Onward sweeps the pageant, till they reach a height whence they behold the holy city beneath them—the glorious temple, perhaps so soon to be laid in ashes; their homes and the sepulchres of their fathers. Tears stream from their eyes at the sight of thee, O Jerusalem! But hark! warlike music announces the approach of the victorious army. Alexander comes prepared for vengeance—for why should Judea alone decline to obey his behests? Wherefore should one state refuse to break its oath to Darius? The monarch comes to quench their scruples in blood, to consume them in the ascending flame. But when he beholds the peaceful throng, when he marks the pontiff’s venerable air, fury departs from his heart; he alights from Bucephalus, and humbly kneeling on the ground, asks a blessing from the servant of the Lord of armies. Valor pays homage to religion.

Conquering and to conquer, onward is his march. Cities pour out their treasures at his feet, and kings court his alliance. He hath passed the Indus, and bitterly weeps because his warriors refuse to follow him on to the new world stretched out before him. Boundless is his ambition as the vault of heaven. “A god!” his followers cry. “A god!” the conquered nations echo from east to west. A god weak Alexander dreams himself, and falls from his height of glory. He marches across the dreary desert, and sycophantic priests proclaim him son of the Sun, and son of Amun, a very god upon earth, as they have done to countless Pharaohs before his day. The oracle hath said it. Who will dare to contradict? His heart swells big with pride. Who will now stand up before the conqueror of the world, the son of Jupiter, and oppose his pleasure?

One, an honest friend—he was a man that dared to speak the truth. He had saved the life of his king in battle—he was his chosen confidant. Why should Clitus fear? Because pride and vanity, and drunkenness and sensuality now dwell in that once noble heart, and the tyrant brooks no opposition to his will. The victor is vanquished by his rage. Mourn, King of Greece, Egypt and Asia—thy javelin is steeped in the blood of thy friend!

But pour out the ruddy wine, and drink deep, thou son of Amun, for mirth and revelry drown remorse. With lovely Thais at thy side, why

should the conqueror of the world suffer dull care to prey upon his heart? Suint not—pour out the sparkling wine; pass round the golden cup, and let the splendid halls of ancient Persepolis ring again with the laughter of the inebriate. But what doth Napoleon see that he starts as if to snatch a fire-brand from the destroyer’s hand? Clouds of smoke and flame ascend to heaven, while the stars look down reprovingly. Art thou, indeed, sober now, son of Jupiter? Well mayst thou be. But though the king of the earth and born of a god, the elements are stronger than thou. Thy word cannot stay the devouring fire. Thy hand applied the torch—thine eye shall behold on the morrow a city in ashes. The palaces of Cyrus and still more ancient kings, and the records of the empire are consumed. Some lofty columns remain, some sculptured ruins, and that noble staircase, to excite the regret and admiration of future ages, but the rest is desolation. Such monuments do conquerors leave behind them!

But hush! Speak softly—tread lightly—he is sick. Splendid is the couch on which he lies—gorgeous the apartment in which he suffers—many the attendants to obey his behests. Cannot the wealth of nations cool the parched tongue? Cannot the death of a thousand of his slaves be a ransom for his life? Alexander is now a poor worm of the dust; he is conquered at last by death. Can the son of Jupiter die? Is there no respite? None. Who whispers “poison?” I believe it not; ’tis only the poison hidden in the wine cup. What says the physician? Alexander is dead!

But his infant children will be revered, their rights respected; his generals will surely strive to outdo each other in devotion to them. Alas, no! the cry is now—“Each one for himself!” Thy empire is divided, thou conqueror of the earth, and thy wives and children are murdered in cold blood. Is this the end of thy glory, great king of nations?

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“I would be great as Alexander without his weakness,” thought Napoleon, as the dark clouds swept over the polished shield.

“Then live for history and for humanity, not for thyself,” said Pallas, “and scorn the bauble of a crown. Look once again into the magic mirror, and let my lessons penetrate thy heart.”

As Napoleon gazed, the clouds and darkness which had swallowed up the gaudy pageant of Alexander’s life were gradually dissipated; a clear blue sky appeared, and the sun shone down upon a wild and wooded country. Lofty trees, the growth of centuries, reared their proud heads to heaven; rugged mountains told of another land than France, and the swollen flood of the Monongahela rolled angrily along. No dwelling of man appeared, no beaten road, naught but the hunter’s track in the forest: the timid deer rejoice in liberty unrestrained. But see, they fly! What sound has startled the wild tenants of the woods? ’Tis the warlike sife and drum—never before heard in these distant solitudes. Nearer and nearer it approaches,

and earnestly does Napoleon gaze as he beholds the scarlet uniform of a hated and rival nation. The army marches carelessly and at ease, as if upon safe ground: no enemy have they to fear among the wild-tangled forests. But who is that young man of such commanding aspect, so dignified and thoughtful, whose searching eye glances around as if he perceived danger in the wind? He strives to inspire caution, but his prudence is despised by all, save a band of brother provincials, who keep their trusty weapons prepared for action and glance at every tree as if it contained a foe. And lo! an appalling sound—the war-whoop of the Indian! And from every tree, and bush, and rock, the murderous rifle or the poisoned arrow performs its work of death; and unseen enemies select their victims, unable to escape. Dreadful is the open battle-field, but more awful still the onset of a hidden foe; nor is it strange that brave men fled, as if a legion of demons strove to drag them to destruction. Who now is calm, who resolute, in that frightful carnage? One—the man whose noble presence had before attracted the eye of young Napoleon. While companions were dropping round him like the leaves in autumn, in perfect self-possession he appeared in the spot of greatest danger, obeying the behests of his commander, and inspiring the panic-stricken troops. His general falls at his side; he bears him away from the field of battle, and leads the remnant of the soldiery to safety. Two chargers perish beneath him, and his garments are pierced with bullets; but fear not—he dies not yet. His life is precious—there is other work for Washington to do.

A change comes o'er the scene, and men of the same language and the same blood are arrayed as enemies. England's oppression can be brooked no longer; the colonies assert their independence, and the stripes and stars now wave upon the wind. Strong is the force of Britain, poor and undisciplined the troops of young America; but rich are they in native courage, in love of liberty and of home, and rich especially in the brave defender of their freedom, in Washington the great. Wisdom,

valor and right have gained the battle, and a nation's gratitude awaits the father of his country. What reward shall he have? Shall a crown deck that lofty brow? Shall an emperor's state be his? Shall he be perpetual dictator of the new republic? Far other thoughts fill the mind of that unselfish hero. He disbands the army which adores him; he lays down his commission at the feet of an admiring senate, and retires to Mount Vernon to enjoy in private life the approval of his conscience, the praises of the good.

Called by a nation's voice to public office, he reluctantly obeys. The warrior is now forgotten in the statesman, and wisdom guides the helm of government till the stormy sea be overpast, while the man shines pre-eminent in every virtue. His dignity of character commands the respect of foreign potentates while he lives a simple citizen. No guards are his, no warlike troops attend him; every American would die in his defence—all bosoms beat with love and veneration. Again retiring to his quiet home, he leaves an example of moderation to all successors which none would dare to slight. Dying, his tomb is wet with a nation's tears, his memory is embalmed in every heart. His statue is placed by Virtue in the loftiest niche of the temple of fame; his monument is reared in the history of his country's freedom and prosperity.

"Who would not rather be a Washington than an Alexander?" said Minerva. "Mark well the contrast, my son, and trace it to the fountain-head, the motive which actuated each. Thou canst not be a Washington, I know it well; but behold in him thy model, thy exemplar. Limit thy ambition, and thy end shall yet be happy. Napoleon, I have warned thee!"

"No middle course be mine—glory and love, power and dominion for Bonaparte!" cried the young lieutenant.

Minerva frowned, then smiled; and a golden cloud descending, wrapped round her like a mantle, hiding the lovely vision from the mortal eyes she had deigned to bless. Napoleon stretched forth his arms to detain her—and awoke.

## SONG.

TUNE—"Friend of my Soul."

Avoid, my friend, the sparkling bowl—  
It warns but to betray;  
With rainbow hues it lights the soul,  
Then fades in gloom away.

For oft amidst its rosy tide,  
While wit is beaming bright,  
Deception's form is seen to glide,  
And truth is veiled from sight.

Yet if a grateful draught you'd sip,  
Where lurks no secret guile,  
O, take it from some breathing lip,  
Where love illumines the smile.

Then turn thee from the sparkling bowl  
To lovely woman's smile,  
And find within her sweet control  
The joy where lurks no guile

## A FRAGMENT.

GENTLY with the evening breeze waved the green grass and fair flower bushes, but heavy and weary were the footfalls of him who for long hours kept moving to and fro amongst them. Loosely hung the worn garments about his bended and bony frame—gloomy was his wrinkled visage—uncombed and long, and faded to the dreary gray, were his hair and beard. Silky and raven hued, and glossy in days that were gone, had been those mournfully-hanging locks—comely and in the flush of youth had appeared that furrowed face—erect and kingly had been that stooping figure. Young men, his fellow-runners upon the race-course for fame, and wealth, and pleasure, had looked on him with envy yet with admiration. Maidens, beautiful in form and feature, and gentle-souled, had greeted him with sunny smiles and tones made mellow and low with love; but he had met with scorn these tender wooings, and had lived on single in the midst of them that found it blessed to love and wed. And now he was a lone old bachelor of three score years—lone and desolate where all else was bright and gladsome.

Yet more wearily backwards and forwards among the dewy herbage did he totter—lower and lower still, till the long hair almost touched his knees, drooped his head. He laid himself heavily down, with his face towards the quiet sky. A branch of a violet-shrub hung over him, and one of its young flowers which had folded its dewy petals to rest, wept a tear on his sallow cheek. How strange, almost ghastly did it look—that crystal drop, sparkling in the light of the pensive moon upon a face which for so long, long a season, had not been bedewed with the tears of either joy or sorrow.

Peacefully glance down the fair stars—pleasantly murmured the running brook—softly and sweetly sighed the evening wind, wafting the perfumes of the beautiful pine blossoms; but wild were the looks of the solitary old bachelor—sad and solemn, and stern was the voice that spake to his soul's ear, the voice of the monitor saying—"Dark and miserable shall ever be the winter moments of him who in the spring-time of his life has stanch'd the gush of affection in his heart!"

The hall windows of a mansion which lay at a little distance, half hidden in ever-verdant juniper trees, were upraised, and there streamed forth cheery lights, and mellow strains from the viol and the flute, and laughing and happy accents that lively youths and merry maidens uttered, and the melody of a multitude of feet tinkling in the sprightly dance. It was the closing up with mirth and minstrelsy of a bridal. Glaringly came the soft lamplight to the eyes of the poor old bachelor—dismally to his ear and upon his heart struck the joyous music.

A cloud passed beneath the disk of the mid-night moon—then there seemed a louder murmur of the flowing brook, and the wind sighed more deeply, and there was a violent struggling and a dreary, gurgling sound amidst the violet bushes.

The night queen unveiled her face, and her soft beams fell beautifully on the scene below. The old bachelor was lying stiff and still, and staring, with one cheek pressing the damp turf, and blood oozing from his open mouth—and there, touching those cold lips, and with its fresh blue leaves dabbled in the "scarlet horror," was the weeping violet.

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## MOURNING HOURS.

BY J. BELL ALEXANDER.

SOFTLY did the night-breeze steal  
Among the trees and flowers,  
And told, in gentle whispers,  
That these were "mourning hours."

Softly did the moonbeams fall  
Upon one lonely spot,  
Where a virgin flower grew,  
A wild "Forget-me-not."

And over it a cypress hung  
Its leaves, that never fade,

Under which a snow-white stone  
Rose in the silent shade.

A glow-worm cross'd the stone,  
Though but an insect dumb,  
Yet by its feeble light I read  
One line—'twas "Ella's tomb."

Low the night-breeze sigh'd again—  
A voice as from the bowers  
Thrills my sad heart, and seems to say  
That these are "mourning hours."

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Like a lute's sweet tone,  
Like a rose-odor on the breezes cast,  
Like a swift flash of day-spring, seen and gone,  
So hath her spirit passed.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

How often do we have to chant the burden of this lament for the young and lovely of our land! The delicacy of the fair girl, so beautiful to look upon, is but decay begun, and the sweet flower, the household glory, passes away like the flower of the morning, and is seen no more. Even when life is prolonged, it is a state of suffering, not enjoyment; and should the delicate girl become a wife and mother, her feeble health often brings distress to her husband, blighting his hopes of domestic happiness, and entails disease or her own delicacy of constitution on her children.

We have often thought, while looking over the bills of mortality of our cities and seeing the large proportion who die of consumption, chiefly, too, taken away in the most interesting or useful period of life, we have thought—can nothing be done to prevent this? Can no remedy, no prevention be found?

The remedies, when disease has actually commenced, must be left to the skill of the physician, but the prevention must be woman's work. And as the great body of physicians pronounce consumption, when once seated, an incurable disease, it seems that all hope of escaping from this shadow of death rests on the course taken by our sex to avoid the incipient danger. In other words, women must endeavor to strengthen their own constitutions, and train their children in such a way as to develop the healthy powers of the physical system. In order to do this perfectly, a knowledge of the principles of physiology and hygiene would be indispensable, but young ladies' schools are at present sadly deficient in these branches of instruction. We purpose to do what we can to awaken attention to these subjects. We intend giving a series of articles, collected from various sources, but having one prominent view—that of teaching how to improve the health, and, consequently, the beauty of woman. And as consumption, or that delicacy of constitution which predisposes to it, is the most prevalent and most to be dreaded, we shall begin with symmetry of form, as from its derangements this fatal disease is so often produced. On this subject we shall quote largely from a book\* recently published, as we think its teachings are true and beneficial. The author says:—

"The first point to which I will call your attention, is the symmetry of the head and neck. The head is constructed to stand plumb and perpendicular upon the top of the bones of the neck, which are made to rest perpendicularly upon the spine of the back. By these arrangements the immense weight of the head is placed upon the slender neck, and yet safely, as it is contrived that the head is supported on the perpendicular neck as its usual position. Now, should you carry the head forward, and of course bend the neck, what results? Why, that the head with its great weight is carried at a great mechanical disadvantage. It requires five times the

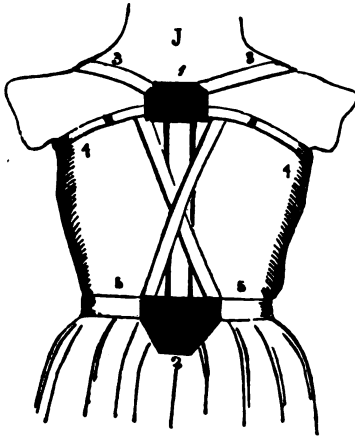
strength to carry the head on a stooping neck bent forward that it does to carry it on a perpendicular neck as a usual position. Hence you may infer, in continued years, what a prodigious drain this will be upon the strength of the system, and consequently upon its duration. Another mischief is produced: the spine of the neck, whilst made flexible to bend forward and sideways at will, yet never was arranged to have any of these positions permanent. It was no more intended that the neck should be bent permanently forward than to one side. A neck permanently bent to one side would be at once marked as a striking deformity; yet, as regards health, it is no more injurious than when bent forward. The windpipe and gullet, and blood-vessels and muscles, are all, both in length and position, adapted to a straight neck. The effect of a crooked neck is injurious to the windpipe. In symmetrical arrangement, the windpipe is made straight and covered with stiff hoops, and so arranged that it cannot close together. Up and down this open, straight barrel, the air goes in a full, straight, unbroken column; but if the neck is bent, the windpipe is bent also, and by being bent, the column of air is made crooked and partially impeded in its ingress and egress to and from the lungs. In the former case the lungs are badly filled, and in the latter case the voice is broken and impaired more or less, so that every person who would expand his chest well knows he must have his neck and windpipe straight; and every public speaker or singer knows, to have his voice perfect his windpipe must be straight. The neck should be carried perpendicular to the spine of the back, and the head should sit gracefully and easily upon the top of the neck—in other words, the neck and head must not bend forward habitually, if you would have an easy carriage, free breathing or healthy throat, back, &c.

"**SHOULDERS.**—The next thing to which I would call your attention, supposing the head and neck are carried well, is the position of the shoulders. Everybody knows that the form of the bust—by which term I mean the upper half of the body from the waist—is that of a triangle; the base of the triangle is a line from the point of one shoulder to the other; the smaller part of the waist is the point or apex end of the triangle. The greatest beauty of the bust depends on having the greatest possible width from one shoulder to the other on a line with the neck and shoulders, and both flat with the back and perpendicular behind. Many ladies who have greatly rounded the shoulders and brought them forward and towards each other, hope to correct the fault by tying or lacing up the waist so that it shall be very small, and thus restore the lost symmetry and beauty—that is, they make one deformity to obviate and cure the bad appearance of another. This bad and dangerous position of the shoulders has a most disastrous effect upon the chest, contracting it and making it too small, and injuring the lungs, and thus laying the foundation for thousands of consumptions, besides utterly destroying the beauty of the female form.

"A great many ladies, from debility or bad posture, contract a habit of stooping, and thus bring forward the weight of the shoulders and arms and hands across the chest, and contract it fearfully. If they cannot correct this by any other means, they should tie the shoulders

\* "The Causes and Cure of Consumption," by Dr. Fitch.

together behind. This leads me to mention **SHOULDER-BRACES**.



"Shoulder-braces are instruments of very old date, having been used in England and France for hundreds of years. In all parts of Europe, with the noble and educated classes, the remarks I have made on the carriage of the head and neck are fully appreciated, and have been understood for ages. Indeed, from observing these classes, all my ideas on these subjects have been fully confirmed. In many boarding-schools of England, it is a part of the education of young persons to provide that the shoulders and carriage of the head and neck, &c., shall be perfectly erect and elegant. They know that stooping or rounded shoulders are alike destructive of elegance and health. Round and stooping shoulders are set down in England as decidedly vulgar, marking ignoble descent, and denoting weakness and age. The tickets for admission to the ball-room at Almacks', in London, cost \$1.25 each, or five English shillings, yet at any time five hundred dollars would be paid for one. But money cannot buy a ticket at this aristocratic place of meeting. Admission for a lady is obtained through a committee of ladies of the highest rank, the object being to introduce the aristocratic youth and beauty of the empire to each other, to show off the finest blood in the world, and the highest breeding and physical cultivation. The least approach to deformity would be an insurmountable barrier to the admission of any one person, however exalted in rank. The queen herself would hardly be admitted if she had deformed shoulders. At the boarding-schools, if young ladies have high or stooping shoulders, strong shoulder-braces are put on them, and pass down the back behind, outside the dress, and a heavy weight is attached to it, and the child is placed on a stool for some hours daily until the shoulders are brought into the required symmetry. They are worn until the disposition to stoop is entirely overcome, and a perfect figure and carriage are fully established. Shoulder-braces are universally worn by all classes that desire fine figures or the rewards of them. The officers of the army cultivate in themselves and in their men the finest figures and perfect position of the shoulders. They all wear shoulder-braces more or less. The soldiers also wear them until the form is perfect. From the nobility and higher classes, and from the army, a taste for a fine figure and perfect position of the shoulders is diffused throughout all classes, both as a matter of taste and as the very key to health and beauty. The effect of all manual labor is, to a greater or less degree, to throw

the shoulders and arms upon the chest; and from this results one-half the fatigue of manual labor. With a vast many the habit of stooping at labor is extended to periods of walking and sitting; and finally, at all times, save in bed, the weight of the shoulders and arms is forced upon the chest; and thus the individual always carries a pack upon his back, and exactly the same effects are produced as if a person were always to carry a burden equal in weight to the hands, arms and shoulders upon the back. Back-ache, pains between the shoulders, pains in the neck and spine, heat between the shoulders, are the frequent effects of bringing the shoulders forward. The occupation of many persons requires them to use one arm more than the other. This, long-continued, is apt to make the shoulder of that arm weak, and to displace the shoulder-blade, causing it to grow out and its inner edge to lift up like a wing, and in a vast many cases to change the spine to one side, and bulging out the chest, and shrinking it in in some places, thus producing great deformity and disease. Nearly every case of crooked spine between the shoulders arises from this cause—that is, the weight of the shoulder most used drags the spine out of straight or to one side. Now the cure of all this is to wear shoulder-braces. Tie the shoulders together and they will revolve around the chest, but cannot press on it or crook the spine.

"Perfect symmetry of the figure requires that the points of the shoulder should be carried downwards and backwards as far as possible, by which arrangement their points recede from each other as far as possible and the shoulder-blades lay flat upon the back. To produce this position of the shoulders, it is necessary that the whole length of the spine should be perfectly supported, and therefore the small of the back is the first point to be supported. (See plate J.) Having established my support there, I then carry the brace up the back between and around the shoulders, by which I bring them downwards and backwards at pleasure. The foundation pieces at the small of the back and between the shoulders should be elastic, and are made of India rubber stuff. Great care should be taken to cover the spine as little as possible with the rubber stuff, as the spine may be kept too warm and weakened by it. Some braces are made so that the rubber stuff covers the whole spine. I made them in that way until fully convinced of their injurious effects. The spine must not be wholly covered with anything that can prevent free evaporation and airing of the spine. The India rubber stuff on the whole spine will keep the spine wet with perspiration and greatly weaken it. Such braces should never be worn. The pieces of the shoulder-braces between the shoulders should be elastic and allow full movements of the shoulders, and not confine the ball of the shoulder or arm, so that a free movement is permitted, and, on resting, the shoulders will at once be brought back by the elasticity of the stuffs to their places. The piece on the loins should be elastic, so as to allow free motion of the whole person, if desired. A great many persons, especially those with light chests, and whose shoulders are very flexible and move easily, cannot do much with their arms or hands, not sweep a carpet or do any manual labor, neither work, write nor study long, &c., without having pain in the chest or in the side, one or both. These pains often extend to both arms, even to the ends of the fingers, and pain down the whole spine, and great weariness at the top of the chest and between the shoulders, and heat about the shoulders, pains under the shoulder-blades, &c. Such persons will find the shoulder-braces, if adjusted and made as I have described, a vast benefit, and in most cases a perfect cure. The use of perfectly-adjusted shoulder-braces will enable them to do ten times the work they could perform without them. Every fe-

male employed in any and all manufactories, especially if she has in the least a constrained position, should wear shoulder-braces. Girls at school, and young ladies as long as at school, should wear shoulder-braces. In fine, every lady whose shoulders are not always perfectly in symmetry, should wear shoulder-braces. If the least consumptive or consumptively-disposed, she should wear shoulder-braces; they greatly assist in expanding the chest, prevent curvature of the spine, and assist much in curing it and preventing its progress after it is present. They give symmetry to the back and shoulders, do much to prevent stooping, and almost double the strength of the shoulders, giving the

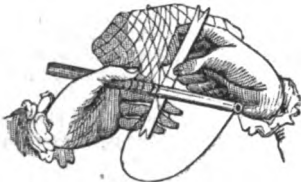
wearer the ability to do twice as much with her arms and shoulders as she otherwise could. They perfectly prevent the straining of the shoulders or back, or chest. I never attempt to cure consumption without the use of shoulder-braces. Shoulder-braces should be sufficiently strong, and as light and elegant as possible."

We have given this long explanation, because the custom of stooping and prevalence of spine complaints are so common in our country. The fashion of narrow chests and round or stooping shoulders seems almost established, and it requires not only a strong effort to change it, but the knowledge of the way. This plan of shoulder-braces may be tried at once.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.—NETTING.

"Ideal visits I often pay you, see you posting round your sylvan walks, or sitting *netting* in your parlor and thinking of your absent friend."—*Miss Seaward's Letters*.

In a museum at Berlin are specimens of the nets made by the Egyptians more than three thousand years ago; even some of their needles are preserved—needles similar in form to those used by ladies now, but of course much larger in size. This shows that netting is an ancient art, and honorable for its usefulness as well as beauty. Here is a drawing of their work.



The process of netting, whether a fisherman's seine or lady's purse, is exactly the same.

The instruments required are a *pin* or *mak*, on which the loops are made, and by their size regulated; and a *needle* shaped into a fork of two prongs at each end. The twine or silk is wound on the needle by passing it alternately between the prongs at each end; then the process is very easy.

We do not think it necessary to give a minute description, as this would serve little purpose, and we trust all our ingenious readers know how to *net*, or have some friend who can teach the process. The examples we give are intended to aid taste in the formation of the beautiful kinds of netting, such as the Lady's Book only can show. Here are a few new patterns. But first we give a pattern of the *knot* made in netting before it is tightened, showing the turns of the twine which form it.



PLAIN NETTED GENTLEMAN'S PURSE.

Five skeins of coarse netting silk, and a mesh No. 13, will be required.

Net on a foundation of eighty stitches for the width,

19°

and continue until you have ten inches in length; this will make a full-sized handsome purse. When done, net up the sides and tack up the opening; damp it slightly and put it on a purse stretcher, as in the annexed engraving, allowing it to remain for some time. When taken off the stretcher, untack the opening, gather up the ends and put on the trimmings.



Dark blue, brown, crimson and green, are the most serviceable colors.

A PLAIN NETTED PURSE WITH A BEAD MOUTH.

Four skeins of extra fine netting silk and a mesh No. 6 are required.

Commence with a foundation of one hundred and twenty stitches, and net a piece seven inches in width. The mouth of the purse is made as follows:—the annexed engraving represents one side of it.

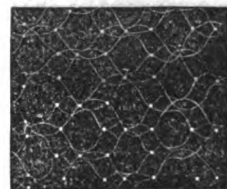


First row—net forty-two plain stitches; one bead stitch; one plain; two bead; two plain, alternately eight times; one plain; one bead; forty-two plain.

Second row—net forty-five plain; three bead; one plain, alternately eight times; forty-five plain.

Third row—net forty-six plain; two bead; two plain alternately eight times; forty-six plain.

GREEK NETTING, OR FILLET ROSE.

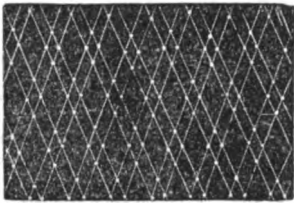




This is prettiest worked with fine silk, when two meshes. Nos. 9 and 18, are required. Net one plain row with the large mesh. In the next row use the small mesh; put the silk round the fingers as in plain netting; pass the needle through the finger-loop into the first stitch, and from that pass it into the second; draw the second through the first, and again draw the first through the second, and finish the stitch by pulling the silk tight and withdrawing your fingers from the finger-loops. The next stitch to be netted is a small loop that appears to go across the stitches twisted together. These last movements form the pattern, which is to be repeated to the end of the row. The next row is plain netting with the large mesh.

This may be used for mittens, purses, curtains, scarfs, &c., of course varying the size of the material and the meshes.

SINGLE DIAMOND NETTING.



Net on a foundation with fine silk and No. 10 mesh. Every alternate stitch is to be made a loop stitch by putting the silk twice round the mesh.

TREBLE DIAMOND NETTING.

Net three plain rows for the commencement. Then, first row—make a loop stitch by putting the silk twice round the mesh; net three plain stitches; repeat to the end of the row.

Second row—net a plain stitch over the loop stitch; make a loop stitch; net two plain stitches; repeat to the end of the row.

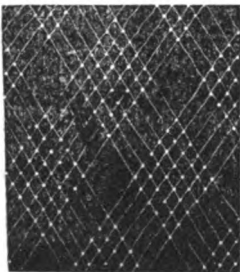
Third row—net one or two plain stitches, as the pattern may require; make a loop stitch; net a plain stitch; repeat the two last alternately to the end of the row.

Fourth row—net three plain stitches; make a loop stitch; repeat to the end of the row.

N. B. Always withdraw the mesh before netting the loop stitch.

This netting is best adapted for D'Oyleys, tidies, etc. If for a purse, about forty or forty-five stitches will be required for the foundation.

DIAMOND NETTING OF FIVE STITCHES.



Commence on a foundation of any odd number of stitches.

First row—make one loop stitch; net five plain stitches; repeat to the end of the row—finish with a loop stitch.

Second row—net one plain, over loop stitch; make one loop stitch; slip out the mesh; net four plain; repeat—finish with a plain stitch, over loop stitch.

Third row—net one plain; make one loop stitch; slip out the mesh; net three plain; slip out the mesh; net one plain, over loop stitch; repeat—finish with a plain stitch, over loop stitch.

Fourth row—net one plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; slip out the mesh; net two plain; slip out the mesh; net one plain, over loop stitch; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

Fifth row—net one plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; make a loop stitch; slip out the mesh; net two plain; slip out the mesh; net one plain, over loop stitch; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

Sixth row—net two plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; make a loop stitch; net one plain, over loop stitch; net one plain; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

Seventh row—net two plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; make a loop stitch; net two plain; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

Eighth row—net three plain; slip out the mesh; net one plain, over loop stitch; slip out the mesh; net one plain; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

Ninth row—net two plain; slip out the mesh; net one plain, over loop stitch; slip out the mesh; net one plain; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

Tenth row—net two plain; slip out the mesh; net one plain, over loop stitch; net one plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; make a loop stitch; slip out the mesh; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

Eleventh row—net one plain; slip out the mesh; net one plain, over loop stitch; net two plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; make a loop stitch; slip out the mesh; repeat—finish with a plain stitch.

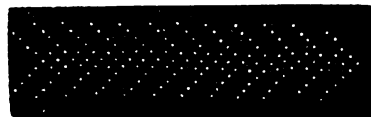
Twelfth row—net one plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; net three plain; net one plain, over loop stitch; repeat—finish with a loop stitch.

Commence again as at first row.

SAME PURSE, DIAMOND PATTERN.

Extra fine netting silk, with steel or gold beads, and a mesh No. 3.

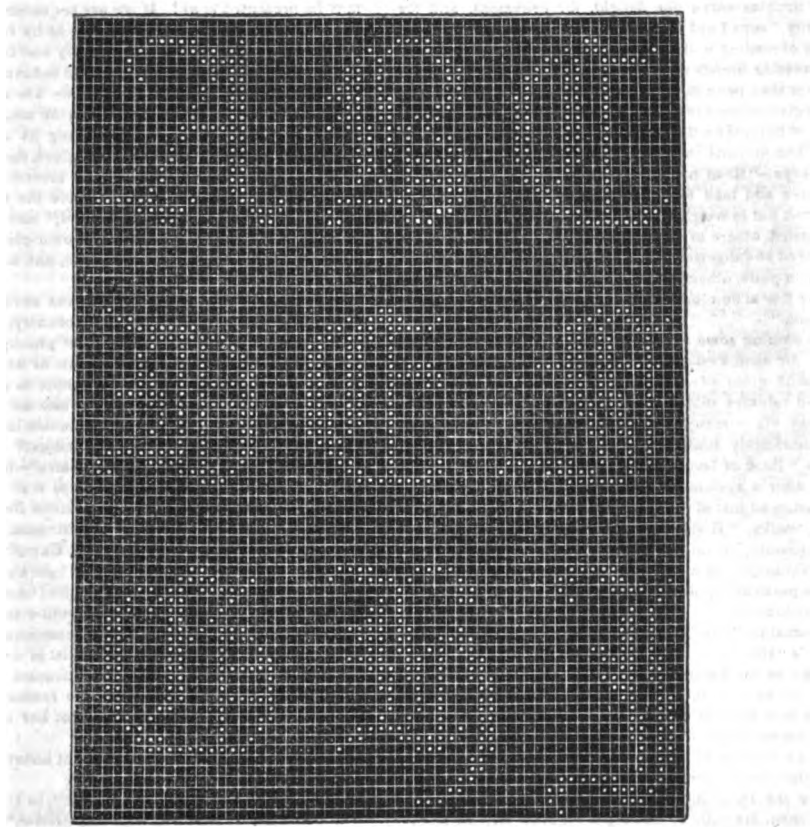
Net on a round foundation of seventy-two stitches; net four plain rows. In the next row, place a bead on every sixth stitch; in the next, on every fifth and sixth stitch; and in the next, again on every sixth, so as to form a diamond. Net four plain rows, and repeat the pattern in beads, so as to come in the centre stitch of the former rows.



The above pattern is intended for the opening of the purse, in beads, reversed in the centre. It may also be used for a purse in different colored stripes, each alternate stripe having the pattern in steel beads.

## ALPHABET IN CROTCHET.

(To be continued till completed.)



What lady, whose school days were anterior to the use of indelible ink, but remembers the working of her sampler? The A, B, C's were then the beginning of needlework education—and the accomplishment of the *marking stitch* was the proud aim of every school girl. And when the alphabet was completed, in letters large and small, the square canvas surrounded with a variegated border in the same stitch, then came the crowning glory, when sweet poesy was married (or marred, as the work too often showed) with silks of all the colors of the rainbow. The choice of this poesy was always an important affair, though for a long time one distich had kept its sway in our school, the sampler of every little girl bearing this motto:—

"The grass is green, the sky is blue,  
This Sampler I have worked for you,  
My Mother."

Nothing could be more to the purpose, and the truth

and simplicity of the poetry were in the purest Wordsworth strain.

There was another motto used by some of the older girls, which was thought the perfection of sampler poetry:—

"The rose is red, the lily's white,  
And yet they will decay;  
And youth is sweet, and beauty bright,  
But both must fade away."

Those were pleasant school days, when the needle and books were alternately in the hands of little girls. Our Book has lessons for those no longer children; but this *Alphabet in Crochet* carried us back in thought to other times, and though the use of indelible ink has superseded the marking stitch, we are persuaded our fair young friends will find these patterns of much use in ornamental marking.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"*STUDIES* serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability," says Lord Bacon. And he goes on to show the way of reading with most advantage, as though he were addressing friends whom he earnestly desired to benefit, rather than penning an elaborate chapter on study. We can give no counsel to our friends, whom we would assist with hints on their *course of reading*, more appropriate than to quote the remarks of this great philosopher. He says—"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

In naming some of the books we consider indispensable for such a course of reading as ladies might take up with great advantage to themselves, there will be found volumes subject to the rules laid down by Lord Bacon, viz.:—many that are to be looked over, a few to be thoroughly studied, and *one* to be read every day. This "Book of books" was named in our first paper; and after a systematic reading of the Bible, we would recommend that of the history of our religion. Milman's two works, "History of the Jews" and "History of Christianity," would give such general ideas on this important subject as would best prepare the mind for works more particularly designed to display or defend particular denominations, such as Rev. J. Scott's "Lutheran Reformation," Haddington's "History of the Church," Neal's "History of the Puritans," and Baird's "View of Religions in America." Neal's two histories, however, being read, the others might be taken up in such order as was most convenient, remembering that while reading ancient Jewish or early Christian history, a reference to maps and dictionaries is always necessary to a right understanding of the text. Brown's "Dictionary of the Holy Bible" is the best we know of, but a small one, Malcolm's "Bible Dictionary," will be found very useful. We will name here several other authors we consider very important to include in a lady's course of reading, not intending these all to be perused before other books we shall by and by recommend, but in order to conclude that class we should rank under the head *religious*.

There are two works, Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion," and Pridenau's "Connection of the Old and New Testament," we would particularly recommend to young ladies; and then Hunter's "Sacred Biography," Dick's "Sideral Heavens" and "Celestial Scenery," Keith on the Prophecies, Turner's "Sacred History of the World," Paley's "Natural Theology," and McIlvaine's "Evidences of Christianity," are all works of great excellence in this department of religious reading.

Next to our religion comes our own country: the better we understand the history of these the better we shall be prepared to read and rightly appreciate the history and literature of the Old World. Without a standard of comparison how shall we rightly compare what

may be presented to us? If we are acquainted with the Bible and the history and literature of its religion, we are then prepared to read the history and literature of heathendom and judge of the spirit and influence of these dissimilar institutions. And when we know our own country, not merely as we learn it on the maps or in the geographies at school, but by studying its history and reading the best productions of its writers, then we shall be able to compare the past with the present and judge of the improvement of the world since the days when woman was a born serf to her "lord," and the father could put his children to death at his own pleasure, and war was the common pursuit of man, and to be a "foreigner" was to be an enemy.

Of all people on earth, the Americans have least excuse if found ignorant of their own country. There is no "dark age" in our history; all the principal events and chief actors may be as well known as the doings of yesterday. If this light is not favorable to poets, it is very convenient for readers. A few months' study will give one command of all the most valuable information. Begin with Irving's "Life of Columbus;" then read Bancroft's "History of the United States"—but as this is not yet completed, it will be best to read also Ramsay's or Botta's "History of the American Revolution." Then read Marshall's "Life of Washington," Cooper's "Naval History," Story's "Familiar Exposition of the Constitution of the United States," Spark's series of "American Biography;" and then select from the writings of the divines, poets, moralists, politicians and novelists of our country, such as are esteemed the best. As tastes differ, we will not give this list of living American authors, but only advise that attention should be paid to select such books as make the reader truly acquainted with the present condition of her country as well as its past history.

Next month we shall refer to ancient history.

LOVE IN MARRIED LIFE.—Mr. Mitchell, in his publication, "*Woman—as Maiden, Wife and Mother*," has these striking and true remarks. Let us take a review of *real love* in married life. "The happiness," says this modern author, "which it is capable of producing is, in truth, too great to expect to find it often unalloyed. As in nature there is a touch of beauty which neither painting nor sculpture can express, so there is a love beside which all the love in romance seems frigid. If anything can raise our feeble nature to virtue, it is such an affection wherein the idea of a disinterested interest cannot exist, and where mutual tastes stimulate the interests of generous pursuits and give variety to daily conversation. The seductions of ambition or pleasure lose their danger when there is a being at home whose love and admiration shed a radiance over every path. And never yet did hearts so united shrink from the sacrifice. Seldom, indeed, is such happiness realized; yet it exists, and might do so oftener than it does. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe man under the manifold sorrows and cares of life, are not worth a blade of rye-grass in comparison to one word of true affection."

In looking over the English publications, we are struck with the awakened spirit in regard to female education that is now evident in that country, although it is yet behind America in its just appreciation of the value of enlightened female influence. But here are some true observations from the pen of an eminent English writer.

"Women possess a vast influence throughout the world, either directly or indirectly; the mother's precepts and example are doubly potent to those of the father—from the mother's lips the infant first learns to lip and then to speak; she is its constant companion, its tender nurse; she guides its tottering steps, she trains its senses, she directs its conduct. 'The tree is known by its fruit,' the mother by her offspring. How important, then, is the proper education of females! the guiding their ideas into the right channel! the instilling into their hearts those feelings, sentiments and ideas which will tend to make them good children, affectionate wives and tender mothers! In making these remarks, let it not be understood that I am averse to the proper adornment of the person—far from it; I would have the mind and the body accompany each other, as it were, hand in hand. I would merely impress this great fact upon our young ladies, that personal beauty is a secondary, whilst mental beauty is a primary embellishment. Adorn your persons as ye will, my young friends, so that ye do not neglect to store your minds with true knowledge nor fail to make a just use of such acquirements. You are not deficient in capacity—you are not inferior in intellect. You need not be philosophers, because you are intellectual—nor pedants, because you are learned; but you should be by nature, kind, gentle, benevolent; by religion, pious, virtuous, amiable, cheerful; by education, intelligent; and by art, accomplished. Then will you pass through this life, the delight of your friends and the admiration of mankind; the joy of your parents, the happiness of your husbands, and the beloved of your children. A glorious, but by no means impracticable vision!"

We hope the French writers will follow this lead. The condition of woman (not *Parisian ladies*, but the great mass of the sex in France), is thus described by one of the most celebrated among their *satans*, Aimé-Martin.

"The great misfortune of our villages," says this benevolent author, "is the degradation of the women through the labors which belong to men. You see the women bowed to the earth as laborers, or laden with enormous weights, like beasts of burden. There are districts in France where they are harnessed to carts with the ox and ass. From that time their skin becomes shriveled, their complexions like coal, their features coarse and homely, and they fall into a premature decrepitude more hideous than old age."

**THE FASHION PLATE**—We have this month styles suited to every age, for parlor and promenade, for bridal morning and evenings at home, a picture of the toilet that cannot fail of attracting attention. Are there any who think this attention to the fashions of dress inconsistent with our lessons of morality? We hope not. We are sure those who reflect on this subject must become convinced it is important for the cause of moral and mental progress that the ladies who lead in the movement should show examples of order and taste in every department of female conduct. The woman who is careless and indifferent of her personal appearance loses half her influence. If we would have goodness show its greatest attraction, we must make it graceful.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The following articles are accepted:—"My Mother's Grave," "The Star of Love," "To a Friend recently Married," "Lines upon Seals," "To Josephine," and "Love and Rivalry."

We have no room for "Walter," "To the Wood Lark," "Jared, &c.," "The Wildwood Lyre," "A Great Man," "Tête-à-tête," "A Rushlight," and "Two Sonnets."

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Dombey and Son*," No. 5, Lea & Blanchard's illustrated edition. We suppose ere this it is known to our hundred thousand readers that young Dombey is dead, or supposed to be. Something unusual to kill off the hero in the early part of the work, but we will see anon how Dickens will manage with the survivors.

"*The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant—by one who has almost been worried to death.*" Illustrated by Cruikshank. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. An amusing trifle is this work, but we shrewdly suspect it is the intention of the author to show that at least in this case it is not the fault of the servants, but the mistress. A hard hit is given at the interference of mammas with their married daughters' domestic arrangements.

"*Chambers' Information for the People*," Nos. 11 and 12. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. We have so often praised this truly valuable work that we are at a loss what further to say upon the subject. It is a work for reference, and contains information well conveyed upon almost every subject, and is in fact what its title announces—"a popular encyclopedia."

We have just received from Firth, Hall & Pond, 339

Broadway, N. Y., the following music:—"The Flower Queen," a duet for two treble voices, composed by C. W. Glover. "The Syren and the Friar," a duet for treble and baritone or tenor. Both of the above are very beautiful, besides being a class of music that is very rare and difficult to find. Also, just published by the same house, "Slaying the Deer"—"Slighing the Dear," No. 2, songs of America, written and composed by Samuel Lover, with an illustrated title page. "Man the Life Boat," a descriptive song, words by Mrs. Crawford, music by Henry Russell. "The Fairy Song," a very beautiful ballad, by James G. Barnett. "The Dram Polka," by Markstein. "The Bachelor's Button, a Waltz," composed and dedicated to the Young Bachelors' Society by Allen Dodworth.

No. 6 of Carey & Hart's "Library for the People" contains "An Author's Mind—a bookfull of Books; or, Thirty Books in One," by M. F. Tupper, Esq., A. M. Another of this author's diffusive works. It contains thirty-five articles on as many different subjects, and all are treated in the author's best style. Those who remember the "Crock of Gold" well know of what Mr. Tupper is capable.

"*The Divorced*," a novel, by Lady Charlotte Bury, author of "Marriage in High Life," &c. T. B. Peterson. A very interesting book, as indeed are all works from the pen of Lady Bury.

"*The Knight of Gwynne, a tale of the time of the Union*," parts 1 and 2, by Lever. Carey & Hart. We hardly need to commend to the public any work by the author of "Charles O'Malley." It is equally good, but is somewhat different from the style of his other works, and shows his great versatility. The work is partially historical, but the sly humor of "O'Malley" occasionally shows itself.

"*The Year 2000, or the Adventures of Henry Russel, a novel of the Future*."

"*The Social History of Great Britain during the reign of the Stuarts, beginning with the 17th century, being the period of settling these United States*." Third edition, with plates.

"*The Duke of Burgundy; or, the Chronicles of France*," by A. Dumas, author of "Monte Cristo."

"*The Midnight Bell; or, the Fatal Hour—founded on incidents in real life*," by Baron von Holstein.

"*The Hasty Pudding, a Poem, in three cantos*," by Joel Barlow; with a "Memoir on Maize, or Indian Corn," compiled by D. J. Browne under the direction of the American Institute.

"*French and American Cookery; or, the Housewife's Companion*."

"*The Complete Horse Doctor, containing the Habits, Diseases and Management of the Horse in the Stable and on the Road, with advice to purchasers*."

"*Yankee Doodle*," parts 1, 2 and 3.

We have received the above from the extensive publishing house of W. H. Graham, Tribune Building, New York. Mr. G. is well known to the public by his tact and taste in catering for the public. All Mr. Graham's publications may be had of Mr. T. B. Peterson, 96 Chestnut street.

"*Cinq Mars; or, a Conspiracy under Louis XIII.*" by Count Alfred de Vigny, translated from the ninth Paris edition by Wm. Hazlitt. Harpers, New York. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. If there was any chance of a novel reaching a second edition in this country, we think "*Cinq Mars*" would be that novel. It is a very lively and spirited work.

"*Pictorial History of England*," No. 18—same publishers. This is an excellent edition of the History of England, and one that will command a place in every library.

Carey & Hart's cheap edition of "*The Consulate and Empire under Napoleon*," by Thiers. "After long seeming dead he spoke." It is, we believe, now six months since the last number was published, and our subscribers have constantly dunned us for the numbers. Now, it has not been our fault, nor Carey & Hart's. If M. Thiers would not write, we could not publish; but now that he has again started, we hope he will not cease until the work is completed.

"*Cyclopædia of English Literature—a selection of the choicest productions of English authors, from the earliest to the present time. Connected by a Critical and Biographical History*." Edited by Robert Chambers. This very valuable work is, we are glad to say, now in course of republication by Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, of Boston. We have seen the first five numbers, and think the merit claimed for the work—that of "a whole English library fused down into one cheap book"—is not exaggerated praise. It gives us the gems of English genius from the first Anglo-Saxon writer of any note—Caedmon, who chanted his own poetry twelve hundred years ago, charming the stately Abbess Hilda, and in his "*Fall of Man*," prefiguring a scene in the great epic of Milton.

The manner of writing poetry in those old times reminds us of the style now used by the Feejeans. The interest of the work, however, commences with Chaucer, in the fourteenth century; and like a rich stream flowing on, leaving deposits of pure gold through every age, the precious literature of our noble language is gathered and its treasures displayed in this valuable selection. The work is embellished with many illustrations, and has beautifully engraved heads of the most eminent authors. That of Shakespeare, in the first number, and Addison in the fourth, are exquisite specimens of the engraver's art. We hope the publishers will meet with the rich reward of having their enterprise appreciated.

"*The Statesmen of America in 1848*," by Mrs. Sarah Mytton Maury. The author, an English lady by birth, but married to an American, visited our country last year, and seems to have traveled and observed with a disposition to be pleased. She writes her opinions frankly, with such an air of faith that it carries the heart of the reader with her. This book is only her transcript of the celebrated men she met with; she promises another and more particular account of her travels—then we shall see what she has to say of the ladies. She has excellent qualities for a traveler—good sense and good humor, and her vivacity makes her a very agreeable writer. Published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, who have also published a small but valuable book for students—"An Essay on Study," by Ringelbergius—with a Preface and Index by W. H. Odenheimer. The work is dedicated to "students" of all the "classical, medical, legal and theological schools of Philadelphia." We think it a good manual for students everywhere.

"*Songs of the Sea, and Poems*," by Epes Sargent. The Bard of the Sea should be the distinctive title of Mr. Sargent. His muse is a real Amphitrite, Queen of Ocean, and we think it high merit in having so discovered and used his fine genius that the praise of originality may be awarded him in this imitative age. Some of these songs are very beautiful. "*The Night Storm at Sea*" is a strain of great power. And among the poems we recognize several that have long been our favorites; but the longest and most interesting, "*Adelaide's Triumph*," has never appeared before. It is a ballad story, and will be read and admired by all who have hearts to feel the beauty and nobleness of generous self-denial. Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston.

From these publishers, who always get up their books in excellent style, we have another interesting and valuable poetical work—"Schiller's *Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous pieces from Rückert, Treilgrath, and other German poets*," by Charles Brooks.

"*The Island Bride, and other Poems*," by James T. Colman. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. A long poem is quite a novelty in these days. Mr. Colman has given one of nine cantos—that will be read, too. Need we say more in its praise? That he has genius of a high order he has here given proofs, and we are sure his gift of poesy divine will be exerted in the cause of the good and the true.

"*The Young Lady's Home*," by Mrs. Louisa C. Tuthill. We are glad to see a new edition of this useful and pleasant work. Published by William B. Reynolds & Co., Boston.

GODEY IN LONDON.—The Pictorial Times, in its notices of magazines, has the following:—

"*Godey's Lady's Book*, or the American magazine, a beautifully got up periodical of our transatlantic brethren. They are certainly treading upon our heels, close behind us in the race of excellence, and we recommend this magazine not only to the attention of the British public, but of British editors."

## WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY OF US.

We thank friend "G." for his advice, and will follow it if we can find room for all the good things that our subscribers write—and commence with himself.

"Why wouldn't you do well to publish now and then upon your cover or in your own *gossiping department*, something from your readers concerning the 'Book' itself? It appears to me that their opinions ought to amount to as much as the numerous newspaper puffs which you copy. Readers would be more likely to speak the truth as they saw it. As I have read, thoughts have rushed up for utterance—pleasant thoughts—generally of kindness towards you and your contributors. I think I shall offer some of them."

We hope you will.

A "subscriber for twelve years" is informed that the picture he refers to, which is by Mount, was engraved some time since for one of the annuals. We annex a portion of his letter:—"Allow me to compliment you on the handsome engravings in your magazine. The subjects are just such as suit the large class of those who subscribe to your work. 'The Stung Traveler' is so good that you can look at it a thousand times and smile each time. The other is excellent, but not so amusing."

To J. H. W. & Brothers, of Harrisonburg, Va., we have sent a duplicate February number, and are happy to hear that "our women folks" do not feel willing to do without "The Book."

Here is another. Who now will doubt the infallibility of the Lady's Book?

"Enclosed you will receive ten dollars. This amount I enclose; please send a receipt, after which time you will discontinue further my subscription. This course I am compelled to adopt. It was well enough a few years ago, when I was courting my wife, but as she has the children to attend to, consequently but little time to read, and to enable me to amuse myself with the darling creatures, have abandoned in future taking your very excellent periodical, for the purpose of laying the amount out in candies, cakes and toys. If I should ever become a widower, you may look out for a renewal of my subscription. I found it an invaluable acquisition in obtaining my wife."

*The American*, published at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has copied from our "Book" the article on Knitting, from our Ladies' Work Department, with the cuts, which they had engraved expressly for their work. We think they have done well—and very well done are the engravings.

"S," from Charleston, says—"The 'Book' for March has just reached me, and a very pretty number it is. It strikes me you ought to be going ahead of your cotemporaries. Is it not so?"

Our answer is—that we are going ahead.

## WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY OF US.

The aim of Godey in his Lady's Book is to make a magazine that will meet the wishes and tastes of the fairer sex more fully than any of the other monthlies, and he succeeds.—*Democrat, Skaneateles, N. Y.*

The next is a mezzotint fashion plate, one of the most elegant and costly engravings of its nature that ever appeared in a magazine. It is a picture of itself.—*Mirror, Carbondale, Pa.*

The queen of the light monthlies is before us, splendidly embellished, and presenting a strong corps of contributors.—*Yankee Blade.*

This beautiful and highly interesting work is on our table. It contains an elegant mezzotint, which is a first rate specimen of that kind of engraving. It is embellished

with other handsome engravings. The fashion plates in this magazine are the best we have seen, and we do most cheerfully commend it to the lovers of the beautiful. To the ladies in particular we would say, if you do not take this work, send on at once and get it—now is the time to subscribe, at the commencement of the year. The literary matter of this magazine will compare with any other in the United States.—*Gazette, Burlington, Ohio.*

*Godey's Lady's Book* for February is now on our table, and clearly bears the palm from anything in the magazine way that has come under our notice. In fact, Godey seems in this number to have tried to excel himself, and tried successfully, too; for, as to beauty and costliness of illustrations and excellence of literary merit, the Lady's Book for this month throws into the shade not only its rivals, but even its own predecessors. More in its praise we could not say to those acquainted with the work, and to those who are not subscribers, we would earnestly commend a subscription forthwith.—*Gazette, Parkersburg, Va.*

*The Lady's Book.* We have received the February number of this truly valuable monthly magazine. It increases with every number in the richness of its contents and the beauty of its embellishments. We pronounce the present number unrivaled by any other monthly of a similar character in the United States.—*Globe, Huntingdon, Pa.*

*The Lady's Book* for January and February is splendid, particularly the February number, which surpasses any other number of that elegant and popular magazine that has ever before been published. Those who wish a truly valuable and refined magazine for the parlor or fireside circle, will find one to their taste in the Lady's Book.—*Banner, Morristown, N. J.*

The Editors' Table and Model Cottages are both good, and sustained with their customary vigor, and the latter, as well as the Ladies' Department, well illustrated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

*Godey's Lady's Book* has long been famous for its embellishments. There are in this number two plates of great beauty.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

The contents of this magazine are quite as various and attractive as ever. It is without question very far superior to most of its competitors, in everything that should commend it to the favor of the sex.—*Transcript, Charleston, S. C.*

*Godey's Lady's Book.* This is emphatically the ladies' magazine, and richly it deserves the well-earned title. This work is more exclusively devoted to the taste of the sex than any of its cotemporaries, and the long experience of the publisher has peculiarly fitted him for the task; while it contains matter pleasing, interesting and profitable to all. The February number is now before us, and it is truly a most beautiful number of a highly popular magazine.—*Eagle, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

*Godey's Lady's Book.* This popular monthly continues to deserve more and more the patronage of those lovely beings to whose wants and interests it is devoted. Each succeeding number induces the opinion that the perfection of art is attained and the resources of contributors expended. The February number will be difficult to excel. We commend this magazine to the patronage of the ladies.—*West Kentuckian, Paducah, Ky.*

*Godey's Lady's Book* for March is also on our table, and claims a high degree of praise. Its principal embellishments of "The Stung Traveler" and "Hospitality in the Olden Time," are rich subjects, admirably illustrated. Of the plate of Fashions it is only necessary to state that it is in the style of superior elegance for which the Lady's Book is so justly celebrated. H. Hastings Weld, so extensively and favorably known to New

York readers, has characteristically beautiful contributions in prose and verse, and the residue of the pages are occupied by writers of the highest celebrity.—*N. Y. True Sun*.

*The Lady's Book.* Godey's magazine is at the head of American monthlies. There has been some considerable improvement manifested in the typographical execution of the book and its embellishments. The literary character of the work is well known.—*Argus, Lima, Ohio*.

*Godey's Lady's Book* for February has made its appearance beautifully clothed with engravings not to be surpassed by any periodical in the United States. It is as elegant and interesting a number of this valuable family periodical as we have ever seen, and well deserves the high reputation it has already attained—attained alone by the persevering industry of its worthy proprietor.—*Courier, Madison, Ind.*

We have seen the picture to which the able correspondent of the Saturday Courier refers, and pronounce it a gem.

"Then comes '*A Landscape*,' about six feet by ten—a perfect bijou, and which I shall endeavor to get to Philadelphia. It represents a farmer's boy sitting carelessly on a bay farm-horse, without saddle or bridle, with his body and head turned round, talking to a girl sitting on a stone knitting, and with a basket on her arm. Cattle and sheep are grazing around, while some are reposing. The animals equal *Landseer's* in fidelity of drawing and coloring, and life-like character, if indeed they are not superior. This picture is the embodiment of what I have told you of this branch of the Flemish school, and can be bought for \$960, although, in my estimation, worth double that amount."

The magazines are a great scare-crow to some of the weekly papers, which publish the commonest kind of stories, and notice them editorially as "equal to a magazine story," "better than any published in the magazines." Why, what is the matter, gentlemen? Is it because the magazines some time since copyrighted their articles, and prevented you from copying them, that ye flutter so? In one instance one of these "equal to any magazine" stories was a disgrace to the paper it was published in. It contained the most infamous moral we ever read, and the story throughout was of the same tendency. Still it was copied from a magazine, but not an American one. Now, gentlemen, praise your own stories, but do not make any comparisons.

Another very small paper has the audacity to say that it gives, in the course of a month, nearly twice as much reading as a magazine. Yes, such as it is;—the news of the day, murders, fires, etc., that a person gets daily, not wishing to wait until the end of the week. But one of our magazines gives, in the course of a month, nearly four times as much reading as any one of these papers. They forget, also, to let the public know that the magazine articles are by the best writers in America, and that the monthlies also contain three engravings on steel, and various useful devices for females, music, etc. Why, the price of our steel plates for a year would buy out one of these establishments.

Another of the weeklies gravely states that "Our fashion plate will vie with that of any or all the magazines," said "fashion plate" being an engraving on wood.

SOMETHING RICH.—A lady who had taken the "Book" for six years, discontinued it on account of her not being able to retain possession of it for more than a few minutes after it came to hand. One of the persons who was in the habit of borrowing it, (and she says so plainly in her letter,) writes us to know why it was discontinued?

And even for this piece of information—borrower like—she taxed us with the postage on her letter!

We have received an order enclosing the cash for Arthur's Magazine, and a request to exchange with the same magazine. To both we answer, that Arthur's Magazine was merged in the Lady's Book some year since.

We ask the attention of our subscribers to a notice on our cover concerning impositions practised by persons calling themselves agents of the "Book." The extreme popularity of our work renders us peculiarly liable to the impositions of this class of persons.

We have on hand an English copy of "The Book of the Feet," from which we purpose soon to make extracts with illustrations.

Mr. Moss, whose advertisement will be found on our cover, we can recommend to the ladies of New York as a gentleman of great urbanity of manner, fair and upright in his dealings, and what is of very great consequence—especially to the fair sex—has perhaps the largest and best quality of perfumery, soaps and articles for the toilet to be found anywhere. It may be of some importance to mention that he keeps on hand all of the perfumes, soaps, &c., of our own inimitable Roussel.

The publisher of the *New York Spirit of the Times* states, "that while his subscribers generally have manfully sustained him, there are a great number of gentlemen of ample means who have neglected to remit the amount of their subscriptions. Most of these reside at some distance from the main routs through the country, and are consequently not called upon by his traveling agents. To such, and others who are in arrears, he begs to say that a prompt remittance of their respective dues will enable him to 'carry on the war' with increased spirit, while at the same time it will be gratefully appreciated."

The above is just our case. Off of "main routs," "prompt remittance," "carry on the war," &c.

The following is from a correspondent of the same paper. We like the suggestion, and make the same to our subscribers.

"I should like to make a proposition to your subscribers, easily accomplished—that every subscriber to your 'spirited' paper prove not less spirited by promptly paying at the commencement of your next volume their subscription to it in advance, as well as their present dues; and give you an opportunity, while catering with gratitude for our pleasure, to boast, to our honor, a subscription unequaled in the world—large and so prompt in payment as to render it out of your power to keep accounts. As proof of the sincerity of my proposition, you will now receive mine as above, as I have always done."

Read what a St. Johns (N. B.) paper says. Harsh, but true.

"BLACK LIST.—We publish the names of one hundred and fifteen delinquents, and hold them up to the world, and to our brethren of the press especially, as men we consider unworthy of credit! For the last year we have had on our list upwards of twelve hundred subscribers, and one year's arrearages from all, therefore, amounts to upwards of nine hundred pounds. A year's subscription may appear a mere trifle to an individual, but the aggregate amounts to a serious affair for us. . . . Under these circumstances, each of the above-named defaulters might as well have thrust his hand into our pockets and robbed us, as to have ordered the paper when he did not intend to pay for it."







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# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1847.

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### THE CHASE OF PLEASURE; OR, "NOW FOR IT."

(See Plate.)

We all are children in our strife to seize  
Each petty pleasure, as it lures the sight:  
And like the tall tree, swaying in the breeze,  
Our lofty wishes stoop their towering flight,  
Till, when the aim is won, it seems no more  
Than gathered shell from ocean's countless store.

Or, like the boy, whose eager hand is raised  
To seize the shining fly that folds its wings,  
We grasp the pleasure, and then stand amazed  
To find how small the real good it brings;  
The joy is in the chase—so finds the boy—  
When seized, then he must loose it, or destroy.

And yet the child will have enjoyment true,  
The sweet and simple pleasure of success;  
He reasons not, as older minds would do,  
How he shall show the world his happiness:  
And, wiser than the crowds who seek display,  
His own glad earnest purpose makes him gay.

And ever those who would enjoyment gain,  
Must find it in the purpose they pursue;  
The sting of falsehood loses half its pain,—  
If our own soul bears witness—we are true!  
What matter though the scorn of fools be given,  
If the path followed lead us on to heaven!

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### THE STREAMLET'S WARNING.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE.

O! HASTEN, pretty streamlet!  
O! hasten to the sea—  
Nor dally in this meadow,  
Though beautiful it be.

The summer days are coming,  
And the sun will rise in wrath,  
And pour his burning arrows  
Along thy winding path.

The sands will yawn to take thee,  
Thy rocks will all be dry;  
Thy wave no more will whisper  
To the flow'rets blushing by.

Then hasten, pretty streamlet,  
O! hasten to the sea—  
Nor dally in this meadow,  
Though beautiful it be.

O! I cannot leave this meadow  
And hasten to the sea—  
I cannot leave this meadow,  
With its April witchery.

The sun is bright and gentle,  
His kiss is sweet and warm,  
He mirrors in my bosom  
The glory of his form.

Upon my banks so mossy,  
The roses have their seat—  
The roses and the lilies—  
And I sparkle at their feet.

I sing to them so softly,  
They bend and smile to me;  
O! I cannot leave this meadow  
And hasten to the sea;  
I cannot leave this meadow,  
With its April witchery.

## THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE.

(See Plate.)

HAVE you ever read "Old Mortality?" Then you must recollect Loudon-hill, where the battle of the stern covenanters, Balfour of Burley at their head, was fought with the troops of the king, when Col. Claverhouse was defeated and Henry Morton made his escape. According to tradition, there was a marriage at Loudon-hill, in the gray of the morning, before the battle, and our engraving tells the story. Balfour himself is there, on the left, sword in hand, his stern bearing contrasting strongly with the group of helpless women and young children gathered around the enthusiastic but ferocious leader as for protection. The bridegroom has laid down his gun, but he will be ready to grasp it when the clergyman, the Rev. Ephraim Macbriar, has pronounced the blessing. And all those strong, stern men, watching around, not one but will be ready for the combat when the "Philistines," as they called the king's troops, shall come upon them. The bride, Effie Malcolm, was daughter of a dear friend of John Balfour, and left by her dying father to the protection of the stern soldier. He had promised, if his life was spared, to watch over her and a younger sister till they should be married to men zealous for the Lord and the Covenant. Effie was very lovely, and beauty will have worshipers even in the solemn wilderness and among the wildest and sternest scenes of human life. There is always true love where there are pure hearts; and in times when the deepest feelings of our nature, the religious and patriotic, are excited, all the emotions felt partake of the excitement, and are stronger than in seasons of peace and tranquillity. It was no wonder the fair girl found a lover, nor that she was loved with the warmest devotion. James Murdoch, the eldest son of a stanch Presbyterian, was accounted one of the best matches in the county of Fife, and Effie Malcolm, as every one

said, was in love, when it was known these young people were betrothed. Balfour was rejoiced on several accounts: the times were stormy, he had determined to resist the government, and as he felt he would sooner or later fall a martyr to what he considered truth, he wished to leave Effie under the protection of a husband, who would also protect her young sister Annie.

When Balfour joined the insurgents, after the murder of the Archbishop, and found that the Murdochs, father and son, were both there, he proposed to have the marriage rite immediately performed. "We shall soon be called upon to do battle for the Lord," said this furious fanatic; "some of us may fall and die in the struggle, or be taken and bound like Sampson, but it is not likely all will be called to suffer—and whoever escapes must remember that God has confided these tender orphans to his care. The children of the godly are precious in the sight of the Lord, and the daughters of David Malcolm are dear to my soul as though they were my own."

The murderer of James Sharp, whose blood was on his sword, had yet the warmer flood of human affections in his heart; and earnestly did he pray, while the ceremony was performing, that if a victim was doomed for the sacrifice, his own blood might flow in the expected battle, and not that of the young bridegroom.

And thus they were married, just as the dawn was struggling through the clouds of night—and before the sun went down, that fair young bride was a widow! The prayer of Balfour was not answered; he was spared to live, a miserable outcast for several years, but James Murdoch and his father both fell, killed by the sword of Claverhouse; and the bride and her sister were sheltered and cared for among the "poor hill folk." They never saw their guardian after that fatal day.

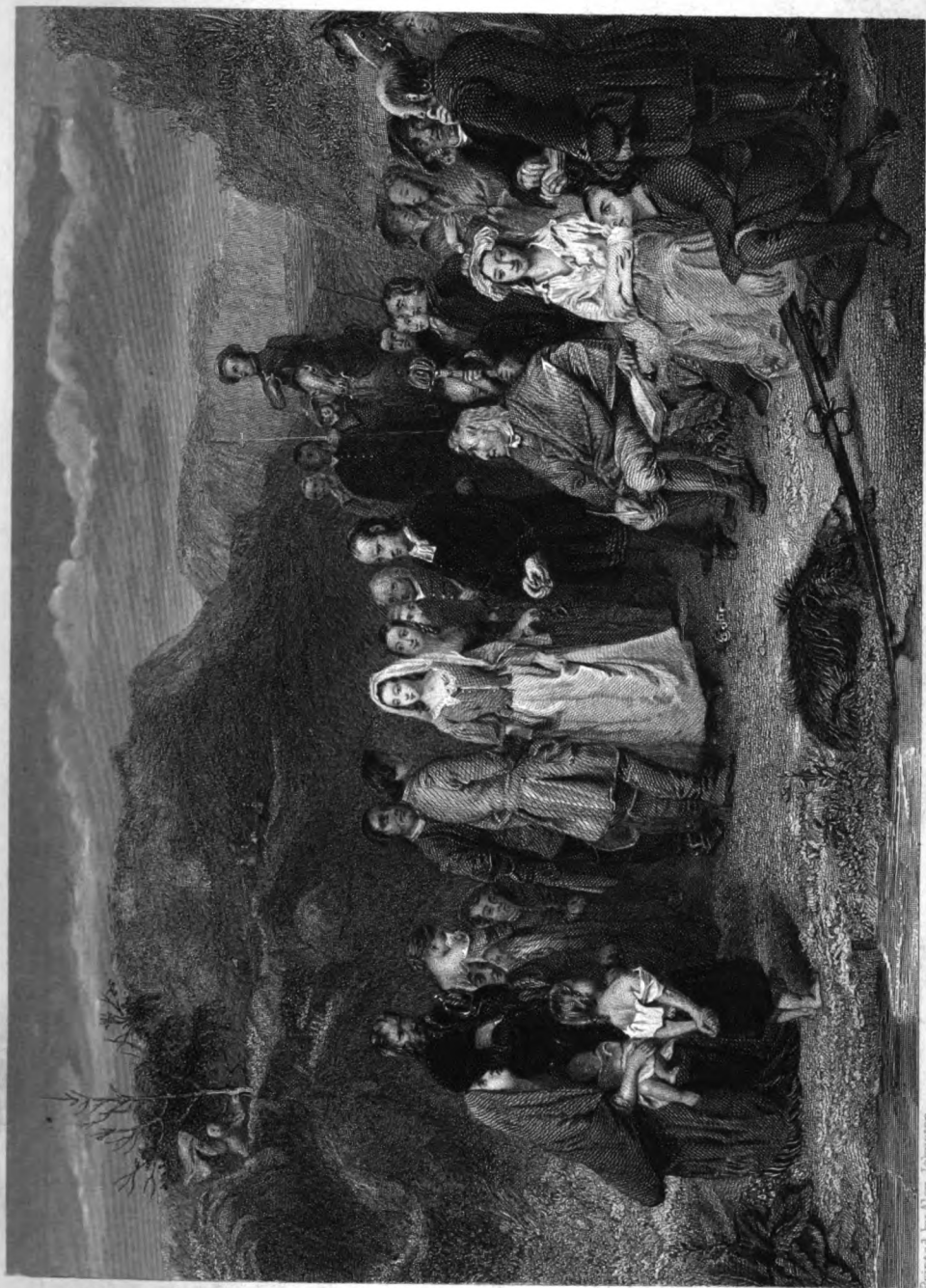
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## SONG.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD.

COME forth, my love, the bright moonlight  
Now tempts our steps to stray—  
The glittering dew is not so bright  
As thou in thine array!  
Oh! haste, my love, away!  
The glittering dew is not so bright  
As thou in thine array!

Fair Luna sheds her beams serene  
O'er grove and flower and tree,  
But night is sad without her queen—  
Then forth, my love, with me!  
Wilt wander, fair Annie?  
The night is sad without her queen—  
Then forth, my love, with me!



Engraved by A.L. Dick.

# THE COVENANTERS MARRIAGE.

Engraved for the Godwin Labor Book.

Printed by Alex. Johnston.



## JUST GOING TO DO IT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

EVERY man has some little defect of character, some easily-besetting sin that is always overtaking him, unless he be ever on the alert. My friend, Paul Burgess, was a man of considerable force of mind; whatever he undertook was carried through with much energy of purpose. But his leading defect was a tendency to inertia in small matters. It required an adequate motive to put the machinery of his mind in operation. Some men never let a day pass without carefully seeing after everything, little or great, that ought to be done. They cannot rest until the day's work is fully completed. But it was very different with Paul. If the principal business transactions of the day were rightly performed, he was satisfied to let things of less consideration lie over until another time. From this cause it occurred that every few weeks there was an accumulation of things necessary to be done, so great that their aggregate calls upon his attention roused him to action, and then everything was reduced to order with an energy, promptness and internal satisfaction that made him wonder at himself for ever having neglected these minor interests so long. On these occasions, a firm resolution was always made never again to let a day come to its close without everything being done that the day called for. It usually happened that the first hour did not pass after the forming of this resolution without seeing its violation—so strong was the power of habit growing out of an original defect in the mind.

Every consequence in life is the natural result of some cause, and upon the character of the cause always depends the nature of the consequence. An orderly cause never produces a disorderly consequence, and the converse of this is equally true. Every defect of character that we have, no matter how small and seemingly insignificant it may be, if suffered to flow down into our actions, produces an evil result. The man who puts off the doing of a thing until to-morrow that ought to be done to-day, injures his own interest or the interest of others. This may not always clearly show itself, but the fact is nevertheless true. Sometimes the consequences of even the smallest neglect are felt most deeply.

My friend Paul had a very familiar saying when reminded by any one of something that ought to have been previously done. "I was just going to do it," or, "I am just going to do it," dropped from his tongue half-a-dozen times in a day.

"I wish you would have my bill ready by three o'clock," said a customer to him dropping in one morning.

"Very well, it shall be made out," replied Paul.

The customer turned and walked hurriedly away. He evidently had a good deal of business to do and but a small time to do it in.

Precisely at three the man called and found the merchant reading the afternoon paper.

"Is my bill made out?" he asked.

"I am just going to do it," answered Paul, handing the paper towards his customer. "Look over the news for a few moments while I draw it off; it won't take me long."

"I am sorry," replied the customer, "for I cannot wait. I have three or four more accounts to settle, and the boat leaves in an hour. Send me the bill by mail, and I will remit you the amount. Good by"—offering his hand—"I hope to see you again in the fall."

Paul took the extended hand of his customer and shook it warmly. In the next moment he was standing alone, his ledger open before him and his eye resting upon an account, the payment of which was of some importance to him just at that time. Disappointed and dissatisfied with himself, he closed the ledger heavily and left the desk, instead of making out the account and mailing it. On the next day, the want of just the amount of money he would have received from this customer kept him on the street two hours. It was three weeks before he made out the account and sent it on. A month elapsed, but no remittance came. He dropped his customer a line, and received for answer that when last in the city he had bought more goods than he intended, and consequently paid away all his cash; business had not yet begun to stir, and thus far what little he had sold had been for credit, but that he hoped soon to make him a remittance. The next news Paul had of his customer was that he had failed.

It was said of him that when a young man he became quite enamored of a reigning belle, who to great beauty added many far more essential prerequisites in a good wife, not the least of which in the eye of Paul was a handsome fortune left her by a distant relative. To this young lady he paid very marked attentions for some time, but he did not stand alone in the number of her admirers. Several others were as much interested in gaining her favorable regard as he was.

One day a friend said to him—"Paul, have you heard the news?"

"What is it?"

"Sefion has offered himself to Miss P——."

"It a'n't possible! Why, *I was just going to do it myself!* Has she accepted him?"

"So it is said."

"I don't believe it."

"I don't know how you will ascertain, certainly, unless you ask the lady herself," replied the friend.

"I will find out within an hour, if I have to do what you suggest. Sefton offered himself! I declare, I didn't dream that any particular intimacy existed between them. My own mind has been made up these two or three months—in fact, long before Sefton knew her—but I have kept procrastinating the offer of marriage I determined to make, week after week, like a fool as I am, until I have allowed another to step in and carry off the prize, if what you say be true. But I can't believe it. I am sure Miss P—— wouldn't accept any man on so short an acquaintance."

"Sefton is a bold fellow and prompt in all his movements," returned the friend. "I rather think you will find the report true. I know that he has been paying her the closest attentions."

"I won't believe a word of it until I have undoubted evidence of the fact. It can't be!" said Paul, pacing the floor in considerable perturbation of mind.

But it was all so, as he very soon ascertained, to his deep regret and mortification at allowing another to carry off the prize he had thought his own. When next under the influence of the tender passion, my friend took good care to do in good time just what he was going to do.

Paul was perfectly aware of his defect, and often made the very best resolutions against it, but it generally happened that they were broken as soon as made. It was so easy to put off until the next hour, or until to-morrow, a little thing that might just as well be done now. Generally, the thing to be done was so trifling in itself that the effort to do it appeared altogether disproportionate at the time. It was like exerting the strength of a giant to lift a pebble. Sometimes the letters and papers would accumulate upon his desk for a week or ten days, simply because the effort to put away each letter as it was read and answered, and each paper as it was used, seemed so great when compared with the trifling matter to be accomplished, as to appear a waste of effort, notwithstanding time enough would be spent in reading the newspapers, conversation, or sitting idly about, to do all this three or four times over. When confusion reached its climax, then he would go to work most vigorously and in a few hours reduce all to order. But usually some important paper was lost or mislaid, and could not be found at the time when most needed. It generally happened that this great effort was not made until he had been going to do it for three or four days, and not then until the call for some account or other commercial paper which was nowhere to be found, made a thorough examination of what had been accumulating for some time in his drawers and on his desk necessary. He was not al-

ways fortunate in discovering the object of his search.

Notwithstanding this minor defect in Paul's character, his great shrewdness and thorough knowledge of business made him a successful merchant. In matters of primary interest, he was far-seeing, active and prompt, and as these involved the main chance, his worldly affairs were prosperous. Whatever losses he encountered were generally to be traced to his neglect of little matters in the present, to his habit of "going to do," but never doing at the right time.

Not only in his business, but in his domestic affairs, and in everything that required his attention, did this disposition to put off the doing of little things show itself. The consequences of his neglect were always disturbing him in one way or another. So long as he alone suffered, no one had a right to complain; but it is not to be supposed that such a fault as he was chargeable with could exist and not affect others.

One day while Paul was at his desk, a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, came into his store and asked to see him. The clerk handed her back to where his principal was sitting, who bowed low to the stranger and offered her a chair. The young lady drew aside her veil as she seated herself, and showed a young and beautiful face that was overcast with a shade of sadness. Although Paul never remembered having seen the young lady before, he could not help remarking that there was something very familiar in her countenance.

"My name is Miss Ellison," said the stranger, in a low, tremulous voice. "I believe you know my mother, sir."

"Oh, very well," quickly returned Paul. "You are not Lucy Ellison, surely?"

"Yes, sir, my name is Lucy," returned the young lady.

"Can it be possible? Why, it seems but yesterday that you were a little girl. How rapidly time flies! How is your mother, Miss Ellison? She is one of my old friends."

"She is well, I thank you, sir," Lucy replied, casting her eyes timidly to the floor.

There was a pause. While Paul was turning over in his mind what next to say, and slightly wondering what could be the cause of this visit, the young lady said—"Mr. Burgess, my mother desired me to call upon you to ask your interest in procuring me the situation of French teacher in Mr. C——'s school. Since my father's death, our means of living have become so much reduced that it is necessary for me to do something to prevent absolute want from overtaking us."

Lucy's voice trembled very much, and once or twice a choking sensation in her throat prevented the utterance of a word; but she strove resolutely with herself, and was able to finish what she wished to say more calmly.

"I am perfectly ready," she continued, "to

do anything that lies in my power. The French language I have studied thoroughly, and having enjoyed the friendship and been on terms of intimacy with two or three French ladies of education, I believe I can speak the language with great accuracy. Mother says she knows you to be on intimate terms with Mr. C—, and that a word from you will secure me the situation."

"Mr. C— is then in want of a French teacher?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lucy; "we learned the fact yesterday. The salary is five hundred dollars, which will give us a comfortable support if I can obtain the situation."

"Of which there can be no doubt, Miss Ellison," returned Paul, "if your qualifications are such as to meet the approval of Mr. C—, which I presume they are. I will certainly call upon him and secure you the place if possible. Tell your mother that if in this or in any other way I can serve either you or her, that I will do it with sincere pleasure. Please take to her my kind regards."

Lucy warmly expressed her thanks. On rising to depart, she said—"When shall I call in, Mr. Burgess, to hear the result of your interview with Mr. C—?"

"You needn't give yourself the trouble of calling at all, Miss Ellison," replied Mr. Burgess. "The moment I have seen the person of whom we were speaking, I will either call upon your mother or send her a note."

"You are very kind," dropped almost involuntarily from Lucy's lips, as, with a graceful inclination of her body, she drew her veil over her face, and turning from the merchant, walked quickly away.

When Paul went home at dinner time, he said to his wife—"I am sure you couldn't guess who I had for a visitor this morning."

"Then of course it would be useless for me to try," replied the wife, smiling. "Who was it?"

"You know the Ellisons?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Ellison, you remember, died about a year ago?"

"Yes."

"At the time of his death it was rumored that his estate was involved, but never having had any business transactions with him, I had no occasion to investigate the matter, and did not really know what had been the result of its settlement. This morning I was greatly surprised to receive a visit from Lucy Ellison, who had grown up into a beautiful young woman."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the wife. "And what did she want?"

"She came at her mother's request to solicit my influence with Mr. C—, who is in want of a French teacher. She said that their circumstances were very much changed since her father's death, and that it had become necessary for her to do something as a means of supporting the

family. The salary given by Mr. C— to his French teacher is five hundred dollars. I really pitied the young thing from my heart. Think of our Mary in two or three years from this, when, if ever, a cloudless sky should bend over her, going to some old friend of her father's and almost tearfully soliciting him to beg for her, of another, the privilege of toiling for bread! It made my heart ache."

"She must be very young," remarked Mrs. Burgess.

"Not over eighteen or nineteen."

"Poor thing! What a sad, sad change she must feel it to be. But did you call upon Mr. C—?"

A slight shade passed over the countenance of Paul.

"Not yet," he replied.

"Oh, you ought to have gone at once."

"I know. I was going as soon as Lucy left, but I thought I would attend to a little business down town first and go to Mr. C—'s immediately on my return. When I came back, I thought I would look over the newspaper a little; I wanted to see what had been said in Congress on the tariff question, which is now the all-absorbing topic. I became so much interested in the remarks of one of the members, that I forgot all about Lucy Ellison until I was called off by a customer, who occupied me until dinner time. But I will certainly attend to it this afternoon."

"Do, by all means. There should not be a moment's delay, for Mr. C— may supply himself with a teacher."

"Very true. If that were to happen through my neglect, I should never forgive myself."

"Hadden't you better call as you go to the store? It will be just in your way."

"So it will. Yes, I will call and put the matter in train at once," replied the husband.

With this good intention in his mind, Paul left his dwelling after dinner. He had only gone a couple of squares, however, before it occurred to him that as Mr. C— had only one session of his school, which let out at two or half-past two, he didn't know which, he of course did not dine before three o'clock, and as it was then just a quarter past three, it would not do to call upon him then; so he kept on to his store, fixing in his mind four o'clock as the hour at which he would call. Four o'clock found Paul deeply buried in a long series of calculations that were not completed for some time afterwards. On leaving his desk, he sat leisurely down in an arm-chair for the purpose of thinking about business. He had not thought long before the image of Lucy Ellison came up before his mind. He drew out his watch.

"Nearly half-past four, I declare! I'm afraid Mr. C— is out now. But as it is so late, I will defer calling until I go home. It is just in my way. If I see him, I can drop in upon Mrs. Ellison after tea."



On his way home Paul fell in with a friend, whose conversation was very agreeable. He did not forget Lucy, but he thought a visit to Mr. C—— would accomplish just as much after supper as before. So the call was deferred without a twinge of conscience.

The first words of Mrs. Burgess, on her husband's entrance, were—"Well, dear, what did Mr. C—— say?"

"I haven't been able to see him yet, but I am going round after supper," Paul replied, quickly.

"Indeed! I am sorry. Did you call?"

"No; it occurred to me that C—— dined at three o'clock, so I put it off until four."

"And didn't go then?"

"No; I was going to——"

"Yes, that is just like you, Paul!" spoke up his wife with some spirit, for she felt really provoked with her husband; "you are always *going to do*!"

"There—there," returned Paul, "don't say a word more. A few hours one way or the other can make no great difference. I will go round after tea and have the matter settled. I shall be much more likely to find C—— in a state to talk about the matter than I would through the day."

As soon as tea was over, urged on by his wife, Paul put on his hat and started for the residence of Mr. C——. Unfortunately, that gentleman had gone out, and Paul turned away from his door much disappointed.

"I will call the first thing in the morning," he consoled himself by saying. "I will be sure to find him in then."

I am sorry to say that Paul was just going to do what he had promised Lucy he would do immediately, at least half-a-dozen times on the next day, but still failed in accomplishing his intended visit to Mr. C——. Mrs. Burgess scolded vigorously every time he came home, and he joined her in condemning himself, but still the thing had not been done when Paul laid his head that night rather uneasily upon his pillow.

When Lucy returned and related to her mother how kindly Mr. Burgess had received her, promising to call upon Mr. C—— and secure the situation if possible, the widow's heart felt warm with a grateful emotion. Light broke in upon her mind that had been for a long time under a cloud.

"He was always a kind-hearted man," she said, "and ever ready to do a good deed. If he should be so fortunate as to obtain this place for you, we shall do very well; if not, Heaven only knows what is to become of us."

"Do not give way to desponding thoughts, mother," returned Lucy. "All will yet be well. The vacancy has just occurred, and mine, I feel sure, will be the first application. Mr. Burgess's interest with Mr. C——, if he can be satisfied of my qualifications, must secure me the place."

"We ought to hear from him to-day," said Mrs. Ellison.

"Yes, I should think so. Mr. Burgess, of

course, understands the necessity that always exists in a case of this kind for immediate application."

"Oh, yes; he'll do it all right. I feel perfectly willing to trust the matter in his hands."

As the reader has very naturally inferred, the circumstances of Mrs. Ellison were of rather a pressing nature. Her family consisted of three children, of whom Lucy was the eldest. Up to the time of her husband's death, she had been surrounded with every comfort she could desire; but Mr. Ellison's estate proving bankrupt, his family were left with but a small and that a very uncertain income. Upon this, by the practice of great economy, they had managed to live. The final settlement of the estate took away this resource, and the widow found herself with only a small sum of money in hand and all income cut off. This had occurred about a month before the period of Lucy's introduction to the reader. During this time, their gradually diminishing store and the anxiety they felt in regard to the future, destroyed all the remains of former pride or regard for appearances, and made both Lucy and her mother willing to do anything that would yield them an income, provided it were honorable. Nothing offered until nearly all their money was exhausted, and the minds of the mother and eldest daughter were in a state of great uncertainty and distress. Just at this darkest hour, intelligence of the vacancy in Mr. C——'s school reached their ears.

Such being their circumstances, it may well be supposed that Lucy and her mother felt deeply anxious to hear from Mr. Burgess, and counted not only the hours as they passed, but the minutes that made up the hours. Neither of them remarked on the fact that the day had nearly come to its close without any communication having been received, although both had expected to have heard much earlier from Mr. Burgess. As the twilight began to fall, its gloom making their hearts feel sadder, Mrs. Ellison said—"Don't you think we ought to have heard from Mr. Burgess by this time, Lucy?"

"I hoped to have received some intelligence before this," replied the daughter. "But perhaps we are impatient; it takes time to do everything."

"Yes; but it wouldn't take Mr. Burgess long to call upon Mr. C——. He might have done it in half an hour from the time you saw him."

"If he could have left his business to do so; but you know men in business cannot always command their time."

"I know; but still——"

"He has no doubt called," continued Lucy, interrupting her mother, for she could not bear to hear even an implied censure passed upon Mr. Burgess; "but he may not have obtained an interview with Mr. C——, or he may be waiting for a definite answer. I think during the evening we shall certainly hear from him."

But notwithstanding Lucy and her mother lingered up until past eleven o'clock, the so anxiously looked-for communication was not received.

All the next day they passed in a state of nervous solicitude and anxious expectation, but night found them still ignorant as to what Mr. Burgess had done.

On the next day, unable to bear the suspense any longer, Lucy went to the store of Mr. Burgess about ten o'clock.

"Have you called upon Mr. C—— yet?" she asked, before he had time to more than bid her a good morning.

"I was going to do it this moment," replied Mr. Burgess, looking confused, yet trying to assume a bland and cordial manner.

In spite of her efforts to appear indifferent, the countenance of Lucy fell and assumed a look of painful disappointment.

"You shall hear from me in an hour," said Mr. Burgess, feeling strongly condemned for his neglect. "I have had a great many things on my mind for these two days past, and have been much occupied with business. I regret exceedingly the delay, but you may rely upon my attending to it at once. As I said, I was just going out for the very purpose when you called. Excuse me to your mother, and tell her that she will certainly hear from me within the next hour. Tell her that I have already made one or two efforts to see Mr. C——, but without succeeding in my object. He happened not to be at home when I called."

Lucy stammered out a reply, bade Mr. Burgess good morning, and returned home with a heavy heart. She had little doubt but that the vacancy was already supplied. Scarcely half an hour elapsed, when a note was left. It was briefly as follows:—

"Mr. Burgess's compliments to Mrs. Ellison. Is very sorry to say that the vacancy in Mr. C——'s seminary has already been filled. If in anything else Mr. B. can be of any service, Mrs. E. will please feel at perfect liberty in calling upon him. He exceedingly regrets that his application to Mr. C—— was not more successful."

The note dropped from the hands of Mrs. Ellison, and she groaned audibly. Lucy snatched it up and took in its contents at a single glance. She made no remark, but clasped her hands together and drew them tightly across her breast, while her eyes glanced involuntarily upward.

About an hour afterwards, a lady who felt a good deal of interest in Mrs. Ellison, and who knew of the application that was to be made through Mr. Burgess to Mr. C——, called in to express her sincere regret at Lucy's having failed to secure the situation, a knowledge of which had just reached her ears.

"Nothing but the neglect of Mr. Burgess to call upon Mr. C—— at once, as he promised to do, has prevented Lucy from getting the place!" she said, with the warmth of a just indignation.

"A person who was present when Mr. B. called this morning, told me that after he left, Mr. C—— remarked to her that he was perfectly aware of Lucy's high qualifications for teaching French, and would have been glad of her services had he known her wish to engage as an instructor, but that it was now too late, as he had on the day before employed a competent person to fill the situation."

Lucy covered her face with her hands on hearing this, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

When Mr. Burgess came home at dinner time, his wife said, immediately on his entrance—

"Have you secured that place for Lucy Ellison, my dear? I hope you haven't neglected it again."

"I called upon Mr. C—— this morning," replied the husband, "but found the vacancy already filled."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" returned Mrs. Burgess, speaking in a tone of deep regret. "When was it filled?"

"I didn't inquire. Mr. C—— said that Lucy would have suited him exactly, but that her application came too late."

"Poor thing! She will be terribly disappointed," said the wife.

"No doubt she will be disappointed, but I don't know why it should be so very terrible to her. She had no right to be positively certain of obtaining the situation."

"Have you heard any particulars of her mother's situation?" inquired Mrs. Burgess.

"Nothing very particular. Have you?"

"Yes. Mrs. Lemmon called to see me this morning; she is an intimate friend of Mrs. Ellison. She told me that the small income which Mrs. Ellison has enjoyed since her husband's death, has, at the final settlement of his estate, been cut off, the estate proving to be utterly insolvent. A month has elapsed since she has been deprived of all means of living beyond the small sum of money that happened to be in her hands, an amount not over thirty or forty dollars. Since that time Lucy has been anxiously looking about for some kind of employment that would yield enough for the support of the family, to obtain which she was willing to devote every energy of body and mind. The vacancy in Mr. C——'s school is the first opening of any kind that has yet presented itself. For this she was fully competent, and the salary would have supported the family quite comfortably. It is too bad that she should not have obtained it. I am almost sure if you had gone at once to see about it that you might have obtained it for her."

"Well, I was going to see about it at once, but something or other prevented me. If I really thought it was my fault, I should feel very bad."

That afternoon accident made him fully acquainted with the fact that he and he alone was to blame in the matter, and then he felt bad enough.

"That dreadful habit of procrastination," he murmured to himself, "is always getting me into trouble. If I alone were made to suffer, it would be no matter, but when it involves other people as it now does, it becomes a crime. In the present case I must make reparation in some way; but I must think how this is to be done."

When any matter serious enough to call for the undivided attention of Mr. Burgess presented itself, that thing was generally done, and well done. He had great energy of character, and mental resources beyond what were ordinarily possessed. It was only when he felt the want of an adequate purpose that neglect became apparent.

On the morning after the day upon which Lucy and her mother had been so bitterly disappointed, the former, while looking over the newspaper, called the attention of the latter to an advertisement of a young lady who was desirous of obtaining a situation as a French teacher in some private family or seminary. The advertiser represented herself as being thoroughly versed in the principles of the language, and able to speak it as well as a native of Paris. The highest testimonials as to character, education, social standing, &c., would be given.

"I think I had better do the same," Lucy said.

"It won't be of any use," replied the mother, in a tone of despondency.

"We don't know that, mother," said Lucy.

"We must use the best means that offer themselves for the accomplishment of what we desire."

"There is already one advertisement for a situation such as you desire—some disappointed applicant for the place at Mr. C——'s, no doubt. It is hardly to be supposed that two more French teachers are wanted in the city."

"Let us try, mother," returned Lucy to this.

"If you feel disposed to do it, child, I have no objection," said Mrs. Ellison; "but I shall count nothing on it."

"It is the only method that now presents itself, and I think it will be right at least to make the trial. It can do no harm."

The more Lucy thought about an advertisement the more hopeful did she feel about the result. During the day she prepared one and sent it down to a newspaper office. Her messenger had not been long gone before the servant came up to the room where she sat with her mother, and said that a gentleman was in the parlor and wished to see them. He had sent up his card.

"Mr. Burgess!" ejaculated Lucy, on taking the card from the servant's hand.

"I do not wish to see him," said Mrs. Ellison, as soon as the servant had withdrawn. "You will have to go down alone, Lucy."

Lucy descended to the parlor with reluctant steps, for she had little desire to see the man whose thoughtlessness and neglect had so cruelly wronged them. The moment she entered the parlor, Mr. Burgess stepped forward to meet her with a cheerful expression of countenance.

"Yesterday," he began immediately, "I had discouraging news for you, but I am happy to bring you a better story to-day. I have obtained a situation for you as a French teacher, in a new seminary which has just been opened, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. If you will go with me immediately, I will introduce you to the principal and settle all matters preliminary to your entering upon the duties of your station."

"I will be with you in a few minutes," was all that Lucy could say in reply, turning quickly away from Mr. Burgess and gliding from the room. Her heart was too full for her to trust herself to say more. In a moment after she was sobbing upon her mother's bosom. It was some minutes before she could command her feelings enough to tell the good news she had just heard. When she did find utterance and briefly communicated the intelligence she had heard, her mother's tears of joy were mingled with her own.

Lucy accompanied Mr. Burgess to the residence of the principal of the new seminary, and there entered into a contract for one year to teach the French language, at a salary of six hundred dollars, her duties to commence at once, and her salary to be drawn weekly if she desired it. She did not attempt an expression of the gratitude that oppressed her bosom. Words would have been inadequate to convey her real feelings. But this was not needed. Mr. Burgess saw how deeply grateful she was, and wished for no utterance of what she felt.

That night both Mr. Burgess, as well as those he had benefited, had sweeter dreams than visited their pillows on the night preceding. The latter never knew how much they stood his debtor. He put in the advertisement which Lucy had read, and she was the person it described. Five hundred dollars was all the principal of the seminary paid; the other hundred was placed in his hands by Mr. Burgess, that the salary might be six hundred.

## A WISH.

I MAY scarcely wish thee, Mary, to be better than thou art,  
For every gentle virtue writes "at home" upon thy brow;

May the dove of peace and innocence, that nestles in thy heart,  
Find ever there the sinless rest it finds so sweetly now!  
L. T. VOIGT.

# CHARITY.

BY MISS PENINA MOISE.

"In the holy temple at Jerusalem there was a place called the *Chamber of Silence, or Inostention*, wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested, and from which many respectable poor families were maintained in secrecy. This is said to have originated the idea of charity-boxes."

The readers of Hurwitz's "Hebrew Tales" will perceive that I have borrowed a few hints from the forty-fourth for the following sketch. Pursuing the train of thought in which I was led by its perusal, I fell into a reverie and fancied myself in the legitimate sphere of Benevolence. The gentle spirit sat upon a throne of mother-of-pearl, her own heart the parent-shell of that peculiar and exquisite species of pearl which is formed of tears dried by sympathy. A bright haired messenger of Heaven sat at her feet twisting a coronet of amaranths. Around her stood a beautiful group of nymphs variously engaged, some in extracting briars from the blossoms of mortality, others in preparing balm for its wounds; many with magical celerity transforming soiled rags into coarse but cleanly robes, while their sisters were pouring cordials into phials or selecting such passages from the Book of Life as would best serve as *moral* elixirs for the bruised or bleeding bosoms of its wayworn pilgrims. Opposite the portal I beheld a "golden ladder," from which several angels alternately descended. The first of these went forth with a reluctant step, as if the mandate of a power she dared not disobey compelled her to perform a task not at all agreeable to her. As she reached the door, the melodious voice of the wreath-maker sang the following couplet:—

Angel *lowest* in degree,  
Pass—the wreath is not for *thee*.

She was succeeded by another who, though she advanced *cheerfully*, yet cautiously counted the small coin which she held in her hand, as if afraid to exceed the limit of her wonted scant donation. Again the voice was heard to chant—

Alms ne'er less than *need* should be;  
Pass—the wreath is not for *thee*.

A graceful figure now sprang from the third step of the ladder, holding a purse of elegant material and workmanship, whose strings, however, were never relaxed but in the presence of multitudes. Hark!

Ostentation is *thy* name,  
Notoriety *thy* aim:  
Angel of the third degree,  
Pass—the wreath is not for *thee*.

The next was one whose gifts were graciously and

generously bestowed, but whose spirit remained dormant until awakened by importunity.

Full thy hand and free thy heart,  
Yet imperfect is *her* part  
Who awaits the poor man's plea:  
Pass—the wreath is not for *thee*.

From the topmost round of the "golden ladder" a *veiled* seraph expanded her wings and alighted upon the crystal pavement—it was Charity's purest worshiper. She it was who hovered about the habitations of the desolate until she saw the day-break of Hope make its way through the crevices of their decayed dwellings, causing the dark shadow to retreat from their hearts and homes—she whom the widow in her fond superstition believed to be the spirit of her husband tenderly watching over her household, whom the orphan blest as the substitute of that protector for whom he mourned; she to whom the wretched redeemed from misery addressed thanksgivings as to a second providence, a spirit of mercy known like its celestial prototype only by its benignant dispensations—the purest worshiper of that Charity whose throne stands in the Hall of Silence. The bright-haired messenger having completed her chaplet, placed it upon the brow of true Beneficence, singing as she did so—

Let her who never sought renown  
Receive this amaranthine crown:  
Angel loftiest in degree,  
Stay—Truth twined this wreath for *thee*.

A scroll now fell at my feet, which, upon reading, I found was no more than a sort of running comment on the foregoing scene, as follows:—

To give, but not without regret,  
As if thou didst not understand  
Thou shouldst, in paying Heaven's debt,  
Make partners of thy heart and hand.

Without reluctance to bestow  
Some gift that meets not half the need,  
Though mercy in unmeasured flow  
Hath gifts to thee and thine decreed.

With cheerful spirit aid to yield  
When poverty knocks at thy gate,  
Yet leave thy brother's wounds unhealed  
Until he deigns to supplicate.

If pure benevolence reveal  
The sufferer to thy pitying gaze,  
Unseen shalt thou his bruises heal,  
Unknown receive his grateful praise.

Impenetrable be the veil  
Placed between thee and worth distressed;  
On bounties left within its pale,  
No eye but God's should ever rest.

## MORRIS'S SONGS.

WILLIS says, somewhere very justly, of Morris's songs, that "they are a knife through the biggest slice of the apple of liking." They go farther and last longer than the songs of any other American writer. He has an inevitable sagacity of seizure upon popular thoughts, and an infallible instinct for keeping them between limits comprehensible by all, illustrating them by images just and familiar, and knowing when he has said enough. Add to this that he finishes with extreme care, leaving no unmusical words in the way of the harmony, and never calling upon the dexterity of the singer to get round or overleap roughnesses of rhythm, and you have a list of those chance-mingled qualities which have combined to make the song writers of all times—from Tom Moore up and down.

The variety of Morris's genius for songs is very noticeable, and we give below specimens of those which have obtained a lasting popularity. The first is a massive, stately national song.

### THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,  
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;  
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,  
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.  
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,  
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand;  
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,  
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The pilgrims of old an example have given  
Of mild resignation, devotion and love,  
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,  
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.  
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—  
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—  
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,  
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

The next is a pensive lover's song of sadness.

### THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELL.

Thou hast woven the spell that hath bound me,  
Through all the sad changes of years;  
And the smiles that I wore when I found thee,  
Have faded and melted in tears.  
Like the poor wounded fawn from the mountain,  
That seeks out the clear silver tide,  
I have lingered in vain at the fountain  
Of hope—with a shaft in my side.

Thou hast taught me that love's rosy fetters  
A pang from the thorns may impart,  
That the coinage of vows and of letters  
Comes not from the mint of the heart.  
Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,  
And warbles in bondage her strain,  
I have struggled to fly thy dominion,  
But find that the struggle is vain.

That which follows expresses a yearning for a rural home amid romantic scenery, where dwells the poet's child.

### WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands  
Winds through the hills afar,  
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,  
Crowned with a single star!  
And there, amid the billowy swells  
Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capt earth,  
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,  
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,  
The diamonds of the showers,  
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,  
The sisterhood of flowers,  
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,  
Her purity define;  
But Ida's dearer far than these  
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades  
Of night are on my brow:  
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,  
My soul is with you now!  
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where  
My Ida's footsteps roam—  
Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear  
Me onward to my home!

The next is a song written mostly for music, but expressive of a parting of true lovers.

### FARE THEE WELL, LOVE.

Fare thee well, love—we must sever,  
Not for years, love, but forever;  
We must meet no more—or only  
Meet as strangers, sad and lonely.  
Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love—how I languish  
For the cause of all my anguish!  
None have ever met and parted  
So forlorn and broken-hearted.  
Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love—till I perish  
All my truth for thee I'll cherish;  
And when thou my requiem hearest,  
Know till death I loved thee, dearest.  
Fare thee well!

Then comes a brilliant touch of musical satire.

### THE SUITOR.

Wealth sought the bower of Beauty,  
Dressed like a modern beau;  
Just then, Love, Health and Duty,  
Took up their hats to go.  
Wealth such a cordial welcome met  
As made the others grieve,

So Duty shunned the gay coquette,  
Love, pouting, took French leave—  
He did—  
Love, pouting, took French leave.

Old Time, the friend of Duty,  
Next called to see the fair;  
He laid his hand on Beauty,  
And left her in despair.  
Wealth vanished! Last went rosy Health—  
And she was doomed to prove,  
That those who Duty slight for Wealth  
Can never hope for Love—  
Ah, no—  
Can never hope for Love.

Deep passion and sentiment flow in the strong  
verses that follow :—

#### I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE.

I never have been false to thee!  
The heart I gave thee still is thine;  
Though thou hast been untrue to me,  
And I no more may call thee mine!  
I've loved, as woman ever loves,  
With constant soul in good or ill;  
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,  
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops  
To bind thee captive in my train!  
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,  
But smiles when comes her god again!  
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,  
Could once my heart-strings inadly thrill!  
Love's golden chain and burning vow  
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,  
When love dispelled the clouds of care,  
And time went by with birds and flowers,  
While song and incense filled the air!  
The past is mine—the present thine—  
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,  
Think what a destiny is mine,  
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!

A fine expression of rural hospitality runs  
through the

#### COT NEAR THE WOOD.

Hard by I've a cottage that stands near the wood—  
A stream glides in peace at the door—  
Where all who will tarry, 'tis well understood,  
Receive hospitality's store.  
To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,  
The stranger we ever invite:  
You're welcome to freely partake at the board,  
And afterwards rest for the night.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees  
And herald the young god of day,  
Then with him uprising, depart if you please,  
We'll set you refreshed on the way.  
Your coin for our service we sternly reject;  
No traffic for gain we pursue,  
And all the reward that we wish or expect,  
We take in the good that we do.

Mankind are all pilgrims on life's weary road,  
And many would wander astray

In seeking Eternity's silent abode,  
Did Mercy not point out the way!  
If all would their duty discharge as they should,  
To those who are friendless and poor,  
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,  
And life the sweet stream at my door.

As a specimen of airy, light-winged fancy, this  
is admirable :—

#### THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

The spring-time of love  
Is both happy and gay,  
For joy sprinkles blossoms  
And balm in our way;  
The sky, earth and ocean,  
In beauty repose,  
And all the bright future  
Is *coulour de rose*.

The summer of love  
Is the bloom of the heart,  
When hill, grove and valley,  
Their music impart,  
And the pure glow of heaven  
Is seen in fond eyes,  
As lakes show the rainbow  
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love  
Is the season of cheer—  
Life's mild Indian-summer,  
The smile of the year;  
Which comes when the golden  
Ripe harvest is stored,  
And yields its own blessings—  
Repose and reward.

The winter of love  
Is the beam that we win  
While the storm scowls without,  
From the sunshine within.  
Love's reign is eternal,  
The heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons  
Of life for his own.

Totally different from all the foregoing is the  
familiar humor of the following :—

#### NOT MARRIED YET.

I'm single yet—I'm single yet!  
And years have flown since I came out!  
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret!  
Ye gods! what are the men about?  
I vow I'm twenty!—oh, ye powers!  
A spinster's lot is hard to bear—  
On earth alone to pass her hours,  
And afterwards lead apes—*down there!*

No offer yet—no offer yet!  
I'm puzzled quite to make it out;  
For every beau my cap I set,  
What—what—what are the men about?  
They don't propose—they *won't* propose,  
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say "yes!"  
Just let them try—for heaven knows  
I'm tired of single-blessedness.

Not married yet—not married yet—  
The deuce is in the men, I fear!  
I'm like a—something to be let,  
And to be *let alone*—that's clear.

They say "she's pretty—but no chink—  
And love without it runs in debt!"  
It agitates my nerves to think  
That I have had no offer yet!

Song writers *for the many* are valuable members of the literary profession and valuable citizens of a republic. Songs lend enthusiasm, and are seized in excited moments to express that for which prose has no voice sufficiently fervid. They are the banners of sentiment, and should be well and wisely inscribed. Morris is *the* song writer of our country as Moore is of England, and Beranger of France. He is felt in the pulses of the vast middle classes of the republic. The following is one of the thousand tributes that have been paid to him by those whose core of feeling he has touched:—

### THE RESPONSE

TO THE SONGS OF GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Though now it were madness to cherish  
The dream that enchain'd us so long,  
Yet shall it not utterly perish,  
For thou hast embalmed it in song:  
Its story's exquisite revealing  
Shall live on the lips of the young,  
Each change of its passionate feeling  
Be gayly or mournfully sung.

Like honey-dew dropping on blossoms,  
On hearts thy sweet numbers shall fall—  
Thy words shall thrill desolate bosoms,  
And tenderest visions recall:  
Now wild, like the rapturous greeting  
That song-birds send down from above—  
Now sad, like the tremulous beating  
Of hearts that are breaking with love.—MARY.

## A L A Y.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Where far on Life's desert  
The oasis lies—  
Where the bright fountain gushes,  
And the palm trees uprise—  
I stand like the pyramid—  
Isolate, lone—  
My brow like the hieroglyph  
Graved on the stone,  
While deep in my bosom  
One mem'ry I fold,  
Close veiled in its shrine,  
Like the Isis of old—  
And thou, thou alone, love,  
Through the dark shroud may see  
That the idol within  
Is the mem'ry of thee.

Oh! my spirit, beloved,  
To that memory clings,  
As the bird o'er her nestling  
Folds closely her wings.  
The dark clouds may gather  
Aloft in the sky,  
And the tempest toss wildly  
The branches on high—  
But faithful and fond,  
With her young 'neath her breast,  
Still fearlessly cleaveth  
The bird to her nest.  
And thus, though in darkness  
And peril it be,  
Oh! bird of my breast,  
Clings my true heart to thee.

## T O — — — .

BY ANNA F. ALLAN.

SINCE thou art lost to me on earth forever—  
Since never more my lips may breathe thy name—  
Since 'tis thy will that I not e'er endeavor  
To learn where beats and burns that heart of flame—

Ah! but one boon be mine—the first, the latest,  
That my shy heart could ever ask of thee—  
From the sad solitude in which thou waitest,  
Strike thy wild lyre once more!—for me—for me!

Let the dear echo of that music bring me  
News of thy soul;—proud lark, from out thy cloud

Sweep the rare chords—none sweep so well—and sing  
me,  
In pitying tones, the love so oft avowed!

By the pure fervor of the faith I gave thee—  
By the wrecked hopes, that nothing can restore—  
By the lost heart, that would have *died* to save thee—  
Speak to my soul from thine once more—once more!

Once more!—one fond, low murmur ere I die, love!  
Ere the frail form beloved by thee is dust:  
The world will hear and praise the strain;—but I, love—  
Only to my heart will it whisper—"Trust!"

# THE EXILED NOBLE; OR, HATE CONQUERED.

## A TALE OF GENOA'S REPUBLIC.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

EARLY in the eighteenth century, when Genoa had recovered from the attempt of Louis XIV. of France to subsidize the city, and again enjoyed the tranquillity and prosperity of its former greatness, Alonzo Galvani had been elected by the nobles one of the councilors to rule and govern the state. He had been in his youth a prominent person among the most distinguished of Genoa's nobles, but possessed a most arbitrary temper and a heart callous to the gentler feelings of our nature.

When about commencing his public career, which finally placed him in his elevated position of councilor, he had fixed upon a certain lady in Genoa to be his bride, who was not only wealthy, but exceedingly accomplished and beautiful. Never doubting his success, he laid siege to the heart of this charming countess, with a vigor of purpose which not only surprised the lady, but made her shrink from the attack with a feeling of abhorrence. But Count Alonzo was not without a rival. Another nobleman, Count Francesco Lancia, a man of high rank and bearing, just and moderate in character, and of gentle disposition, took the field against this overbearing Galvani, and finally succeeded in winning the heart of the fascinating Florentine Garcia.

Enraged at his disappointment, and mortified at the success of his rival, Galvani swore revenge. He was not a man to forgive and forget, for he was too cold to love, too selfish to forbear, and too proud and self-conceited ever to overlook the good fortune of a rival purchased at his expense. For a time he was unable to find any opportunity for the gratification of his hatred. Oftentimes he was found side by side with Lancia in the various contests which Genoa was forced to enter into with other nations, and both were equally praised and lauded for their bravery, courage and success in arms. Still Galvani cherished his dire passion for revenge within his heart, and awaited impatiently the time when he might wreak his hatred upon Lancia.

Years passed by, and Lancia's devoted wife breathed her last, leaving to her bereaved husband a daughter (whom her parents had named after the mother) to console him for his loss. As the young Florentine grew up, she developed one by one the charms which had graced her admired mother, and her father watched her budding years with tender anxiety and devotion. Galvani had also married, and he had been blessed with a son,

who, resembling his mother, gave no evidence in his character of his relationship to the cruel and cold Alonzo. He was tall, athletic, and had that expression of countenance which, although not in itself handsome, still prepossesses the stranger by its candor and gentleness. Anselmo—for such was the name of the young count—had often met the beautiful Florentine, and, as might be expected, had been charmed by her beauty, grace and accomplishments. The youthful lovers had already attained to that age when the thoughts of marriage naturally and very properly take possession of the mind. Notwithstanding their mutual love, Anselmo had never sought an opportunity to declare his attachment, for fear he might lose the inestimable gratification of the society of one who had now become essential to his happiness. Knowing, too, his father's dislike to the house of Lancia, he dreaded to let his passion be known by him, and therefore studied to conceal it from his notice.

Years passed, and Galvani became, by the election of his compeers of Genoa, one of the councilors of state; and by his decision of character, his fearlessness and his perseverance, succeeded in placing himself above them all in the consideration of the people as well as of the other nobles. He oftentimes ruled with an iron hand, and frequently with injustice, which gave rise to some protestations on the part of the injured, and even to manifestations of open opposition to his control. It may easily be supposed that Galvani now used every opportunity to revenge himself on Lancia, by all means of oppression and injury so far as the cloak of authority would permit him so to do, until that nobleman, siding with some of the lower orders who groaned under his yoke, ventured to remonstrate publicly in his own and on their behalf, against the acts of the councilor.

But Galvani was too powerful for such opposition. Had Lancia appeared for himself alone, different might have been the result—the cause of the lower classes being identified with his own, he sunk under it, and fell a victim to Galvani's superior influence and revenge. Before the blow which threatened his destruction descended upon his house, Lancia had the foresight to perceive that his property would be snatched from him, and, under the name of treason, his liberty, if not his life, become the property of his rival. Whatever he could gather without suspicion of the



authorities, he collected together in gold and jewels, and having determined upon his course, called his daughter Florentine to his side, to explain to her the fearful position he occupied.

"My plan is, my treasured child, to leave Genoa, and to seek refuge and tranquillity, in the garb of a fisherman, in some hut on the shores near Utri, and there to live while this tyrant Galvani disgraces the high office he holds. My life is not secure here. But weep not, Florentine; I do not intend to be so selfish as to take you with me."

Florentine started, and looking into her father's face, through the bright tears now falling from the moistened lids, with an expression of painful anxiety, asked—"And would you leave me behind?"

"No, my child, not from choice," responded the agonized count; "not from choice, Florentine, but for your own sake."

"My own sake, father? Then, rather for that take me with you. Without you I should be lone and miserable here. No, dear father, no; I will fly with you, comfort your solitude, and smooth the hardships of our exile."

"To my heart—to my heart, thou treasure of my life! Now can I leave these halls without a sigh for myself, and with no regret save for the oppressed and honest people whose poverty is their only crime. We must fly as soon as the wind favors us, Florentine. Be in readiness by to-morrow's morn, and then we cannot be taken by surprise. Let no one know of our destiny, of our future abode, or the character of our disguise."

Florentine was silent. After a moment's hesitation, she asked, with trembling voice—"Not even Anselmo?"

The count's face was for a moment shaded by displeasure. He was about to speak, when his daughter, fearing any burst of displeasure at the name of Galvani, interrupted him—"He is true, and will not betray us. He regards his father's cruelty with abhorrence, and will never reveal our secret."

"My child, you know not the world as I know it. The blood of Galvani is treacherous; I dare not trust it, and would not place myself or you in his power."

"Be it so, father; I will be prudent."

Left to herself, poor Florentine was lost in a thousand conflicting emotions. "He has never yet declared his love," she whispered to herself; "but he loves me—else how could he banish himself from the gay world day after day to be at my side? He cannot be treacherous—no; that eye, that tone of voice, the whole expression of his noble face, cannot lie. Yet he shall not know our secret. My father wishes it, and I must be silent."

In the midst of these reflections, Anselmo entered cautiously—for since the count had fallen into the displeasure of the state, he feared his

visits to Florentine might be misconstrued. Florentine did not observe him until he stood by her side.

"Why so sad, countess?"

Florentine started. "Anselmo!" and scarcely had the word escaped her lips, when confusion spread over her countenance—for she had never before called him by that familiar name. Correcting herself immediately, she continued—"Count Anselmo, we have good cause for sadness; we leave Genoa perhaps to-morrow."

"Leave Genoa?" exclaimed Anselmo, with surprise.

"Yes; we leave, and may never return!"

Her voice trembled; she stood with downcast eyes, endeavoring to suppress the feelings which threatened every instant to find vent in tears.

"Why this sudden determination?" inquired Anselmo, with ill-concealed agitation.

"My father's life is here in danger. The cause you know, count—and must also know from what source he apprehends this blow."

Anselmo was silent for a moment. At last, unable to control the conflicting feelings of his mind, he turned with quivering lips to Florentine. "Whither do you go?"

"That must remain a secret. My father wills it, and I have promised not to divulge our destination."

"And shall we never meet again? Oh, Florentine, if you knew how inestimably dear every moment has become which I am allowed to pass at your side, how treasured every memory of the past has grown, how love has entwined itself around every wish, every thought, every action of my life, you could not thus coldly speak of separation!"

"Coldly, Anselmo? Ah, could you read—" But her speech failed her. She turned alternately pale and crimson, and with a tear in her eye, she looked upon Anselmo with an expression that spoke more than words could speak.

Anselmo seized her hand. "Florentine, that look, that tear, repays me a thousandfold for all the agonizing doubts of the past. Here let me breathe what I dared not say before:—oh, believe me, I have loved, and still love, with a devotion which beggars words."

He fell upon his knees, imprinted a kiss upon her unresisting hand, and looking into her face, now agitated with restrained emotion, continued—"Let me hear, Florentine, alone hear from those lips, that I have not loved in vain!"

"Anselmo," ejaculated Florentine, pressing her hand upon her heart—"Anselmo, no more—no more. Our houses are forever enemies. That I have loved you, I will not, cannot deny; but your father is the enemy of mine, who never will consent to our union. Better, far better for you to forget me than to cherish a hopeless passion."

"Forget you, Florentine? That were impossible! No; I will live to repay that love—yes, I will live to save your father, and to appease my

own sire in his hatred towards you and yours. Say—ah, say, Florentine, that, should I accomplish this, you will be mine?"

"It were hopeless, Anselmo."

"Never doubt, Florentine; promise but this, and I am content."

"Be it so—be it so, Anselmo; but I feel we are destined to live and love in vain! Oh, why is my good, mild, gentle father, the chosen enemy of Galvani? Anselmo, when I look on that frank and noble face, I cannot believe you are the son of that cruel man."

"Nay, Florentine, men have reasons, causes for their actions which few can fathom. I will know this cause—yes, my own love, I will divine the reasons, and will conquer both!"

"God grant thee power, Anselmo. But my heart tells me it is vain."

A servant entered, announcing to Florentine that her father desired to see her.

"I must leave you, Anselmo."

"Oh, Florentine, and must we part so suddenly, so soon? 'Tis fearful, when our happiness seems secure, to have the cup thus dashed from the thirsty lip."

"Anselmo, accomplish the end, and then we shall meet again."

"But where, where can I seek your exiled home?"

"Ask me not; I have promised."

"This is cruel. Write me but a line to say where you are dwelling, and then, if Heaven favors me, I will come to claim this hand."

"If my father consents, I will send you word."

She was silent. Anselmo still held her hand. After a pause, during which both hearts were struggling with the feelings of hope, despair, and the pangs of separation, Florentine started from her reverie.

"You must leave, Anselmo; you must go."

"Alas! it must be so. Remember me, Florentine—remember one who will cherish this hour till death shall stop the gates of memory, and whose love shall never prove recreant to the heart that has blessed your own Anselmo. Farewell!" and he drew her gently to his heart, impressed a kiss upon her quivering lip, and left her gazing after him with tearful eyes, that told how deeply, how sincerely she returned his passion.

She sank into a chair, gave way for a moment to her grief, then hastened to her father, who impatiently awaited her.

The next morning early, the servants of Count Lancia were bearing certain necessary articles, boxes and packages, from the palace of the count to a small vessel in the harbor, but in such a manner as not to awake suspicion. During the day, an old fisherman and his daughter issued unattended from the palace gates and turned their steps to the quay. No one seemed to notice them, but Anselmo was on the sea-side, and soon perceived from the manner of the pair that they were other than they seemed. He drew near—

he recognized Florentine, who clung to her father, but who, fortunately, did not see her lover. They passed, got into a boat, and pushed off. He saw them mount the deck of the vessel, marked well her name, and seating himself on the water's side, watched the lessening sail until it was out of sight. With heavy heart he returned to his father's halls.

We must now turn our steps to the western shore that runs along the promontory extending from near Utri into the sea, about forty miles from Genoa. A string of humble huts were there seen, and lazy and busy fishermen dotted the strand. Four weeks had passed since the lovers parted. It was near set of sun, and the nets were being stretched by those who had returned home after their day's labor. A stately form was seen to pass among the gay fishermen, many of whom were singing, but although clad in their costume, he commanded reverence. Every one bowed as he passed, and the song was hushed until the gray-headed father, as he was called, had got beyond the reach of their merriment.

"Giacomo," said one of these lazaroni, "the old man seems sad to-day."

"No luck, brother. I saw him just now pulling up his boat, and he had but the two bass you saw him carrying home."

"What cares he for luck? He's rich enough. Did you ever hear of anybody going to him for aid that he didn't help him? When old Castro's wife was ill, the old man sent him money, and his daughter nursed her. She would make any one well."

"Yes, Giacomo; she is the most gentle girl I ever saw. I thought once I'd like to have such a wife, so up I went to see the old father the other night, but I should as soon have thought of talking love to the virgin as to her. She isn't one of us, nor her father either."

"I wonder what brought them here?"

"What's that to you? An't you satisfied to have him here? We are all better off since he came. He made us build our boats better; gave us money to do it: tells us how to get along with the authorities, and they mind us more now than they did."

"Very true, brother; but I would like to know who they are."

"Go up and ask them."

"I will. I'll go this night, and maybe we can all do something to relieve the old man's sorrows."

Thus the two resolved to visit the count that evening, and went home to their supper.

At the end of the beach, about a mile from the point of the promontory, the wood extends down near the sea-shore. Just on the verge of this wood stood a cottage, built like the other fisherman-huts, but adorned with vines and flowers, and bearing some external indication of a greater degree of neatness within than the rest promised. At the door sat the neatly-dressed form of a fisher-

girl; near her sat the erect but silent father, over whose head the years had passed with no gentle flight, for his hairs were gray, his cheek somewhat sunken, and his brow furrowed; but there was a mild and placid expression in his features which attracted all who approached him. He was Count Lancia, and the fisher-girl was Florentine.

"No news from Genoa, father?"

"None, my child, to vary the old story of murmured complaints against the cruel councilor."

"You seem sad to-day. I feared you might have learned some melancholy tidings."

"None but those I have expected."

"And what are they?"

"They have confiscated our estates, and seek me to bring me prisoner to the city."

"Heavens, dear father—they do not know where we are domiciled?"

"No, my child; nor shall they know. I have spies on the look-out. Two fishermen here, whom I have found trustworthy, are instructed to keep watch, without knowing the cause."

"'Tis well to be guarded. I am not surprised to hear such a sentence. Galvani is cruel, and his hatred implacable. I trust he may never suffer what his injustice has made others bear."

"A Christian wish, my child, and spoken like your dear mother."

While they were thus conversing, they observed a body of fishermen approaching. When Giacomo made his intention known to visit the father's hut, many resolved to keep him company. When Florentine saw them drawing nigh, she was about to retire, but her father bade her remain.

"These are honest hearts, Florentine, though somewhat rough in manner. They love and esteem us, and we should ever respect such feelings, come they from what source they may."

Florentine remained, and the little group approached respectfully. It was quite an object, both from inclination and for safety, to cherish the kind feelings of these neighbors, and the old count used to amuse them with tales of the wars, always speaking of himself as a common soldier. So, on this evening, they gathered around him, and he soon began to narrate his warlike adventures; and when the hour for parting came, they all took a glass of common wine with "father," and went home much delighted with their evening visit.

Months passed on; the winter was nearly over, during which Florentine had busied herself in contributing to the wants of the needy, and in softening the couch of old age and sickness. All learned to love, esteem and almost worship her, so kind were her ways and so gentle her heart. Spring returned, and the early fishing for the Genoa market began.

It was the first summer-like evening they had been able at the little cottage to sit on the piazza, and enjoy the calm scene of the tranquil ocean in the open air. As usual, one or two of the fisher-

men were stretched upon the grass at some little distance from the cottage, listening to the advice and stories of the old man. The twilight still lingered o'er the scene, and Florentine was watching the gradual decay of the golden tints in the west. Her thoughts naturally wandered to earlier days, to spots and hours endeared by memories of the past. As the light of day was gradually merging into the darkness of night, a young fisherman approached the hut, and when within such a distance that he could discern the outlines of form distinctly, he stood still, as if undecided what to do. At last he advanced to the piazza in front of the house where Florentine was seated. She heard the step approaching; she gazed an instant at the stranger, and then, with a sudden exclamation of joy, sprang to her feet and ran to meet the arms extended to embrace her.

"Anselmo—and in this dress! How found you out our quiet habitation?"

"Florentine, I have come to live with you."

"To live with us? Here in this seclusion? It cannot be. You have not then accomplished your task?" she asked, with faltering voice.

"No, Florentine; but I have abandoned Genoa and my father!"

"Abandoned your father, Anselmo?"

"Yes, love, I have left him never more to return, unless he exchange his iron heart for one of flesh."

"Softly," interrupted Florentine; "the fishermen are going home, and my father will return. He must not see you here. Do you see that island in the bay? the southern point is now lighted by the first rays of the moon. It is but a mile from the shore. To-morrow at ten o'clock meet me on that point, and then we can speak unwatched."

"Good night, love, until to-morrow;" and the young lover disappeared among the trees.

Her father now approached Florentine, and taking her hand they entered the cottage.

"It will be a lovely night, Florentine, but the air is too chilly and damp to remain on the piazza. It is growing late, too. Let us to bed."

Florentine was glad to be alone. She sought her chamber to feed in solitude on the bright promises of being once more near Anselmo.

The morning came, and although the sky was cloudless, yet a fresh breeze had irritated the waves, and they danced merrily in the sunlight. The time arrived when Florentine, in order to keep her appointment, was forced to set her little skiff afloat. Since she had been thus exiled she had learned to buffet the waters of the bay, and had become quite adventuresome with her boat and oar. Her father that morning had gone out early to consult with certain of the elder fishermen concerning some grievances they had suffered from the government, so that our heroine escaped unnoticed from the hut. With impatient stroke the little bark cut through the jumping billows, and at length reached the point where

Anselmo had been standing watching Florentine's progress, and wondering at her skill and strength. Never had she seemed more lovely than in her fisher costume, glowing with the exercise of her labors. The barque was fastened, and the two lovers retired from the beach where they could commune together without attracting notice from the shore or from the passing boats.

The first moments were occupied with expressions of mutual delight at their unexpected meeting, which naturally merged into questions on both sides touching the events that had occurred during their separation.

"And how, Anselmo, did you discover our retreat?"

"I watched your departure, saw you go on board, and marked well the vessel which bore you from Genoa. Whenever that vessel returned, I visited the captain, but could learn nothing from him. He said he had not commanded her on that trip, and knew nothing of passengers. The winter passed, leaving me thus in anxiety as to my ever learning your abode. At length I bribed a sailor, and discovered all from him."

"Who is he, Anselmo? He may disclose to enemies as well as friends the secret of our exiled home."

"Never fear that, love, for I have attached him to my person for safety."

"But why left you your father?"

"When at last I learned where to seek and find you, I resolved to go to my father and disclose my passion for Count Lancia's daughter. We had already quarreled about his imprudent and harsh course towards your house, and the name of your father ceased to be mentioned. Still the feeling of unkindness existed between us. When, however, I mentioned my attachment to you, his rage was unbounded; he called me ungrateful, unnatural, and at last, having been irritated by my replies, finally struck me. This was beyond endurance. I left him, renouncing him as a parent, and swore I would never return until he gave his consent to our union."

"I fear our love is fated to be blighted."

"Fear not, my love. Here I will rest, Florentine, until your own worthy father gives his consent to our union, and then the fortunes of the three are forever united."

"Noble devotion!" ejaculated Florentine.

"Ah, if I could but hope he would consent?"

"Tell him I am here. Let him know my resolves—let him learn my immovable determination, and he will not then refuse me the delight of your society."

"I hope and trust not, Anselmo. Let it be so then; I will tell him all, and abide his wishes."

They took leave of each other. Florentine again mounted her bark, and Anselmo watched the lessening prize until he saw it safely touch the opposite shore.

That evening the old man and Florentine were alone. With doubtful success the trembling girl

broached the story of her love. To her surprise her father knew the tale up to the hour of their leaving Genoa. He did not chide, but when he heard Anselmo had been there at the cottage, he shook his head.

"I fear, my child, that all is lost."

"And why, dear father?"

"He may betray us."

"Betray us?" exclaimed Florentine, her eye flashing the fire of indignation at the thought.

"Betray us? Never! He do a treacherous act? Father, you know him not! He is so noble, so generous, so frank! Every thought is honor! He has renounced his own father because that father denied his suit and struck him!"

"The impulses of youth are ever unstable. I see, Florentine, you already look upon your lover as perfection. It is the charm of youth, the charm of youthful passion. Silver hairs weigh acts more calmly, looking to the future, which applies the test and proves the man. If he be here, we may not turn him from our doors; but my consent, sweet girl, I dare not give until I have probed his feelings and learned his character for myself. Be content with this, my child. He shall be with you when you please, and I will not deny you his society. Hereafter we will talk of future plans. Good night. Remember, it is a father's love that makes me thus suspicious."

Kissing her doting parent's lips, she bade him good night and hurried to her chamber. The father sat musing over his daughter's disclosure, without remarking the rapid flight of the evening hours. When he looked up from his reverie, it seemed to him as though he saw two eyes riveted upon his face from the open casement. He started, ran to the door, and marked the outline of a figure just entering the darkness of the woods behind his house. At first the thought of spies alarmed him, but he suddenly reflected upon Anselmo's presence in the neighborhood, and felt the stranger must have been the lover on the watch.

Next day Anselmo was presented to the count, who received him with dignity, but not altogether without kindness. In one week the young lover had become quite reconciled to his change of life, deriving all his happiness from the society of one, at whose side he was ever to be seen whenever she moved abroad.

That was a happy week for both, but like all bright days of spring, the morning never shows the mid-day shower. On the tenth day after Anselmo's arrival, while Count Lancia and his daughter were still at their breakfast, a few fishermen rushed to the cottage, headed by old Castro, who took the count aside.

"They seek the Count of Lancia!"

"Who seeks me?" inquired the count.

"The police of Genoa are fast approaching, and ask for you at every cottage."

"Betrayed at last!" exclaimed the count, with a heavy sigh. "Let them come; I am here."

"See—see—there they approach! They are but few, but more lie concealed in the wood."

"I remain here, my kind friends." Then gazing from the lattice—"What ship is that rounding the promontory? They'll have a hard time to weather the point with this wind!"

"They told us Count Galvani was coming with the troops to take you, sir count, and to punish the fishermen who had dared petition the state for redress."

"Be it so—I am resigned! Florentine, my child, come hither."

He put his arm gently round his daughter's waist as one of the officers entered the door.

"Count Lancia, you are my prisoner."

"On whose authority?"

"On this warrant from the state. It grieves me much to meet so brave a gentleman in this way, but it is my duty. Resistance were indeed vain."

"He did betray us, Florentine."

"Never, dear father, never!"

"How could they else have found our cot?"

"Ask those who sought it."

The officer at once replied—"By order of the councilor I followed his son's steps. I traced him hither, and some nights ago gazed through the lattice and convinced myself of your identity."

"Done like a brave soldier!" responded the count, with a sneer.

"Do you surrender? Else must we use force."

"Use it—but be mindful in what manner."

"Seize your prisoner!" commanded the officer, when one of the guards rushed forward and seized Florentine rudely by the arm. The count, with one blow, sent him reeling across the room.

"How now, ruffians? This lady is not included in your warrant!"

Another soldier was about to cut down the count with his sword, when the officer cried out,—"Hold! harm him not; the reward is for him who yields him up alive."

At this moment, when they were binding the count with cords, distant cries were heard, coming rapidly nearer, and at last approached the cottage. Florentine, who thought she recognized a voice, ran to the door, and saw Anselmo leading the armed fishermen to her father's rescue.

"Here they come!" she cried.

"Who come?" inquired the officer.

"Our friends," responded Florentine.

"Take to the woods!" cried the captain to his men, but too late. The house was surrounded, and the captain struck down with a blow as he was about to escape. All were taken, tied fast with the cords they had used to bind the count, who now gave orders to have the senseless captain borne into the house and his injuries attended to.

The count having been released, Anselmo led the whole crowd of fishermen to the wood, where

on by-paths they chose their silent way, and were soon lost among the deep shades.

Florentine, who had watched their departure, chanced to turn an eye to the sea. A sudden scream brought her father to her side.

"See, father, see, the ship is almost on the point! If that squall takes her on her weather-bow she must be wrecked!"

And hardly were the words out of her mouth, when, reeling under the squall, she careened, gave way to the leeward, and with great force struck on the rocks of the point. In a few moments it was evident she was rapidly filling. Boats were lowered, but so hurriedly that they were swamped by those most anxious to rescue themselves from a watery grave. Some were seen to jump into the sea to buffet with the waves, others clung to slippery shrouds in desperation.

Without a word, her eyes anxiously fixed on some object, Florentine ran to the shore, despite her father's entreaties, sprang into her skiff, shoved off, and in a few moments was seen struggling with the angry waves. Her parent watched her with intensity of suspense. As she rowed on, a single head could now and then be seen topping the waves. She reached the spot: the count saw her aiding some one to gain her little boat, and fearing they might in their exertion both upset and be lost, scarcely drew a breath until he once more beheld his own daring child pulling again for the shore. Staggering with relieved anxiety, the father fell senseless to the ground. When he recovered, he beheld his daughter supporting the stranger she had rescued from the grave, and guiding his steps to their cottage. He ran forward to aid them, and soon placed the fortunate man upon a couch, where he was soon resuscitated by the aid of some one in the hut, while the count's attention was entirely engrossed by the exhausted state of his child. Shouts were heard from the woods.

"That was Anselmo's voice," whispered Florentine, rapidly recovering; and in another instant Anselmo stood by her side.

"We have put the cowards to flight, father, and made them feel the strength of a fisherman's blow."

"My son!" ejaculated the stranger, who had so far regained his strength as to see and hear all that had occurred around him.

The count turned at the sound of that voice, and with a sudden start, exclaimed—"Galvani!"

"Heavens, my father!" cried Anselmo.

"My father's only foe!" ejaculated Florentine.

"God, thy ways are indeed of wonder and of grace!" breathed the manly voice of Lancia as he approached the side of his enemy.

"Lancia!" exclaimed the exhausted Galvani, "do we thus meet again?"

"Yes, Galvani; and by the mysterious plans of Heaven you are placed in my power. That power I scorn to use. You are free to go, and free, too,

to remain. While here, you are safe. I have met and fought our country's foes in the battle field, and looked on you as a gallant soldier. Since that time, how have you changed! Cruelty, revenge and selfishness, have made thee less than man; and when the grave was yawning to receive that soul, unpurged and guilty, see, the hand of her whom you have beggared, saved you from that death, and brought you helpless to Lancia's hut!"

"No more—no more! Those words are gall to what I already suffer, Lancia. Oh, would that I could now recall the past, give back the days I have embittered, and restore your friendship towards me!"

"That can never be!" responded Lancia. "Too much—too much have I already felt, ever to regain the confidence you have robbed me of, Galvani."

"Say not so!" exclaimed Anselmo. "If he now repents, you cannot longer cherish hate towards one who will do all to give you back your home."

"Sir count, you said you had abandoned your father—and now you plead his cause."

"E'en so. But when I see that cruelty subdued, the love returning which restores my pa-

rent, were I not less than human not to grasp the hand a father gives his son?"

"Then take it, Anselmo," said Galvani, "and plead my cause until you soften down the anger of his soul. Then will I strive to give him back his joys—ay, and to my guardian angel there, who rescued from a watery grave the foe of her long injured house, I will secure the happiness I but lately denied, and if my brave old brother-in-arms consents, give her and my own son Anselmo the dearest wishes of their hearts."

Florentine gazed upon her father with an anxious look, who returned it with a moistened eye, and then taking Anselmo's hand, placed it in that of his child. "God bless you both, and may in this union all our feuds be buried."

"Give me thy hand, Lancia," exclaimed Galvani, extending his, "and with it thy forgiveness!"

"Take it," said Lancia, "take it. Let the past be forgotten, and the future calm and bright!"

Count Lancia returned with Galvani to Genoa. In time the estates were restored to him, and his daughter wedded to her maiden choice with all the pomp and splendor of the day.

## THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS OF SPRING.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

THERE is joy in the gathering shades to-day,  
There is mirth in the forests now—  
From her nest on the tree-top screams the jay,  
And the thrush sings from the bough;  
Each shadowy haunt is fanned again  
With the breath of a starry wing:  
I pause to inhale a trembling strain,  
And I know that this is Spring.

There are opening flowers in the shadowy dells,  
If thy path should lie that way;  
The violet coy and the bright blue bells  
Drink the sunny light to-day;  
And I wander abroad through the wak'ning vales,  
To joy with each happy thing—  
I feel the kiss of the sprightly gales,  
And I know that this is Spring.

The martin is building her nest on high,  
Where in last year's days it hung—  
And she sings the same sweet song of joy  
That in last year's days she sung,—  
And away for the hills and streams I start,  
While the vales and woodlands ring;  
With a brighter step and a better heart,  
In the beautiful days of Spring.

The same sweet sounds breathe round me here,  
That breathed on my early days—  
And each parted joy seems hovering near,  
As abroad on the earth I gaze;  
And away o'er the fields I wander forth  
'Midst the boughs low murmuring—  
And I bless the hour that gave me birth  
In the beautiful days of Spring.

They are here! they are here; but all are not here!  
They of the sunny brow—  
They who were nigh in the parted year  
Are gone from our household now;  
And I sigh, though the world around looks gay,  
And the woods with gladness ring  
For the friends of my heart that have passed away  
Like the beautiful flowers of Spring.

I will sigh no more—I will sigh no more—  
For the earth looks glad and gay;  
The wintry time of the frost is o'er,  
And my heart is light to-day;  
While I think of a land—a beautiful land—  
With its shores all blossoming,  
Where I shall meet with the scattered band,  
And it is forever Spring.

## OUR ARTISTS.—NO. VIII.

W. E. WEST.

WHEN Scott was asked what he deemed the chief benefit derived from his literary reputation, he replied—the social privileges attending it. This is a striking illustration of the superior interest which truly gifted minds attach to character and genius. Nature is everywhere, and one of her genuine lovers has declared that a single blade of grass is amply suggestive; the machinery of life, too, varies but slightly, and the goods of fortune have but a limited relation to enjoyment; but the lovely and the wise, the prominent spirits in art and literature, in science and adventure, in natural endowment and generous culture, yield gratification at once to our highest curiosity and noblest affections. Those who are conscious, as the best natures ever are, of attaining satisfaction chiefly through their sympathies, may congratulate themselves if their profession, talents or fame, if any grace of manner or of soul, has given them the golden key to this delightful intercourse. Such is one of the incidental blessings which redeems an artist's destiny, and especially that of a successful portrait painter. Reynolds enjoyed the intimacy of the choicest spirits of his day, and Stuart's anecdotes are traditional on this side of the water. The relation between an artist and his sitter, the motives which exist in each for a pleasant self-development, and the mere opportunity afforded for mutual confidence, favor open and intelligent communion. Few strangers are brought together under circumstances better adapted for the display of character. We have known the deficiencies of an indifferent early training quite compensated in an artist, by the frequent and familiar contact with highly cultivated minds induced by his vocation. If the adventurous enter the army and navy for no other purpose than to see the world, an ardent humanitarian, with any chance of renown, might be forgiven for embracing this department of the fine arts in order to reap the social harvest it affords. The diary of a favorite portrait painter, written in the right vein, would be at least as attractive a chronicle of his times as that of an author or a physician. The scenes upon which our eyes have rested with admiration may fade from the memory; the physical sensations that have thrilled or agonized our frames may have left no conscious trace; the picture, the book or the song that enraptured our fancy may be recalled with but vague and light emotion—but the human being crowned by genius, loveliness or moral beauty, whom we have once known, becomes a part of ourselves;

the acquaintance is an epoch in our mental history, and the reminiscence ever fresh because associated with what is most endearing and satisfactory.

Some anecdotes of his artist-life that we gathered in a late conversation with Mr. West, agreeably revived these ideas. It was his custom, while engaged upon the portrait of Lord Byron, to leave Leghorn daily, soon after mid-day, for the poet's villa at Montenero, and apply himself to the picture for two or three hours. On one occasion while thus occupied, the servant announced Shelley, who was immediately invited to enter. At that time he was almost unknown to fame, and the painter observed him in a perfectly unexaggerated mood. We therefore listened with avidity to his first impressions. The day was sultry, and Shelley was clad in a loose dress of gingham, very simple and appropriate. His open collar, beardless face and long hair, as well as his thin and slight figure, gave him the appearance of a stripling. He advanced gracefully, raised the hand of Madame Guiccioli, after the custom of the country, to his lips, and assuming an easy posture, immediately entered into a lively conversation with the party. "Never," said the artist, "have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness." Its angelic benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness, as of one upon whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements. Enthusiasm, however, soon wonderfully kindled his countenance and quickened his speech as he described, in the most vivid and glowing terms, a cave that he had discovered while coasting along the Mediterranean the day previous. The description was so eloquent that his auditors could not but share the delight of Shelley as he dwelt upon the azure light, the mysterious entrance, the stalactites and transparent water, amid which his boat had suddenly glided as if by magic. Those acquainted with his poetry will recognize a favorite subject in this cavern-talk. What struck Mr. West most forcibly in Shelley's conversation, was its complete self-forgetfulness. His consciousness was lost in his theme. In this respect he presented an entire contrast to Byron. They were suddenly interrupted by a wild cry from the adjoining hall. The illustrious sitter hastened towards the door at the same moment with Shelley, the countess, pale and terrified, vainly entreating and holding him back. It will be remembered that Byron was at this period regarded with suspicion by the Tuscan government, and his residence had been threatened with violence by some of the local

authorities to whom he had given offence. Under an idea that the disturbance grew out of these circumstances, the whole party entered the saloon. The instant they appeared, a man rushed past followed by another with an uplifted dagger; the weapon grazed Byron's cheek, and at the sight of blood, his companion, still more alarmed, strove to drag him toward the great staircase. Before reaching it, Count Gamba, who had heard the tumult in his chamber, was seen running down with an armful of pistols, which he distributed among the party. They all ascended and locked themselves in a room over the front entrance of the villa, where a council of war was held. Meantime the house had resumed its wonted stillness, and Byron expressed his determination to explore the premises. The countess protested with tears against the design, and Mr. West—who as an American had nothing to fear from the police, and had lived too secluded to be an object of animosity—in order to calm the lady's fears and enable his friends to solve the mystery, volunteered to reconnoiter. Accordingly, he left the excited group and descended to the *primo piano*. It appeared entirely deserted. He looked into various rooms and threaded several corridors, but the echoes of a closing door or his own footsteps alone gave sign of life. At length he ventured to remove the fastenings of the ponderous door, which at the first alarm had been carefully barricaded. In the midst of the weed-grown area was kneeling a villanous-looking but evidently frightened Italian, with the mustaches and eye of a brigand, but the air of a penitent, vociferating, gesticulating, tearing his hair, shedding torrents of tears, and invoking either Heaven or some intermediate saint. Our painter stepped forth upon the gravel walk and looked up to the window. At a more tranquil moment it would have charmed his artistic perception. Byron's pale brow, Count Gamba's ardent gaze, his sister's golden locks, and Shelley's spiritual form, were there all clustered together, and each looked and listened with bewildered attention to the suppliant wretch below, whom Mr. West now approached in the hope of obtaining some key to the enigmatical scene. It was long, however, before his impassioned volubility could be soothed or his mortal terror quieted. It then appeared that he was a servant—the man who had rushed by them with a dagger—and he vowed never to rise from his knees until his declaration was believed that he was in pursuit of one of his fellows who had grossly injured him, and that he had wounded his master quite accidentally, to whom he swore eternal loyalty and devoted attachment. When Mr. West made all this plain to the group at the window, the tragedy immediately became the richest of comic adventures over which to laugh at dinner. But it was not destined to end without the entrance of another famous personage on the stage. The noise of a horse's tread near by, caused the artist to

turn his eyes down the avenue, where he saw a gentleman with an olive complexion and dark, lustrous eye, seated in a carriage, and glancing from the window to the still gesticulating servant, and then to himself, with an expression of amusing wonderment. It was Leigh Hunt, who had just arrived from England, thinking at the moment that he had only come to find his long expectant poet friends in a lunatic asylum. We may imagine, with such a reunion and after such a series of dramatic incidents, how the breezy evening of that summer day was spent at the Villa Dupoy.

At the period when West painted Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, (the engraved copies of which pictures in this country are positive libels upon the originals,) the poet's thoughts were directed towards America. He had not then resolved upon his Grecian expedition, his sojourn in Italy had become annoying from various causes, and he was more than ever disaffected towards his native land. One of our vessels of war was lying in the harbor of Leghorn, and among her gallant officers were some warm admirers of Childe Harold. They sought his acquaintance and invited him to visit the frigate. When he went on board he received a salute, and few compliments ever gratified him so much. He had read in some periodical a review of Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," and begged Mr. West to procure a copy of the book, which he declared one of the most interesting biographies he ever read. One trait of his intercourse with the artist is so thoroughly characteristic that it deserves mention. As usual he was very curious to know what the painter thought of him, and finally induced the latter to confess that he did not think him a happy man. Byron was eager to ascertain wherein the contrary was evident. "I asked him," said West, "if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Whenever I had observed this in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him and that he would make use of it."

Another interesting association of Mr. West's foreign residence is his visit to Rhyllon, where he had been invited to paint Mrs. Hemans. "There never was a countenance," says her sister, "more difficult to transfer to canvas, so varying were its expressions, and so impossible is it to be satisfied with the *one* which can alone be perpetuated by the artist. The great charm of Mr. West's picture is its perfect freedom from anything set or constrained in the air, and the sweet, serious expression so accordant with her maternal character." In her own lines to this portrait, the poetess exclaims—

"Such power is thine!—they come, the dead,  
From the grave's bondage free,  
And smiling back the changed are led  
To look in love on thee."



An unfortunate speculation with one of his inventive countrymen, whose mechanical genius had brought him to London, induced Mr. West, several years since, to return to this country. Some of his more recent works are admirable in their way. He excels in cabinet fancy portraits, and not a few of his efforts of this kind are quite unsurpassed, at least among us. His ability in portrait on a broader scale is evidenced by that of Mr. Calvert. The light and shade are managed with a Rembrandt effect, and the expression and air remind us of Vandyke.

The analogies between literature and art are more numerous and delicate than we are apt to imagine. The former is ever yielding themes to the latter, while the essential charm of many popular writers is purely artistic. This is the case to a remarkable degree with Irving, and the principal reason of the enthusiasm his early writings excited among his countrymen, was that they were the first which possessed any native grace and finish of style. The thoughts and sentiments of Geoffrey Crayon are not original or profound, though sweet and natural, but they are uttered in chaste and refined language—in sentences that win the ear, in words chosen with a tact and taste derived from innate perception and a genuine sense of beauty. It is said that Irving in his youth contemplated the profession of an artist; his writings are the best proof of his adaptation to such a life. His pictures are not sublime, dramatic or vivid, but they are dreamy, graceful and quiet—exactly such as would afford a painter like Mr. West genial subjects for his pencil; for his taste is also fastidious; he delights in exquisite details, and it is a labor of love to him to work over some pleasing design and bring it to perfection. He is a loyal disciple of the English school, somewhat of a conservative and partizan in art, and one of those students of painting that never travel without a copy of Sir Joshua's discourses. Hence he has little sympathy with his American cotemporaries, and lives chiefly in himself and the past. We find no difficulty on the catholic principle in which Allston delighted, that of being a "wide liker," in fully recognizing the claims of this class of artists of which we believe Mr. West is the best representative in this country. They are of the same fraternity in painting as was Gray in poetry, aiming chiefly at high finish and minute effect, exact, dainty and fanciful. Among the first successful pieces of this artist were illustrations of Irving's "Pride of the Village" and "Annette de l'Arbre." The latter, when exhibited at the Royal Academy, drew the attention of the poet Rogers. It represented the deranged girl at her lonely vigil on the beach, watching in vain for her lover's return. The appreciation of the bard of memory drew general attention to the picture; his ever-ready sympathy with talent secured the artist his friendship, and this was the auspicious commencement of a long and prosperous residence in London,

cheered by the richest companionship. It is not surprising that, after an arduous career as a portrait painter in the west and south at home, and several years of study in Italy, the social advantages and professional success he enjoyed in England, should have rendered Mr. West very partial to her school, and that Wilkie and Leslie should be among the names he most fondly cherishes.

#### EDMONDS.

AN ingenious British writer calls the spirit of trade the Capua of the fine arts, intimating that the very luxury incident to commercial prosperity, by enervating the mind, limits and degrades its better instincts. This view is, however, more applicable to the author's own country than to general fact. The Flemish painters have thrown a spell of beauty around the thriving cities which mercantile enterprise reared, and the memorable epochs of Italian art gave birth also to her merchant princes. Instead of regarding the spirit of trade and the cause of art as altogether inimical—which in some respects they doubtless are—it is the part of wisdom to endeavor to render them mutually serviceable. Art gives intellectual, and benevolence moral dignity to the possession of wealth; and as civilization advances, the well-being of every nation is more and more symbolized in the refinements of its architecture, painting and statuary. One of our traveling countrymen quaintly observes, that between a shot-tower and a cathedral spire there is the same difference as between the society of a ponderous bore and a buoyant poet. As communities feel truths like this, they generally blend taste and industry, and turn from plodding routine to the amenities of horticulture, letters or the arts. Such a process is visibly going on in this country. The enthusiasm for music, the increased sale of poetical works, the tone of newspaper criticism and social intercourse, all evince this transition state; and it is daily becoming more common for the devotees of gain to lay their offerings upon the shrines of knowledge and of taste.

We have some remarkable instances of the successful prosecution of objects usually deemed incompatible with each other. Indeed, versatility of occupations is one of our national characteristics. Trades are often hereditary in Europe, and it is comparatively seldom that any one exceeds or diversifies his vocation; but the exigencies of life here, and the varied spheres in which the citizen is obliged to act, give more flexibility to his mind, and perhaps in no country are there so many surprising changes of employment and such ready adaptation of talent to circumstances. Mr. Edmonds is a rare example of this indefatigable spirit, whereby necessity and inclination are reconciled and the barrenness of toilsome detail redeemed by a liberal

pursuit. As a man of business, his accuracy, faithfulness and attention are proverbial among those who know him in this relation; and his services are constantly in demand by associations and individuals when any respite occurs in his duties as cashier of the Mechanics' Bank. At the National Academy, as well as in Wall street, Mr. Edmonds is cordially recognized, and has proved himself so adequate in these apparently opposite spheres, that the most exclusive votaries both of mammon and of art never question his fealty. So jealous was the painter, however, of his reputation among the "hard-eyed lenders and the pale leendeas," that it was only by judicious degrees that he permitted his friends to know that he was addicted to the pencil. His studio was for a long time as impenetrable as the laboratory of an alchemyst, and his pictures were exhibited under a fictitious name. We may imagine his amusement at the conjectures of the critics, and his vexation, on one occasion, at discovering that the address he had ventured to send in order to secure the return of his works, proved to be a vacant lot, so that the paintings were left at a corner grocery! Quite early in life he had evinced a fondness for drawing, and books relating to art were among the first that seriously interested him. He also found peculiar satisfaction in the society of artists, but while quite a lad his career as a business man had begun, and he had the sound judgment to regulate the gratification of his tastes in accordance with more imperious claims. This was comparatively easy, since his cast of mind is judicious and systematic rather than sensitive, and his aim in painting the graphic and humorous. This tendency led him to illustrate scenes from Smollet and Scott, and give shape to many of the every-day phases of life. The "Epicure" and the "Comforts of Old Age" were among the subjects which at the outset he successfully treated. "The Penny Paper" may be considered among his best efforts. It cost no little study. Almost every object delineated, even to the old shoe that hangs upon the wall, is a legitimate imitation. "Sparking" is a familiar and very popular instance of Edmonds' talent, having been engraved by the Art-Union. When proposed as an associate of the N. Y. Academy, the question arose whether he was an artist or an amateur, and the fact of his having sold the fruits of his pencil decided his professional claims and secured his election. His health having become impaired from too constant application, he sailed for Europe in the winter of 1840. Before this period, it had been his custom to be at his easel from sunrise until bank hours, and from three in the afternoon until dark; nor is it surprising that such assiduity should have worn upon the springs of health. Indeed, to severe and constant labor may be ascribed all that this skillful painter has effected. He owes little to chance or intuition. He has not that kind of ability which seizes quickly on results, but achieves his ends wholly

through methodical industry, a principle as effective in art as finance. Abroad, Mr. Edmonds visited and carefully observed the principal collections. He fell in with several countrymen attached to the same pursuits, and among the delightful episodes of his tour, remembers with peculiar and vivid satisfaction a sketching excursion made with a party of artists, among whom was Durand, to Amalfi, Capri and Salerno. Since his return, he has exhibited among others, "The Bashful Cousin," "Boy Stealing Milk," "The Beggar's Petition," "The New Scholar," and "Facing the Enemy"—a capital illustration of the temperance reform. His business talents have also been successfully enlisted in behalf of the Art-Union, originally called the Apollo—an institution at one time on the decline, but now, through the exertions of Mr. Edmonds and his coadjutors, in the full tide of usefulness.

This brief statement is an encouraging proof of what may be accomplished by one who really loves a tasteful object, even in the face of that eager devotion to mere physical good with which our nation is reproached. More than one of our poets have exemplified the same truth in regard to literature, and a few more instances of the same kind will do more than a volume of reasoning to quell the absurd prejudice which holds it impossible for a man to play the flute, turn a stanza, or execute a picture, and at the same time be dextrous and thrifty in affairs. Thus the war between utility and beauty, the ideal and the practical, will gradually subside. It will at length be acknowledged that the human mind is capable of a twofold coincident development, and that prudence and imagination may amicably unfold together. Thus the arid face of society will be fertilized, and an element of cheerfulness and grace be woven into the web of existence to redeem and brighten its monotonous hues. Similar causes for a long time opposed the progress of artistic culture in England. Half a century ago, an able advocate\* of the fine arts there, deemed it necessary to plead the argument of utility, and point out the influence of design upon manufactures, tracing the effect of high art in the beautiful models of Wedgewood, and the patterns of stuffs, furniture, tapestry and china, thereby bringing home to the plain common sense of the Saxon mind, that important series of causes and effects by which a principle of truth or beauty infuses itself through the whole range of social wants, from the highest demand of imagination to the most common of domestic necessities. There is, it has been truly said, an affinity between all works that are beneficial to mankind. The diamond and charcoal have been proved by science to be identical; and much of what is apparently incompatible in human pursuits, arises from the limited view in which they are regarded, or the narrowness of spirit and want of character with which they are followed.

\* Prince Hoare.

## THE DOWRY.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

"Restore to me my wealth," said a great lady to her husband, who was about to put her away for a younger bride, and when assured that her fortune should all return to her, "*My beauty, my youth, my love,*" she answered, "these are my wealth—restore *these*, and I am content."

"So thou art weary of thy wife,  
Inconstant lord of mine;  
Thou questionest if the marriage bond  
Be *quite* a bond *divine*!  
For thou hast clasped a whiter hand,  
And kissed a ruddier cheek,  
And, with a false and perjured lip,  
Hast dared of *love* to speak!

"Yet be it as thou wilt—I scorn  
The struggling *hand* to bind—  
The allegiance of the *heart* I seek,  
And that I cannot find!  
I will not cloud thy darkening eye,  
Once brighter at my stay,  
For the selfsame voice that urged me here  
Now hurries me away!

"But give me back the dower I brought  
To this thy princely home,  
For not as the poor and portionless  
Did I to my bridegroom come:

Ha—'*shall my fortune all return?*'  
'Twas ne'er of *gold* I spake;  
Keep the vain glitter of my gems,  
*I wore them for thy sake!*

"No—give me back my truer wealth—  
My beauty and my youth;  
Give back the trustful tenderness  
That has rested in thy truth!  
Give back my first, my only love,  
In the heart's green springtime given,  
Ere yet I learned what anguish meant—  
For earth then seemed like heaven!

"Give back my soul's deep sympathies  
Its fondly anxious fears—  
And (when thy lightest grief was known)  
Its fast descending tears!  
Give back my morning star of hope,  
Long set to rise no more:  
*This is the dowry—this the wealth*  
I bid thee to restore!"

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## A VERNAL LYRIC.

BY GEORGE A. BAILEY.

"I hear thy voice, O Spring!"—W. J. PARODIE.

OLD Winter's rage is over now—  
His fierceness hath grown tame:  
Thy soft blue eye and smiling brow,  
Sweet Spring! are here—in name;  
While suited is the air to (blast)  
Each newly-budding thing,  
And (in the storm-wind howling past)  
"I hear thy voice, O Spring!"

Yes, thou art here! And sunny skies,  
And sweetly scented flowers  
Of every hue, (the memories  
Of last year's ones,) are ours.  
In sun-lit groves (far, far away)  
The birds are heard to sing;  
I do not list to such as they—  
"I hear *thy* voice, O Spring!"

The vernal poet singeth how  
To thy soft, yielding sod,  
He gratefully (great fool he!) did bow,  
And kiss where thou hadst trod;  
And proves in verse, "as clear as mud,"  
That now cries everything—  
E'en every baby blade and bud—  
"I hear thy voice, O Spring!"

Though what day thaws the night may freeze,  
Sneer not, ye unbelieving!  
For snow and ice, as well as trees,  
(By May,) *must* be a-leaving.  
Cold is the heart that to thy lay  
Owns no responsive string;  
And short his ears who cannot say  
"I hear *thy* voice, O Spring!"

## MAIZE-IN-MILK.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[Concluded from page 159.]

#### CHAPTER IV.

WE trust that our readers have not forgotten our last Christmas at "Maize-in-Milk." Since that period, two anniversaries of this happy season have elapsed—we will not say how happily—at that ancient manor. But times have somewhat changed since then. The weather now has grown less favorable to field sports. The sun is far less cheering. The fields look gloomy. The woods, stripped of their foliage, have a ghostly aspect that chills and discourages. It lacks some three weeks to Christmas, yet the cotton fields, which at good seasons were wont to look white until the middle of January, are now absolutely bare. The naked stems, shorn of boll and fruit, stunted, slender, and with few and feeble branches, declare that the season has been unfriendly and that the crop is short. The spring rains were unfavorable to a stand; the rich swamp bottoms were inundated when the plant should have been up; the growing season continued wet and cold; and when the partial crop, which did promise to mature, was about to do so, a new enemy appeared in the caterpillar and the army worm. These filthy insects, worse than the locusts of the East, swept the fields in a single night. The leaves of the plant first disappeared beneath their devouring ravages; the unopened bolls then perished; and they fastened finally upon the stems and fruit, though with an appetite somewhat diminished. The worthy proprietor of "Maize-in-Milk" was the first to suffer. His fields were chiefly of that class which felt the evil consequences of excessive moisture. The heavy rains of spring, the continued inundations throughout the summer, and the numerous pest which a burning sun drew forth from the rank moisture of the fen and forest, were peculiarly injurious to the low but rich swamp tracts which constituted his most productive acres. His best lands, his chief reliance, failed him, and he might be seen, towards the close of a cheerless day, the second week in December, alone, and riding gloomily and slow from his river fields toward his dwelling. He felt all the sadness of the prospect. There were considerations working in his mind which rendered this failure particularly distressing, if not absolutely fearful. The two previous seasons, though not so absolutely lost as the present, were yet not productive. They had not enabled him to di-

minish the debt which he had incurred by the purchase of the Butler negroes. Not a cent of this money had been paid beyond the interest, and that, for the year about to finish, was not to be realized from the products of the present crop. Economy is not, unhappily, a frequent virtue in the household of a southern planter of the old school. His income lessens, but that does not imply any lessening of his expenses. He does not like to approach or to consider this necessity. His training, in fact, has been such as not to suffer him to do it. He knows not well how to put down his horses; to forbear the dinner parties and pleasure parties to which his neighbors have become accustomed as well as himself; to put his family and negroes upon short commons, and to sell unnecessary property in time to save himself. Colonel Openheart was no simpleton. He did not lack courage. He was not blind to his danger. He was not insensible to the claims of his creditors. But the habit of living like a prince, and training his children to do the same, and feasting his poorer neighbors like a feudal lord—these made the necessity of contracting equally difficult and irksome. He felt how childish was the pride which made him unwilling to confess his inability, but the habit of thinking and acting in one way only was incorrigible. He did not lack the courage to say to himself, there must be no more of this fine living; but how say it to his wife, whom he had married an heiress, who had always been accustomed to the luxuries he was required to suppress, and whose mature years might render it peculiarly difficult to submit to any change—and how say it to dear Bessy Clinton, whom the world looked upon as an heiress; and to the boys at college, how cut off their allowance; and Ned, in Europe, who had been no small spendthrift, how declare to him that his drafts could no longer be honored? These were all duties which thrust themselves for serious consideration upon our excellent proprietor, and darkened his brow to a corresponding shadow with that which rested on the natural landscape. Some of these duties had already been attended to. Ned had been long since summoned home from Europe; the boys at College had been warned that with the close of the present year they must be satisfied with but a pittance of the money which had hitherto supplied their wants; and to his wife and Bessy Clinton the amiable husband and father

had dealt in hints of his approaching difficulties, which neither of them understood. A secret instinct warned our proprietor that his great trouble was with Skinflint, the attorney of Ingelhart and Cripps, executors of the estate of Butler. There had already been some negotiations between them which had given Colonel Openheart a taste of the quality of this person. He was, it is true, exceedingly polite and specious, but very searching, very scrupulous and very expensive. One thing more than all had impressed our planter with disquiet in relation to the attorney; it was a gradual approach to forwardness, consequence, and the show of an imperious will on the part of the other, in due proportion to the evidently increasing necessity for indulgence on the side of Openheart. The latter was made to anticipate the sting of being at the mercy of one with whom he could have no sympathy; and it was very clear that the attorney was impatient for the moment when he could compel that recognition of his importance which as a man Openheart had apparently shown no disposition to entertain. Our proprietor paced his cheerless fields with a momentarily increasing cheerlessness of mood. He was joined by old Enoch, to whom for several minutes he said nothing. At length, shaking his head, he exclaimed—"Old man, this might have been better!"

"How better, maussa, enty de rain and de caterpillar?"

"I know all about the rain and the caterpillar; I know the mischief they have done, and wish to hear nothing on that subject;—but had you minded what I said, had you taken in the upper fields instead of the lower, they would not have been drowned, and we should have saved sixty acres there at least; but no, you must have your own way—you must know better than anybody else."

"Well, maussa, you nebber been say plant dem and leff de lower field; you say 'I tink you better plant dem upper,' and I been tink difren, so I tells you, and you say 'Well!'"

The answer was conclusive. Colonel Openheart, instead of issuing his orders, had left it to Enoch's discretion, contenting himself with giving a suggestion instead of a command. This is a frequent error of the old planter of Carolina.

"Well, it is too late now to complain. How are your cattle?"

"De winter is mighty hard 'pon dem, maussa."

"How many hogs have you got in pen for slaughter?"

"Sebenty-tree."

"Instead of a hundred and fifty. How do you account for that, Enoch, when we turned out more than two hundred and fifty into the swamp last spring, and your hog-minder has been carrying out his three bushels of corn daily for six months to keep them up?"

"Well, maussa, dere's no telling; but de varmints in de swamp is mighty hard 'pon de pigs dis season—de wild cat, de niggers, and dem poor

buckrah, Moses Daborne, 'Lishe Webter, Zeke Tapan, and dat half Ingin, Sam Johnson. Ef you could only clear de swamp of dem white niggers, you could raise hog tell you couldn't count dem."

"The old story! Enough. Ride up to the post-office and bring me the papers and letters."

Our proprietor was once more alone. "The world goes wrong with me on every side. I am either destined or I am imbecile. I have certainly been weak and erring, profligate, thoughtless; as wildly confident of the future as ever was poor boy with a pocket full of shillings and a long holiday before him. I must amend promptly or all is lost. If Ingelhart and Cripps, or rather, if Skinflint will indulge, one good crop will gain me time—two good crops at good prices, and all would be safe. But there's the rub! This swamp cultivation is so uncertain, and these good prices are so doubtful, and—the d——I take these lawyers and merchants; they get everything at last!" And then he mused in silence, looking neither to the right nor left as he went forward. Passing out of the open fields, he penetrated a dark avenue which ran through a dense and umbrageous swamp-forest, which formed, as it were, a boundary between the river-lands and uplands, and was crowded with an immense growth of cypress, ash, poplar and pine—so densely arrayed that, though in midwinter, when all but the evergreens were stripped of foliage, the beams of the sun were seldom suffered to find entrance. The day being clouded, the darkness of this region was still more oppressive, and a slight shiver shook the frame of our already desponding proprietor as he entered the narrow and dismal passage. At this moment an owl shrieked above him, a huge fowl, bald but horned, whose great human eyes and horrid screech might well disquiet with unpleasant forebodings the mood of one so circumstanced as our worthy planter. "How like," he exclaimed, "to the voice of Skinflint. I almost fancied at first that it was he crying out to me." He looked up as he spoke, and beheld the bird sitting upon a great limb almost overhead, and looking directly down upon him. He rode on, the little incident oppressing him unpleasantly, and much more than his pride was willing to admit. "Why does that fellow cross my fancy thus? What is he to me? What can he do? He can have no purpose but for his clients, and these may be satisfied—let the worst come to the worst—by a timely surrender of the property." But a second thought taught him not to lay this flattering unction to his soul. He had bought the Butler negroes at high, and the same sort of property was now selling at low prices. The loss must be large, and must be made up out of his own estates. Then the interest, then his own debts, which, to meet this interest, already had been suffered to grow to a heavy item! Altogether, the prospect was such that our proprietor of "Maize-in-milk" was only too happy to exclude the subject altogether from his thoughts.

But this was not so easy, and his gloomy mood continued till he reached his dwelling, where, soon after, the contents of his mail gave it an increase of sting and bitterness. "A letter from Mr. Skinfint," he remarked quietly to his wife, "in which he speaks of being here in three days. That must bring him here to-morrow. Let us see—the letter is dated the 12th. Yes, indeed, to-morrow we may look for him."

"What does *he* come for?" said the simple-hearted but shrewd mother, looking up at Bessy Clinton. The latter did not see the glance, and did not appear to hear the inquiry.

"You forget," said the colonel, "that he has the management of all the business of the Butler estate."

"Did you say that Mary Butler was coming, papa?"

"Not unless this letter says so, which I see comes from Bloomsdale, and is addressed to you."

Bessy Clinton received and read the epistle with eagerness. "There, mamma, it is from Mary, and she and her aunt both are coming, and will be here on Saturday."

"We shall have a full house, then, for Fergus Berkshire rode in this morning to say that his mother would be up from the city in three days and would spend the Christmas with us."

The communication was received in grave silence—Colonel Openheart, his letters still in his hand, steadily watching the fire as flake by flake crumbled away into the mass below.

"We shall have a full house, Mr. Openheart," repeated the lady.

"Yes."

A pause.

"Why, husband, you seem to be in a dream!"

"Yes—yes, I hear."

"I am glad you do, for it is necessary that you should write at once for supplies for Christmas. The sugar is almost out; we must have several pounds of green tea, and perhaps a little black, for Mrs. Berkshire asked for it when she was here before. She has learned the use of it at the north, where I am told they drink no other kind. And raisins, and currants, and almonds, apples and—"

We need not follow the good housekeeper through the catalogue. Our worthy proprietor was almost in despair, yet he subdued his feelings with great firmness and strength of will. Bessy Clinton alone perceived that something was wrong. Her eye perused the countenance of her father with a modest interest that did not suffer him to see that he was watched. She saw that his face had grown somewhat paler than its wont. She had already remarked that he had grown thinner during the past few months, and she now fancied that his hair had put on a more snowy complexion. She saw and mused, but was properly silent. Colonel Openheart reopened one of the letters which he had just received. It was

the polite request of his grocer that his account should be attended to. The sum total was set down that there should be no mistake—\$718.44; and here were wants which must increase it considerably, and no crop, and no means of payment but by a great sacrifice of property.

"I wish that there were no such season as Christmas."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Bessy Clinton, in reproachful accents, "how *can* you wish so?"

Mrs. Openheart looked up in surprise.

"At least," said the proprietor, "I may be permitted to wish that this Christmas were fairly over."

"What, papa, just when I am calculating upon this as the most merry Christmas of any that we have ever had!" and the sweet girl, as she spoke, had glided to the chair where her father sat, and with arm that circled his neck was bending round and looking up affectionately in his face. A slight moisture gathered in his eyes, which it was just possible for him to subdue.

"May you ever find it happy with you at Christmas, Bessy, and at all other seasons. God bless you, my dear child; you are of more comfort to me than all the others. But I can scarcely share with you in your delights this Christmas."

"And why not, papa?"

"You know that I have made no crop this year; there was a failure last year also, and another partial failure the year before, and my expenses have been very heavy. Bills must be paid, and—"

"Didn't I warn you of it, husband, when you would buy those Butler negroes?" said the good wife, with an exulting shake of the head and finger.

"Yes, Mrs. Openheart, you did," answered the husband, mildly, "but that was only after they were bought; and the question now is, not exactly as to your credit as a prophet, but to mine as a paymaster."

The sagacious lady felt the gentle rebuke and was silent.

"There are debts to be paid, Bessy Clinton," continued the father, affectionately, though sadly; "and this it is which makes me tremble even at the additional charges which this Christmas is to bring upon me."

"But our friends must be received with proper welcome, Colonel Openheart," said the lady.

"Oh, true," was the answer, as if it were a matter of course that certain appearances should be maintained even though at the sacrifice of everything—"true, true, your groceries shall be ordered, and we shall be prepared, I trust, to welcome with proper warmth every guest who may honor us with his presence—not forgetting that bird of evil aspect and voice, Richard Skinfint, Esq., himself. But I am afraid it will cost us greatly, and we must look to contract our expenses among ourselves, and make up in this way what our hospitality may dissipate. I will

order what you desire. This year there shall be no changes. Merrie old Christmase must visit the children too, as usual, and as we continue our own luxuries, the negroes must have theirs. The New Year must not be clouded to our inferiors because we are gloomy."

"But we shall not be gloomy, papa," said Bessy Clinton, twining herself about him and kissing his cheeks fondly. "This dark weather will disappear; hereafter you will have good seasons and good luck. Let me prophesy—me, Bessy Clinton, among the prophets—that next year will be a famous crop year, prices high—"

"And grocers low," was the somewhat sober conclusion of the father. "You are a good girl, Bessy, and I will probably remind you of your prophecy next Christmas, as your mother takes care to remind me of hers—that is, when they happen to be true. But what is here? Looking at Skinflint's letter and the grocer's, I have omitted one that would seem to be from Ned."

"From Ned?" exclaimed mother and daughter in the same breath.

"It looks like his hand, and is from New York. Sure enough, it is he. He reached New York on Friday last, in the Sylvie de Grasse, from Havre, and will be in Charleston by the Wilmington boat."

"When, papa, when?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! Dear, dear Ned, how I long to see his face again."

The ejaculations of Bessy Clinton were sufficient for the rest. The mother's eyes were full of bright tears, and in the grateful thoughts of a favorite son arrived at home and manhood, the cares which troubled the father were temporarily forgotten.

The next day brought Skinflint. He was received with respect and kindness, if not cordiality, though neither our proprietor nor the worthy matron, his wife, beheld his coming with any satisfaction. The former could not forget that it was in the power of this man, with whom he could have no sympathies, materially to impair his fortunes; and the latter had suspicions which never crossed her companion's mind, that Skinflint's eye was fixed upon her daughter with an expression which already denotes the foregone conclusion of the hawk, who sees, from his swing in air, where the partridge is about to nestle. Any notion that such was the passion of the attorney, never once troubled the thought of Colonel Openheart, whose pride of character could not for an instant tolerate the idea of any sympathies between a creature of such avid and selfish character and his purely-minded and generous child. But Mrs. Openheart said nothing of her conjectures, and the fears of her husband with regard to Skinflint were wholly of a different character. They rode out together a little while after the arrival of the latter, and crossed the cotton and cornfields in their route to the river. There was

an unpleasant grin upon the lips of Skinflint as the mean appearance of the cotton stems denoted the complete failure of the crop. He had heard something of this before, enough to satisfy him that things were going on as he wished them. A southern planter is apt to be suspicious of your comments when he is conscious that his crop is obviously inferior, and the eye of Colonel Openheart was soon sensible of the expression on the countenance of Skinflint.

"Not much cotton here this year, colonel," said he, switching his boot as they rode.

"None, sir, none, as you may see," was the sudden, almost sharp reply.

"Hum!" A pause. "How is your corn crop, colonel?"

"Turn your horse's head with mine, and you shall answer your own question."

They rode aside to other fields. The cornstalks, low and slender, told their own story of a blight quite as great as that in the cotton field.

"Why, colonel, you will hardly make enough to do you, at this rate."

"Shall have to buy a thousand bushels at least, sir," responded the other, almost fiercely.

Skinflint knew the fact a month before, but it was the nature of the creature to extort the acknowledgment of the sufferer by making him lay bare his sore as frequently as possible, though at each effort he tore away some portion of the skin.

"And corn already seventy cents," was the muttered commentary of the executioner.

"Seventy-five here," was the stern correction which the proprietor interposed.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Skinflint; "then in three weeks more it will be a dollar."

"Possibly *two*, sir," was the second moody amendment.

"Scarcely, colonel," was the speculative suggestion of the attorney. "Prices here, whenever they pass beyond a certain point, bring in competition from other quarters. Here, sellers must be governed by some regard to the Charleston market, which in turn takes its color from the extent of the crops in Maryland and North Carolina. Now, as the crops this year in these two states have been of average character, it follows that the article will scarcely exceed eighty cents in Charleston. Allow for the cost of each transition and freight by railroad or wagon, and you must see that it can by no possibility exceed one dollar here, unless with reference to some very great scarcity. I don't think, all things considered, that you will have to give more than a dollar, though it may possibly, in two months more, go two-eighths above it, particularly as I suppose that none of your neighbors have done better than yourself."

"You mistake, sir—few of them but have done better."

"Indeed! But that is very unfortunate! But you have past seasons to rely upon, colonel. You have made good crops heretofore, and can very

well afford to contend with the evils of the present."

"Unfortunately, sir, I have no such source of consolation. This is the third, though the worst by far, of three successive failures."

"Indeed! But suffer me to ask, Colonel Openheart, to what do you ascribe these failures?"

"Why, sir, I do not see what good can possibly arise to either of us from the inquiry. Perhaps the shortest way would be to adopt the suggestion of my neighbors, and to assume that all the mischief lay in the incapacity of the proprietor."

An audible "Hem!" answered this cold conclusion, which shut the door upon any farther annoyance from this score at least, and a somewhat protracted silence followed, broken at length by Colonel Openheart, whose mind had been gradually steeled by the tone, manner and comments of his companion, to a resolute approach to the very subject which, over all he most dreaded and could have wished to avoid. It was with something of desperation, therefore, that he himself opened the business of his debt to the estate of Butler.

"I take for granted, Mr. Skinflint, that there can be no reason why, in the present condition of my affairs, I should not have every indulgence from Messrs. Ingelhart and Cripps. Miss Butler is still a minor, and the investment is notoriously safe. I am aware that the entire payment is now due, but it must be evident to you that in the failure of my crops and the low prices of cotton for the last three years, so large a payment was impossible except at great sacrifice of property. Besides, as you are aware, the negroes were bought at very high prices."

"Quite too high," said Skinflint, with some gravity, well remembering that but for the generous impulse of Openheart he would have had them at his own prices. The recollection did not make him more accessible to the suggestions of the proprietor. "There may be some difficulty about the matter; and I am free to confess, Colonel Openheart, that your own statement holds forth nothing encouraging to a creditor, particularly in such a case as ours, where we represent the interests of a minor. The investment may be safe at present, but when you speak of a failure of three crops in succession, upon the successful making of which your only chance of payment depends, we are a little disquieted. Another failure diminishes our securities and necessarily increases your responsibility to other creditors, and the game may finally depend upon the degree of speed which the creditor may make in securing the stakes."

Openheart winced at this cool suggestion, but he had to control his emotions. The matter was one simply of business, and he felt that he had nothing to do but to put aside all the sensibilities—quite unnecessary in such a case and with such

a companion—of the gentleman. He answered quietly, though it tasked some effort to do so—

"But the property is always there, secured by mortgage, which you may foreclose at any moment."

"But the property may not be always there."

"How, sir?"

"It is a perishable property, and your real estates, which are the collateral securities, may be subject to the more perfect liens of other creditors. Besides, sir, negroes are falling in value, and the foreclosure of mortgage at this moment may be of vast importance even to your own safety, since the probabilities are that they will bring much better prices now—though still far less than when you bought—than they would in twelve months hence."

"Am I to understand from this, Mr. Skinflint, that your instructions are to foreclose if payment be not now made?"

"By no means, sir. What I say, is simply to suggest some of the difficulties in the way of a decision at this moment. I must reflect on the condition of affairs, and will communicate with my clients."

"It is understood, Mr. Skinflint, that you have the entire confidence of Messrs. Ingelhart and Cripps, and that your opinion will be almost certain to determine their conduct."

"I flatter myself," replied the attorney, with a mixed expression of meekness and complacency, "that I am not wholly without my influence over the minds of those gentlemen. But you will permit me to ask, Colonel Openheart, with what purpose your remark is made?"

"Surely, sir, my purpose was a very simple one—it was only that I might express the hope that your dealings with me and your knowledge of my affairs were such as would enable you to assure your clients of the undoubted security which they possess, collaterally, for the bonds which they hold of mine in behalf of the estate of Butler."

The lawyer looked grave for a moment, then smiling and turning round to his companion with an air of great amenity and frankness—"Colonel Openheart, it may be that I shall find it equally my pleasure and my interest to serve you in this manner. I think it likely, sir, that I shall have to seek a favor at your hands before I leave you. Now, sir, one good turn deserves another, and —"

"A favor at my hands, Mr. Skinflint? And, pray, what is it?"

"Excuse me, sir—not just now. Sufficient for the day, &c. Excuse me—not yet—not yet! Meanwhile, sir, if you please, we will suspend the conversation on this subject."

The manner of Skinflint struck our proprietor unpleasantly. Without question, Colonel Openheart was an aristocrat, and the familiar, very frank and friendly tones of his companion, were decidedly more grating upon his ears than the



keen, avid utterance of the calculating and selfish man of business. They made him uneasy for a moment, as he could not possibly divine in what way he was expected to requite the service of the attorney. He was relieved when he recollected that Skinflint had lately bought a plantation in his neighborhood, and being a lawyer, naturally looked to fill some seat either in congress or the legislature. The large influence of Colonel Openheart was unquestionable, and he now worried himself with asking if he could conscientiously support such a person. But the adage of which Skinflint had reminded him, and which is always a favorite one with those who recoil from trouble, determined him to dismiss the evil to the day when it must come up; and thus satisfied, our colonel readily complied with the evident desires of his companion to canter off in the direction of the dwelling.

They left the fields accordingly, after a ten minutes' ride, and took their way out into one of the main roads of the country. They were scarcely entered upon this, when they encountered Bessy Clinton and Fergus Berkshire, on horseback, emerging from one of the long and lonely avenues leading out into the pine lands. Could Colonel Openheart have seen the scowl that showed itself upon Skinflint's brow at this unexpected meeting! The two young people rode slowly and seemed totally absorbed in their own affairs. There was an evident flush upon the face of Bessy Clinton, while the cheeks of Fergus seemed rather pale than otherwise. The parties exchanged greetings, and while the colonel and his companion walked their horses, the youth and damsel gave their steeds a free rein and were soon out of sight in the direction of the dwelling.

"A good-looking young fellow, that," said Skinflint, "with some natural cleverness. But ours is not an age of industry and exertion—and once give a fellow a chance with plenty of money on foreign travel, and you may be sure that all's over with him. I have good reason to believe that young Berkshire made a monstrous hole in his own and mother's capital when he was abroad. His dissipation while in Paris was said to be notorious."

"Said by whom, Mr. Skinflint?"

"Oh, by everybody. The thing was all over town when he first came home from Europe."

"Town is a famous place for scandal, Mr. Skinflint, and 'they say' is a proverbial liar. I know nothing of Berkshire's doings while abroad *except while he was in Paris*, and there my son Edward happened to be with him during his whole stay. Edward speaks of him *there* as a close and eager student of the language, the country and the fine arts. I very much doubt if the charge of dissipation was ever less properly made than against Fergus. He shows no traces of it now; and, indeed, by his general intelligence, equal readiness and modesty, and large acquisition of facts, he shows that he could have employed but little

time in excesses, or his intellectual gains must have come by instinct. As for his expenditures—but it may be that your profession has brought you to a knowledge of straits in the family with which I am unfamiliar, and I must not oppose my conjectures to your facts. Still I cannot persuade myself that either he or his mother is in any difficulty."

"Nor do I say it. I have no knowledge of their affairs myself, but it was said that they would probably have to put down the city establishment and have to retire wholly upon the country."

"Said probably by those who speak rather from their wishes than their wit. Mrs. Berkshire, while a very liberal and lofty-minded woman, is yet a very prudent one. She has, I think, trained her son very admirably, and——"

"All that may be, Colonel Openheart, but the best of training will not always or often secure our children against the temptations of a new sphere and an intoxicating novelty in society."

"Always, sir—good training will always secure the young against any temptation. But the question is as to the quality of training. What is *good* and what is *bad* training is hardly settled yet among philosophers. It certainly is not among parents and schoolmasters, who seem to me to pride themselves most upon their system where the regimen is the very worst."

"You may be right, sir, and I am not prepared to discuss a mere abstraction; but though this young man's education may have been as you think it, still the exception is possible, you know; and while such are the reports in the city, if *I were a father* I should be very jealous of the familiarity of any such person with a daughter of mine."

Colonel Openheart half wheeled his horse, about to survey the speaker. "Really, Mr. Skinflint, I have reason to thank you for your counsel and so has my family; but, believe me, we have none of us any apprehensions either from the vices of Fergus Berkshire or the weaknesses of my daughter. *Her training*, at least, has been such that we can confide everything to her delicacy, which, in the case of women, is the best security for their discretion. Still, sir, I thank you—I thank you."

There was something in the tone and manner of Colonel Openheart that warned Mr. Skinflint he had ventured a little too far.

"Pardon me, Colonel Openheart," he said, quickly, "but I meant not to advise. My remark was purely general, and did not specially relate to your case. This young man may be a very good young man. *Of my own knowledge*, I can say nothing against him."

"Can you upon the knowledge of any other person? If you can, Mr. Skinflint, you shall see that I am as vigilant in the protection of my fire-side as any man in the country."

"Why, no, sir, not upon the *knowledge* of any

one in particular—but what is said by many, sir, places the matter said in that category which, among legal men, constitutes a proverbial notoriety, and such is not supposed to need proving.”

“Good law, no doubt, but most awful morality! Can you mention, among those who deal in this *notoriety*, one person who professes to speak from his own knowledge?”

“No; I am not sure that I can.”

“Then I think that we may safely venture to dismiss the story, since the truth that no man will father is very apt to prove a falsehood. Your law rule, which rejects all hearsay testimony, will justify our irreverence.”

We need not pursue the dialogue which Skinfint, confident as he usually was, could not but see had terminated to his disadvantage. His tone was judiciously lowered, though without lessening any of the unfavorable impressions which his companion had contrived to form of his character and heart. Our proprietor treated him, however, with a peculiar civility, the staidness of which, as it kept him at a distance without affording him definite cause of resentment, was sufficiently irksome, and he longed in his heart to have an opportunity to punish the patrician for the privilege which he exercised, being an honest man, of behaving fearlessly like one. It was the error of Skinfint to suppose that, having shown Colonel Openheart that he was somewhat in his power, he had acquired the right to prescribe to him in moral and social respects. He was soon made to see that there were some personal barriers which not even his legal and moneyed strength would enable him to break down. The character which is well grounded upon principle and well trained by habit, never yields in any misfortune, never succumbs to any condition, though these may menace every social and domestic security that we possess.

At dinner, Colonel Openheart was the hospitable landholder—that noble, old English character which we do not sufficiently value, but which is the source of England's best securities. He seemed to forget that he had cause of apprehension or annoyance, and the ease, the dignity, the grace with which he presided, the perpetual watchfulness that saw that no one remained unsupplied, these all served to extort from the secret thought of Skinfint a wholesome wonder as to the source of so much equilibrium. Dinner was late, and with night came the mail, bringing a hurried letter from Edward, which our proprietor, for reasons of his own, and with (for him) unwonted circumspection, forbore to read aloud. This letter told him of the young man's safe arrival in Charleston, and of his intention to be *en route* for the plantation in another day. Was it the postscript which informed the father that it was the writer's purpose to take Bloomdale in his way, and if possible bring Mary Butler and her aunt along with him, that kept him from reading it aloud?

The two gentlemen sat up late. We did not mention that Fergus Berkshire did not stay to supper, but left the company as soon as dinner was over, with an apology, in which he pleaded necessary business. He ceased to be the subject of Skinfint's comment, but the occasional glance of the latter, as the youth engaged the attention of Bessy Clinton, did not escape the eyes of the vigilant mother. The intimacy between the young man and the maiden seemed to disturb the equilibrium of the attorney, and probably rendered him much more precipitate than he would have been in a matter which, as he sat with Colonel Openheart that night—the family having retired—he proceeded to bring up. We will not adopt his language, the substance of which was a formal proposal from him, Richard Skinfint, attorney at law, for the hand in wedlock of the fair maiden, Bessy Clinton Openheart. Many long speeches, circuitously conceived and cumbrously worded, prefaced this offer. Colonel Openheart looked upon the speaker with unmitigated astonishment, but he was prudent, kept his temper and his secret, and calmly answered the lawyer that he, Skinfint, should be permitted an interview in the morning with his daughter and hear his answer from her own lips. Skinfint said something in reply to this in approbation of the excellent custom prevailing in certain countries, where the parents adjusted among themselves the contracts of marriage, and the young people were sufficiently dutiful to submit. But Colonel Openheart's reply was brief and to the purpose. His daughter must determine for herself in a matter so vital to her own happiness. The night passed over with due rapidity. The morning brought breakfast and the promised interview. Conducting his daughter to the library, he instructed her to await the coming of Mr. Skinfint, and to give becoming ear to his communications. The latter was apprised that the damsel was in waiting, and with something more of flurry and agitation than ever troubled him in his ordinary practice, he stole half on tiptoe into the designated apartment. How he purred and prabbled, with what studied and formal phrase he proceeded to a declaration in which, if the heart be only warm and faithful, the lips may bungle and the tongue falter without dread of censure or ridicule, we will not say. Enough that his proposals, when Bessy Clinton fully understood them, were quite as confounding to that damsel as they were to her father. We need scarcely say that they met with ready rejection. What a blind thing is selfishness! Here, now, was a person of great worldly shrewdness, singularly sagacious in common business transactions, yet blundering with the inconceivable notion that he could possibly prevail with youth, beauty, tenderness, and the most generous and confiding faith. Taught by selfishness to regard wealth as the only power, he had forgotten that such subjects as affection, duty, taste, sweetness and grace,

must always acknowledge far different authorities. It was impossible for sweet Bessy Clinton to be unkind or harsh, and though greatly surprised, if not indignant, at the proposal, she replied with gentleness. She was sorry that Mr. Skinflint had set his heart—his heart!—on his handmaid, but really the thing was out of the question. She was very grateful, but begged respectfully to be excused. Do not suppose that there was any mocking in her response. The irony is wholly ours. His pill was quite as much sweetened as it well could be, but was still such as he found it difficult to swallow. He would have argued the case, as he recovered his courage, precisely as he would have done before a jury in the matter of cow and calf, in trespass or replevin—and did argue it. The damsel heard him quietly to the end, and affirmed the previous verdict. He hurried to Colonel Openheart as to a court of appeal, but the colonel disclaimed jurisdiction; and ordering his horses, with fury but ill-concealed, Skinflint prepared to take his departure before dinner. With genuine politeness, regarding the circumstances, our proprietor did not urge him to delay. With nice and delicate consideration, he complied with his wishes, conversed with him without reserve and with studied kindness, but studiously forebore any absurd, apologetic or sympathetic discourses. The parties separated on good terms, Skinflint shaking his host's hand warmly and smiling in his face affectionately as he took his departure; but ere he was well out of sight, he shook his hand menacingly back upon the habitation, and swore, in muttered accents, through his closed teeth, a bitter oath of vengeance. Our proprietor knew enough of the person to apprehend that he had made a fast enemy, but he remembered the proverb, and put off his regrets and sorrows as well as he might to the day of evil that should compel them.

We pass over three days, and still Edward had not arrived. "He is sick in Charleston," said the anxious mother. "He is at Bloomdale," said the more knowing daughter. "He is spending time and money wherever he is," said the dissatisfied father, "instead of being at his law." The fourth day brought the truant as an escort to Mrs. St. Clair and Mary Butler. He had been delayed at Bloomdale at the requisition of the ladies, and the excuse was readily received by the parents, particularly as it was urged by a tall, handsome and well-bred youth, more than six feet high, admirably proportioned, and carrying himself like a prince of the blood royal. The father forgot his troubles as he saw his own youth restored and reflected in his son. He was not suffered to forget them long. That very evening brought him a letter from Skinflint, as the attorney for Ingelhart and Cripps. "Sense of duty, &c. Foreclosure of mortgage, &c. Unavoidable, &c. Very sorry, &c. With sentiments of profound respect, &c. (*Signed*)

"RICHARD SKINFLINT."

The proprietor crumpled the graceless epistle in his palm and hurled it into the fire. The wife alone saw the act. The young people were busy around the evening table, examining a world of curiosities which Edward had brought home from Europe. They little knew of the bitterness that dashed the cup of joy even while it was at the old father's lips. He uttered no sigh, no word. He would not cloud the happiness of that youthful circle. He resolved upon the exercise of all his manhood. Taking his hat, he went forth into the night. It was a lovely starlight. The skies were never more thickly studded with the saintly watchers, and all were bright and beautiful as if they had never felt a cloud. He walked down the noble avenue of oaks and cedars towards the high road. Ere he reached the gateway, a vehicle dashed by in considerable haste, which he recognized as that of Skinflint. This person was also a proprietor, and planted only a few miles distant. Though not a resident at his place, for his professional duties in the city would not suffer this, he yet contrived occasionally to visit his plantation, where, when not the guest of his neighbors, he was of his overseer. The angry feeling in Col. Openheart's breast was strongly excited as he detected the carriage of his enemy. He himself remained unseen in the shadow of the ancestral trees, but he clearly discerned the head of Skinflint as he thrust it forth for examination while passing the avenue of the man whom he now fondly thought to victimize. Colonel Openheart conjectured his thoughts, and the fierce idea rose in his mind of a deadly grapple with the scoundrel. Had they met on foot or on horseback in the high road, it had been scarcely possible, in the present mood of our proprietor, to have foreborne inflicting some indignity upon the base and malignant creature. But he passed, never dreaming that Openheart was so near. Had he fancied it, his head had never shown itself from the carriage window.

We must hurry over a week in order to realize the more important events in our narrative. We are again on the threshold of Father Chrystmasse. Our lady proprietor at "Maize-in-milk" has received the necessary supplies from the grocer. The hogs are killed, the mince-pies are made, and the usual guests, invited and uninvited, are already pouring in. The songs of Bessy Clinton and Mary Butler are ringing through the dwelling, and every customary chorus, gathered from the early poets in tribute to the season, has been employed to guide the merry damsels in the decoration of mantel and mirror, and window, and to cheer them in the prosecution of their pretty tasks. For a week beforehand the dance was continued nightly in the great hall. There were now Fergus Berkshire and Edward Openheart, and one or more of the latter's old acquaintances, to say nothing of neighboring maidens just rising into womanhood, whom the hospitalities of "Maize-in-milk" had brought together. Two

days before Christmas, John and William made their appearance from college; and Tom Openheart, now a lad of twelve, and very tall for his age, was permitted to add to the strength of the company, in regard to the interests of certain of the damsels who were about his own age. Altogether, the auspices were particularly favorable to the sports of the young. Our ancient friends, Jones, Whipple, Whitfield, Bond and daughter, and good old father Kinsale—who in growing older did not seem to have grown a jot more feeble than he was twenty years before—also came with the day preceding Christmas, and wore their pleasantest aspects. But the weather had a cold, forbidding complexion still, and our proprietor found it difficult to keep from his own visage the doubts and apprehensions which were working in his mind. At this moment a stranger rode into the enclosure, who proved to be the sheriff of the district. He declared his purpose very civilly, regretted the necessity under which he was placed, showed his credentials, and would receive either the money on the bond, or the negroes. There was no remedy; Colonel Openheart submitted with simple fortitude. The negroes were at the sheriff's service. He excused himself to his guests and accompanied the officer to the negro-quarter.

"But why not wait till sale day, sir?" was the inquiry of Colonel Openheart. "They shall then be forthcoming."

The officer hesitated, but at length remarked—"I should do so cheerfully, sir, having myself every confidence in your honor; but I have been counseled that I shall be held rigidly responsible unless the levy is at once made, as some reason exists for suspecting that your son will be employed to *run* the negroes to Texas."

"By whom, sir, has this intimation been given?"

"By Mr. Skinflint, acting for Ingellhart and Cripps."

"The scoundrel! But I have no more to say. Make your levy."

The negroes were by this time assembled and listening with eager anxiety.

"You must go, my people," said the proprietor, addressing them with a voice which his emotions hardly suffered to be articulate—"you must go, I cannot help it. I would have saved you, but cannot. I have done for you all I could; I can do no more!"

He turned away to conceal his emotion, and hurried into the neighboring woods. The strong man wept like a child as the loud outcries and lamentations of the slaves still pursued him. He had been to them a father and a benefactor, had watched them in sickness and indulged them with moderate tasks when well. As he thought upon the parting, he recovered all his strength. He came forth, and said to the sheriff—"You will bring them up to the house?"

"Why, sir," said the officer, with considerate

sensibility, "I had proposed taking them through the woods. It would mortify you before your guests."

"I thank you, sir," was the respectful but proud answer—"I thank you; but I must request that you will bring them to the dwelling before you depart. I have something to bestow upon them. My guests will know all before long, and may as well hear it at once."

The negroes were brought accordingly.

"You see, my friends, I have some troubles for my Christmas. They are rather new to me in my old age, but it is probable that I shall become familiar with them before I die."

Something more was said—enough to show that our proprietor, in his unaffected grief, had lost nothing of his manliness. He proceeded to open the cases in which the Christmas presents were kept. These were not to have been given till the ensuing day, but this delay would have deprived the Butler negroes of their share of gifts. With hasty hand our proprietor bestowed his wares.

"Now take them, Mr. Sheriff, as quickly as you please, so that our young people may not see them. They are down the road, and if you pursue *that* path, you will escape them. Good morning, sir, good morning," and the speaker retired among his guests. He maintained his courage manfully, was once more the courtly and considerate host, still solicitous of the wants and wishes of the meanest, until, some two hours having elapsed, an uproar without drew attention to the windows. What was the surprise of Col. Openheart to see all the negroes returned, and to find them quite clamorous in the publication of their delight that they were not to lose their present master. One of their number presented himself with a letter, which our proprietor opened with no little curiosity, for as yet nothing had been got from the negroes by reason of the multitude of voices which threw any or much light upon the mystery. The letter was from young Berkshire. We give it without curtailment.

"DEAR SIR:—Meeting with the sheriff, and being in want of a sufficient force for my Cedar Island plantation, I have ventured to assume your bond, with interest, being perfectly satisfied to pay the same price for the negroes at which you bought them. As I hold them to be amply worth the amount, I leave it entirely with yourself to retain them, if you please, paying me at your leisure—though I should prefer to have them, on my assumption of your several responsibilities in regard to this property. Whatever may be your decision, which you can make at your leisure, it will at least be proper that they should remain in your keeping until after the holidays. Very faithfully, and with great respect, I am, my dear sir,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"FERGUS M. BERKSHIRE."

Colonel Openheart had not a word to say. The act was so handsome that he at once gave the

letter into the hands of old Kinsale, who read it twice aloud to the company. The proprietor went out to the negroes and sent them back happy to their habitations. The young people soon after made their appearance. They had heard something of the matter, and Edward Openheart, as soon as all the facts were made known to him, at once rode over to Berkshire's to give him his own and the thanks of the family.

"Tell him, Ned, that he shall have the negroes, and tell him what you please besides, from your own heart."

Such was all the message of the father. Berkshire looked somewhat anxious when the young man paused.

"Do you bring any letter, Ned?"

"No."

"No message from anybody?"

"None but that from my father. What do you expect?"

"Nay, never mind; you will hear soon enough."

The young man seemed dull and disappointed, and was not easily persuaded to give a detailed account of his fortunate interposition to arrest the departure of the sheriff with the property. His narrative was briefly to the effect that, having occasion to ride a few miles up the road, he had suddenly, on his return, encountered the troop, with the sheriff and Skinflint at their head. The former had been summoned to the house of the latter, where he had stayed the last night, and they had gone out together the next day on their official mission immediately after breakfast, Skinflint waiting some four miles off for the return of the officer. He had timed his proceedings with the basest cunning and malevolence. He knew that "Maize-in-milk" was crowded with guests and neighbors, and that the pride of the proprietor would be touched to the quick by such a humiliating exposure as that which he meditated. He had not anticipated the issue. Fergus Berkshire met the party even while Skinflint was receiving from the sheriff a description of what had taken place. The exulting grin had not passed from his features as Fergus drew nigh. A few words sufficed to put him in possession of all the facts.

"I will assume this obligation," he said to the officer, by whom he was well known.

"Costs, interest, &c.?" said Skinflint.

"I will assume them all."

"It must be in writing," muttered Skinflint.

"Very good, sir."

The sheriff produced the papers with which the providence of the lawyer had furnished him, and a pocket inkstand and pen enabled Berkshire to prepare and sign an adequate obligation under the instructions of Skinflint himself, with which he had to confess himself satisfied. No unnecessary words passed between the parties.

"Go home to your master, good people," said Berkshire to the negroes. The sheriff he asked to dine with him, to Skinflint he bowed and bade good morning.

"The rascal!" exclaimed Ned Openheart; "if I had him under my horsewhip! But, dear Fergus, you will go back with me to 'Maize-in-milk'?"

"Not to-day, Ned," said the other, somewhat sadly.

"To-night, then?"

"No; you must excuse me, but I have good reasons for not visiting your house to-day."

"Pshaw! you fear that we shall be thanking you and all that sort of thing, but I promise you on my honor we shall say nothing about it."

Berkshire was firm, and Ned rode away somewhat wondering what had so suddenly come over the fellow. The mystery was explained as soon as he got home. Sweet Bessy Clinton had seized the first moment, when she could divert her father from his guests, to place before his eyes a written proposal from Fergus Berkshire for her hand, and to throw herself in tearful silence upon the old man's neck.

"And when did you get this, Bessy Clinton?"

"Last night, sir."

"And what do you say, Bessy?"

"Oh, father, I do think Mr. Berkshire is an honorable gentleman."

"I agree with you, Bessy; and were I you, I would certainly accept his offer."

"Thanks, dear father, thanks."

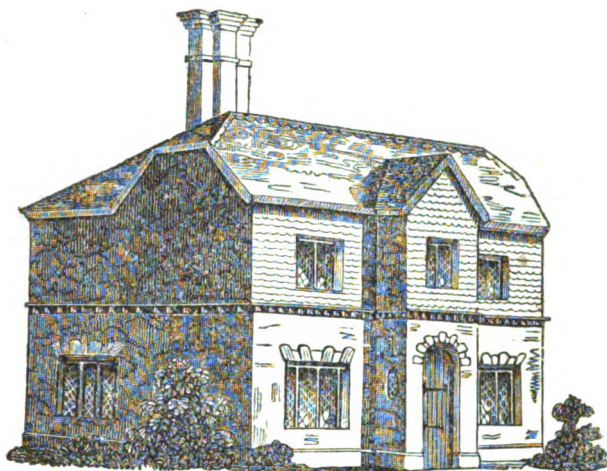
"Well, my child, go and write to him yourself. He deserves it."

Fergus Berkshire *did* come to "Maize-in-milk" that night.

If Richard Skinflint found himself discomfited so unexpectedly that day, the next, which was Christmas, brought him new sources of disquiet and new mortifications in a communication from Mrs. St. Clair, advising him that her niece had accepted the hand of Mr. Edward Openheart, and that the marriage was arranged to take place the ensuing May. "As this event," said the letter, "is the contingency upon which her minority determines, and as I have yielded my consent to the contract, which was the sole condition coupled with this contingency, it will be necessary that Messrs. Ingellhart and Cripps should be prepared for the settlement with the future protector of the heiress in anticipation of the expected event."

Skinflint did not sleep that night—nor, for that matter, did several of our parties; but the provocation to wakefulness among them was the result of very different feelings. At "Maize-in-milk" there was now no check to the happiness of all the circle. The revolution was complete. The horizon was no longer overcast. The moon and stars were all out. Instead of the shrieks of the owl, a mockbird sang at the window, and the cheek of our proprietor grew warm and his face lightened as the several couples wheeled gayly in the great hall in the mazes of the dance—the tear of joy gathered brightly in his eye, and he murmured to his placid spouse, half unconsciously—"Thank God, it is a happy Christmas after all!"

## MODEL COTTAGES.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

*Design for a Cottage Dwelling in the old English style.*

**Accommodation.**—The ground plan (*fig. 1*) contains an entrance lobby, *a*; hall and staircase, *b*; parlor, *c*; kitchen, *d*; wash house, with oven, boiler and sink, *e*; pantry, *f*; dairy, *g*; beer cellar, *h*; and coal cellar, *i*. The chamber floor (*fig. 2*) contains three good bed-rooms, *k*, *l* and *m*, and a light bed-closet over the lobby, *n*.

**Construction.**—The foundations and walls of the ground-floor story should be of brick, or of rough stone with brick dressings, (bricks at all the angles, whether of doors, windows or corners,) and with brick arches to the windows. These walls, of

whatever material constructed, should have what is called a Welsh cornice, (two or three over sailing (protruding) courses of brick work, one of which has dentils formed by the ends of bricks projecting at equal and regular distances,) to finish with at top, in order that the lower part of the weather tiling, which is to cover the bed-room wall, may incline outwards, for the purpose of throwing off the water and preventing it from running down the walls of the ground floor. The external partitions of the chamber floor should be formed of timber framing, lathed horizontally to receive the tiling, which may be of any pattern according to fancy.

**General Estimate.**—Cubic contents, 18,749 feet, at 10 cts. per foot, \$1874 90; at 5 cts., \$937 45.

Fig. 1.

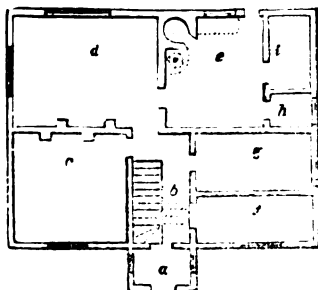
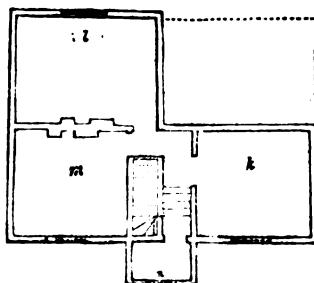
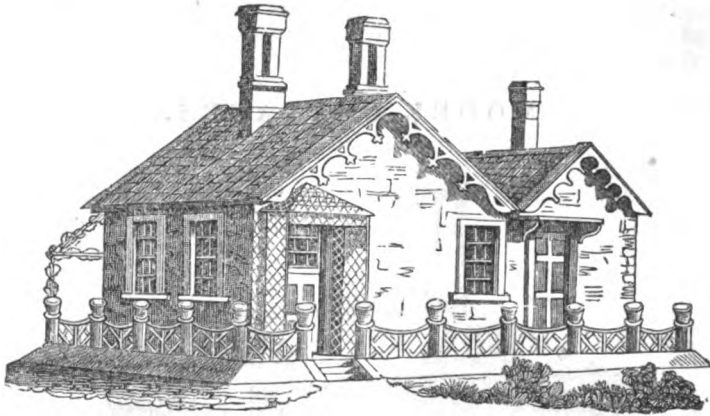


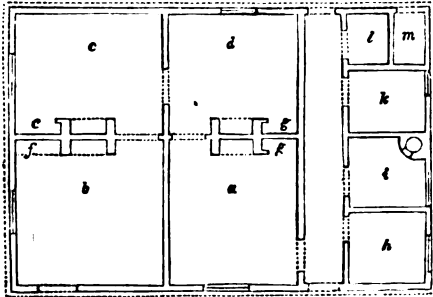
Fig. 2.





*A cottage dwelling with four rooms and other conveniences.*

*Accommodation.*—The ground plan shows a kitchen, *a*; parlor, *b*; best bed room, *c*; bed room,



GROUND PLAN.

*d*; closet, *e*; recess for books, *f*; two closets, *g*, *g*; pantry, *h*; wash-house, *i*; potato cellar and place for lumber, *k*; coal house, *l*; and privy, *m*.

*Construction.*—The walls, which have thick footings to the height of eighteen inches above the surface of stud-work, covered with weather-boarding without, and lath and plaster within. The floors of *a*, *b*, *c* and *d* are of boards, and those of the passages and offices are of tiles and bricks. The roof is covered with pantiles; it is in two parts, the higher and wider part being over the living rooms, and the low, narrow division covering the passage and the offices. There is a rustic verandah along one front, constructed of forked oak branches, on which vines and flowering shrubs are twined.

*General Estimate.*—Cubic contents, 11,040 feet, at 10 cts. per foot, \$1104; at 5 cts., \$552.

## MY OWN DEAR NATIVE LAND.

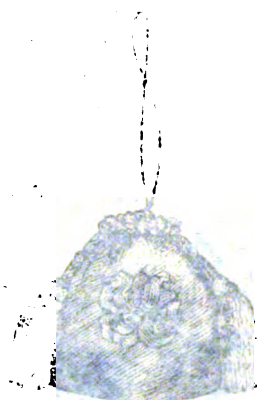
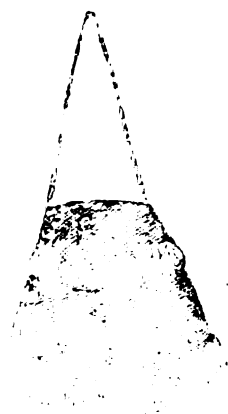
BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

I've wander'd far in distant lands,  
Beyond old ocean's wave,  
And stranger hearts and kindly hands  
A generous welcome gave:  
I've stood among the high and great,  
In many a lofty hall,  
Where tilted wealth and glittering state  
Held joyous carnival.

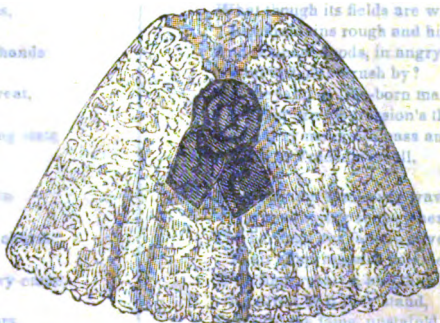
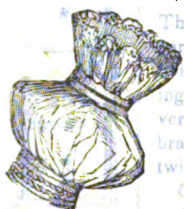
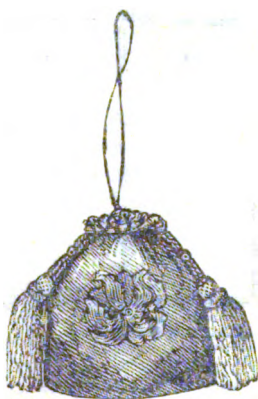
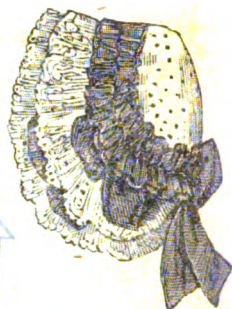
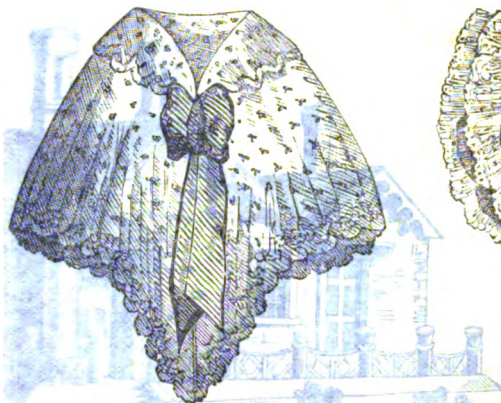
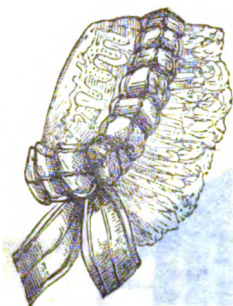
But, kind and generous and warm  
As were the hearts I met,  
Their welcome had no power to charm,  
Or lure me to forget  
My own loved land. The memory came,  
In bower or stately dome,  
Across my soul, with magic gleam,  
Of my dear native home.

What though its fields are wild and rude?  
Its mountains rough and high?  
And tempest-floods, in angry mood  
And turbulent, rush by?  
It is the land of free-born men,  
Who spurn Oppression's thrall,  
And every mountain pass and glen  
Echo to Freedom's call.

No tyrant foe shall ever wave  
His conquering sceptre here:  
The heritage our fathers gave,  
Their offspring will hold dear.  
With high resolve, and faith sincere,  
A patriot host they stand,  
To guard the fame, unstain'd and clear,  
Of our loved native land.

















ONE KINDLY WORD BEFORE WE PART.  
BALLAD.

WORDS BY MARK LEMON.

MUSIC BY MRS. GILBERT À BECKETT.

LARGHETTO CANTABILE.

One kindly word be - fore we part! One word, one word beside Farewell; For

that would ever haunt my heart, Like some, like some most mournful knell. Oh,

cres. - - dim. - - - cres. - dim.

speak to me, speak to me As I have heard thy tone; For when I say farewell to thee, For ever I'm alone. For

e - - ver, for - ever, for-e-ver I'm a - lone.

One kind - ly look— it is the last! Then let, then

let the last be kind; For in the mem'ry of the past, My so-lace, my,

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the treble piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

solace I must find. Oh, gaze on me, gaze on me, As of-ten thou hast done; For when I say farewell to thee, For

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

*cres.* *dim.*  
e-ver I'm a-lone, For e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver I'm a-lone.

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The lyrics 'e-ver I'm a-lone, For e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver I'm a-lone.' are written below the vocal staff. The first two staves of this system include dynamic markings: 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'dim.' (diminuendo).

*p* *p*

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The piano accompaniment in both the treble and bass staves features a series of chords marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line.

## NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

### THE LIFE SCHOOL.

*"Beauty must come back to the useful arts, and the distinction between the useful and the fine arts be forgotten."*

THE opening of the LIFE SCHOOL at the Pennsylvania Academy begins a new era in the history of the FINE ARTS in Philadelphia. The spacious fire-proof rooms on the site of the disastrous fire in which perished so many noble works of genius, give "ample space and verge enough" for all the purposes of a school of design of the highest order; and when the various galleries devoted to painting, statuary, modern and antique, shall have been completed, and the beautiful lecture-room filled from time to time with the living beauty and intellect of our city, may we not hope that the growing taste of our citizens in matters of art, to which the student must look for encouragement and reward, will not be forced to stray far and wide, in will-o'-the-wisp wanderings, but find a focus of light and warmth and appreciation in our very midst, at our firesides and in our hearts? and that the wealth that is now wasted in filling our homes with monster-mirrors and more monstrous cabinet work—decorations without design—will give place to the thoughtful canvas or the meditative marble, the exquisite engraving or the less costly, though still elegant plaster-of-Paris cast?

To costliness or elegance of furniture there can be no objection;—only let it be *real* elegance, with artistic feeling for a foundation, and costliness that leads to comfort—not the manities of fashionists or the puerilities of paper-stainers. The stiff, impossible chairs of modern cabinet makers—the unsightly sofas of workers in mahogany and hair-cloth, cannot too soon give place to the exquisitely designed *fauteuil*, or the delicious lounges and *lits-à-têtes* of a Vollmer or Lejambre; and the glitter of cut-glass and quicksilver may well exchange its distracting dazzle for the cool, quiet landscape, or the more glorious creations of the pencil or the chisel.

House-decoration is *an art*, and should be entrusted only to those who feel as artists or love as poets. The place in which we garner our affections cannot be made too attractive; and since we have no dim cathedrals, vast, to fill with acre-wide canvas or colossal sculpture, let *THE HOME* be the temple of our worship—our household gods be the embodied beauty of our affections. Let painting preach to us of nature and the indwelling spirit of truth and beauty, and sculpture be solemn anthems of thankfulness "sung in obedient stone."

But to return from these possibilities to the present and actual. THE LIFE SCHOOL, then, is an actuality! The life-model and the live student have met face to face. On the 13th of March the rooms in the new building were opened to the class, and the life school has for once a "habitation and a name" among us. The rooms are spacious, and the theatre ample to accommodate a class of thirty or forty. The lights are judiciously arranged, and the *esprit du corps*, which animates the students, quite enthusiastic; and as "nothing is denied to well-directed industry," (genius-directed, Sir Joshua probably meant,) it is not too much to hope that our young artists—with a foundation laid deep down among the ruins of the past, the severe discipline of the antique, joined to the mobility of the living model—may yet build up a school of art that the world will not willingly let

die. But study—study—study! This is the key that unlocks the secrets of nature and of art, and gives the power to represent the beautiful and the ideal where it is, in the actual and the true, and to produce work where indecision shall not be mistaken for ideality, or vagueness for sublimity!

BACKHUYSEN's fine picture recently brought from Holland, shows what can be done by a faithful adherence to Nature. Nothing can be more true than this homely picture, and yet nowhere is the charm that springs from pure idealism more complete, more highly wrought than here. Standing under that *moving* sky, that you look *into* rather than upon, amid an atmosphere of actual sunshine, the idea of paint and canvas is quite out of the mind; and you seem to walk into the quiet scene and become a part of it, and are impressed as by a landscape of nature's own doing. Looking at that old bay horse, standing lazily against the magical sky, the boy so nicely poised on his back; the familiar cows lying about, looking as if they had grown up in the same family; the sheep, whose fleeces you can tell the exact price of in the wool market, reposing around; the goats browsing on the broken herbage in the foreground; the long range of green hills, through which the Rhine lapses into the dreamy distance—you have a perfect picture of rural repose. Add to this the rustic maiden, with whom the boy has been holding a "talk," (none of the shortest, if we may judge from the settled quiet reigning in all parties,) and you have before you the *matériel* out of which the "Dutch painter" has wrought this charming piece of enchantment. The picture is most carefully painted throughout, yet with all this variety of object, there is nothing of the fractional appearance sometimes seen in works made up of detached studies. The oneness is complete as the picture is perfect. We hope this fine "pastoral poem," which has been purchased by M<sup>rs</sup>. MACALESTER, may yet find its way into the Academy, and that our young artists will lose no time in "getting it by heart." It was brought from Holland by M<sup>r</sup>. JACOB SNIDER, JR., who deserves well of every lover of art for bringing such a treasure within reach of our citizens.

Our own artists are busy brushing up for the coming exhibition, which opens about the 10th of May, and promises to be one of the largest, as it will assuredly be one of the most attractive we have had for many years.

M<sup>r</sup>. ROTIERMEL has a number of pictures in preparation to fill his numerous commissions, which we hope may be completed in time for the gallery, and which cannot fail to add to the reputation of this indefatigable artist. "*Francis First parting from his children*" is a composition of great beauty and a most pathetic picture. The loving father, in the agony of separation of the tenderest ties; the lovely wife and children; the stern soldiers glooming around—these the artist has given back to us as vividly as though the scene were before our very eyes. It is a picture of about the size of the "*Cortez*," and more than sustains the reputation acquired by that spirited performance. M<sup>r</sup>. R. has also a picture of "*King John and the Queen*," which is remarkable for

powerful expression and vigorous drawing. The bitter invective which "*Salisbury*" showers upon the shrinking form before him, seems actually appalling. The picture is of cabinet size and nearly completed. Another picture, "*The Parting of the Knight of Tochenberg*," is very rich in color and luminous in effect. The head of the female is "beautiful exceedingly." The artist has several other pictures in progress, which we hope to see in the coming exhibition.

MR. WINNER has been engaged for some months past on a Scripture piece, which bids fair to take rank with the great pictures of any age. The subject is the raising of the daughter of Jairus, and though it has been so often painted, yet from what we have already seen of it, we are sure it will come from the vigorous pencil of this artist with a freshness and beauty that will delight his friends and surprise the public. The figure of Christ, though differing somewhat from the usual representations of him, is a noble conception; and the fond father, rendered almost frantic between amazement at the miracle, and rapture at the restoration of a beloved child—the perfect trust and confidence of the child, as life flows slowly back to heart and brain—the clasped hands and streaming eyes of the kneeling mother, and the astonished air of the two disciples, form a whole that must be seen to be appreciated. The picture is large, painted with great care as far as it is finished, and will require some months to complete it. Mr. W. gives his attention to portraits with his usual faithfulness, and we hope with good encouragement.

MR. WAUGH has a great run in portraiture, we are told, and well deserves his success. His heads are pleasing in character, color and costume. His pictures of children are charming—full of *naïveté* and grace. We wish Mr. W. could find time to produce occasionally one of his brilliant cabinet or fancy pictures. The

"*Cake woman*" and the "*Tarentula*" give assurance of great success in this department of art.

MR. OSOON is also fully occupied, and at his rooms one may see some beautiful children's portraits, which he renders as charmingly in color as Mrs. O. does in verse. Mr. O. has several attractive heads of "children of a larger growth," among which those of Mrs. Norton, painted in London, "*Kate Carol*," in costume *à la Grec*, and your own graceful correspondent, "*Grace Greenwood*," hold pre-eminence.

MR. WILLIAMS has produced several of his dreamy landscapes, among which we may mention "*A farm house on the Schuylkill*" and "*A View on the Ohio*" as of great excellence. In pictures of gorgeous, autumn-tinted scenery, with a hazy, Indian summer atmosphere, Mr. Williams is peculiarly happy.

MINIATURE PAINTING seems to have fallen off from public favor since the *diablerie* of Daguerre and the battle of the "sky lights," but it is a beautiful art, which the world should not learn to do without.

MR. CUSHMAN has painted some miniatures the past winter that are fast working for him a reputation in that delightful department. His likenesses are unmistakable, and his coloring has the richness of oil with great sweetness and truthfulness.

PLASTER CASTING.—Our readers will be glad to learn that Signor Carragiola has returned to the city with more of his carefully-moulded medallions and figures which gave so much satisfaction last year. He has brought many new pieces, among which we may mention a set of warriors, from THE GALLERY AT BERLIN, ten in number, which he finishes in imitation of iron, bronze or steel, in a very perfect manner. Mr. C.'s room is No. 20 Pear street, where persons desiring neat casts will do well to call.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.—ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

"The flowers which grace their native beds,  
Awhile put forth their blushing heads;  
But, ere the close of parting day,  
They wither, shrink, and die away;  
But these which mimic art hath made,  
Nor scorched by sun, nor killed by shade,  
Shall blush with less inconstant hue,  
Which art at pleasure can renew."

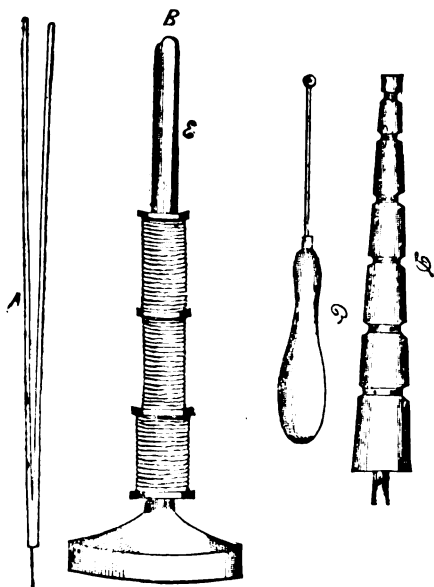
ARTIFICIAL flower-making, though so elegant and ornamental an employment, is one which has been, as yet, but little followed by the fair ladies of the United States, although in la belle France it has long been a favorite occupation, as much admired for its elegance as for its variety. What can be more interesting than imitating the beautiful blossoms that spring around us? We have but to cull a bud or a flower from the gay parterre, or gather one of the scented, bright-tinted ornaments of the meadow or the forest, and our model is ready for imitation. It requires but a few simple rules and instructions, and the growing interest in the art will soon enable the learner to become a proficient. The materials should all be kept ready prepared for use. They consist of white and colored cambrics, prepared thread stiffened and dyed, green gauze, green raw silk,

very fine yellow mohair, wires of different thicknesses, green and brown tissue paper, cotton wool, green cotton, gum water, flour, semolina, dyeing balls or saucers, vermilion, carmine, ultra-marine, and indigo in powder. The requisite tools are a pair of pincers *A*; a lead weight to hold the reels of silk, *B*; half a dozen *gorffoirs*, or cupping instruments, *C*, of various sizes, from the dimensions of the head of a pin to that of a small apple; the veining tool, *D*; and a large cushion stuffed with bran: also a stretching frame for straining the cambrics.

The muslin to be used is fine cambric, or clear Scotch cambric; let it be as fine and even as possible. Take about a yard square, dip it into soft cold water, squeeze it well, take some fresh warm starch made without blue, starch and clap it well; then stretch it on the large frame, so that it can dry without a crease quite even and stiff. This process is used instead of ironing, which would render one side of the cambric smooth and shining, and therefore unfit for dyeing. When perfectly dry, take it off the frame carefully, cut it in two, lay one half by, fold the other half into eight doubles, and pin them together. Of this cambric white flowers, and those which have shaded petals, are made. We will suppose that all the materials are prepared and ready for use upon the table, and we will begin by instructing the learner in the me-



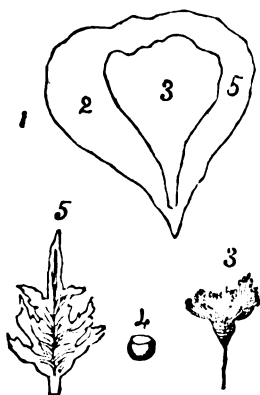
Fig. 1.



thod to be pursued in the formation of a wild or briar rose, as single flowers are easier than double ones. Copy exactly the patterns of petals (1 and 2 given in fig. 2) in card-board; take the large petal, lay it *crosswise*

Fig. 2.

WILD ROSE.



upon the white cambric, (which we have before described as folded eight times,) and, with a pair of very sharp and pointed scissors, cut out the exact shape. Five of these petals are required for each flower, and three of the smaller ones, but a few extra large petals should be cut to form the buds. Having fixed upon as many as you wish, divide them into fours, holding each packet in the pincers, dip them into soft water, and lay them on the edge of a white plate, the *tails* of the petals inclining towards the hollow of the plate. This is done to prevent too much color running into the edges. Having placed them all side by side, press them with the

finger to enable the water to saturate them well, or the dye will remain in dark spots instead of extending over every part. Dip your finger in water, then in the pink saucer, and having taken up some color, lay it upon the petals, pressing them well, that all the four may imbibe it equally. Proceed the same with all, then take each packet up with the pincers, reverse them on the plate, and proceed in the same manner to dye the other side. Leave them a few minutes, then take them up in the pincers, (still the four together,) rinse them well in soft water, then in water which has been made slightly acid with lemon-juice, then in water again, and, lastly, lay them on a sheet of porous cap paper, or on white blotting paper. When all the packets are thus cleansed from the brown tint of the dye, they will appear of a delicate pink. They will then, to enable them to dry quickly and thoroughly, require to have the petals separated from each other, and laid upon fresh paper. It adds to their beauty to tinge the tails with yellow, but it must be done carefully, as only the points should be tinted. The best way to accomplish it is, when the petals are spread out on a paper and half dry; lay a few drops of turmeric on a plate, add two or three drops of water, and one or two of lemon-juice; to dissipate the brown tinge, raise the edge of the plate, and in the thickest part of the liquid dip a small camel's-hair brush; with this just touch the tails of the petals, and leave them to dry.

The next process is to prepare the stalk and stamens ready to receive the petals. This is the most difficult part of flower-making, and requires great nicety and skill. Cut off a piece of fine wire, about five inches long, take it between the first finger and thumb of your left hand, lay the end of the silk that is on the reel B, (Fig. 1.) under the wire near the end, holding it with the right hand, then roll the silk and wire between the left hand finger and thumb, so as to cover the wire neatly and closely. Take a skein of green cotton, place one end *under* the lead weight, to steady it, fasten the other to the end of the wire by wrapping the silk tightly round it, then, by turning *back* a bit of the wire over it, and wrapping the silk several times round it, you give firmness to the stalk, and prevent its slipping out of the silk. Cut the green cotton off near the wire, put the rest of the skein by, and place the yellow mohair under the weight, and fasten several threads of it all round the cotton, as in No. 3, Fig. 2. This is done by twisting the green silk firmly, as mentioned above. The mohair, which is intended to imitate the filaments, is left about half an inch long, and the threads are separated, and slightly bent with the pincers, to prevent their looking stiff and straight. Dip the tips of the threads into some white paste, then into the yellow semolina, to make the pollen of the stamens, and stick the end of the wire into a cup of sand, to hold it upright till quite dry. Having prepared all the middles for your roses in the same manner, you must proceed to cup the large petals preparatory to their being fastened on to the stalk. Take them up with the pincers, and place them together by fours, between two sheets of cap paper, which have been sprinkled with water: this will damp them slightly, and the cupping iron will have more effect. Take an iron like that figured at C, Fig. 1, but of a size that nearly covers the petals; heat it at the fire, taking great care that it does not become red-hot; take out the petals by fours, and lay them on the cushion; when the iron is as hot as usual for smoothing linen, wipe it clean, and, holding it quite straight, with the ball downwards, press it into the centre of the petals, turning it gently round and round so as to give them a hollow cupped shape. As you do each packet lay it on the table, and heat the iron when it becomes too cool, which is easily known by the petals not taking a good shape. When all are done, take the

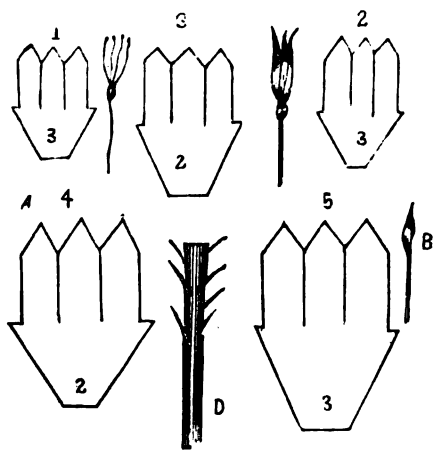
pincers, and, holding the petals in your left hand, slightly turn back the edges all round, by pressing them lightly between the pincers and the thumb of your right hand; this must be done delicately, so as not to injure the cupping of the centre of the petal. The tails, or yellow ends, are then to be bent back by the same process, and the petals separated from each other very carefully, and laid upon the table. The smaller ones, (No. 2,) which have been dyed like the others, but not *cupped*, are then taken up by threes, held in the left hand, and, grasping the extreme edges firmly with the pincers, which, on being pushed forwards, *crinkle* or *crimp* up the cambric into small plaits, being like the inside petals of a rose.

Take your cup of paste, stir it well, and do not let it be too thin; dip the pointed end of the pincers into it, take up a little, and place it on the end of each of the three small crimped petals; take up the middle of the flower which you prepared before, raise one of the petals in the pincers, and insert the end with the paste among the filaments of mohair; then put in the other two in the same manner. As soon as they begin to stick fast, place some paste on the tails of the five large petals; hold the middle of the flower with the three petals just pasted, *downwards*, or they will fall off; then place the five large petals round the whole. If the flower is intended to be quite closed, paste the edges of the leaves slightly together, then hang the blossom with the head *downwards* till quite dry. Take five of the green calyces, (Fig. 3, No. 5,) which must be cupped with a small heated

the calyx. When dry, take up a little cotton wool, pull it out till quite thin, then wrap it round the wire to thicken the stalk; cut some of the green paper into narrow strips, take up one and twist it neatly and tightly over the cotton so as to form a compact stalk, fastening the end of the paper with paste. The open buds are made in the same way, only by the petals being more cupped they close one over the other, and require no middle.

To make the closed bud, cut a piece of pink cambric about an inch square, double it from corner to corner, fill the double part with cotton wool, then cross the two edges till the bud resembles a sugar-loaf. Confine all the lower edges tightly, by twisting round them some green silk, put on a wire stalk, then a calyx and cup. The buds should be of various sizes, and, when they and the roses are all dry, begin to mount the branch by adding the leaves, which are made up in sets of five or three, as are generally seen in this flower. They are fastened to the stalks first by green silk, then with the green paper, under which, to make the wires all lie evenly, a little cotton is wrapped, as little as possible, just sufficient to make the stalk neat and firm.

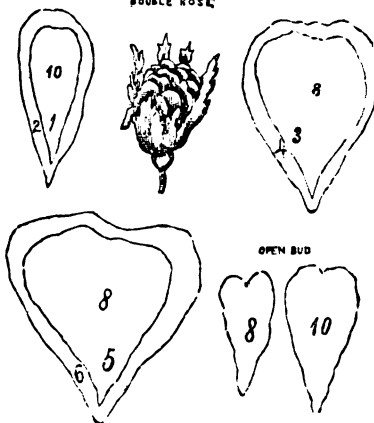
Fig. 3.



iron, and pasted round the corolla; this done, the cup (No. 4) is put on, by passing the stalk through the aperture; lay some paste on the edge to make it adhere to

Fig. 4.

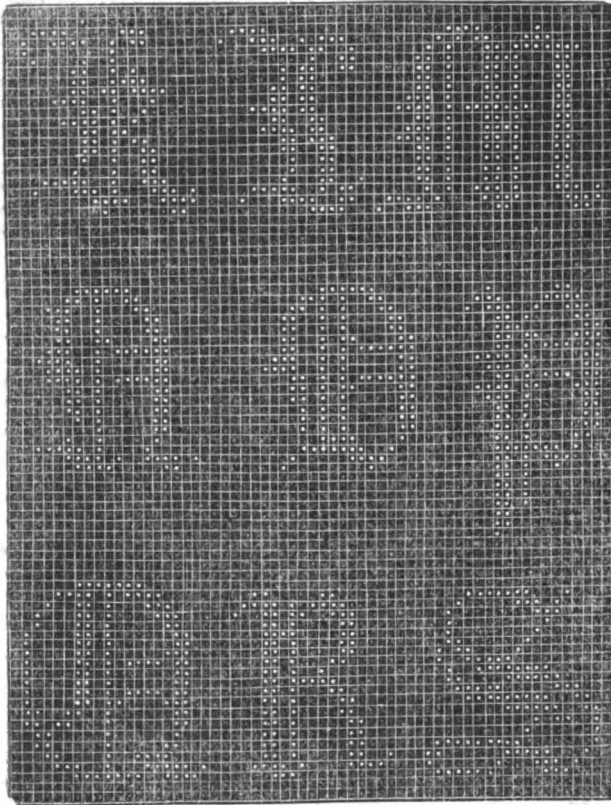
DOUBLE ROSE



Double roses are made exactly the same as the single ones; the small petals are always nearest to the middle, and they gradually become larger as the flower increases in size. Much of the beauty and elegance of the blossom depends upon the cupping; and, having given the general directions how to proceed, I should advise the learner to have, if possible, a natural flower before her when making an artificial one, and to observe the shape, form and hue of the petals, so as to copy nature as closely as possible.

## ALPHABET IN CROCHET.

(Continued from page 219.—To be continued till completed.)



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## SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"Se lamentar angelli, o fra verdi fronde."

BY MARY G. WELLS.

If birds lament, or leaves of verdant trees  
Bend lightly to the soft and gentle breeze,  
Or murmurs hoarse the pure and shining wave  
Against the flow'ry bank its waters lave,  
To write I pensive seek that seat of love.  
Her whom the skies show not and earth conceals,  
I see and hear, and still my lone heart feels  
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She lives, and answers from afar my sighs.  
"Alas! why is thy grief so deep?" she cries  
In pitying tone, "and why in bitter tears  
Consume thy life, and spend thy youthful years?  
Weep not for me, whose days in bliss above  
Are endless, and whose eyes, that closed in night,  
Are open'd now, and see eternal light!"

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"ALL history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced to examples," says a distinguished writer; and then he adds—"Moral philosophy is divided into two parts, ethics and politics; the first instructs us in our private offices of virtue, the second in those which relate to the commonwealth." The ethical part is assuredly as necessary for women as for men; and when we take into the account the influence of the female mind in forming and guiding that of man, we may conclude the study of history is quite as necessary in the education of young ladies as in that of young gentlemen. In continuing our remarks on the

**COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES**, we shall give a list of works on ancient history that may be read with advantage. Of course, where those we name are not accessible, other authors may be substituted; but the "Manuals" and "Compenda" used in schools must not be considered as sufficient. "The use of history is not to load the memory with facts, but to store the mind with principles."

Repeating the counsel we gave in our last number, to study the history of our religion and our own country previously, we would then commend Rollin's *Ancient History* and Plutarch's *Lives* as works that will give the most familiar knowledge of past ages and make the reader best acquainted with their heroes. Other authors may be read with much advantage, such as Heren's "History of the States of Antiquity," Mitford's "History of Greece," and Goldsmith's or Niebuhr's "Roman History." These two heathen nations should be well understood, as their literature and laws have now a deep and abiding influence over the whole Christian world. In order to have an adequate idea of their literature, it will be necessary to read their writers. Few ladies can do this in the original Greek and Latin, and we are glad that good translations are now accessible. Read, then, the "Iliad and Odyssey," and Dr. Bruce's "State of Society in the Age of Homer," and you will feel why Homer has had such mighty influence; Herodotus' *General History*, Xenophon's *History* and that of Thucydides, display the spirit of the old Greeks, and the translations of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, show you "living Greece" when life there was glory—and the poems of Pindar and Sappho, and the philosophy of Plato and Epictetus, all serve to make the vividness of the wonderful picture more dazzling. Of late works, Bulwer's "Rise and Fall of Athens" is one of the most interesting and valuable.

Then for the better understanding life in Rome, read Ferguson's "Roman Republic," and either Sismondi's "History of the Fall of Rome," &c., or Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," &c.; if the last is preferred, be sure and select the edition with "Notes by Milman." Then a course of translations from Latin writers, historians, poets, orators, may be read with great advantage. We enumerate a few that we know are published in our country—"History of Rome," by Livy; Tacitus' "History of the Ancient Germans," "Life of Agricola," "Life of Agrippina," by Miss Hamilton—an excellent work, but we have not seen an American edition—Sal-

lust's *History*, Virgil's *Works*, Cicero's *Orations*, Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and Seneca's *Morals*. The works enumerated may be considered, strictly, ancient history and literature; ladies who wish to commence a course of reading may think the list very formidable. Constant perseverance, allowing two hours in the twenty-four, (and that time may be with advantage taken from the hours consumed over novels,) would in a few months enable the reader to go through the list. Try it. In the next number we will finish the course.

**COLLEGE FOR LADIES.**—The University of Queen's College, for ladies, has recently been opened in Glasgow, Scotland. The higher branches of academical knowledge are to be taught, and the same intellectual advantages offered to the sex that men have hitherto monopolized. Success to the plan.

**RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.**—A Savings' Bank is to be established at Newark, N. J., including the provision that any married woman may in her own name deposit money earned by her own labor or received from others than her husband, the deposits and increase to be payable to her free from the claim of her husband and his creditors.

**MOTHER!**—What will not a mother do for her children? What sacrifices will she not make to secure their happiness? Mother!—there is a charm about that little term, a spell more potent, more intense than words can express or imagination portray. Fortune, friends, happiness, nay, life itself, she will offer up at the shrine of maternal affection—ay, for her children she will struggle with hardship, poverty, pain, sorrow, even shame, nor yield till her heart is broken in the conflict. Death only dissolves the tie of mother and child.

**DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.**—Under this head Chambers' Journal has a spirited article, proposing a "new mode of remunerating authors,"—that is, by the government, and so allowing a full competition among English publishers. The writer shows how this system of publishing, without cost of copyright, has operated in America. He says,—alluding to Bulwer's or James' novels—"the price of these works in England is such as to place them beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy. The London publisher thinks it much if he can sell an edition of 3000 in a twelvemonth; while in America, a dozen presses, in less than as many days, has sent forth 30,000 copies, distributed throughout every village in the Union; and while its merits are being canvassed in the quarterlies and the clubs, they are also under discussion in the bar-room and the shanty of the 'far West.' The consequence is, that British authors are better known in the United States than in Great Britain, and more copies of their works are to be found in a single city there than in the whole country where they were produced." No doubt these admissions are true—and also that the "best authors of modern Europe are in the hands of the poorest classes in America."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are on file for publication:—"Oh, Spare my Flowers," "Vision of the Six Seals," "Lilian Gray," "To a Camellia Japonica," and "The Soldier's Story."

We have no room for "The Neglected Rose," "To a Withered Daisy," "To a Beautiful Young Lady," "Sonnet to Mary," "The Setting Sun," "A Dark Day," "To —," and "The Hunter's Song."

We subjoin one stanza of a poem—"Sabbath Bell"—as we have not room for the whole:—

My mind casts off the cares of life,  
My thoughts are all of heaven above;  
I leave behind the scenes of strife  
To mingle in the "work of love."  
I cannot prize too high and well  
The chime of yonder "Sabbath bell."

One of the translations from Petrarch will be found in this number. The other will soon follow.

To "M. E. H." We have no recollection of the poem "I come." If it has not been published, will the writer please send us another copy?

"J. P." is informed that we do not find in our collection "To Morris."

Essex Hall has been received, and is in the engraver's hands.

"L. E. M." is informed that we never give any reasons for refusing an article—nor have we time or inclination to criticize or point out where an article "can be improved."

Our correspondent from Raleigh, N. C., is somewhat like the elderly female at the theatre, who, when asked how she liked the performance, answered—"I don't know; I can tell better when I see the newspaper notices in the morning."

We have not the poem our correspondent at Albany, N. York, refers to, nor do we remember ever having seen it.

We have a few sets left from the commencement of the year, and our correspondent can have one complete set from January 7, 1843, with the exception of the May number for 1846.

"Emma S." is in error about the China story. In a former number of our work will be found a story by Miss Leslie on the subject. It was a circle, we think, with this direction—"Put the circle here"—and every piece in the set had not only the circle where directed, but the direction also. Another version of the story is, that the dish sent to China as a pattern was cracked—the consequence was that the service when received by the party ordering it, had a crack in each article, a fac-simile of the original.

We acknowledge the receipt of thirty dollars from Miss E. N., for back and coming subscription to the Lady's Book. It pays us to December 1-49. The reason she assigns why it was not paid before is a good one. Our agents, we know, do not go to every town in the south and west. Our "Book" penetrates into many places out of their reach. We have lately sent, and still continue sending to those in arrears, bills of the several amounts due us. We mention this for the information of our subscribers as well as our agents. Would that they all would do by us as Miss N. has done. We shall send this young lady, for the example she has shown to others, a beautiful copy of Harper's illuminated Bible, elegantly bound.

The following was received from an old subscriber:—"With regard to the subscription, it may sometimes happen, on account of my wandering and uncertain situation, that the money cannot be sent in due time; but I am determined, as long as I live, to have my daughter's name to remain on your subscription book, as I think she is one of the earliest on your list. "W."

She is. The subscription was commenced in January, 1831, six months after we commenced the publication of the Lady's Book.

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Views a foot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff.*" by J. Bayard Taylor, New York: Wiley & Putnam. In the preface, written by N. P. Willis, whose name is good endorsement of the work, it is well remarked that "the pride of our country is in its self-made men." Among the most successful of the young Americans, the author of these "Views" will rank. By his indomitable perseverance, industry and economy, he has, at the age of twenty-one, accomplished more than is usually done in a long life. He has seen the world and won himself a place in the hearts of his countrymen. It now will be easy, comparatively, for him to climb the "slippery steep." His progress will be cheered. Bright eyes will watch his name appearing in the periodicals, and his hands will turn over his pages. Better still—his example will be held up for imitation, and the pure morality and noble patriotism glowing through the sentiments of this work will make him the welcome friend of the good and wise.

We commend the book to our readers; it will repay perusal. Though the ground has been gone over before, it was never seen as Mr. Taylor has described it.

"*Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature.*" We have received seven numbers of this most valuable work. The interest continues to increase. This last

number is ornamented by a superb likeness of Byron, worth the whole subscription for the work.

Messrs Leavitt, Trow & Co., of New York, have just published a new edition of the inimitable "*Chronicles of Sir John Froissart*," so well known and so universally admired for their truthful delineations of the life and manners of the feudal ages of France, Spain, Germany and Burgundy. The volume is of the quarto size, beautifully printed, and embellished with many hundred fine engravings, illustrating the battles, costumes armor, &c., of the Middle Ages. Many of the portraits of kings, lords and commanders, are beautifully executed. For sale by George S. Appleton, 142 Chestnut street.

The same publishers have issued "*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature and Literary Character Illustrated—with Mr. Griswold's Curiosities of American Literature.*" This book has long been a favorite with the British public. It is extremely entertaining, comprising as it does the largest mass of literary anecdotes of any work of the kind. Mr. Griswold's "*Curiosities of American Literature*" is very cleverly executed. Some of his anecdotes of the earlier American writers are extremely interesting. For sale by George S. Appleton, 142 Chestnut street.

"*The Wreath of Orange Flowers,*" by Miss M. Harvey;

"*The Alhambra Polka*," by J. Casper Scherpf; "*The Atlantic Quickstep*," by Henry Chadwick—all arranged for the piano.

"*Pas des Fleurs des Danseuses Viennoises*," consisting of four waltzes as danced by the Viennoise children.

"*A Wreath for the Home Circle*," containing twelve different pieces of music by various celebrated composers, prettily embellished.

The above admirable selection has just been received from the publisher, Wm. Vanderbeck, No. 385 Broadway, New York, at whose establishment may be found an excellent assortment of foreign and native music. Accompanying these we also found two beautiful engravings, which we thought at first were \$100 notes, but on closer examination proved to be the business cards of the house.

New music from Charles Holt, Jr., No. 156 Fulton street, New York. "*The Spider and the Fly*," with a portrait of Abby Hutchinson. This song has been made very popular by Miss Abby.

"*The Hours we Dedicate to Thee—a Serenade*," sung by Miss Shirreff, the poetry by George P. Morris, Esq.

"*The Seasons, arranged as a Quartette*," by the Hutchinson family.

"*The Music we love most*," the words by George P. Morris, Esq.

"*Drink from the Mountain Spring—a Temperance Glee for four voices*."

"*Anything—a new Waltz, composed for Everybody and dedicated to Nobody, by the ubiquitous John Smith*." "*The Mexican Volunteer's Quickstep*," performed by Dodworth's band.

"*Hebrew Maiden's Lament*," sung by M'lle Rachel.

"*The Pauper's Funeral*," music by the Hutchinsons, words by the late Thomas Hood.

The above music is got up in beautiful style, and for sale, with every other variety, foreign and domestic, at the establishment of Mr. Holt.

J. G. Osbourn, music publisher, 112 south Third street, has sent us the "*Grecian Air and Variations*," by T. A. Beckett.

"*The Spider and the Fly*," as sung by the Hutchinsons.

"*My Home in the West*," words by Lewis F. Thomas, composed and arranged by H. Avery.

"*I've been upon the briny Deep*," by Chas. E. Cathrall.

"*The Cricket on the Hearth*," written for Godey's Lady's Book, by Samuel D. Patterson, Esq., music composed by J. L. Milnor, Esq.

"*When Eyes are Beaming; or, the Farewell Song*," written by Heber, music by M. Keller.

"*Second volume of the Flutist's Monthly Bijou, arranged as Solos and Duets for the Flute and Violin*," by J. G. Osbourn, containing nine different pieces of music.

The above pieces of music were sent us by the publisher from his music saloon. They are a choice selection from an abundant stock. Osbourn is too well known in this city to need further notice from us.

New music. Firth, Hall & Pond, 229 Broadway, New York, have just published, "*Grand Fantasia, from favorite motifs of Lucia di Lammermoor*," by Henri Herz. This has been played by the composer at all his principal concerts in America, and is considered as among the best of his numerous works. It is published in very beautiful style.

Also, "*Our faith, then, fondly plighting*"—*O luce di quest'anima*—the favorite cavatina sung by Signora Clotilda Barelli, in Donizetti's opera of *Linda di Chamounix*. This has both the English and Italian words, adapted by Mr. Beames, chorus master to the Italian company.

Also, "*The Mountain Boy*," a Ballad, translated from the German by M. V. Lanier, Esq., music by C. de V.

Also, "*The Woodbine*," a Waltz, dedicated to the Junior Bachelors' Association, by Harvey B. Dodworth, and played by Dodworth's band.

"*A School Grammar of the Latin Language*," by C. G. Zumpt—corrected and enlarged by Charles Anthon, LL.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School, New York. Harper & Brothers. Professor Anthon's warrant for this work will be sufficient to procure for it the examination of those interested, and we are confident that they will find it a valuable addition to the present stock of school grammars. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"*The Castle of Ehrenstein—its lords temporal and spiritual—its inhabitants earthly and unearthly*," by G. P. R. James. Harper & Brothers, New York—Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. It has been the fashion lately to decry James' novels for their supposed sameness, but is there any novel reader who does not seize upon a new work by James with almost the same eagerness as of former days—one of the then "great unknown." Let the scolders read the present work, and if they are not convinced of the great originality of Mr. James, why—let them avoid all future works by the same author.

"*Harper's Illuminated Shakespeare*," same publishers in New York and Philadelphia. The last number of this great work is before us, and well have the Messrs. Harpers and their editors performed their task. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the most beautiful edition of Shakespeare ever published in this country. The last number contains several autographs and portraits of Shakespeare and his friends, and views of different places made celebrated by him.

We have received from Messrs. Carey & Hart, "*American Comedies*," by J. K. Paulding and W. Irvine Paulding. "*The Bucktails; or, Americans in England*"—"The Noble Exile"—"*Madmen All; or, the Cure for Love*"—"Antipathies; or, the Enthusiasts by the Ears." These comedies we presume to be the early efforts of the Messrs. Paulding. They have great merit as reading dramas, but we doubt their applicability for the stage.

"*The Rose Manual*," second edition, with additions, by Robert Buist. Carey & Hart. There is probably no city in the Union where flowers are so much cultivated as in this city. In the poorest houses in the poorest streets you will see flowers in the windows. It is a beautiful taste. This book of Mr. Buist's, which is very cheap, should be in the hands of every person.

"*Modern Chivalry; or, the Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan*," by B. H. Brackenridge. Another of Carey & Hart's humorous American works, with illustrations by Darley. A most capital work—a real American book. This is the second edition since the author's death—a third will soon be necessary.

No. 3 of "*North American Scenery*" has been received from H. Long & Brother, New York. For sale by Peterson, 98 Chestnut street. This number contains four tinted engravings from actual views. The publisher informs us that there is a great demand for the work.

"*The Book of the Fest*." New York: W. H. Graham. T. B. Peterson, 95 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We have now in the hands of the engraver about a dozen subjects from an eighth edition of this work, which will be published in our next number. We hope that it will enable the worthy publisher to sell this and another edition, for it is really a meritorious work.

"*The Prose Writers of America*." The "Poets and Poetry of America," by Griswold, has proved one of the most successful books ever published in this country. The eighth edition will appear in a few days. Its long-expected companion, the *Prose Writers*, is now before us. The field presented in this last undertaking was so

large and various, that we conceive, in view of the limits prescribed by a single volume, the task of selection must have been one of extreme difficulty. Mr. Griswold appears to have confined himself, and as we think with great propriety, to those names that are identified with the belles-lettres of the country. Had he included all political, religious and medical writers, a library instead of a volume would have been requisite. Undoubtedly the present list might have been creditably enlarged, but no important omission strikes us; and of those chosen to represent our prose literature there is no one whose reputation or actual merits does not fully warrant the choice. We have turned over these pages with mingled pride and pleasure, delighted to meet in one group so many intellectual friends and names endeared by patriotism and fame. The introductory essay is the most complete and able survey of the mental history of our nation we have ever seen. It cannot fail to enlighten foreigners and win golden opinions for our country abroad. Some of the biographies are extremely interesting for the facts they contain, such as those of Jonathan Edwards and Alexander Hamilton, and others not less attractive from the lucid analysis they present of some leading minds—those, for example, of Chief Justice Marshall and Brownson. The “Prose Writers of America” deserves a place in every library. It is highly valuable as a book of reference, and contains a greater variety of examples of style and rhetoric than any volume with which we are acquainted.

We are now busily engaged in sending letters to our subscribers who are owing us their subscriptions. While engaged in this business, we have particularly noticed what states have been most punctual in their payments, and the result is that our subscribers in North Carolina deserve the greatest praise. We had but few in that state to trouble with our letters. Will not the subscribers in some other of our states emulate North Carolina?

We have in the engraver's hands several views of newly-erected churches, which will soon be ready.

We have given, in four numbers of this year's Book, twelve steel engravings, four of which are fashion plates, eighty-nine engravings on wood, and 22 pages of reading matter, the cost of which to the single subscriber has been one dollar, and in clubs less. Think of all this matter, including music, for one dollar. Twelve original steel engravings cannot be purchased anywhere for double that money. By the way, any person wishing to get four numbers of the work at any time, can do so by remitting us one dollar, postage paid.

We give place to the following from an esteemed correspondent—one who has written for us often and well—a lady above the wants of this world; we therefore think she writes us with all sincerity.

“I have also great pleasure in adding how much I am pleased with the strict moral tone of your work. Having daughters, a work like yours is indeed a comfort, knowing I can place it in their hands without fear. The addition to your former embellishments of needle-work and other useful branches of female accomplishments, is much to be commended. What a beautiful story is *The French Bean* in the March number—and how truly beautiful are *Weld's Lines to Little Nelly*!”

*Godey's Lady's Book* for February has been received, and a splendid number it is. Hitherto we have abominated the so-called “fashion plates” that have disgraced rather than graced American monthlies. But the beauti-

ful mezzotint fashion plate in this number of the “Book” we have fallen in love with. There is a simple elegance in the figures, and a delicacy in the execution of the plate, that reconcile us at once to mezzotints and the fashions. There is a “work department” for the ladies, with engravings of gloves and stockings, &c., for very small people, and other matters which to us are mysterious. In all, there are nineteen distinct engravings, and twelve extra pages. We have promise of the like in March. All their best wine was not bronched in January, as is too often the case with the magazines.—*Chicago Daily Journal*.

A lady who has for some time past been in the habit of making her own Bandoline, has obligingly forwarded to us the following recipe:—“*Bandoline*.—Half an ounce of dried quince seed boiled for ten minutes in a small quantity of water, (say half a pint,) will be found to produce a similar mixture. It should be strained and scented with lemon, rose or bergamot, according to taste. The gum Arabic does not answer so well.”

Another—“A solution of gum Arabic mixed with oil of roses or any kind of fragrant pomade. This, with the use of the hair brush, will be found a tolerably efficient substitute for the Bandoline.”

In Mr. Poe's notice of Richard Adam Locke, in the October number of the *Lady's Book* for 1846, there occur some errors touching the “Sun” newspaper in N. York, which we are desirous to correct. In the first place, the “Sun” newspaper was started by Messrs. Day & Wisner, and not Moses Y. Beach. It is also stated that Beach employed Locke to write the moon hoax, when the fact is it was published in the “Sun” some two or three years before Mr. Beach became interested in the paper—Benjamin H. Day being then the sole owner, who purchased the story of Mr. Locke.

The introduction to *Morris's Songs*, published in this number, was written by one of the most distinguished poets of America. It cannot fail to interest and gratify every reader of the *Lady's Book*.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to a theatrical manager of this city:—

“sir i take this liberty to adress you again i reserved youre letter to day wich gave me to under stand you have no vacancy i shall be in philadelpy on the first of march so if you will allow me to appere in the bride of abidos i will be oblige you so if you wish me to appere if you anser this letter i will pay atention

pencil avenue Wash city.”

A fit representative for Byron's hero.

A person wrote us some time since as follows:—

“I wold pay the poasting but I doo not think it my dooty sow to doo.”

A SLIGHT MISCONCEPTION.—It is customary for publishers of periodicals and newspapers, when issuing their annual advertisement, to give the following notice:—“Any publisher copying this advertisement or a portion of it, will be entitled to the paper for one year.” The editor of the Saturday Courier, our esteemed friend M'Makin, received a letter from a postmaster, of which the following is a copy:—

“A boy who writes a good hand, wishes to copy the advertisement in your paper and receive the Courier for his trouble, but he is at a loss to know what part is to be copied. If you think proper to send a copy to me with the part which is to be copied marked with a pen, I will show it to the boy.”



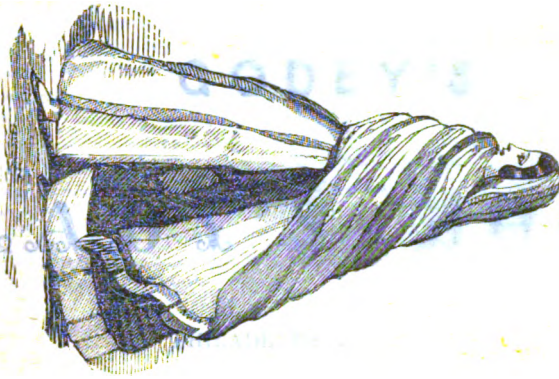




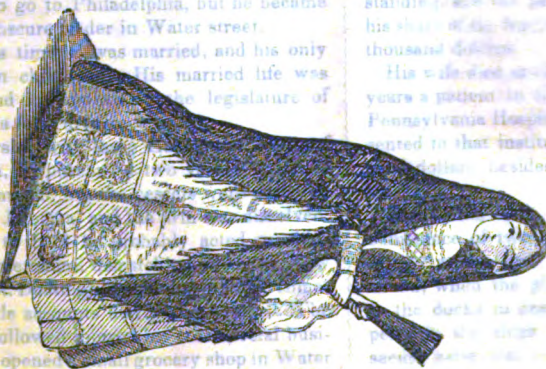
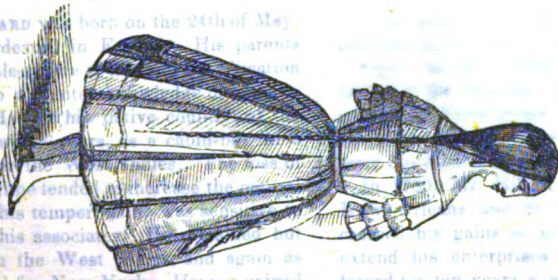
Drawn by Leon Noel from the Statue by Gerviot

On Stone by A. Newsam

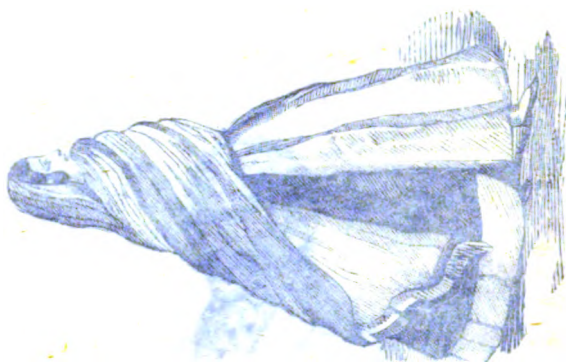
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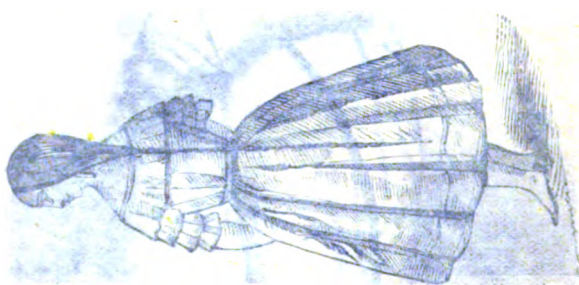
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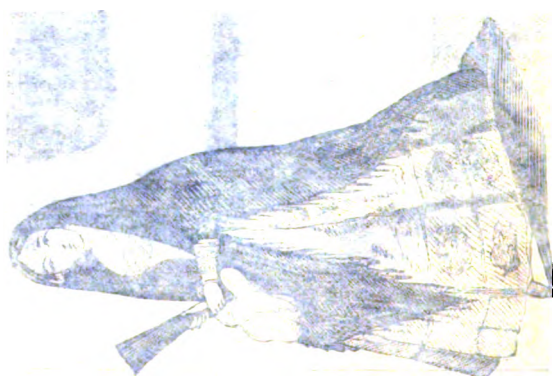
FRYDRIK RYALDE



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CHYDLO CHYCH



GOVERNMENT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1847.

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STEPHEN GIRARD.

(See Plate.)

STEPHEN GIRARD was born on the 24th of May, 1750, near Bordeaux, in France. His parents were in a humble sphere of life, and his education was confined to a limited knowledge of reading and writing. He left his native country, at the age of ten or twelve years, as a cabin-boy in a vessel bound for the West Indies. The loss of his eye at that time tended to increase the natural moroseness of his temper, as he was sensitive to the ridicule of his associates. He remained but a short time in the West Indies, and again as cabin-boy sailed for New York. Having gained the confidence of his employer, he became first mate, then captain of a small vessel, and made several profitable voyages to New Orleans. Engaging successfully in small adventures, he soon became part owner of the cargo and vessel which he commanded. It is not known what first induced him to go to Philadelphia, but he became in 1769 an obscure trader in Water street.

About this time he was married, and his only child died in childhood. His married life was unhappy, and he applied to the legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce.

In partnership with Isaac Hazlehurst, Esq., of Philadelphia, he purchased two vessels to trade with St. Domingo, but the vessels were captured and taken to Jamaica, and the firm was dissolved. From 1772 to 1776 he probably acted as shipmaster and merchant, dispatching goods to New Orleans or St. Domingo, remaining at home sometimes to settle accounts and adjust profits. The war which followed injured his commercial business, and he opened a small grocery shop in Water street, connected with a bottling establishment for claret and cider. On the approach of the British, 1777, he purchased a small tract of land called Mount Holly, on which was a house where he

sold his fluids to great advantage to the American soldiers, as the encampment was in the vicinity.

Upon the evacuation of Philadelphia, he returned to the city and occupied a range of frame stores in Water street, which were filled with pieces of cordage, sails and old blocks, which were destined to fit out ships at some future time.

In 1780, Mr. Girard again entered upon the New Orleans and St. Domingo trade, and increased his gains so much as to enable him to extend his enterprises to a larger scale. He leased for ten years a range of brick and frame stores, one of which he occupied, and rented the others to great advantage, and has been heard to say he dated his subsequent good fortune to this foundation.

His connection with his brother, Captain John Girard, terminated in consequence of misunderstanding, and the partnership was dissolved, and his share of the business amounted to about thirty thousand dollars.

His wife died in 1815, having been twenty-five years a patient in the insane department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, on which occasion he presented to that institution the sum of three thousand dollars, besides liberally rewarding the attendants.

His profits were greatly increased by the circumstance of two of his ships being at St. Domingo at the time of the insurrection on that island, when the planters in their alarm rushed to the docks to deposit their most valuable property in the ships lying there, and returned to secure more, but most were massacred, and but few claims were ever made on the property, which was found to be very great. This was sent to Philadelphia, and added greatly to his original fortune.

In the year 1791, Mr. Girard commenced building ships—which have been a source of pride to Philadelphia—to engage in trade with Calcutta and China. He showed some national feeling in naming his ships *Montesquieu*, *Helvetius*, *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*.

Mr. Girard's conduct during the dreadful pestilence which in 1793 visited the beautiful city of Philadelphia, is well known, and sufficient to redeem his character from the selfishness and want of feeling generally attributed to it. He entered into the most loathsome abodes, and performed constantly at the hospital the most menial services. It is probable that his early residence in a tropical climate made him less liable to the disease, but this does not in any degree abate the credit he deserves for exposing his life for his fellow-beings.

The establishment of his private bank, which was probably at first intended merely as a temporary circumstance, finally conferred upon the community great advantages, and rendered very important service to the government.

A circumstance which occurred in 1813 enabled him to add materially to his own funds, besides the benefit to the national treasury from the duties due to the government. His ship, the *Montesquieu*, was captured in the Delaware by a British frigate, with an invoice cargo of two hundred thousand dollars, consisting of teas, nankeen and silks, from Canton; but it was determined by the captors, to avoid the risk of a recapture in attempting to carry their prize to a British port, to send a flag of truce to Mr. Girard and offer him a ransom. He immediately sent to the British commander the sum of ninety-three thousand dollars in doubloons, and is supposed to have realized by the transaction half a million of dollars.

His patriotism was shown in 1814 by his judicious and liberal aid to the country at a time when an invading army was marching over the land and the national treasury exhausted.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Girard was his public spirit. He subscribed one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the navigation of the Schuylkill, besides numerous loans at various times. At one time, when the county was believed to have been injured by an injudicious course of internal improvements, he made a voluntary loan of one hundred thousand dollars. He erected in Philadelphia numerous blocks of buildings, adding much to its beauty. Among other public-spirited acts, he subscribed two hundred thousand dollars to the Danville and Pottsville railroad, and ten thousand dollars towards the erection of a public exchange.

In person, Mr. Girard was low and square, but muscular, and bearing the characteristic appearance of an old sailor. His skin was dark, and the loss of his eye added to the cold and hard expression of his face. His style of dress was peculiar, and generally very shabby. His equip-

age was always mean, and his personal habits penurious in the extreme.

He was a total disbeliever in the Christian religion, and his sentiments were those of Rousseau and Voltaire, and yet he gave liberally to several Christian denominations.

Mr. Girard lived to the advanced age of eighty-four, and his death was hastened from his disregard of all assistance. Being partially blind, he was knocked down by a wagon when crossing the street, which nearly took off his ear, badly bruised his head, and almost totally deprived him of sight. From this time his health declined, and in December 1830, an attack of influenza ended his existence. He died on the 26th of that month, in a back room at his house in Water street.

By his will, he bequeathed to the "Pennsylvania Hospital," thirty thousand dollars; to the "Deaf and Dumb Institution," twenty thousand; to the "Public Schools of the city and county of Philadelphia," ten thousand; to the "Orphan's Asylum," ten thousand; to the "Relief of distressed Masters of Ships," ten thousand; to the "Masonic Loan," twenty thousand; for the erection of a public school, six thousand; to all the captains in his employ, having performed a given service, fifteen hundred dollars each; to his apprentices, each five hundred dollars; to the city of New Orleans, two hundred and eight thousand acres of land, with thirty slaves, and the remainder of his lands in Louisiana, to the corporation of Philadelphia; to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania he gave three hundred thousand dollars for internal improvement; the sum of two millions was left for the purpose of the erection of a building and founding a college for orphan children. In addition to these, Mr. Girard made considerable bequests to his relatives; but the bulk of his immense fortune was left to the city of Philadelphia, where his fortune had been made. He gave, in his will, particular directions for expending portions of his wealth in certain public improvements, among others, five hundred thousand dollars for the improvement of the Delaware front of the city and the widening of Water street; and he desired that a square of the city which he had long kept vacant between Chestnut and Market and Eleventh and Twelfth streets, should be intersected by a street and covered with four blocks of buildings, erected on a uniform plan, which was done soon after his decease; and the rents of these buildings now constitute an important part of the revenues of the city. The new street and the splendid row of buildings on Chestnut are now respectively designated by the name of Girard.

"In his will," says Mr. Lanman, "he clearly showed what had been the object of his long and fixed labor in acquisition. While he was forward—with an apparent disregard of self—to expose his life in behalf of others in the midst of pestilence, to aid the internal improvements of the

country, and to promote its commercial prosperity by all the means within his power, he yet had more ambitious designs. He wished to hand himself down to immortality by the only mode that was practicable for a man in his position, and he accomplished precisely that which was the grand aim of his life. He wrote his epitaph in those extensive and magnificent blocks and squares which adorn the streets of his adopted city, in the public works and eleemosynary establishments of his

adopted state, and erected his own monument and embodied his own principles in a marble-roofed palace for the education of the orphan poor. We who shall hereafter gaze upon that splendid edifice, the most perfect model of architecture in the new world, will perceive the result of the singular character of its founder, and shall be left in doubt whether, after all, his faults were not overbalanced by his ultimate munificence."

## LOVE AND TIME.

One morn to Time sped Love,  
With glowing cheek and sparkling eye,  
As when light zephyrs float above;  
The summer grass its long blades wove  
Wherein his steps went by:  
All nature at his coming smiled,  
And all things loved the winning child,  
For there within his presence dwelt  
A magic spell, that all things felt,  
And sorrow's tears beguiled.

And thus to Time he spoke—  
"Old Father Time, now why so fast?  
It scarcely seems the morn has broke,  
Or from his rest the sun awoke,  
Ere that the day be past!  
As hand and hand with Hope I go,  
By woodland paths where wild flowers blow,  
We watch the shadows, as they lay  
Lengthening o'er the sunny way,  
And marvel as they grow.

"For all too soon, alas!  
We find the happy hours fly:  
Now, prithee, Time, set down thy glass,  
Awhile delay its sands to pass,  
Nor let the day go by!"  
But heeding not Love's plaining tone,  
Time on his endless path was gone;  
His glass he shook, his pinion spread,  
And swiftly still the hours fled,  
And still the days passed on.

Not one might Time restore—  
Not one might ever come again;  
They went where myriads went before,  
And, as they past, came more and more—  
A mighty, shadowy train.  
The sun, that with each rose above,  
Saw that many a change did move,  
As Time went by with rapid wing,  
Upon the face of everything—  
And thus it was with Love.

Again to Time he sped:  
But now his cheek was pale and wan;  
From his young lip the rose had fled;  
Low on his breast he hung his head;  
Light from his eye was gone.

No smiles his presence greeted now—  
None seemed the sorrowed child to know;  
As with a heavy heart he passed,  
His eyelid drooped, his brow o'ercast,  
His step so sad and slow.

And thus to Time he spoke—  
"O, weary seems each long, long day!  
Soon as the early morn has broke,  
And from his rest the sun awoke,  
Alone I take my way  
To many a wood and sunny glade,  
Where oftentimes with Hope I strayed;  
But slowly, sadly pass the hours,  
The while I roam those lonely bowers,  
And watch the daylight fade.

"Then, prithee, speed thy flight,  
Nor longer tarry on thy way!  
Thou bringst no pleasure to my sight,  
I'm weary of the long, long night,  
I'm weary of the day!"  
But heeding not Love's plaining tone,  
Time on his endless path was gone;  
His glass he shook, his pinion spread,  
And one by one the hours fled,  
And still the days passed on.

With measured step they passed;  
Of all, not one might Time restore;  
Each as it came a shadow cast  
O'er that which dawned and faded last,  
Then slept to wake no more.  
The sun, that with each rose above,  
Saw that many a change did move,  
As Time went by with rapid wing,  
Upon the face of everything—  
And thus it was with Love.

One day a pitying guest,  
To share his lonely home, there came;  
He soothed that pale boy's sorrowed breast,  
And on his bosom found him rest—  
Kind heart! Death was his name.  
The child whom Hope to Sorrow gave,  
Thus Time sent pitying Death to save.  
Since then there many a day has gone,  
And still Time's endless sands run on—  
But Love lies in the grave.

## GIRARD COLLEGE.

(See Plate.)

THIS noble monument of human philanthropy being now on the eve of completion, it will no doubt be interesting to our readers to have an authentic description of it, divested as much as possible of technicalities, and embracing its most important features and dimensions. With this view we have prepared the following article, from data furnished by the architect, T. U. Walter, Esq., together with the accompanying plate, which presents an accurate view from the south-east.

The site appropriated by Mr. Girard for the purposes of the college was formerly known as Peel Hall; it is situated on the Ridge road about a mile north of the city limits, and occupies a tract of land more than half a mile in length by six hundred and seventy-five feet or one-eighth of a mile in width, surrounded by a spacious street sixty feet wide, called College Avenue. The main entrance is at the head of Corinthian Avenue, a street of eighty feet in width running north from Coates' street west of Third street from Schuylkill. The street represented on the plate is College Avenue, running westward from the Ridge road.

The buildings consist of the main college edifice, which will be entirely devoted to educational purposes, and two spacious out buildings on each side, all of which are composed of marble.

The main building is a composition in the Greek Corinthian order of architecture; it stands parallel with the city streets, immediately in front of Corinthian Avenue, and covers an area of one acre of ground, being 181 feet wide and 239½ feet long. The body of the building, which is 111 feet wide by 169 feet long, has *eight* columns on each end and *eleven* on each side (counting the corner columns both ways), which makes *thirty-four* columns in all. The colonnade stands on a marble platform seven and a half feet high, 159 feet wide, and 217½ feet long, approached on all sides by eleven marble steps.

Each of the bases of the columns measures nine and a quarter feet in diameter, and the shafts six feet at the bottom and five feet at the top; the capitals are nine feet high and ten feet wide on the face of the abacus or upper member: the whole height, including base, shaft and capital, is fifty-five feet. These columns are composed of large blocks of white marble, some of which weigh fifteen tons. Each shaft is beautifully wrought into twenty-four deep flutes, and the carving of the capitals is of the richest and most ornate character. Many suppose that these capi-

als were imported, but such is not the case; they were all wrought on the college-grounds out of American marble, and the whole building is, in fact, a specimen of American skill and American materials.

The entablature, or the entire mass which rests on the columns, is seventeen feet high; it consists of an enriched cornice projecting nearly five feet, and other mouldings finely proportioned and beautifully wrought. Each end of the building is embellished with a pediment rising twenty and a half feet above the horizontal cornice, thus making the entire elevation of the apex of the roof above the ground about one hundred feet.

The ceiling of the portico is being constructed of immense cast-iron plates, richly embellished with panels and ornamented mouldings.

The roof is composed of marble, and is one of the most interesting portions of the work. We shall describe it in the words of the architect to the building committee, in his ninth annual report. "It consists of marble tiles *four and a half* feet long, *four* feet wide, and *two and three-fourth* inches thick; every superior tile overlaps the one below it, and the junction of every two adjoining tiles is covered with a strip of marble *four and a half* feet in length, *ten* inches in width, and *six* inches in thickness.

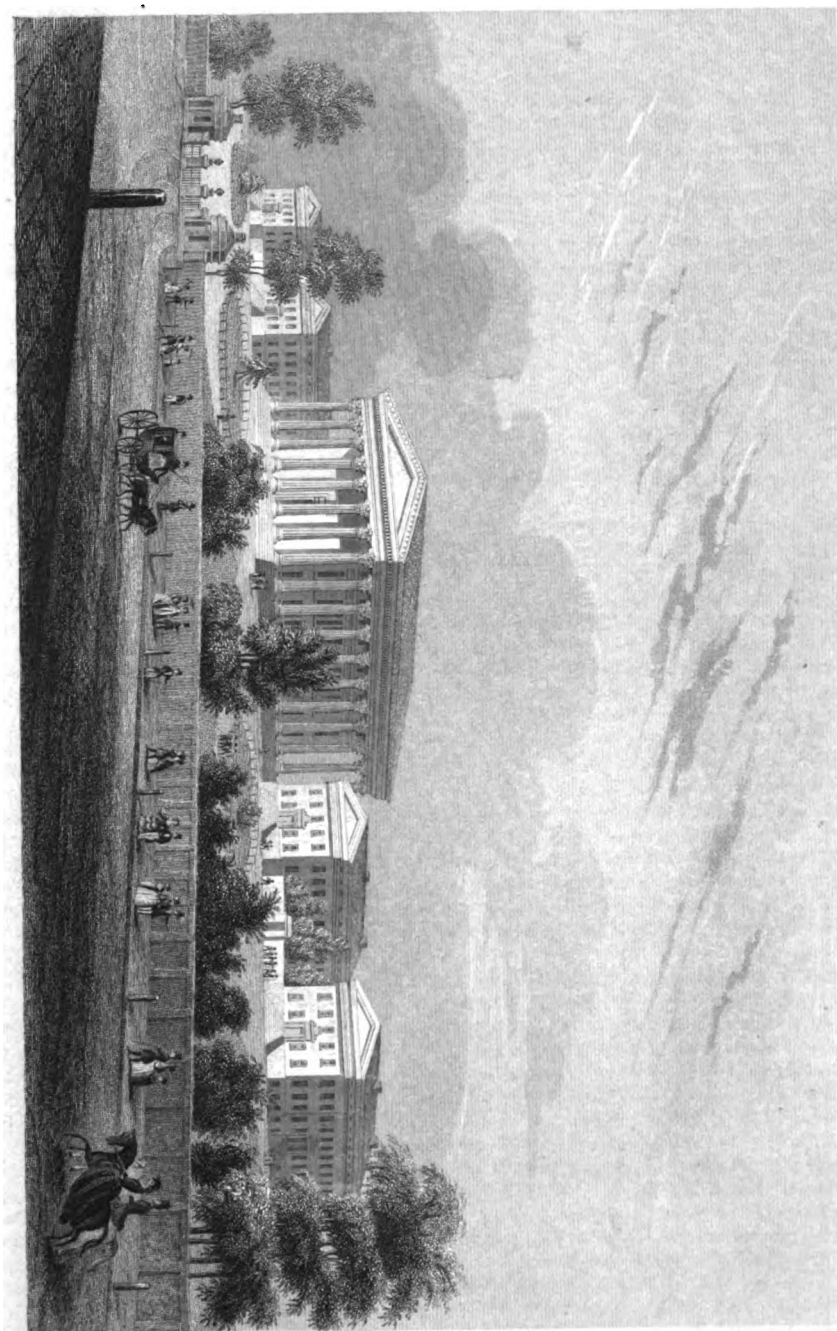
"To support these tiles, brick walls of nine inches in thickness are built *three feet nine* inches apart, across the whole surface of the upper arches, from side to side of the building: the top of each wall is formed with a declivity from the ridge to the eaves, corresponding with the pitch of the pediments.

"The large tiles are laid on these walls, beginning at the eaves and extending to the ridge, each superior tile overlapping the one below it six inches. The sides of these tiles are elevated an inch and a half above the general surface to prevent the water from running into the joints at their junction; and the narrow tiles which cover these joints are hollowed out so as to embrace the projection of each contiguous tile.

"All the joints and overlappings are so formed as to prevent the admission of water either from the force of beating rains or from capillary attraction;—at the same time their design is such as to admit of their being laid without coming actually in contact with each other, thus rendering them free to expand and contract with the various changes of temperature without producing leaks: the whole is, therefore, rendered watertight without depending at all on cement.



THE TEMPLE OF VENUS, AND THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, IN THE CITY OF ROME.







"The plan of supporting the tiles on walls affords access at all times to the under side of every tile; and in order to facilitate their inspection, openings are left in the walls opposite each skylight, by which a portion of light will be admitted into every compartment.

"The gutters are formed of flagstone and bricks laid in hydraulic cement, and securely covered with heavy milled lead. These gutters are so constructed as to prevent any water from running over the eaves: by this plan the cornices will not be liable to the mutilation and premature decay to which they would otherwise have been subjected, and which mars many of the noblest structures of ancient as well as modern times.

"The conductors for carrying the water from the roof consist of heavy cast-iron pipes of ten inches in diameter, securely put together and embedded in the walls of the building."

The interior of this building is divided into three stories of twenty-five feet in height, and each story into four rooms of fifty feet square, with a vestibule at each end of twenty-six feet by the width of the building. The *first* and *second* stories are vaulted with groin arches, and the *third* story with domes supported on pendentives springing from the corners of the rooms: this story is lighted by skylights of sixteen feet in diameter.

All the floors and stairways are composed of marble, so that there is no wood employed in the construction of the building except for doors and windows. The stairways ascend from the vestibules in each of the four corners of the building, and present an exceedingly light and graceful appearance; they are embellished with beautiful

cast-iron balustrades, starting from polished marble newels.

The doors of entrance are on the north and south fronts opening into the vestibules; they are each sixteen feet wide by thirty two feet high in the clear: the lower section of the paneling alone is made to open. Each vestibule is vaulted from an entablature supported on eight columns and eight antæ, or square pillars attached to the walls, making forty-eight columns and forty-eight antæ in all the stories: the shafts of these columns are each composed of a single block of marble. The order in the *first* story is Ionic, in the *second* a modified Corinthian, and in the *third* a similar order rather lighter and more ornate. Each stairway is crowned with a richly paneled pendentive dome ceiling lighted with a skylight of ten feet in diameter.

The celebrated statue of Girard by Gevelot, will be placed on a pedestal in the southern vestibule, in front of the principal door of entrance.

The four out buildings are each fifty-two feet wide, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and three stories high, with a basement of seven feet above the ground. The easternmost building is divided into four separate private residences for the president and professors, and the remaining three are designed for the residence and accommodation of the pupils and their attendants.

The grounds adjacent to the buildings are being laid out in spacious walks and lawns, and the whole plot is enclosed with a stone wall of ten feet in height as directed by Mr. Girard.

The main building will be entirely finished in a few weeks, and the whole establishment will no doubt be ready for occupancy before the close of the present year.

## THE QUEST FOR PEACE.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

LEAD me not thither! 'Tis not in the halls,  
Where Mirth and Merriment prolong the hour,  
Nor in the bright and purple-trophied walls,  
Where Pride and Pomp display the form of power.

As little may we seek her where the throng,  
Wayward and still unheeding, crowd the shrine  
Where wild Ambition, borne with shouts along,  
Proclaims his sway in minstrely and wine.

She that we seek was never nursed in dreams  
Of glory, or the passionate lust of rule;  
Still striving in, still fettered by, the schemes  
Where he who toils for fame becomes its tool.

And ah! to Love as little may we look—  
His eager thirst, still hostile to our quest,  
Its milder virtues never yet could brook;—  
Love in the heart drives peace from out the breast.

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And who that knows the miser—how his fears  
Grow with his gains, and, with each bright increase,  
Furrow the cheeks, that, never blessed with tears,  
Betray a barren soul that knows no peace.

Oh! not with these that daughter of delight!  
She has no life with such as vex the mine—  
Who joy in pomps, who seek the heady fight—  
Who cleave for commerce the deep ocean brine:

Who, with the vain, still haunt the shrine of power,  
Who deem all answered when the proud replies—  
Who, with the jocund, fly to pleasure's bower,  
And live but in the life that fills the eyes.

Ah! whither for this boon o'er all the rest?  
To Love, which hath no beauty for the sight—  
Joy, that withholds temptation from the quest—  
A home which Faith can only seek by night.

## JULIET IRWIN; OR, THE CARRIAGE PEOPLE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"My dear Juliet"—said Mrs. Irwin to her daughter—"who do you think has been here this morning while you were out?"

"Indeed, mamma, I cannot guess; but I see by your looks that it is some one whose visit has given you pleasure."

"You have often heard me talk of my early friend Augusta Walford, now Mrs. Dallington, and of my regret at being separated from her when her parents removed to New Orleans?"

"Yes—and how regularly you corresponded with her for several years, till *her* marriage and *your* marriage interrupted the frequency of your letters; and how sorry you were on hearing of the successive loss of all her children in their infancy."

"And now"—returned Mrs. Irwin—"Augusta Dallington is, like me, a widow, but under very different circumstances. While on settling your dear father's affairs, and paying all his creditors it was found that no more was left for his family than would enable us to live in economical comfort, Mrs. Dallington (whose husband died about eighteen months ago) has returned to New York decidedly wealthy, and with every disposition to enjoy that wealth. She arrived a fortnight since, and is staying at the Astor House; but it was only to-day that she discovered our present residence. She rode up this morning to look at Mr. Hartendale's new house, which she thinks of purchasing; and finding that I lived directly across the street, she came over to see me. I was delighted to meet her, and to hear that there is a probability of her being our opposite neighbor. I anticipate much pleasure from this renewal of acquaintance. Ours is, to be sure, a very humble establishment compared to what hers will be. But that will make no difference in her feelings towards us; for I am convinced that fortune has not spoiled her."

The house occupied since her widowhood by Mrs. Irwin had belonged to her husband's estate, but was a very small one compared to the handsome mansion they had owned and inhabited during the prosperous period of his commercial life. The upper part of the city was not then fashionable, and a large portion of the ground had never been built upon. The present dwelling of the Irwins was at that time one of a block that fronted a range of vacant lots. On these lots a row of very elegant houses had since been erected; and whole streets had been completed throughout the vicinity.

With good management, and a firmly-kept de-

termination to live within the limits of their little income, and never to be harassed with debts, the Irwins so proportioned their expenses as to be able to keep an indentured colored boy and two female servants. And as they made their own dresses, and indeed did all their own sewing, they had something to spare for the purchase of new books and new music, (Juliet played and sung charmingly,) and also for the relief of those whose necessities were greater than their own. They brought up entirely at home a lovely little girl, twelve years younger than her sister Juliet. During the five years that had elapsed since the death of Mr. Irwin, his family had lived in retirement. Seclusion is nowhere more easy than in a large city; particularly to those who do not abound in the gifts of fortune, and who therefore cannot reciprocate, in kind, any civilities bestowed on them by the rich.

But Juliet Irwin was now eighteen, and a year beyond the age when it is customary for young ladies to "come out." Mrs. Irwin had now no means of taking a box in the theatre of the gay world, and to Juliet the curtain of that glittering drama had not yet risen. She could only imagine what scenes and characters might be behind it; but like most young people, she would gladly have found herself in a position to see something of the play, even if she could not join in it. The few friends who had steadily adhered to Mrs. Irwin and her family since the change in their circumstances, were all excellent and sensible people, but none were of much pretension as to fortune or fashion.

Mrs. Dallington purchased the Hartendale house, which was on sale because the owner, having recently lost his young wife, had resolved to spend several years in Europe. She furnished it splendidly; bought a handsome carriage and a fine pair of horses; dressed herself expensively; and became one of a circle that was redolent of all these advantages. In the meantime her intimacy with the Irwins continued; for she really liked their society, and promised herself the pleasure of bringing out the beautiful and accomplished Juliet.

The Irwins were most presentable persons, looking well, behaving well, and conversing well, and making always a favorable impression. Mrs. Dallington gave a party; Mrs. and Miss Irwin were there, and were introduced to all the best people. And it was remarked by the gentlemen how *distingué* they both looked; though the mother was in a plain black silk and a pretty little

close cap, and the daughter in a simple white muslin, her hair gracefully arranged, but with no ornament in it. Knowing their inability to vie with the costumes they expected to find in opulent society, they sensibly resolved that as they could not accomplish the deed, the attempt should not confound them. But their dresses were of fine quality, and tastefully made, and fitting exquisitely. Mrs. Irwin was called a charming woman; and Miss Irwin a lovely creature; and her music was listened to with breathless attention, and pronounced delightful by the ladies, and divine by the gentlemen. So, of course, the party was greatly enjoyed by our heroine; and the more so, perhaps, because it was her first.

The next day and the next Mrs. Irwin and her daughter were called on by ladies to whom they had been introduced by Mrs. Dallington, who had hinted to each lady severally that for parties and musical *soirées* they would find Miss Irwin "a gem of the first water." Mrs. Dallington came over in the afternoon to see her opposite neighbors, and to talk over her party with them; and was highly gratified to find that it had afforded them so much pleasure. "By the by"—said she—"did not Mrs. Colegrove call on you this morning?"

The reply was in the affirmative.

"And she invited you to her music party on Thursday?"

"She did."

"You will find there some of the best musical talent in America. I anticipate an enchanting treat in hearing Juliet in a duet with Morley. Take care, dear Juliet, not to get cold between this and Thursday. I shall depend on your being in full voice, for the chief pleasure of the evening. You will have *un grand succès*, and I shall be delighted to witness it."

When Thursday arrived a slow but steady rain was falling, and it continued all day without intermission. Mrs. Colegrove's residence was nearly a mile distant, and little Fanny went frequently to a front window, looked out, and looked up, and came away despondingly. "Sister"—said she, as they sat at dinner—"I have been watching the clouds for you, and watching the vane on the church. But the sky is still gray all over, without the least bit of blue in it, and the vane points always to the east. I am so glad you have taught me to know 'the north from the south and the east from the west,' just as well as the children that learn them at the infant schools. Now I see the advantage of understanding the vanes. But, dear mother and Juliet, suppose you don't find an omnibus going towards Mrs. Colegrove's? You know omnibuses almost always go the wrong way; at least the way we are not going ourselves."

The colored boy who was waiting on table, smiled a broad smile at the idea of ladies going to a party in an omnibus; and he anticipated the pleasure of being sent to bring a carriage, and

getting a ride in it himself as it drove to the house.

When dinner was over, and Peter withdrawn, Mrs. Irwin remarked that they were fortunate in having a friend so near to them as Mrs. Dallington, who, of course, intended taking them with her in her carriage, having no family of her own to occupy the seats.

"I wish she had sent over a message to that effect"—observed Juliet.

"Her intimacy with us precludes the necessity of that ceremony"—replied Mrs. Irwin. "When Augusta Walford and I were girls together, we took it for granted that we were to share mutually in each other's pleasures and advantages—for we lived like sisters in all but the name. And I believe that now our friendship is renewed, it is on both sides as warm as ever."

"Still"—said Juliet—"as Mrs. Dallington lives only across the street, I hope she will let us know her hour of going to this party, that we may be ready in time. She always says that whatever is to be done at all should be done well and thoroughly—so of course she will apprise us."

"Her carriage will save us at least two dollars"—remarked Mrs. Irwin—"and she knows that in our circumstances it is well for us to avoid the unnecessary expenditure of even one dollar."

"Certainly"—said Juliet—"we shall see one of her servant men coming over with the message, before long."

"I think it will be William"—said Fanny—"I have heard her say he is much the smartest of her men. And if she was to send John, the errand might neither be done well nor thoroughly."

The little girl then went to the window to look out for the approach of this message. Twice she saw William come out of Mrs. Dallington's door; but instead of crossing the street, he once went up it, and once went down. Then John came out; but he went round the corner. There was a ring at the front door; and Fanny thought it might be one of Mrs. Dallington's men, who having another errand to do first, had arrived in a roundabout way, instead of coming directly across the street. It was the newspaper carrier. Another ring; and it was a man inquiring if Mr. Price lived there. A third ring; and it was Mr. Jackwire the piano-tuner, who was so astonishing a person as to send home (even on a rainy day) an umbrella which he had borrowed but three weeks before.

"As Mrs. Dallington lives so very near"—said Fanny—"she may think it time to send word over, just at evening."

Evening came. The lamps were lighted in streets, and halls and parlors; and as soon as tea was over Fanny returned to her post, and looked out through the Venetian shutters, anxiously hoping to see one of Mrs. Dallington's servants come over with the message. But she looked in vain. Her mother and her sister, being dressed, came down and sat in the parlor.

"I can guess exactly how it will be"—said the sanguine little girl. "Mrs. Dallington, knowing her own goodness, and supposing it a thing of course that dear mother and Juliet should know it too, thinks you must be quite sure of going with her to the party, and that it will be time enough to drive over and take you up."

"I begin to fear"—said Juliet—"that our expectations will not be realized; and that, after all, Mrs. Dallington has no intention of accommodating us with seats in her carriage."

"Oh! sister! dear Juliet!"—exclaimed little Fanny—"it is not right in you to think so of Mrs. Dallington, who is such a kind, good lady, and praises us always, and seems to love us so much. Now when we love people we certainly try to do them all the good we can, else how can it be love. Whenever puss seems sleepy, and sits winking her eyes, don't I always carry her to the hearth-rug and lay her down before the fire that she may have a warm, comfortable nap? And I even like to mince up a bit of raw meat to feed the mocking-bird; though raw meat is not at all agreeable. I am sure it is quite impossible that Mrs. Dallington should not take you in her carriage."

"We shall see"—said Mrs. Irwin.

"There now, there"—continued Fanny—"Mrs. Dallington's carriage is coming round from the stable, and stopping at her house. John is driving it. Now the street door opens—Mrs. Dallington comes out. I see her in her cloak and hood, with William holding an umbrella over her. Now he opens the coach-door. And now she gets in; and the carriage turns. It is coming over. It is coming!"

The little girl seemed suddenly struck silent. The carriage *did* turn; but it turned down the street, and rolled away, and was immediately out of sight. Fanny put up her lip, and getting down from the window, threw her arms round Juliet, and saying in a half-choked voice—"She's gone—she's driven off without taking anybody"—the affectionate and disappointed child burst into tears.

"Do not cry, dear Fanny"—said her mother—"your sister and I can bear it very well. Juliet, ring the bell. We must send Peter to Wheeler's for a carriage."

"Now I've thought of a thing!"—exclaimed Fanny, with a brightening face. "Mrs. Dallington intends sending the carriage back for you. Perhaps she thought she would like as much room in it as possible, to spread out her dress, lest it should be rumpled. May be she has on a great many skirts and flounces."

"There would have been room enough"—replied Juliet. "Neither of us is large, and mother and I could have sat together on the same side."

"Then perhaps she wanted to put her feet up on the other seat"—continued Fanny. "To be sure, if I were a lady, and kept a coach, and

could ride in it every day, and had so much pleasure always, I would not mind my feet. But, indeed, I think Mrs. Dallington will send the carriage back for you."

"I am very certain she will not!"—said Mrs. Irwin. "If she had intended the civility of conveying us this evening to Mrs. Colegrove's, she would undoubtedly have given some previous intimation. I regret that we should have waited for it."

"And yet, how natural that we should have counted on such an act of kindness, when it could not possibly cause to herself any inconvenience worth mentioning!"—observed Juliet.

Peter reported that all Mr. Wheeler's carriages were out; but that Mr. Wheeler would send round the first that came in. Little Fanny was in the meantime put to bed, and in repeating her simple orisons, she prayed that Mr. Wheeler's carriage might come very soon; and when it did arrive (which was not for near an hour) she got out of bed, and went to the window to see her mother and sister depart; after which she settled quietly to her repose.

Mrs. Irwin and her daughter found so many cloaks and hoods in the dressing-room at Mrs. Colegrove's, that they justly concluded all the company must have already assembled. When they entered the drawing-room and paid their compliments to their hostess, Mrs. Colegrove expressed her regret at the lateness of their arrival, and said she had begun to fear that either Mrs. or Miss Irwin had been taken ill. Mrs. Dallington came up immediately, and tapping Juliet with her fan, said to her, aside—"Oh, you little rogue—so you were determined to do what you thought fashionable, and come as late as you could. I am sure the fault is yours, and not your mother's. Now, to let you into a secret, the newest fashion is to be exactly punctual to the hour specified in the invitation. I was here almost to a minute."

"So might we have been!"—thought Juliet to herself—"had you taken us with you."

In a very short time, however, the cloud passed away from their minds. They were introduced to very agreeable people, and met some that they already knew; there was excellent music, and Juliet found herself the *prima donna* of the evening.

Soon after supper the party began to break up. Mrs. Dallington's carriage was announced, and then Mrs. Irwin's. On hearing this, Mrs. Dallington said to her friend—"Oh, my dear Mrs. Irwin, has a carriage come for you? I promised myself the pleasure of setting you down in mine."

"I thank you"—replied Mrs. Irwin—"but I ordered the coach that brought us hither to come for us; and it is now at the door."

"Just as you please, my dear!"—said Mrs. Dallington. "But as we live directly opposite, it could not put me to the slightest inconvenience to take you home."

"Or to have brought us here, either"—thought Juliet.

When this was spoken of next morning, little Fanny said—"I am so glad she offered to bring you home, dear mother and Juliet. You see, after all, that Mrs. Dallington is at least half good."

Mrs. Irwin made no further comment in presence of the child; but she thought with Juliet that if her friend had been whole good, the money they had unnecessarily expended on hiring a carriage from a livery-stable, might have been devoted to purposes far more satisfactory.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Dallington came over, to discuss the party and talk in raptures of Juliet's music, and of the very eligible people that intended calling on her and her mother. But she gave no sort of reason for going alone in her carriage, and not offering to take them with her to Mrs. Colegrove's.

After her departure, the mother and daughter tried for awhile to conjecture the probable cause of this apparent oversight, or neglect, or whatever it might be. They could come to no conclusion that was in the least plausible.

The Irwins became highly popular in a certain very fashionable circle, and had numerous invitations; some of which they accepted, and others they declined; for neither Mrs. Irwin nor her daughter was willing to incur expenses beyond their means, or to risk their health by the fatigue and excitement of going too much into company. In no instance during the whole winter was a carriage sent for them, or an invitation given them to ride anywhere; except once, when Mrs. Milby asked them to take two spare seats in her box at the theatre, saying—"If you will come down to our house, we shall be happy to take you with us in our carriage. There will be only Mr. Milby and myself." So, attended by Peter, our two ladies walked three-quarters of a mile, and rode half a mile. "I think"—said Juliet—"we are like the boys that run after a sleigh from the Bowling Green to the Park that they may get on and ride to Chambers street."

It is true that on returning from the theatre Mrs. Milby's carriage was sent all the way home with them.

The winter passed away. Mrs. Dallington was always very neighborly and very pleasant with the Irwins; but they were never again disappointed in the expectation that she would invite them to ride with her, because they never again entertained such an expectation. She made no excuse, offered no apology, but left them to conjecture whether this remissness proceeded from a peculiar selfishness on that subject; from a determination to keep all the benefit of her coach to herself alone; from forgetfulness of the circumstances of her dear friends; from want of reflection, or from want of sympathy. She was their near neighbor; she had no one in her own family to take with her, and she and the Irwins were fre-

quently engaged to the same places. She rode down into Broadway every day, but she never once invited either Mrs. Irwin, Juliet or little Fanny to accompany her; though aware that when *they* went they must either walk or go in omnibuses. In consequence of the expense of hiring a carriage whenever they went out of an evening, Mrs. Irwin and Juliet, as invitations increased, found themselves frequently obliged to decline them; even when they had no other motive for staying at home. These refusals, though made with all possible tact and delicacy, generally gave offence; for Juliet's music constituted her a very desirable guest.

Among their new acquaintances were Mrs. Terrill and her daughter, who lived in the next street, and kept a handsome equipage because they were rich and lived in a fine house; and rich people that live in fine houses are expected to keep carriages. Now, both Mrs. and Miss Terrill called themselves nervous, and were afraid of everything in the world; which was the reason they could not accompany Mr. Terrill, who had gone to Europe—the sea being their prime horror. Mrs. Terrill was haunted with a presentiment that she should come to her death by being thrown out of a carriage, and her daughter (always copying her mother) had the same presentiment, so that it was a misery for them to ride. Therefore, since Mr. Terrill's departure, the coach was so rarely used, that the horses from standing idle in the stable had really become somewhat difficult to manage. This inconvenience might have been obviated, and the horses made tractable, by exercising them every day in lending the carriage to such friends as had none of their own. But the Terrills did no such thing; so much were they afraid that either the vehicle or the animals might in some way be injured, when their owners were "not there to see." "Frequent turning corners will wear out the axle"—said Mrs. Terrill. "A shower will dim the varnish. Muddy feet will soil the carpeting, and if the horses *are* to run away, and the carriage *is* to be dashed to pieces, it would be very provoking to have it happen when other people are using it."

When the Terrills went out of an evening they never ventured in their own vehicle, but always hired one for the purpose, considering it safer; as hack horses seldom have spirit enough to run away, and a hack-carriage not being expected to look fresh and new, can bear all sorts of defacements.

When spring had set in, and the roads were good, and the horses had been prepared by doctoring and dieting, the Terrills thought they would try to take some rides. They then resolved on performing a tour of duty, by inviting each of the three Irwins to ride with them in turn. To take more than one Irwin at a time might overburden the horses; and it was necessary that Mrs. Terrill and her daughter should both be there, one to

sit on the back seat and look out front for accidents before them, the other to occupy the front seat and keep watch for accidents that might be coming behind. So Mrs. Irwin was bidden to the first ride; but (not knowing there were to be any more) she declined in favor of Juliet, who that day chanced to have a headache which her mother thought a ride out of town might relieve. Of this relief there was little chance; for both her companions kept up a perpetual alarm about nothing; and the tassel of the check-string was finally pulled off by the incessant twitchings given it by Miss Terrill (who sat forward) sometimes jerking it at her mother's command, sometimes at her own free will. Opining that the coachman could see nothing of himself, a dog, a pig or a goose was to be driven out of the road; a puddle or a stone was to be avoided by sheering off to one side of it; and then by doing so there was danger of sheering on to the bank or ridge at the side of the road. Boys that got up on the footboard behind, were to be frightened off; pigeons walking about on the ground were *not* to be frightened, lest their sudden flying up should frighten the horses, who, as it was, were continually accused of throwing back their heads or pricking up their ears. From riding so little, neither mother nor daughter knew how to ride. They understood nothing of roads, and thought the coach was always going up hill or down hill. If up, they begged the coachman not to gallop (as if he would); if down, they implored him to make the horses lift their feet slow and hold their heads still. Miss Terrill kept her hand on the handle of the door to be ready to open it, and jump out in a moment; while her mother fixed her two feet firmly upon the front seat, and set her head and shoulders hard against the back of the coach, with both hands clenched down beside her, and a face of settled despair, prepared to remain and meet her fate.

They came to a shallow little brooklet that crossed the road, and was scarcely wider than a broad gutter. To sit in the coach while it forded the stream was deemed impossible. To get out and totter over the plank, laid bridge-wise across it, seemed equally so. The carriage was stopped, and a council held. Of the two modes of drowning in the brooklet, that of falling off the plank was finally considered preferable to falling out of the coach. So they all got out; and Juliet being the first to cross the bridge, afterwards handed her shrinking and ejaculating companions safely to the opposite shore; for they would not permit the coachman to leave his horses to assist them.

When they returned to the carriage, it was resolved that they should drive home by another and perhaps less dangerous road; for to encounter the water-course again was impossible. So another road was taken, and it was so roundabout that the sun set before they reached the city; and all the horrors of twilight stole upon them before they came into the region of street lamps. Both

mother and daughter protested that it would be a long time before they took another ride; and as far as the Irwins knew, it was never; so Mrs. Irwin and little Fanny escaped the infliction of being asked to accompany them. The Terrills now fell upon a plan of exercising the horses by their coachman riding them every day one at a time; but they could not find it in their hearts to have them put into the carriage and lent occasionally to such of their friends as were not afraid to ride, and would be glad sometimes to have the opportunity. To be sure, the "wear and tear" of the coach was saved by its standing always covered up in the stable.

Among the new friends of the Irwin family were the Roseburys, who had early in the spring removed to their beautiful place a few miles from New York; so beautiful in its grounds, conservatories, garden-houses, &c., that even to see it was no small enjoyment. On one of her daily visits to the city, Mrs. Rosebury called on the Irwins, and pressingly invited them to come out and see her at Woodbine Vale, now in all the bloom of May. She named the following afternoon; and little Fanny, to her great delight, was not forgotten in the invitation; and was told that she should see in one of the hot-houses, tea, coffee, chocolate, and Indian-rubber—all growing. But Mrs. Rosebury did not tell little Fanny that she would send for her and her mother and sister, though she said she should be exceedingly disappointed if anything prevented their coming. "You must not mind if it is a little cloudy"—was her parting injunction. "I shall expect you if it does not absolutely rain. Only come, and I am certain you will find your visit a pleasant one." Having no doubt of this, they gladly accepted the invitation, supposing of course that before her departure she would tell them at what hour her carriage would call for them. They thought she was going to do so when she mentioned incidentally that it came into town every day with some one of the family; and that Mr. Rosebury preferred riding in and out on horse-back.

After she had gone, Mrs. Irwin expressed her surprise and regret that Mrs. Rosebury had said nothing about sending for them, particularly as her carriage went in and out every day.

"Perhaps her own children are always in it"—said Fanny.

"Her children"—said Juliet—"are two sons that are at Yale College, and only one daughter who is unmarried and at home."

"It must be forgetfulness"—said Fanny. "Mrs. Rosebury is such a nice good lady, that I am certain it is only forgetfulness. Here she is, coming back again. Now she has remembered—I am sure she has."

Mrs. Rosebury returned for her parasol, which she had left standing in a corner. She again took leave, saying—"Au revoir. Be sure to come early."

The Irwins now found that they were certainly to furnish their own conveyance to Woodbine Vale. As the expense of hiring one for the afternoon would be at least five dollars, Mrs. Irwin thought something of sending a note to decline the invitation; but having accepted it promptly, she knew not how to make any excuse but the real one; and to do this she had not courage. Also, she was unwilling to disappoint Fanny, who delighted in gardens and plants and flowers, and to whom this visit to Woodbine Vale would be an important event, in the way of enjoyment.

Hearing nothing further from Mrs. Rosebury, a coach was engaged next day from Mr. Wheeler's livery stable, and early in the afternoon the Irwins got into it; and the little girl was so happy that her mother and sister were glad of the invitation to Woodbine Vale, on any terms. Nearly all the way before them, they saw another coach going the same road, but considerably in advance of theirs. It stopped at a pretty villa on the roadside, and two ladies and a gentleman who were in the front garden, came to the gate, and held a long and apparently gay conversation with some one inside. When the Irwins passed this carriage, they saw in it Miss Ellen Rosebury, (and no one else,) evidently on her return home from the city. Recognizing them as soon as they came near enough, Miss Rosebury smiled and bowed, and then continued her talk with her friends at the gate. They seemed to be discussing a certain new belle and a certain new beau.

The Irwins passed by, and were soon at Woodbine Vale; Miss Rosebury arriving shortly after them. She had gone to town that morning to be fitted by a dressmaker; and as she was alone, there certainly seemed to be no reason why there should not have been an arrangement for Mrs. Irwin and her two daughters to have had seats in the coach with her.

Still they had a very pleasant visit. They were shown all the beauties and wonders of the place; after which they had tea in the trelliced piazza, amidst the perfume of early roses and honeysuckles; and little Fanny, besides a great bouquet of various beautiful flowers, was presented with a pretty little pot of the most fragrant of English violets, growing in great perfection. And then they rode home by moonlight.

Juliet was soon after invited to spend a day with a family of maiden sisters, whose summer residence was on Staten Island, and who were to meet her at the ferry with their carriage, and afterwards continue their drive till she had seen some of the most remarkable places along the shore. She crossed to the island in the steamboat, and found all the Cumberleys waiting for her at the landing. The coachman got down, and conducted her to the carriage, (for *these* horses could be trusted to stand quietly;) and on approaching it, our heroine perceived that the vehicle was already full. Seeing that she hesitated, the eldest Miss Cumberley called out—

"Oh, step in—step in, my dear. There is plenty of room; only we shall have to sit a little close."

And close, indeed, was the sitting. On the back seat, sat Miss Jane and Miss Mary Cumberley, both very fat; and on the front seat, Miss Sarah Cumberley, very fat also; and beside her two girls of exceeding length, (though not remarkable for breadth,) such as always seem to take up a great deal of room. These were the two nieces of the three large aunts, and brought up by them as pets and heiresses. Our heroine being the smallest person on the back seat, was wedged in between Miss Jane and Miss Mary; and requested to sit back as much as possible. Miss Sarah being the largest person on the front seat, sat in the middle, and was placed forward, partly occupying the laps of the two long girls on each side of her. Miss Jane and Miss Mary nearly occupied the lap of Juliet Irwin, whose nice new dress was so rumpled and crushed that next day's ironing failed to restore it to its pristine smoothness. As they all talked of riding every day, and usually on the road they were now taking, Juliet wondered that half of them did not, for once, stay at home, and allow her, their invited guest, the convenience of a comfortable seat.

Having driven down to the quarantine-ground, and had a view of the lazaretto, they all got out to walk, and see the telegraph, and the lonely and picturesque ruins of Fort Tompkins, with its dilapidated walls of brown stone, and its drapery of long grass and weeds; while on the opposite shore of the Narrows, the pass was commanded by Fort Hamilton, garrisoned, and in complete order. They then proceeded to the lighthouse, the honors of which were courteously done by a not-very-ancient mariner, who had charge of the lamps, and lived close by, in a pretty little cottage with a garden. From the lantern at the top of the lighthouse they had a fine view of the beautiful bay of New York, with its islands and its forts, and its marine villas; the noble city stretching along to the north and east, with its glittering spires and its forest of masts; while on looking down towards the south, the view extended to Sandy Hook at the entrance of the harbor; beyond which the rolling ocean was lost in the haze of distance. They watched the rapid progress of two packet ships from Europe as they passed by, under full sail, and with a favorable breeze. These vessels had already been signaled by the Telegraph; and many long-anxious hearts in the city were now bounding with joy, in the hope of seeing that morning their returning friends. Another packet was going to sea towed down by a steamboat; her passengers consoling themselves for the pain of leaving their homes and relatives by the bright anticipations of all they should see and learn in the transatlantic world. Juliet Irwin gazed, and thought, and felt; and in the beauty of the scene and the interest it awakened, she forgot the rather uncomfortable ride that had



brought her to it; and her mind was so occupied with better things, that on their way home she was scarcely sensible of the same crowding, squeezing and crushing.

After dinner, the whole family conducted our heroine round the garden, a substantial aunt leaning on each of her arms; while behind, walked the other ponderous old lady, supported by the two large-boned nieces. The way of these five ladies was always to act in concert; not reflecting that on many occasions a detachment would be more convenient than the whole *corps de famille*; particularly when the comfort or pleasure of a guest was to be considered. Wishing to get home by daylight, Juliet took her leave early in the afternoon; and was conveyed to the steam-boat wharf as she had been brought from it, with all the race of Cumberley along; not an inch of carriage-room being wasted by remaining unoccupied.

The next week, Juliet Irwin went by invitation to pass the day with a family at Brooklyn. She had recently met Mrs. Maberley in company, and had been visited by that lady, who was the wife of a man in opulent circumstances and living very handsomely, or at least expensively. Mrs. Maberley had insisted on our heroine returning this call, by coming over to Brooklyn in the morning, dining with her, and not returning till the close of the afternoon. Mrs. Maberley had a numerous family; and next to her children, music was her passion; so she was delighted with the playing and singing of our heroine.

When Juliet arrived she was welcomed with great cordiality, but was very soon set down to the piano; and in the course of half an hour, so many of the neighboring ladies dropped in, that it was easy to perceive her hostess had previously notified them of her visit. She played and sung till near dinner-time, when the visitors all departed, expressing their hope of again seeing Miss Irwin very soon. Mr. Maberley, whose business lay in the city of New York, always dined there at a hotel. The dinner was early, on account of the children. They were all at table; noisy, rude, and unchecked by Mrs. Maberley, who, because they were *her* children, did not seem to perceive the possibility of their ever doing anything wrong. A slight "don't my dear," was all the reproof they ever received from their mother, and, of course, it never had the slightest effect. Their father was made of "sterner stuff;" and when he was at home, they were obliged to behave rather better.

After dinner, Mrs. Maberley asked our heroine if she had ever visited Greenwood Cemetery. On her replying in the negative, she was informed that the family rode thither every fine day; having a vault there. "And so"—continued her hostess—"I shall be delighted to take you this afternoon to that beautiful place."

When Mrs. Maberley's coach came to the door nearly all the children were assembled there, with

their hats and bonnets on. The Irish nurse stood ready with the baby in her arms. They were all stowed into the carriage with some difficulty, and much scrambling, pushing and squabbling. As it made the nurse sick to ride backwards, (being a novice in the business, and having never ridden at all till she came to America,) she was placed with the baby, on the back seat beside Miss Irwin, with a little boy *enfoncé* between them. Opposite sat Mrs. Maberley with three girls, who all fidgeted, and worried, and complained of being squeezed flat, till our heroine kindly volunteered to take the smallest on her lap; where the child amused herself during the ride by untying Juliet's bonnet strings, pulling at her ringlets, breaking the catch of her brooch, and feeling in her pockets to find what was there.

"Drive round by Mr. Smilie's"—said Mrs. Maberley to the coachman. "Miss Irwin, I wish you to see the school to which I send my two eldest boys."

They drove round by Mr. Smilie's, but externally it looked much like other schools. Several boys were scampering about the green yard in front; and among them Mrs. Maberley immediately recognized her own. She stopped the carriage, and called out to them—"Boys, we are going to Greenwood, and you may get in and ride with us."

"I don't want to go!"—said the eldest.

"I'm tired of old Greenwood!"—said the other.

"Oh, fye—fye!"—exclaimed the mother. "It is very improper to say you are tired of Greenwood."

"Where's the fun of going every day to a burying-ground?"—cried the first.

"Come, come!"—said the mother—"I cannot listen to such talk. It is not pretty. Come, get up somewhere: you *must* have a ride. Go in and tell Mr. Smilie that your mamma has called to take you riding."

"Where's the use of telling old Grinnie anything about it?"—replied the boy—"as if he did not know that you come and carry us off every day."

"Patrick!"—said Mrs. Maberley to the coachman—"take Master Willy and Master Eddy with you on your seat, one on each side. Climb up, my darlings."

"Indade, ma'am"—replied Patrick—"I can't answer for my driving if I have them young jon-tlemen at my elbow. I've had a taste of it, and it an't safe. They'll either tumble off sideways themselves, or shove me off forwards; let alone their grabbing at the reins to get them out of my hands, all the time."

"The boys sha'n't come inside!"—said the eldest girl.

"There an't a bit of room for them, and I'm glad of it!"—said the second.

"Who gives the girls leave to say we sha'n't!"—exclaimed Willy. "I didn't want to go riding before, but now I *will*!"

"So will I"—said the other—"even to old Greenwood."

"Indade, and there's no place for you"—interfered the nurse—"without you set on the edge of the windows."

"That's just what we'll do, then"—said Willy. "Twill be good fun."

"Hurrah for the edge of the windows!"—shouted Eddy.

"Oh! my dear boys—you had better not!"—exclaimed the mother, getting alarmed. "Go back to school, darlings—do, my good boys."

"We are not good boys, and we won't"—replied Willy.

They then climbed up, and took their seats one in each window, with their feet astride, and their hands raised above their heads to hold on with. This was their first position; but in the course of the ride they altered it dangerously several times, to the great terror of their screaming mother, (who was catching continually at their legs when they were inside, and at their arms when they were outside,) and the great laughter of their sisters; Juliet scarcely knowing whether to be frightened or amused.

After awhile, finding that no very comfortable posture could be maintained on the edge of the windows, the boys made Patrick stop the carriage; and as he resolutely refused to take them on the seat with him, saying "it would be dangerous the lives of the whole carriage," the young gentlemen insisted on seating themselves on the footboard behind. Mrs. Maberley now implored Miss Irwin to turn her head and look out every few minutes at the back window, and see if the boys were falling off. The nurse looked out too, and always reported that Willy was punching the head of Eddy, or that Eddy was kicking the shins of Willy, or some other intelligence equally satisfactory.

At length they arrived at Greenwood; and as usual, the carriage was at once driven up to the handsome and yet vacant vault of the Maberleys; and as usual they all got out and looked at it.

"Children"—said Mrs. Maberley, solemnly—"there is the place where you are all to be buried."

"Yes, mamma"—said Anna, her eldest girl. "That sounded very awful at first; but as you say it every time we come here, none of us mind it now."

The serious thoughts and saddened feelings in which most persons are inclined to indulge on visiting a place of graves, were disturbed and put to flight in the mind and heart of Juliet Irwin, by the levity, noise, and folly of the family which she accompanied. The children ran shouting through the woods, and scampered up and down Mount Washington and Mount Ocean; laughing at their mother's powerless reproofs; interrupting all her attempts at conversation with her guest; and mocking Miss Irwin when she chanced to express any admiration of the taste and beauty with which this city of the dead was laid out.

The nurse, complaining much of the fatigue of carrying the baby, (which luckily had slept nearly all the time,) sat down with it on a bench under some trees; and Juliet being very tired of walking, sat down there also; while Mrs. Maberley went about collecting the children to get them into the carriage with which Patrick was waiting at the usual place. Willy and Eddy were both missing; and Mrs. Maberley (followed by all the girls, and leading the smallest boy) set off to search for them in the lake.

"You nade not be the least unaisy, miss, about them two boys being found"—said the nurse to Juliet, who had kindly relieved her of the sleeping baby—"and, indade, if they were never found at all it would be so much the better. This is an ould trick of theirs to run away and get lost; and they say it's the greatest fun they have in coming to Granewood. More shame for them that takes their children a pleasuring to burying-grounds, and don't know how to make them demane themselves decently. That mother of theirs is one of the greatest ninnies with her children I ever saw in all my born days. I don't think I can stand her much longer. Expecting me forever to go out a riding with the babby in my arms, and the whole troop of children at once, and most always them boys to boot. And what's her manners to be axing a beautiful young lady like you to ride with her, and then be scrouding you up with the coach chuck full; as if a ride more or less was any matter to her own family, that has it every day. You see, miss, it an't my fault if I set close beside you in the coach. I never did such things in my own country, because there they an't allowed. But here everything that's strange and out of the way is allowable. I feel myself getting more impudent every day; and Bridget O'Fling says it's the same with her. At home in the ould country we were all glad enough to get a full male of potatoes, (that's the honest truth of it,) and here (the saints forgive us) no victuals seems good enough. It's bad to find the sin of pride coming upon us. There's something in the air of this America that they say affects we folks from the ould country more than it does their own people."

At length Mrs. Maberley returned, followed by her other children, and dragging along Eddy, who had really been chased by his brother into the shallow part of the lake, and was consequently all over mud. The whole party were now very tired. And as Eddy's clothes were not fit to be seen, he was crammed into the carriage, and set down on its floor upon everybody's feet, and on the lower part of Juliet's dress. Willy insisted on mounting the coach-box, where he kept twitching Patrick's arm, and snatching at the reins till Patrick threatened to lay the whip across his shoulders. The baby awoke, and cried all the way home.

We have now given various specimens of the remissness so often observable in people that

keep their own carriages with regard to the accommodation of their friends who have not the same conveniences of riding. Also, the unaccountable inclination so often apparent when the civility of a ride is offered, to spoil it by the unnecessary introduction of more persons than can be comfortably seated in the vehicle. Why these things should be, is a mystery that is difficult to explain; but of the facts we are certain.

One morning Juliet Irwin and her little sister were together in one of the large stores in Broadway, when a sudden shower came on, and the sky looked as if the rain had set in for the day. Juliet went several times to the door to look out for an omnibus; but all that passed were crowded to their utmost capability. The master of the establishment politely offered to send a boy to the stand at the Park, to bring a cab for Miss Irwin. She was just going to assent, when a lady who had been seated at another counter, came and said to her—"My carriage is waiting for me at the door, and I shall have great pleasure in conveying you and this sweet little girl to whatever place you wish."

Juliet Irwin thanked the lady, and said—"I fear, madam, I shall cause you some inconvenience by taking you out of your way"—and she mentioned her place of residence.

"By no means"—replied the lady—"I shall be most happy to set you down there."

She made a sign to her coachman to draw up closer to the pavement, (he had taken his oil-skin coat and hat-cover from the box beneath his seat, and was now rain-proof,) and two of the clerks

holding umbrellas over the ladies, they were soon sheltered from the rain in a very handsome carriage. During the ride there was much pleasant conversation, and the ladies were mutually delighted with each other. On stopping at Mrs. Irwin's door, they exchanged cards, and our heroine found that her new friend was the justly-admired Mrs. St. Leonard, whom she had often heard of, as the cynosure of a circle where herself was as yet a stranger.

"I trust"—said Mrs. St. Leonard—"the acquaintance thus accidentally commenced is not to end here. Permit me to call on you to-morrow."

On the following morning Mrs. St. Leonard came; and at once gave an invitation for Mrs. Irwin, Juliet and little Fanny, to ride with her that afternoon a few miles out of town, and then return and take tea at her house. She called for them at the appointed hour. They spent a charming afternoon and evening, and Mrs. St. Leonard sent them home in her carriage.

To be brief, Mrs. St. Leonard became their most intimate and valued friend. She introduced them into the really best society, and observed in all her intercourse with them that tact and delicacy inseparable from a kind heart and a cultivated mind.

"If ever I have a carriage of my own"—thought our heroine—"I will use it as generously and considerately as Mrs. St. Leonard does hers."

And Juliet Irwin faithfully kept that promise, after she became the wife of Mrs. St. Leonard's brother, a gentleman of great moral worth, a fine mind, and large fortune.

## THE STAR.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"Ne la regarde pas tant, chère amie, je ne puis pas te la donner!"

Look not, sweetest, fairest maiden,  
On that star,  
With such earnest, longing glances—  
'Tis afar.

I cannot lay it at thy feet—  
Then believe  
That seeing thee so covet it  
Makes me grieve.

List, dearest lady, whilst I tell  
That meseems  
Thy lovely eyes are brighter far  
Than its beams.

Could the silvery orbs of heaven  
Be mine own,  
Oh! I would prize beyond them all  
Thee alone.

And they would be precious only  
To bestow  
On the pure star that I worship  
Here below.

Thou look'st in rev'rence on that world  
Far above—  
So humbly gaze I upon thee  
Whom I love.

Then, prithee, let those stars, thine eyes,  
Darkly bright,  
On the suppliant at thy feet  
Shed their light.

Through life's changes, by thy side  
Let me stand,  
And seek a home with thee at last  
In that land.

## THE ART OF DREAMING.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

If there be any superstition that "doth make the meat it feeds on," it is that which concerns dreams. A ghost must be made of something. There must be a gown hanging up, or a shawl thrown over a high-backed chair, or an old stump white with age, or *something*, to make a ghost of. A winding-sheet in the candle must be *visible*. But a dream, to "come true," needs only the potent aid of imagination. Three lights will mean a funeral just as well as a wedding. To dream of hair, denotes either disgrace or riches—two things which do not necessarily go together, though they are not always separated. "There's my dream come out!" we heard a young lady exclaim once. "I dreamed that a big snake and a little snake came jumping in at the window, and next day Aunt Jane and little Maria came, and they *always* come when I dream of snakes!" And she meant nothing satirical, either.

The most celebrated specific for the manufacture of dreams worth telling, is a supper of rare pork steaks; and we might really conclude, from some people's conversation, that they tried the recipe nightly. Faseli, the painter, is said to have done so when he wished to devise a new picture in his own peculiar hobgoblin style. To run the risk of a fit of apoplexy we should think paying dear even for a picture for the exhibition, yet we must judge that dream-tellers incur the danger of something of the sort, or they could not have such wonderful stories to relate. What odd adventures, what impossible performances, what visions of glory, what processions of horrors some people nightly encounter, when their neighbors are slumbering quietly, "thinking of nothing at all!" and so resting the brain for next day's solid uses. How fatiguing it must be thus to live two lives at once—to have one's brain at work out of working hours! Chicken-salad and sherry are very comfortable things, doubtless, but not at night, if they are apt to bring in their train floods, precipices, open graves, piles of coffins, hideous monsters, and all that very "comfortable" people sometimes tell of at the breakfast table. Give us rather a cracker or a—vacuum. Young ladies' dreams are sometimes made of bread and butter and pickles, eaten in the pantry after everybody is gone to bed. But they are perhaps as often consequent upon reading novels until the last moment, and going to sleep with the mind full of exaggerated images, which are almost sure to fall into fantastic trains, causing the unlucky sleeper to rise unrefreshed in the morning, with swollen eyelids, and a head-

ache to be relieved only by that new evil, a cup of coffee. This cup of coffee disposes for another novel instead of a bracing walk, and so the mischief is perpetuated.

As to reading in bed, we have a shocking story to tell our young lady readers, and will turn aside from the main subject for a moment in order to give them a warning. It is no imaginary picture, but true to a tittle.

A certain Miss—what shall we call her?—Miss Jones, let it be, was extravagantly fond of novel reading, which was bad enough for one whose head was but ill-stored with useful knowledge; but to make the matter still worse, her peculiar *penchant* was for reading them after she went to bed. In vain did her mother represent to her the extreme hazard of the practice—hazard not only to herself but to the whole house; in vain did her brothers introduce detonating powders into her bed candle: she regularly, after reading in the parlor until everybody left her, carried her book to bed and continued absorbed in it as long as she could possibly keep her eyes open, with the express purpose of dreaming all night of the Lord Johns and the Lady Carolines whom she was never to see with her waking eyes. "Old people are so frumpish and full of notions," she said to herself; "they are always devising reasons why pleasure will hurt us, because they cannot enjoy anything themselves. I dare say when mamma was young she read herself to sleep too, though she has forgotten all about it now."

And so poor Miss Jones persisted in her manufacture of grand dreams, always taking care to lay her book down and put out her candle when she found herself obliged to read a sentence the second or third time in order to get the sense of it.

But one night—or rather morning—when she had been at a ball and danced fifteen cotillions and a *galope*, Miss Jones had still a charming story to finish after she came home. The heroine had got into a difficulty from which no human power except that of a novel writer could possibly extricate her, and the hero had cast her off forever with an earnestness which showed him entirely ignorant of the fact that he would be obliged to marry her after all. A flinty-hearted father, fierce brothers, a false friend, and a villain with fiend-like gleaming eyes, were all in league against true love, and Miss Jones could not sleep until she saw the end of it. She placed the stand at a proper distance from the pillow, and took suitable precautions against being betrayed by an unusual sleepiness, and then gave herself up to the dear illusion.

More and more intricate grew the tangle of the story; deeper and deeper the wretchedness of the devoted lovers, until in an instant, by the wand of the enchanter, order and light took the place of darkness and confusion. Misery and despair were exchanged for a degree of happiness that must have been almost as hard to bear, and hopeless poverty for wealth "beyond the wildest dreams of avarice." Algernon and Ethelinda were united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and Miss Jones fell asleep in a whirl of bridal favors, lawn sleeves, kisses, tears, rapture and traveling carriages, to live over again in her dreams the delicious scenes of the story.

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She woke to find the room full of red light. Every object in it was plain as at noonday, and the looking-glass reflected a broad sheet of flame. The unhappy Jones sprang out of bed, shrieked, tore the cap from her head and flung it to the farthest corner of the room, and looked around wildly for the origin of the conflagration. By this time the chamber swarmed with the affrighted household. Father, mother, brothers, all were there, and it was only by their aid that our novel reader discovered the light to proceed from the newly-risen sun, sending his crimson glare in at an east window which she had forgotten to close on retiring.

"Did this accident cure her of reading in bed?"

Reader, if you know the force of bad habits, how can you ask the question?

But to return to our dreams. Some dreams are worth more than realities. Not to go back to the "Vision of Mirza," which is almost too sober, only think of the "Soldier's Dream" of Campbell—"Our bugles sang true"—one of the most touching poems in the language; and, in another vein, Charles Lamb's dear little "Dream-Children;" and we might mention a hundred others, all choice and beautiful in their way, in which our poets and other delighters of the sons of men have luxuriated ever since the first discoverer of the pleasures of the imagination. If none but such dreams were told, we could have endless patience; but we confess our politeness has often been sorely tried in listening to a breakfast-table story of inextricable rignarole, during which we were expected to sympathize, with "uprisen hair," with the dreamer's terror at the most commonplace bug-bears, or to admire the elegance of imagination which led him among

"Lutes, lobsters, seas of milk, and ships of amber."

We must own, too, that even Jean Paul's dreams are often inexpressibly wearisome to us, with their labored strangeness, and their vague bearing upon the subject they seem meant to illustrate. How different from the prophetic and other significant dreams of Shakspeare! The dreadful dream of Clarence, so naturally distempered for a prisoner, so full of horrible meaning

for one who was immediately to undergo death by drowning; the beatific vision of Queen Katharine, a prelibation of the blessedness awaiting her—

"Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, Grailith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly—"

the warning dream of Calphurnia, misinterpreted by the traitor Decius; that of Romeo, which precludes so touchingly the utter downfall of his happiness—

"If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,  
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!)  
And breathed such life with kisses on my lips,  
That I revived, and was an emperor!"

And in the next breath comes Balthazar, to say—

"Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives."

In all these, and more which all can remember, a dream is essentially poetical, full of deep meaning, divested of all vagueness, except such as is necessary for the highest excitement of the imagination.

But, setting aside all the fantasies of superstition and all the appropriations of poetry, dreams cannot be considered unimportant, since they have been the object of attention from the earliest ages. The gratification derived from the exercise of the imagination is such, that every operation of this faculty is interesting; while, from the close connection of dreams with the affairs of common life, though taking place in what seems another world, they have ever been found to possess a peculiar interest, and to become the favorite ground of theory, the source of innumerable superstitions, and in many cases the cause of much absurdity in conduct. These evils having flowed from a natural impulse of attention to a natural phenomenon, we must conclude that good, too, has arisen, or was intended to arise from that source, and that it is only through an ignorant perversion that we have contrived to draw ill from what was certainly designed, like all else in the great economy, for our advantage. To those who believe that nothing exists in vain, that the very flower that sheds its frail leaves in a nook untrodden by the foot of man has a meaning and a use, dreams are not without their importance, and it requires no great exertion of faith to believe that they must possess some utility. Not to go into the subject at large—since that would lead us far beyond the limits of a magazine paper

—we think it will not be difficult to show that they may be made productive of a very great practical benefit.

"Know thyself" is the maxim of the philosopher—and which of us has not, while acknowledging its excellence, acknowledged also the difficulty of putting it in practice? Who does not feel, the moment he attempts an investigation so important, the obstacles thrown in his way by pride, prejudice, self-love, and a thousand other influences adverse to an honest self-examination? How prone are good deeds to come up first, looming so large that no others can be seen in their real proportions. Even good intentions, those arch-deceivers, take the form of goodness, and claim to be counted in making up our estimate. When we strive to examine our thoughts, remembering that "as a man thinketh so is he," we are so distracted by their multiplicity that we are unable to judge of their general tenor with sufficient accuracy to form a just opinion of our real selves by their aid. The thoughts of yesterday are no more distinct, have no more continuous meaning in our memory than those of last year; even those of half an hour ago have left no trace so far as their moral import is concerned, and we seek in vain to draw from them any rational conclusion as to our dispositions and character.

But with our dreams it is far otherwise. Every dream is a picture or a drama—a picture drawn and colored by unfettered imagination, or a drama whose actors are the creatures of conscience, of hope or of memory, speaking in character and uttering natural sentiments. The chief figure in these pictures, the principal actor of these dramas is the dreamer always; self-perception, self-consciousness is the motive power, and no doubt can be entertained of the fidelity with which the soul, thus untrammelled by fear, shame, love of good report or temptation to affected humility, portrays herself on these occasions. Here, then, may be the use of dreams! Thus may we see ourselves as we are, and judge honestly, if we will, how nearly our real character corresponds to that which we sedulously exhibit to the world. Here may one whose performance of religious duties excites everybody's admiration, (his own included,) detect the foul spirit of ostentation or the

still fouler one of hypocrisy; here may the benefactress of the charitable society read, if she will, her love of domination or her spirit of intrigue; the man who shouts loudest where his country's good is in question, the true end and aim of his political career; the reformer, the rancor of his temper towards those who differ from him; the preacher, the hollowness of his passionate adjurations to his flock to eschew evil and cleave to that which is good. Accidental or physical causes may call up dreams, but habitual thoughts and feelings will give them their form and coloring. A heavy supper may bring the vision, but our real wishes, intentions, hopes or fears, will make it what it is. The worldly and selfish woman will never dream that she is diffusing happiness among the children of wretchedness, patiently treading the narrow and squalid ways that lead to their disgusting abodes, and redeeming parents from disease and famine, and their children from ignorance and vice. Her dreams will be of some additional gratification or some cruel mortification of her pride; of some triumph over a rival or some slight from a superior; of a solecism in dress or a vulgarism in deportment. As her desires are low, her aims unworthy, her views contracted, so will be the thoughts of her heart upon her bed; and in them, as in a faithful mirror, she may, if she will, dress her inward self, and reform all that she perceives to be amiss. There is no deception here, not even self-deception, unless wilful, for we are in the double capacity of actor and spectator, with the interest of the one and the coolness of the other to aid us. Our dreaming hours may essentially lengthen our moral life, if we choose, by giving us just so much more experience of ourselves, and so many more opportunities for self-improvement.

Not that we would claim this importance for each individual dream; it is in the general character of our dreams that we are to read ourselves, and character may be found even where all seems vague and incoherent. All that we must presuppose is a real desire for self-improvement; and as we take leave to hope few persons are destitute of at least occasional aspirations after a nobler inward life, we trust that our hint as to a new use of the ancient science of "Oneiroscopy" will not be entirely lost.

## THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

I PLUCKED a sweet flower, one day, from a lot,  
It was fragrant and beautiful, pure, without spot—  
When a Bee, passing by, thrust his bill in its bosom,  
And began sucking out all the sweets of the blossom.  
"This invasion of property," cried I, "is fine!  
'Twas I plucked the flower, and the blossom is mine."  
"Not so fast!" indignantly cried the bold Bee,

'Twas you who first stole the sweet flower from me;  
'Twas given by Nature for us to feed on,  
And to lay up provision for time when there's none;  
But you, sordid wretches, so greedy of money,  
You first steal our flowers, and then rob our honey,  
And so savage and base, when you rifle our hives,  
That, to get at the plunder, you just take our lives."

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"Our life is twofold."

"WHAT can be the matter?" asked my mother, who for some time had been disturbed by an unusual noise overhead, as she sat quietly at her work in the upper hall of our old country house.

"Oh, mamma," I exclaimed, in reply, "I have found such a treasure!"

"You look something like a treasure-seeker, I must confess. Where on earth have you been to get so warm and dusty?"

"I have been on a voyage of discovery into the old lumber loft," said I, again disappearing up the stairs I had just descended, "and I will show you what I found there."

In a moment I returned with the chambermaid, each of us bearing part of the disjointed members of a very old and richly-carved arm-chair—the cover nearly eaten up by moths, the stuffing protruding in various directions, the wood stained with the leakings of many years—and laid the relics at my mother's feet.

"And this vile old rubbish is your treasure!" she exclaimed. "What has put such nonsense into your head?"

"I will tell you," I replied, a little mortified by the manner in which she picked up and threw aside the poor arms and legs which to me appeared so very precious. "The other day when we were talking of Aunt W.'s new furniture that I admire so much, papa said he liked it from its resemblance to an old arm-chair that stood in the hall here when he was a boy. As old chairs are all the fashion now, I determined at once upon this exploring expedition, and after routing about among the relics of the furniture of at least three generations, Susan and I were fortunate enough to find all the pieces. We can send it to L.'s, and have it beautifully done up, and then, dear mother, it will be the prettiest chair in the drawing-room in town."

"If you think that trash shall ever come into my handsome parlors you are much mistaken," said my mother, decidedly. "If you take my advice, you will put it at once into the kitchen fire."

I gathered up my treasures rather crest-fallen, and in the evening when my father came from town, a grand inquest was held over them in secret, when it was decided that he should quietly convey the fragments, which, though disjointed, were nowhere broken, to the upholsterer's, and take his opinion on this important subject. Soon

afterwards my mother was surprised by the appearance of my renovated favorite, which she devoutly believed I had consigned to the ignominious fate she had destined for it, now steadily raising its richly-carved back and stretching forth its velvet arms as proudly as any of the other devices of luxury that surrounded it.

"How beautiful! how graceful!" she exclaimed; "far handsomer than any chair I have."

I quietly enjoyed my triumph, and only told her that L., having pronounced it of undoubted French workmanship and a veritable relic of the age of Louis Quatorze, my father had therefore given orders that no expense should be spared on its restoration.

The succeeding winter was one of unusual gayety. Two young cousins, dashing belles from the south, were for many months our guests, and my time and thoughts were entirely absorbed in a round of dissipation, alike wearying—even amid its attractions—to the energies of both body and mind. I was, in fact, completely worn out by it; and one dark December afternoon, having excused myself from a dinner party to which the others went, I threw myself into a deeply-cushioned chair by the fire and gave free course in solitude to the thickly-coming fancies a reaction from strong excitement is so apt to engender.

My musings were long and varied. I dwelt on the aimless, objectless career to which I was now devoted; thought of the vanished dreams of my opening girlhood—dreams of moral and intellectual greatness from which I had now, alas! too soon awakened;—of the strangeness of the fact that, moving as I was among the gifted, the refined, the cultivated, so little of any of this should appear amid the false atmosphere with which fashion surrounds and almost stifles her votaries. Once, in my ignorance, I had looked on society as the stimulus which was to quicken the highest faculties of my mind; now I found it was the opiate that lulled them to repose, while pride and vanity, and jealousy and envy were wide awake and busy with their work of deterioration. I had heard, and I thought believed, that the spirit of the world was at enmity with God. I was now beginning to experience it, and the conviction filled my soul with sadness.

Just then my eye happened to rest on the old arm-chair, upon whose highly-varnished surface the glow of the anthracite revealed all the rich and elaborate carving, while in thought I wander-

ed back to the generation that had produced it—the age of refinement, of taste, of luxury, of brilliant intellectual gifts, yet, with all its refinement, the age of tyranny, of bigotry, of intolerance and vice—the few whose virtues might redeem their age, shrinking before the power of the many whose vices condemned it. And then I mused upon the former possible estate of my favorite—whether, a deposed monarch, it might not once have adorned the courts of kings, been privy to intrigues on which hung the fate of empires; or whether, in some humbler abode, it had been a quiet witness of the various untold joys and secret sorrows which either brighten or darken the destiny of us all.

As these thoughts passed through my mind, it seemed as though a gradual change came over the object that occupied it. The net-tidy with which its top was shielded was drawn up into a quaint old cap, surrounding a bright and pleasant face; the velvet cover suddenly expanded into full, rich folds, and the arms appeared to change into the delicate members of an old lady of the *vielle cour*. The metamorphosis did not startle me in the least; and when I was addressed by my new acquaintance, in soft and courteous accents, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world.

"You seek to know my history," she said, "and I will gratify you, for to you I owe my release from a long and dreary imprisonment. I have not, as you fondly imagine, been an inhabitant of courts, though I know something of them from the influence they exert over the character and destiny of individuals.

"My first recollections are of a dark and dirty street in an obscure quarter of Paris, where the poor starving artisan, to whose taste and industry I owe my being, could scarcely procure bread for his family. From his miserable workshop I was removed to the rooms of a fashionable dealer, and here my only acquaintance with Parisian high life began and ended much sooner than I desired; for here I was charmed with the sight of gay young nobles and dames of high degree, and more than once caught a glimpse of the *grand monarque* himself as he rode past surrounded by his favorite courtiers.

"At length, after many had praised my beauty without showing any particular desire to appropriate me, I was examined most minutely by a tall, grave and noble-looking gentleman, and after being further adorned with a cover of Gobelins tapestry, was consigned, with many other companions in misfortune, to a close imprisonment, which terrified us beyond description. After much suffering of various kinds, first from being knocked and jolted until, in spite of the straw that enveloped me, I expected every joint would suffer dislocation, then from a pitching and tossing that destroyed my equilibrium, and again another jolting less severe than the first, I heard a welcome sound of blows against my prison door, betokening, we all hoped, a release from

our painful captivity. We were not disappointed. A careful hand raised us one by one from our dungeon, removed our humble covering, and when I again looked upon the light of day I found myself in a new state of existence.

"At first all was confusion. The people, of whom there were several employed about us, were in dress and manner unlike any I before had seen. Their language was a coarse, rough jargon, at first wholly unintelligible to me, but which, after close and painful attention, I was able to understand quite as well as the smooth and polished accents of my native land. But how shall I describe my raptures at the enchanting scene before me? The sky so bright above; such a rich carpet of emerald verdure spread out beneath my feet; towering and gigantic trees reaching forth their broad arms and throwing their flickering shadows upon the vivid green, while a host of chattering rooks that inhabited them filled the air with their pleasing discords.

"I soon found we were ranged in front of one of the offices of an old English manor-house, and when all were liberated we were conveyed, through a formal terraced garden and a richly-carved stone porch, into a spacious hall, where we remained till the apartment we were destined to adorn was arranged to receive us.

"During this transit I had an opportunity of viewing the whole exterior of my future home. It was an irregular stone building with peaked gables, clustered chimneys, projecting turrets clothed with dark, rich ivy, innumerable windows, some deep oriels, some high narrow casements with pointed panes of various-colored glass, many of which were now missing, for the whole building had been much dilapidated during the recent civil wars, and was now undergoing a thorough restoration. This had been completed in the hall in which we stood, and the workmen were now busy in adorning it with the old armor of the Vernons, which, with many valuables too ponderous to be removed, I learned from the conversation of the workmen, had been stowed away during the exile of its master, in the obscure vaults of a ruined chapel adjoining.

"From the same source I also gained the important information that my owner, Sir Ralph Vernon, a loyal cavalier, had just returned from abroad with his bride, a young and beautiful French lady, by whom he had been captivated during her visit to the English court in the train of her royal mistress, Queen Henrietta Maria. Until the time of his marriage, Sir Ralph had not resided on his estate, having preferred the gay court of the merry monarch to the quiet seclusion of his ancestral home. Now, however, he was about returning to it, and he and his lady only remained in London until Elmswood could be prepared for their reception.

"At length all was ready. My companions and myself were removed to our appropriate places, where we found ourselves surrounded by



many of our compatriots in the shape of handsome mirrors, rich tapestries, costly tables, screens, paintings, china and *bijouterie*, and here we awaited with much impatience the arrival of the lord and lady of the domain. I remember well how I tried to beguile the tedious hours of expectancy by conjuring up the form and face of the fair one who was to preside in these noble halls. Directly opposite to where I stood, in its deep, golden frame, hung the picture of a female of most rare loveliness, and this I hoped might resemble her on whom I so longed to look. A fair boy rested on her bosom, to which he was pressed with all the warmth of a mother's love; but there was something in the face still holier than that, though what it was I was at this time too ignorant to know.

"After many long delays an unwonted confusion in the household heralded the coming of its master. Such running and hurrying—such gathering of tenants without, such marshaling of lackeys within, until, through the open casement, I descried a train of lumbering coaches and gay cavaliers, all of whom dismounted and entered the hall. It was late in the afternoon when they arrived, and I saw nothing of any of the newcomers until after the servants had lighted up the drawing-room, when Sir Ralph and his lady entered it together.

"She was indeed beautiful; but it was a striking, a dazzling, an imperious kind of beauty—not the soft, gentle loveliness I had expected to behold. Her dress, gay and costly in the extreme, was arranged with a marked attention to display; and as I gazed upon the unveiled beauty of her finely-formed neck and rounded bust, I wished heartily that her jeweled boddice and stomacher had been less scanty in their dimensions. She tripped gayly round the room, examining all that it contained, now admiring, now criticizing, now exclaiming in her native language with a volubility that overpowered me; while Sir Ralph stood leaning against the wide stone chimney-place, looking at her with admiration, but saying little in reply to her numerous observations. The room soon filled with a gay company, amid whom the Lady Vernon moved with unrivaled grace, receiving compliments, parrying witticisms, and winning even from her own sex—little prone in those days of universal gallantry to do full justice to each other's charms—the tribute of their involuntary admiration.

"Adieu now to the stillness which, since the workmen had deserted it, had reigned within the walls of Elmswood. By day there was hunting and feasting and carousing; by night, the courtly dance, the love-sick song, the merry jest, the insidious flattery, the all-absorbing game of chance. Guest after guest came and went, but still it was the same, until Sir Ralph, who entered into the spirit of the scene with very different feelings from his lady, seemed wearied with the repetition, and longed for some repose. It was at last granted

him. The guests departed; the newly-married pair were left alone, and then appeared the reverse of the picture.

"Trained in courts, ever the centre of an admiring circle, Lady Vernon pined in the beautiful seclusion of her husband's home, and I could scarcely recognize in the peevish and discontented wife who now moved languidly through the splendid apartment, the brilliant beauty who before had been its chief ornament. The gravity of Sir Ralph's temper suited ill, it is true, with the gayety of hers, still he loved her with true devotion, and strove by every effort affection could devise to minister to her happiness. But, alas! she loved him not. With a vacant heart, an undisciplined mind, an ardent temperament, an insatiable vanity, she despised the simple pleasures and homely duties she now was called on to fulfil, and rested not until by tears and entreaties she prevailed upon Sir Ralph to quit Elmswood and again visit London.

"They remained there many months. I caught but a glimpse of her on her return; and within a fortnight after, the news spread through the household that she was the mother of a daughter. The sex of the young stranger was a great disappointment to Sir Ralph, but he seemed to have quite recovered from it when a few weeks later he led his pale and lovely lady into the drawing-room to receive some guests who had assembled there for some important purpose, though what it was I knew not until the return of the company, after a short absence, gave me an opportunity of knowing what had taken place.

"As they slowly re-entered the room, a dignified-looking lady, accompanied by a gentleman in a singular costume, neither of whom I had ever seen before, took possession of me and my next neighbor and entered into conversation. The lady, it seemed, was the Lady Dacre, an aunt of Sir Ralph's, the gentleman the rector of the parish; and from what passed between them, I learned that the new-born infant had just been admitted by a solemn ceremony to certain privileges, which laid her under obligations to lead a life of self-denying effort very different from any I yet had witnessed. I further learned that all who were about me were under the same obligations—that if they failed in fulfilling them they would be exposed to misery; if they persevered in doing so they would enjoy happiness unspeakable.

"I had often before heard of death. Lady Vernon and her friends were constantly frightened to death and wearied to death; they would rather die than do a thousand trifling things. But now I learned what it really was—of the life, too, to which it was the entrance with which existence here has so mysterious, so close a connection. I thought it strange that I had not heard these things before; and when the little infant, in her costly satin robes, was brought round, and her grand-aunt took her in her arms and blessed her fervently, I gazed upon her unformed features and

tender frame as upon something holy, and wondered if she too would prove forgetful of her privileges like the rest.

"I now viewed the world about me under a new aspect. A succession of company gave me opportunities for observation, but in vain did I seek for any recognition of the principles advanced by my venerable friends. It is true I heard frequent mention of God and the soul, of angels and demons, of heaven and hell, but they were words either gayly and lightly or angrily spoken, and could not mean the solemn things I had been told they did. But my attention was soon drawn to other matters.

"A year had not passed away since the birth of their daughter, when Sir Ralph and his lady returned unexpectedly from London, whither they had gone to celebrate the anniversary of the monarch's restoration; and it was evident all was not as it should be between them. He was severe, cold and distant; she was restless, anxious and dispirited, taking but little notice of her child or anything about her. One evening she entered the drawing-room with a distracted air. She wept, she raved, she threw herself upon the ground in agony, tearing her beautiful hair from her head and beating her breast, which seemed as if bursting with anguish unendurable. At last she rushed from the room, and I saw her no more. Sir Ralph, after a few days' absence, was brought home severely wounded in a duel with one of the lords of the court who had been his frequent guest, and his lady had taken her departure no one knew whither.

"All was now gloom and desolation. For a long, long while, the full light of day only cheered my solitude at intervals few and far between. Occasionally the casement looking into the long stone porch was opened, and I caught a glimpse of a lovely child playing amongst the bright flowers, while the tall figure of Sir Ralph moved slowly along the terrace.

"Once or twice he stopped at the casement and gave a glance round the deserted room that haunted me many a day, and his hasty step pacing the floor above through the dreary watches of the night, revealed the sufferings I did not witness. At last even these tokens of his presence ceased, the lovely form of the child no longer appeared, and a weary interval ensued, during which the mansion seemed entirely deserted, save by a silent old woman, who from time to time opened and aired the apartments.

"Many years must thus have passed away, for when the cheerful hum of human voices again resounded through the solitary dwelling, the child had grown into a lovely girl just blushing into woman. At first sight I thought she resembled her mother in the contour of her beautifully-formed head with its rich profusion of light brown ringlets, in her brilliant tint of skin, and the perfect symmetry of her face and form; but the moment the light of her dark eyes fell upon me as

she stooped to examine me with a curious gaze, I felt how great was the difference between them. It was the soft and radiant expression of the picture that still hung opposite to me. The next instant she turned towards it, and said to the lady who accompanied her—'There is the Madonna my aunt has so often spoken of, yet even her praises have scarcely done justice to its heavenly, its mysterious beauty.'

"It is indeed the beauty of holiness,' replied her companion; and I now knew this beauty was her own.

"A few moments afterwards Sir Ralph joined them, and, oh! what a change was there. His hair had become quite gray, his noble form stooped as he walked, and his face had acquired an expression which contrasted with that of his daughter as a demon's would with that of an angel. It was as if every evil passion had by turns distorted the naturally fine features, and each left some trace of their debasing influence. Yet still there was a high-bred air about him, a courtly grace in his movements, and the look and tone with which he bade his gentle Evelyn welcome to her ancestral halls was one that I well remembered.

"I soon discovered that the years which had passed so gloomily to me, formed as I was for social and domestic life, had been spent by Sir Ralph abroad, while his daughter had been consigned to the care of her godmother, Lady Dacre, by whom she had, agreeably to her father's directions, been educated in the most perfect seclusion, scarcely being permitted, since her earliest childhood, to appear at all when visitors were received at Dacre Castle.

"Sir Ralph had recently returned, claimed his child, and established her with her governess and servants in the long-deserted halls of Elmswood, where the system of seclusion enjoined upon her aunt was so rigorously enforced that—save the village pastor and the poor of his flock, who always found a ready welcome—not more than three guests were received in the drawing-room during the time it was exclusively devoted to her use.

"She was, however, permitted, in company with her governess, Mrs. Wotton, to wander through her father's domain, in which stood the picturesque village I before alluded to, amid whose lowly inhabitants she moved like a ministering angel, and the room which was once a constant scene of mirth and revelry, was now daily hallowed by her self-denying labors in their behalf. Oh, how dear to me was every token of her presence! How did I love the sweet form that so often rested upon me, while her delicate fingers would ply the busy needle, either through the rich embroidery or the humble garment for the poor, and the hours passed swiftly in converse with her affectionate governess or in listening to her as she read from some favorite tome legends of olden time, stories of elf and fairy, or adven-

tures of loyal and chivalrous knights. How rich was the melody of her voice as she sang to her lute some holy hymn, or if Sir Ralph were present, a merry roundelay with which she would strive to cheer the melancholy that oppressed him.

"It was in vain that I tried to penetrate the veil which time and perchance sin had drawn about the character of this dark and gloomy man; towards his daughter, at times a kind, gentle and loving parent, at others a distant, morose and vigilant guardian, fearing lest his captive might escape from him. How gently did she at such times bear with his asperities—how meekly bow to the yoke of his galling exactions!—and though often, after he had left her, she would throw herself upon the bosom of her faithful governess and weep as though her heart were breaking, the word of consolation was never breathed in vain, and she would rise from it, like the flowers she loved when bowed and nearly broken by the storm, yielding a purer, fresher fragrance.

"Mrs. Wotton's most valuable lessons were often enforced after a scene like this with a strength and beauty that could not fail to render them impressive. She would remind her pupil of her Christian vows, of the holy sign that had been marked upon her brow as a token that her life here was to be a state of conflict, and of the strength given to sustain her while enduring it. She would speak of the love of her Heavenly Father, whose tenderness never varied towards those whose hearts were fixed upon their future home, and would then point to the beauties of nature by which she was surrounded, as shadowing forth the higher glories of the invisible things of God.

"Evelyn's temper was naturally bright and joyous, and when first an inmate of the halls of Elmswood, a gayer or more sportive being had rarely entered them. But by degrees the shadow of her father's spirit seemed to be falling upon hers; her pure, fair brow was often troubled, the echo of her laugh became less frequent, and the quick, elastic step with which she moved among her birds and flowers was changed for a more stately and more measured tread—the once gay and laughing girl had changed prematurely into the sober, thoughtful woman.

"At this time Lady Dacre visited Elmswood, and struck with the change in her beloved niece, endeavored to persuade Sir Ralph to allow Evelyn to be her companion during a projected tour on the continent. It was in the drawing-room, during the absence of Evelyn and her governess, that she proposed her plan. Sir Ralph listened to it with a sort of contemptuous surprise, though he respectfully replied—'I would, madam, you had chosen some other boon. This is one I cannot grant. Evelyn remains with me in her safe seclusion.'

"'You cannot fear her safety under my guardianship,' replied the lady.

"'Pardon me, madam; I know her sex well—'Frailty, thy name is woman.' I know, too, the atmosphere of courts. The whirlpool that engulfed the mother shall never destroy the child,' said Sir Ralph, pacing the room in extreme agitation. 'Thanks to your care and to my vigilance, Evelyn is thus far ignorant of the disgrace that rests upon her house. In the world she would learn it too soon. She never again leaves the protection of my roof until she exchanges it for that of her husband.'

"Lady Dacre looked much disappointed, and after a pause, replied—'I may not gainsay your will, nephew. Evelyn is your own child, and you are responsible only to Heaven and your own conscience for her happiness. She now looks pale and thin, and I fain would vary a little the sameness of her life. God knows I would be the last to expose her to the evils you dread; yet such is my faith in the principles in which she has been trained, that I fear not but she will ever move in her own proper sphere, whether in courtly hall or private bower, with the same 'unblenched majesty' that adorns her now. She has a hidden strength which you may safely trust; without it all your vigilance is vain.'

"'I trust it not,' replied Sir Ralph; 'I know too well how soon the noblest resolves, the highest aims, melt like wax before the fiery ordeal of temptation. You remember me once, the ardent enthusiast, the hopeful adventurer for worldly happiness and honor. Look at me now: I am what the world has made me.'

"'Alas! nephew,' said Lady Dacre, 'you have walked its deceitful paths without religion for your guide.'

"'Religion,' said Sir Ralph, with a sneer; 'a dream to amuse the weak; a delusion to mystify the strong—at best a book of statecraft, which has worked passing wonders in our days. No, madam; I chose a surer guide—my own unerring reason—she who sits like a goddess, raising her pure, calm voice above the unholy din of passion, refuse as we may to listen to it. Had I but followed her guidance I had been a happier man.'

"'It is not too late!' exclaimed Lady Dacre. 'Reason or conscience—give what name you will to the voice of God within you—let it lead you to its highest act—to faith.'

"'Faith in what? in whom?' asked Sir Ralph. 'I have seen too much to have faith in anything but human wickedness. But I will not shock your ladyship with a confession of my faith, nor need you fear that I shall infect Evelyn with my principles—for when reason is weak, superstition is often a useful ally. It is enough that I mistrust and hate the world in which I live, and will keep my child from all intercourse with it.'

"Evelyn entered the room as he spoke, looking more radiantly lovely than I had ever seen her. She was followed by Mrs. Wotton, and with her a handsome stranger, who advanced towards Lady Dacre and saluted her with almost

filial reverence. She then presented him to her nephew as the son of his old friend Sir William Powis.

"Sir Ralph's brow grew black as night, but he returned the young gentleman's greeting with courteousness, and turned an inquiring glance upon his daughter, who explained that they had encountered Mr. Powis on their way from the village church, that he had recognized her though he had not seen her for many years, and immediately dismounting, had informed her that he was about paying his respects to her aunt at Elmswood, whither he had accompanied her.

"However unacceptable this visit might be to Sir Ralph, he was still too much of a courtier to allow his displeasure to appear in his deportment towards the son of his old friend. Indeed, both the appearance and conversation of the unexpected guest were such as could not fail to render him a welcome visitant in any circle. Tall and finely-formed, with handsome features, and dress and manners of unstudied elegance, the bearing of Gerald Powis was that of a finished gentleman, while the tone of his sentiments seemed as noble as his presence was dignified.

"He talked freely with both the aunt and niece; related to Evelyn many incidents of her childish days, which served to show that then at least they had been no strangers to each other; spoke of his subsequent travels with an intelligence that seemed to interest Sir Ralph, as it were, against his will, and lingered until after the evening meal. The visit was repeated on the two following days, and on the third, Lady Dacre and her friend departed, and with them the unwonted joyousness their presence had diffused through the usually quiet circle at Elmswood.

"Sir Ralph was the only one who was uncheered by Lady Dacre's visit. For a while Evelyn's girlish vivacity was quite restored to her, and she seemed to enjoy existence with the same fresh intensity as she had done long before. But the deeper gloom that rested on her father's features soon drove the gladness from hers, and his wearying restraints even over her most innocent and beloved pursuits, the sharp outbreaks of his temper and the occasional utterance of his infidel opinions, evidently caused deep sorrow to his gentle child, and called into constant action the self-denying virtues and peculiar graces of her character.

"Thus more than a year passed away, during which I saw no more of the handsome cavalier, whose admiration of my sweet Evelyn had been too marked to escape my notice, and whom I hoped might one day be the husband to whose guardianship her father had expressed his willingness to consign her. It seemed, too, as though Evelyn hoped he might come again, for often she would look wistfully from the oriel window which commanded a view of the path towards the village, and turn from it again with a sigh as if of hope deferred.

"At length, unwonted sight! a stranger was introduced into the drawing-room by Sir Ralph himself; and the manner in which he announced to Evelyn the name and rank of the Earl of Morningford was so peculiar that I surveyed the stranger with no common scrutiny. He was stately and dignified in appearance, was dressed with unusual splendor, but there was something in his countenance and manner from which I recoiled, though I could scarcely tell what it was. The tones in which he spoke were loud and dictatorial, and he surveyed the lovely face and form of Evelyn with undisguised admiration, such as seemed rather painful than gratifying to her delicate feelings. But his lordship's admiration was not expressed by looks alone. He addressed the timid girl in a strain of grossest flattery, and when, pained and embarrassed, she turned towards her father for support, the satisfaction that shone in his countenance only served to add to her confusion.

"With the air of one confident of making a favorable impression, he detailed the amusing gossip of the court, while Evelyn blushed still more deeply at the recital; and after assuring her that none of the far-famed beauties of King Charles' court at all equaled in loveliness the queen of the sylvan realm that owned her sway, he took his leave, promising a speedy repetition of his visit.

"Evelyn threw herself back in her chair, as if relieved by the door having closed behind him, and exclaimed—'We have been wishing for visitors for many a day, dear Wotton, but I craved not such as this. I know not why my father brought this tiresome, flattering old earl to trouble us in our quiet home.'

"'Nay, he is not so old,' said the prudent governess; 'and surely is quite a courtly gentleman.'

"'If these are courtly manners,' replied Evelyn, 'I like them not. Ah, how different he is from Gerald Powis!' and then, as if to escape from thoughts that troubled her, she took up her lute and sang a plaintive hymn. As it ceased, she said—'Do you know, dear Wotton, I often think that had I lived in bygone days I would have been a nun? I never sit amid the ruins of the old abbey on the hill without thinking what a happy life the holy sisters must have led. No temptations from the world without, no fears for future sorrows—always either praising God or feeding and clothing the poor.'

"'You imitate them at least in that respect, my Evelyn,' said the governess.

"'Yes, and then I am so happy. But I often feel a longing for blessings that are denied me—a foolish and wicked one, I know, but I cannot help it—I am so strangely sad and lonely sometimes. And then, too—alas! I feel it now—such a terrible presentiment of coming woe. Oh! Wotton, dear Wotton,' she cried, as she buried her lovely face in her hands, 'some evil will happen; I know it will.'

"'My Evelyn,' said the governess, 'you must not yield to these foolish fancies. But it is time we took poor old Joan the medicine we promised; the sun is sinking fast, and we must hurry;' so the young heiress departed on her labor of love.

"I saw her no more that evening, nor for several succeeding days. Her lute hung silent on the wall; her books and embroidery lay neglected near her wonted seat; her birds trilled forth their songs in vain, and her flowers drooped in their crystal vases as if pining for their beloved mistress. Alas! when she again entered the room, it seemed as though the sorrow she had foreseen had surely come upon her, so pale, so sad her beautiful face.

"That day the earl repeated his visit, and in her father's presence addressed her as his plighted bride. I thought she shuddered faintly as he approached her, but she resisted not when he took her lovely hand in his and pressed it to his lips; and she seemed to try to listen when he spoke of love, but her pale lips and corrugated brow showed how painful the struggle with her feelings.

"The earl then told her of the splendors of her future home, his lordly castle; of the pleasures that awaited her at court, where she would surely shine the loveliest among the lovely; and she murmured some low response, while I wondered at the blind delusion of the father who was thus committing the treasure he had guarded so carefully to the very dangers he seemed so anxious to avoid. Three weeks passed slowly along, and I scarce gained a glimpse of Evelyn save when her lover visited her, when she was ever cold and passive as before.

"One evening after the earl had departed, Evelyn remained some time alone in the drawing-room. She had leaned back in her chair, her beautiful eyes were closed, and through the long, dark lashes, drop after drop forced its silent way over her marble cheeks, while her hands were clasped and her lips moved inaudibly as if in prayer. The dying light of day was casting its mystic shadows through the room, when the casement leading to the porch was suddenly darkened by the figure of a female, who, after casting an anxious glance around, glided noiselessly to the side of the motionless Evelyn. She wore a dark hood and mantle, which shrouded her completely, and after gazing a moment on the fair and sorrowful face before her, she touched her arm lightly, saying, in a low but agitated voice—'Evelyn, my child, rise up and follow me. I have come to save you.'

"'Who are you, woman?' said Evelyn, starting up in alarm.

"The stranger placed her hand upon the lips of the terrified maiden, as she said—'Hush, or we are betrayed—for days I have been watching for this moment. Oh, Evelyn, I am your mother! Disown me not, my child!'

"'My mother?' exclaimed Evelyn, in a tone of surprise. 'My mother died in France while

I was yet an infant, and my father has never yet recovered her loss. Alas! it nearly maddened him.'

"'The loss, but not her death,' said the stranger, who, though greatly changed, was still beautiful, and I had at once recognized her. 'Hearken, Evelyn—his jealousy drove me to the verge of madness, sullied my fair fame, and I left him—left you, too, my child, an infant in the cradle. Him I never loved—but you! I was mad, or I could not have done it. Enough; I will not sully your pure ears with the story of my life. But it is all his doings—his, for spurning me as he did when innocent, save in thought, I besought him for pardon and for mercy.'

"'It is false!' cried Evelyn. 'It cannot be that she whom I have loved as a saint in heaven—she whose spirit has so often ministered to my own in hours of sadness, is the lost, lost being you describe. Leave me,' she said, motioning her from her; 'I will not believe your tale.'

"'You will not? By Heaven, you shall believe it!' said the stranger, bitterly. She threw the mantle and hood aside, and drew Evelyn to the casement. 'Look at this form and features. Do you not see in them a likeness to your own? See this signet ring, bearing the crest of your proud family, and listen to me while I swear by the great God of Heaven that I tell you true! Why should I deceive you?' she added, as Evelyn with a low cry of anguish shrunk back from her detaining grasp. 'What but a mother's love would lead me here in this foul disguise to withdraw you from the net which avarice and ambition have woven to enclose you? But it shall not be. Come with me; my attendants await us beyond the village. I have powerful friends who will protect you; and listen, Evelyn—I know the secret of your heart: the hand of Gerald Powis shall be yours!'

"'Gerald Powis! Alas, he loves me not!' said Evelyn, faintly.

"'He has loved you since your childhood,' said the lady; 'has asked your hand of your proud, unfeeling father, and his alliance has been contemned. Evelyn, you know not your father. From the hour we parted he has sold himself to evil. Apparently remote from courts, he is ever buried in their darkest intrigues. But if he has plotted, I have counterplotted. I have baffled him in his dearest hopes. The honors and emoluments he thought within his grasp have been dashed from him by my hand—the hand of her he spurned. Yes, deep has been my revenge—but it touched not you, my child. I knew of you here in your sweet seclusion, leading the calm and holy life you had been taught to love, and vainly dreamed he really sought your good. But now he will sacrifice even you to the demon that possesses him, and I will cheat him of his victim. Come with me, Evelyn; this mantle will conceal you. Remember Gerald Powis!'

"'Temptress, avaunt!' said Evelyn, despe-

rately. 'I know that Satan can transform himself into an angel of light to delude the desperate such as I; but I belong to Him who conquered all the powers of evil, and through Him I can resist. But if indeed you are my mother, if all my lovely dreams of her who gave me birth have changed into a reality like this, forgive the harsh words I may utter in my agony. Fearful as is the precipice on which I stand, I trust in God and his holy angels to deliver me—not in one whose lips have proclaimed her own dishonor.'

"'Peace, minion—reproach me not!' said the lady, proudly; but in a moment she changed her tone to one of winning softness. 'Yet I fain would save you, if I could, from this titled profligate. Your pure nature can hold no sympathy with his. You cannot choose such a fate. Decide quickly, for my moments are precious. Come and be happy with him you love.'

"'Lady,' cried Evelyn, 'have mercy! Tempt me not beyond my feeble strength—break not a heart already well nigh crushed with anguish. I will again endeavor to soften my father; I will kneel to him, entreat him, and tell him the secret of my heart; I will do all that in honor I can do to avoid the fate that threatens me; but I will not walk in the crooked ways of deceit and treachery, or forsake the protection of him who sheltered my infancy, at the bidding of her who deserted it!'

"'Then perish in your obstinacy,' said the lady as, alarmed by an opening door, she hastily assumed her disguise and disappeared. Evelyn clasped her hands in agony, rushed wildly from the apartment, and for days I saw her no more.

"Would that I could forget what followed—when that noble room was once more filled with a courtly throng—when amid the young, the beautiful, the brilliant, my own sweet Evelyn was borne in like a drooping lily and placed within my arms. She was clad in spotless satin, as I once had seen her in her helpless infancy; but now her dress, her neck and arms were adorned with costly jewels, and upon her head was a coronet of diamonds which gleamed like a glory above her beauteous brow.

"Lord Morningsford bent over her and called her his lovely bride, but she seemed to hear him not. Her large dark eyes were fixed on vacancy

as she whispered—'The bridegroom cometh; I go forth to meet him.'

"'Help—help—the countess faints!' exclaimed the earl; and confusion and dismay spread through the company. Mrs. Wotton and Sir Ralph pressed to her side. I felt a strange convulsion pass through her lovely form, heard a faint, low moan, and the fearful stillness that succeeded was broken by such a cry of agony from that stricken father that all shrunk back from him in terror.

"'Oh, God, I am her murderer!' he exclaimed, as he dashed himself on the ground.

"A leech was summoned, but in vain. Beautiful even in death, she rested within these arms, and while all were striving to recall the spirit to its forsaken tenement, I seemed to hear the rushing of many wings, and a mystic strain of welcome that rose even above the wails of anguish that surrounded me.

"Days of darkness and of gloom succeeded"—But here my ancient friend was interrupted by a sudden noise and glare of light that burst upon us. I started forward and beheld a servant bearing a solar lamp through the opening door. When its rays fell upon the old arm-chair, it had quite assumed its usual appearance, and I found I had been dreaming in the comfortable one I had occupied. True it is that

"Dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak  
Like sybils of the future."

For even from the land of dreams conscience had sent forth a voice to bid me pause in my career of vanity, to picture to me the contrast between the false life and the true—between the votaries of the world and the pure and lovely children of light who so often are its victims.

A few hours after, the old arm-chair was occupied by one young and beautiful as the heroine of my day-dream; and as with sparkling eye and glowing cheek she recounted the triumphs of the evening, I recalled the image of the dying Evelyn, and sighed as I reflected how little such triumphs would avail in the hour when we shall awaken from the dreams and delusions of time, to the great, the awful realities of eternity.

## SONNET.

My heart still turns to thee—as when, at night,  
Rock'd on the distant wave, whose gentle swell  
Seems south'd with its own murmurs, to that light,  
Which constant at the pole doth always dwell  
With steadfast ray, the watchful pilots turn,—  
So, Kate, on thee I fondly gaze from far,  
And watch those vestal fires which flash and burn

On thy soul's altar—purer than purest star.  
Without thee, whither should I steer my bark  
Upon life's troublous sea?—for thou alone  
Canst guide me, where all else, alas! is dark—  
More dark than night, girl with a starless zone.  
With thee—all, all is peace—upon thy breast  
My weary soul in bliss would ever rest.—W. E. C.

## THE LOVE TEST; OR, THE SEQUEL OF A PASSIONATE ATTACHMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARC PERRIN, BY ROSE ASHLEY.

The course of true love never did run smooth.—*Shakspeare.*

### I.

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.—*Hamlet.*

IN that street, Duplessis, which bears at Versailles the name of the cardinal who for so long a time held the reins for Louis XIV., might have been seen, one pleasant morning, a young man whom we shall call Leopold Dutilleul, who stood lurking and watching as closely as a sharp-shooter who aims to pick off a sentinel. Crouched in the cover of one of the great gates, he waited with the impatience so natural to all young lovers, and which generally terminates by furnishing them the occasion which they seek and of which they know so well how to profit. Immediately in front of Leopold's place of concealment might be seen a handsome dwelling, of which the young man never lost sight. Suddenly the door of this dwelling opened, and a young officer in the showy uniform of the hussars emerged from it. Leopold still kept snug, and suffered this person to pass. Some few minutes after, an elderly man left the dwelling also. As soon as he had disappeared, our Leopold darted forward, knocked softly at the door of this same mansion, and giving his name to the porter, was permitted to advance into a richly-decorated saloon. Here he found the object which he sought. A young and beautiful damsel was seated near the fire. She held in her small white hands a volume, of which she turned rather than read the pages. On perceiving Leopold she laid aside her book, leaned her elbow upon the arm of the *fauteuil*, and while her chin rested in her hand, regarded with deep interest the person of her visitor.

"Ah, well, Cecile!" said Leopold, in accents of dismay.

"Well, dear Leopold," replied the young girl, with a melancholy aspect.

"You see, Cecile, I am lost; I can hope no longer. But, nevertheless, you still love me?"

"Can you doubt that?" she answered, while her eyes sank upon the ground.

"Heavens, no!" answered Leopold; "but I must now doubt your father. True, he was not pledged to me, but he beheld our intimacy with seeming pleasure, and all things led me to believe that he would not object to me as his son-in-law. Of course you know who has arrived?"

By this time the young man had drawn closely to Cecile, and had taken one of her hands in his

own. His looks, attitude and frequent sighs, all evinced the most devoted attachment.

"My dear Leopold, my father loves me above all things, and is willing to bestow my hand upon the person whom he believes by his position and fortune capable of securing me everything most likely to render me happy."

"Except love!" exclaimed the young lover.

"Yes, except love," answered Cecile, with a sigh. "Love is the only thing which in our youth we deem necessary for our happiness, but our parents, with possibly more prudence and foresight, look upon it as a frivolous and a transient passion, and——"

"Cecile, can you believe that the love which I hear you will ever become enfeebled by time, will ever pass away?" demanded the lover, reproachfully.

"Not I, Leopold; it is my father who thinks thus. You are well aware that M. de Marsan, a captain in the hussar regiment which forms the new garrison at Versailles, arrived but two days ago?"

"Yes; and I have waited patiently for your father and him to leave you before presenting myself. It had been impossible for me to restrain myself in the presence of that odious rival."

"Captain Marsan," continued Cecile, "is the son of an old and intimate friend of my father; he is also intimate with my brother, who, as you doubtless know, serves also in the cavalry. The fathers have made an engagement to unite their children—or rather, M. de Marsan has begged me of my father for his son. The captain pretends also to feel an ardent passion for me."

"And your father has no objections to comply with the desires of either father or son?" responded Leopold, his face becoming pale with rage and impatience.

"None," responded Cecile, very mournfully.

"And you—you, Cecile?"

"I—I love you only, Leopold, but have always been taught to obey my father. It is his wish that I should marry Captain de Marsan. Without saying anything of his exterior advantages, wealth and position, he told me that a refusal would set him at variance forever with De Marsan, who had been a friend during the last thirty years; and that in many other respects he thought Augustus de Marsan was the only man he knew who could render me quite happy. He added, that if I re-

fused to comply with his wishes he would never grant his consent to my forming any other union, and, in brief, that his disappointment would be the cause of his own death."

The voice of Cecile trembled while she uttered these words, and sobs and tears now choked her utterance.

"Thus are you to be torn from me," cried Leopold, passionately; "you whom I so much love, whom I adore—for whom a hundred times I would cast away this worthless life—for without you, life itself would be impossible."

"I alone will be the victim of my duty to my father," said the weeping Cecile. "Not to be thought unnatural, I must submit to his commands. I will obey his wishes—and yet, dear Leopold, my heart is yours, and can be yours only."

Leopold rose with an air of desperation. He traversed the saloon in great agitation and with rapid steps; then approaching the young girl, exclaimed, passionately—"And you will never, never forget me, Cecile?"

"Never, Leopold, never!"

"Ah, how then can you obey your cruel father?"

"I will make one more effort to induce him to relent;—but, Leopold, I candidly acknowledge I see no hope of success. I know not where or how to hope."

"I will tell you," said Leopold, in a decided voice.

"Speak—how, my friend?"

"I will settle all these matters; I have it."

"You! What—you will seek my father?"

"No, Cecile, no; but I will seek De Marsan."

"What—do you propose to make me the subject of a quarrel?—make me the price of blood?—condemn me to tears and to misery whatever may be the issue of the combat? No, no, Leopold, this must never be. Take more gentle means. See my father; tell him of your love—nay, I will even suffer that you should speak of mine. This done, you may reach De Marsan with more reasonable considerations."

The young lover did not seem to heed these counsels. "He knew well," he said, "the indomitable temper of her father. For himself, he felt that to live without her was impossible! As for De Marsan, how could he ever forego his claims? Cecile was quite too beautiful to be renounced by any man." Such were his opinions. His own plan seemed the best and shortest. He had only to rid himself of an odious rival or die under the strokes of a weapon which would terminate a life which, wanting her, must be one of wretchedness only.

"Do you then so passionately love me?" exclaimed the sorrowing but pleased Cecile.

"Love you? Never was there passion more ardent than is mine. Fortune, wealth, position, I could give all for a single moment's happiness, with you certainly my own. I am young, with

the prospect of a long life before me. I would freely give my whole life for but six months, for three—yea, two, or even one month, if that one would secure you wholly to myself."

"Of what devotion would my father deprive me!" cried Cecile. "Then," added she, "if trials were to befall me, loss of father or of fortune—if calumny were to cast its shadow over my name, ah, Leopold, would your love remain the same?"

"Oh, can you doubt me, Cecile? Does not all my misery arise from the misfortune that you are rich, happy and honored? But for these, De Marsan would never have sought you, and your father would never have denied me your affections."

"Hear me, Leopold," replied the agitated girl. "My union with De Marsan, it is true, has been resolved upon, but it is not yet consummated; we still have time. Defer, then, your rash scheme of vengeance, which makes me tremble with apprehension, and let me make another effort to soften my father to our wishes."

## II.

*Benedict.*—Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

BUT Leopold's heart burned with more impatient feelings. So far from heeding the entreaties and counsels of his beloved, his first act upon leaving her was to write a cartel to his rival. Carefully sealing and addressing the letter, he retired that night filled with thoughts of the intended duel. These so much disturbed his slumbers, that on entering his chamber early the next morning, his domestic found him already up.

"Take this letter to its address—to M. de Marsan."

The servant read it, and answered that M. de Marsan awaited him in the ante-chamber, begging an audience.

"Show him in," exclaimed Leopold.

The young officer entered, clothed in his handsome uniform, and saluted Dutilleul with the most courteous politeness.

"Sir," he began, "I have not the honor of knowing you personally, or of being known to you, but in the position in which we stand towards each other, you will look upon my present visit as a very natural occurrence."

M. Dutilleul bowed profoundly, but was silent, and the officer continued:—"My father, as you know, is the intimate friend of M. Dubois. I am intimate also with his son, with whom, serving in the same regiment, I frequently meet. My father desires me to espouse the daughter of his old friend, and I have more than once thanked my stars, which, in placing me in the garrison at



Versailles, appear willing to facilitate this union. I have seen Ma'm'selle Cecile, and, of course, have loved her. You will readily believe that it was not difficult to do so. M. Dubois has frankly told me of your passion for his daughter. He tells me that she returns it, but you will agree with me that a young fellow in love is not apt to doubt that, with a little diligence, he can make himself beloved in turn, especially when he brings into the field youth, wealth, excellent connections, and some physical advantages. You will therefore pardon me, sir, that I did not despair of success, even when I heard that you had already anticipated me; and I resolved by all means to dispute with you the hand of Ma'm'selle Dubois. I had also, with the advantages already urged, the assent of her father and the friendship of her brother. In short, sir, I flattered myself that I would not have found it difficult, after a time, to win the compliance of the daughter herself."

"This is cool, sir!" exclaimed Leopold, haughtily.

"That is my opinion, sir. I speak thus to make you comprehend fully that your claims have had nothing to do with my withdrawal from the field. I have changed my intentions, and beg leave to renounce forever all claims to the hand of Ma'm'selle Dubois. I have deemed it only due to you to let you know thus much. In me, sir, you see a rival no longer. So far as I am concerned, you are at liberty to marry the young lady whenever you please."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Leopold, quite overcome by what he heard. "But do they know—does Cecile—"

"They know nothing, sir."

"But your reasons, sir, for this renunciation?"

"Are mine only, sir, not yours; and I must not declare them. Enough, sir, that they have determined my course, and enable me to withdraw any difficulty which my pretensions might have offered to your pursuit. Of my reasons for this step I shall give you no account; you have no right to demand them. I am aware, regarding her brother and sister as I do, what is my duty to them; I shall discharge that duty also. Sir, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

With a low bow, M. de Marsan took his departure, leaving M. Dutilleul to his meditations.

### III.

Sharp physic is the last! \* \* \* \* \*  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,  
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,  
That knowing sin without, will touch the gate.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*

WHEN left alone, our passionate Leopold cast

his eyes over his letter of defiance which lay still upon his bureau, and sat, striving to solve the mystery by which he was bewildered. What could be the secret of all this? Could it be that Cecile had informed De Marsan of his intended challenge? That was scarcely possible—nor was it probable that a big-whiskered captain of hussars would withdraw from the pursuit of such an object for fear of a fight. He must look for other clues. One thing was certain—it must be an important consideration which could make an ardent young man revolt at marriage with a damsel beautiful, rich and well connected. There was some monstrous mystery at the bottom! That was obvious the more he thought upon the matter. That he should fail to pierce it did not lessen its distressing difficulties. What could M. de Marsan have found out? What blemish had he discovered? An intrigue perhaps—an error—most probably one of those criminal *liaisons* which fasten with disgrace to a whole lifetime, however long, and to the most lovely woman, in spite of all her charms. This was a terrible idea to be cherished by a lover! At first he rejected it with loathing, but it returned with renewed force to his reflections, and he accustomed himself to its contemplation. In the midst of these evil meditations, which had lasted more than an hour, he was disturbed by the receipt of a letter. It was from his beloved Cecile herself. Its contents ran thus:—

"DEAREST LEOPOLD—Come to me; hasten! My father has at length listened to reason. One of two things is certain—either he has grown cold to M. de Marsan, or at length feels that if he truly loves his child he must not seek to control her affections. Come to me, then, for the moment is propitious. CECILE."

"Indeed, the moment is propitious!" uttered our Leopold, with something of a sneer upon his lips as he read this precious little billet.

"Propitious! I can very well believe it—but for whom? Not for me. One lover takes his flight; it is good policy to make sure of the other. One son-in-law off, it is best to lose no time in getting fast hold upon another. Is it so, Mademoiselle Cecile? Verily, it has this complexion! Your father, you tell me, has grown cold to De Marsan. You do not tell all, mademoiselle, although you know much more. By this time you will know that De Marsan himself flings your hand from him in scorn; and, better informed than I am, you know his reason also for this rejection. Ah—'a father who truly loves his daughter controls not her affections!' Very good. But you forget, fair lady, that you told me but yesterday that it would cause the death of this affectionate father if you did not espouse the son of his friend, to pacify his affections, though you sacrificed your own!"

M. Dutilleul succeeded most happily in per-

suading himself that he was betrayed and deceived. He saw it as clear as the sunlight that they wished to make him their dupe among them; and, in his suspicious eyes, the poor little Cecile was a thousand times more to blame than her father. Leopold was not to be duped; he was too sagacious for such shallow plotting. No—no! Instead of hurrying at the propitious moment to Cecile, he turned in to packing his trunks; and while Cecile was looking for him with all her eyes, he set off for Paris. There he took a post-chaise for Turin, all agog to visit an ancient uncle, for whom all of a sudden he felt a most filial interest. We shall say nothing about the events of his journey—enough that he reached Turin in safety, and had no reason to complain of his uncle's reception.

## IV.

*Portia.*—Oh, these deliberate fools, when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Nerissa.*—The ancient saying is no heresy,  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Portia.*—Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa.*  
*Merchant of Venice.*

It was some three months after, when a truant disposition took our devoted lover to the beautiful city of Tours. Strolling one day beneath the noble avenues of trees which line its ancient streets, he caught a glimpse of an officer of hussars—that hateful uniform! The person was approaching him. The air and manner seemed familiar. As he drew nigh, the doubts of Leopold vanished, and he recognized that generous M. de Marsan, who, having determined that the grapes were sour, so kindly gave him notice that he might pluck and eat. Leopold felt his kindnesses, and was free to acknowledge them. The first civilities over, he proceeded frankly, after the following fashion—"And now, my dear De Marsan, now that I have the pleasure of meeting you at a moment when both of us are calm and indifferent, be pleased to explain—"

"De Marsan!" exclaimed the hussar, while an

uncontrollable laughter shook his manly person. "My good sir, you are quite mistaken in your person: you see in me, not M. de Marsan, but his friend, Captain Dubois—Captain Dubois, sir, Dubois!" and the laughter was resumed.

"How, sir? Ha?" exclaimed Leopold, angrily.

The other laughed still more; but during his merriment, resumed—"You seek an explanation, M. Dutilleul; you shall have it. You could not, fortunately, have addressed yourself to one more capable of giving it. I am sure I shall be able to reveal the whole mystery to your satisfaction. I am the brother, sir, of Cecile Dubois. That damsel really loved you, but my father wished to form a union between her and my friend M. de Marsan. This desire was mine also. My sister, however, firmly resisted our wishes, insisting that you bore for her a love which nothing could eradicate or enfeeble. Well, sir, I doubted this, and proposed to test the strength of your passion. She consented. My task was easy. By imposing upon you my own person as that of De Marsan, I proved to Cecile how little she could rely upon your stability. You know the sequel quite as well as myself. I have but to add that M. de Marsan himself arrived at Versailles but a few days after your departure. Handsome, amiable and noble, he found no difficulty in rendering himself pleasing to Cecile, and a month since she became his wife. Are you now satisfied, sir?"

Leopold was very far from being satisfied, but his case was one of those in which a man is compelled to stomach what he cannot well digest. He was angry enough to have swallowed alive this sagacious strategist captain of hussars, and would have fought him cheerfully but for the additional bruit by which his disgrace and defeat would only be rendered more notorious. We may fancy that he soon cut short this interview; that he left the good town of Tours with its fine trees with all expedition, and made a secret vow never to see Versailles again as long as he lived. It may interest his many friends to know that he finally settled in Turin.

## MUSINGS IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

How excellent to me is this repose,  
This green and tranquil beauty of the earth,  
These glancing leaves through which the blue sky  
shows,  
And gives to all calm thoughts and feelings birth;  
The winds have caught the spirit of sweet rest,  
And linger hushingly amid the trees,  
Save where they trail the pendent branch in quest  
Of the low greeting of the summer breeze,  
Which, lingering on its way, steals inward from the seas.

26°

The flexile branches of the willow rest,  
Unfretted by the teazings of the day—  
There comes a short, quick rustle—and oppressed  
By its own weight, in ripeness torn away,  
Drops down the summer fruit;—how like to life!—  
A bud, a blossom, then the fruit is here—  
A midnight plunge, and passed the mortal strife—  
A heaving of green turf, a sob, a tear,  
And all of life is o'er—no more to hope or fear.

## FAIRY LAND AND FAIRY LORE.

BY J. K. PAULDING, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "THE OLD CONTINENTAL," ETC.

WHATEVER may be said to the contrary, it cannot be reasonably doubted that there was, once at least, such a region as Fairy Land, though, like Plato's Atlantis, More's Utopia, Defoe's Sevarambia, the famous Terra Incognita, and the still more famous El Dorado, it has eluded the search of modern navigators who explore the vast world of waters, not in quest of fairies, but seal skins, sandal wood and guano. As to giants and dwarfs, we have only to refer to the Kentucky giant and General Tom Thumb in proof that neither of these races is extinct, although one may have become civilized and the other lost its propensity to mischief. It makes one shudder to think what havoc the former might have made among the whiskered heroes of Broadway, had he been ferociously inclined, and what awful secrets the latter might have become master of had it pleased him to secrete himself in the vast folds of the ladies' drapery. But be this as it may, it seems now to be generally admitted that giants as a distinct and peculiar race have become extinct, and that, with the exception of a "fairy form," which we sometimes meet with in novels, this race of tiny agents of beneficence and mischief, so dear to the youthful imagination, if not altogether extinguished, is no longer permitted to exercise any agency in the affairs of mankind. Their last stronghold was the "Fairy Ring," from which they have been utterly routed by the investigations of certain curious inquirers, who, as usual with minute philosophers, all differ in their exposition of the cause of this phenomenon, one ascribing it to lightning, another to decayed fungii, and others to various kinds of insects. They, however, unanimously decide against the agency of the fairies.

When we read in the *Nibelungen* of the horrible carnage committed among the race of the giants by Woldemar, the Monk Aslan—the prototype of Friar John in the authentic history of the great Pantagruel—of the discomfiture of the stupendous Loupgarou and his host by that renowned hero; of the exploits of Jack the Giant Killer, and lastly, of the havoc made by Tom Thumb the Great, as set forth in the tragedy of that name, we have no difficulty in accounting for the extinction of this race of overgrown blockheads, whose great strength, through a wise and benevolent dispensation, was always egregiously neutralized by a corresponding deficiency in common sense. Had they possessed the sagacity and docility of the elephant, they might have been tamed and converted to divers useful purposes;

but being an obstinate, wilful and blood-thirsty race, there was no other resource for the pigmy race of mankind than knocking them on the head.

But the disappearance of the fairies still remains an inscrutable mystery, and has hitherto eluded the most profound researches of the learned, who, though they have found out almost everything else in the world, have, in the investigation of this interesting subject, only involved it in still greater doubt and obscurity. Some have supposed that the Christian dispensation gave them their death-blow, others that they have been utterly consumed in the bright light of science and philosophy; while others, again, pretend that superstition and credulity, requiring as they do the excitement of perpetual variety, have sought new gratification in more piquant modern novelties, which, coming abroad in the grave and dignified disguise of science, afford a more respectable basis for the faith of this enlightened age.

Having been in the days of our youth a great admirer of fairy lore, and never having become sufficiently wise to discard the associations afforded by our recollections of those days—which, whether passed amid the deprivations of poverty or the luxuries of wealth, are always remembered with melancholy pleasure, like old friends we shall never see again—we have always felt a peculiar interest in the fate of these dear little mischievous rogues, as well as all the various invisible creations with which fear, fancy or reason had in old times peopled the world. In rambling through the woods, we have often regretted the absence of the dryades; in following the winding course of some solitary stream stealing its way through forests never penetrated by the genial summer sun, we have wished that it were consecrated by the residence of some nymph of classic lore; and in reclining beside the crystal spring in all the delightful liberty of loneliness, have sometimes fancied we heard the plunge of one of those airy sprites, when, alas! it was nothing but a bull-frog!

Prompted by this feeling, which seems only to increase with age, we have read every book of fairy lore that came in our way, and every accessible work treating of the origin, attributes and history of these aboriginal races, which, like our Indians, have faded away from the face of the earth before the progress of civilization and the march of mind; we have followed every trace they have left behind, and always found it led only to the depths of unfathomable obscurity. "Like the mound-builders of the western plains,"

we exclaimed, at length, in despair, "they have disappeared—how, when or where no one knows, no one will ever know." But the darkest hour of the night is that which immediately precedes the dawn of day, and from the ashes of despair often springs the thrifty plant of fruition. So did it happen with us. Rambling one day, as is our custom, among those repositories of curious and forgotten lore, which may be seen in every city aspiring to literary eminence, at the corners of streets, and most especially against the board fences designating unoccupied lots, and gorgeously bedecked with notices of ward meetings, concerts, operas, plays, and all the wonders of nature and art, commemorated in letters eighteen inches long and notes of admiration three feet high—wandering, we repeat, over this classic ground, our attention was attracted by a most venerable book-stall in the purest state of nature, unplanned and unpainted, and with shelves so rusty and uncouth, that the cook-maid at a subterranean ordinary would have disdained to contaminate her pewter plates by the association. Before it sat an aged and learned Theban, with a beard so long and gray, a look so humble, not to say deprecatory, eyes so weary, sunk and woe-begone, a dress so torn and weather-beaten, and a look so full of wildness and vacuity, that he seemed the personification of "cheap literature," exhausted by a long course of English, French and German romance, imprinted on rags and bound in a dish-clout.

Glancing our eyes over the contents of the shelves of the modern Mæcenas, our attention was incidentally attracted by a venerable volume in a most becoming and classical *dash bille*. The cover was gone, the back desperately worm-eaten, and the corners of the leaves curled in a style that would have shamed the moustache of a modern two-legged bison. We have a veneration for such relics, almost as great as that of a pious devotee for the toe nail of St. John, and this was increased almost to fanaticism when we found on examination it had neither beginning nor end. Having our eye-teeth well cut by long experience in these matters, we came over the retailer of the leaves after the manner of the antiquary in that best of all the works of Scott, and by a system of masterly maneuvers, diddled him out of the treasure for about six times as much as it was worth.

To march home in a quickstep with the relic under our arm and shut the door of our study, was a work performed in the shortest possible time. The acquisition proved invaluable. The title-page and three hundred and sixty-nine pages, which, as we found by what followed, constituted "a brief introduction," were gone, and of the conclusion it was impossible to say how much was lost, as it ended at the nine hundred and seventy-sixth page, where the author, whose name is unknown, courteously apprises the reader that he is just coming to the conclusion of the fifth of

thirty-four propositions. The reader—that is to say, our readers—cannot possibly realize our regret and mortification at these deplorable mutilations, when they are informed we discovered on examination that the subject of this unique volume was "A History of the Decline and Fall of the Empire of the Fairies, compiled from all the authorities extant or lost—to which is prefixed an Introductory Essay, in which are comprised all the opinions ever delivered on the subject, together with a Critical Disquisition on the Morality of Fairy Tales, and their probable Influence on the Rising Generation." Though, as before stated, the title-page was wanting, the loss was happily supplied by the author, who, whenever he had occasion to allude to his work, recites it at full length. Before making particular reference to the work itself, we think proper to give it as our decided opinion that it was originally written in Latin, the sacred casket in which knowledge was principally locked up for ages until released by those great *democratic* expeditors, translation and printing, which led to the diffusion of knowledge, the expansion of the universal mind, and laid the foundation of political freedom.

That portion of this invaluable work which had been spared by the relentless tooth of time, that, contrary to all human experience, grows only sharper with age, commences with a long, and, to say the truth, rather tedious inquiry into the morality of fairy lore and its possible effects on the youthful mind. The author is of opinion that it is, on the whole, decidedly pernicious, inasmuch as, like the Jewish Decalogue, all the rewards proposed for the exercise of virtue and the performance of our duties are of a temporal nature, consisting in the acquisition of wealth, power and dignity, or the gratification of the senses in some way or other. He, however, denounces them as extravagant fictions, and warmly asserts that the almost universal propensity of children to lying may be traced to their early familiarity with these mischievous tales, which, as he gravely observes, "are so stuffed with marvelous impossibilities, that of a truth we can no more depend upon them than on the grave relations of ancient and modern histories concerning the lives of heroes and the origin of empires."

Our unknown author, after these general remarks, proceeds to enter on a particular analysis of the most celebrated of these productions. He thinks Cinderella conveys a valuable moral lesson, but inveighs furiously against the pumpkin coach, the white mice and the rat coachman. "After all is said and done," exclaims he, triumphantly, "if Cinderella had not had such a little foot, she might peradventure have remained in the chimney-corner all her life instead of marrying a prince. Besides, it should never be forgotten by the judicious reader that she owes her good fortune entirely to disobeying the solemn injunction of her godmother to come away from the ball before twelve o'clock." Finally, he is

especially severe on Puss in Boots, maintaining with great heat "that Puss was a great rogue and his master an impostor, who assumed a false title, usurped an estate belonging to another, and deceived a king who appears to have been a very good sort of a man, as kings go, though somewhat of a simpleton—a case so common that it can by no means justify either Puss or the Marquis of Carabas in their deceptions." Thus our author proceeds in the true spirit of a critic, railing at minute faults, and forgetting that even from Puss in Boots may be derived the sublime moral that the seemingly unequal distribution of the gifts of fortune should never overwhelm us with despair, and that the judicious use of small means is much more likely to lead to fortune than the abuse of great ones.

But the portion of this rare and curious work which seems most worthy the attention of the present age, and most especially of our female readers, is that which details the causes which produced the final decay and downfall of the empire of the fairies, as well as the utter extinction of their influence and power. We give it at full length, and in the author's own words, in the hope that it may prove an example and a warning to those mischievous incendiaries, who, by advocating what they call the "rights of woman," are doing all they can to undermine and destroy their empire, as is related of the fairies in these words:—

"Howbeit, nevertheless, it hath sorely perplexed the learned and ingenious in these matters, in that, although it doth distinctly appear that among the fairy or elfin race there was the same distinction of sex which doth prevail among all other races of animals, and doubtless in the vegetable world,\* yet we nowhere find that the male fairies did at any time or on any occasion, exercise the least agency in the affairs of mankind. This was done entirely by the females, who appear to have exclusively possessed, or at least administered in relation to the human race, all the powers and functions belonging or in anywise appertaining to this mysterious and complicated race. Philosophers and men of deep thinking, who laudably aspire to know everything—except peradventure themselves—observing this remarkable peculiarity, have on divers occasions exercised their powers of investigation and invention in vainly attempting to account for this apparent subversion of the natural and Scriptural order of things which doth manifestly ordain the supremacy of man over the weaker vessel; and it hath been reserved for the author of this history to unravel the web of this hitherto inscrutable mystery, which hath lain as it were in abeyance for ages past. Whence he derived his authority for the following relation, he doth humbly conceive is nobody's business, nor of any consequence

\* It would thus appear that this boasted modern discovery, like a great many others, was known, or at least surmised ages ago.

whatever to the veracity of this history. If we go back to the origin of all the facts—as they are denominated by courtesy—recorded or related by history and tradition, we shall invariably find they all had a beginning, and for the most part rest on the authority of one single name, whose testimony furnishes the only foundation for the belief of the successive generations of mankind, who, groping their way as it were backwards on all fours, do at length arrive at the confines of the regions of utter darkness, where, as they can see nothing, they believe everything. Inasmuch as the writer of this history is the first who hath expounded and explained this stupendous enigma, he is, therefore, by right of invariable custom among the learned and unlearned, entitled to full and entire belief in all that shall now be briefly related, after humbly asking pardon of the courteous and discreet reader for this (it is feared) unpardonable digression.

"And first, as to the existence of the fairies. It is a maxim consecrated by the wisdom of philosophy, that what all the world believes must be true. Now, all the world once believed in the existence of the fairies, or at least in some one of the various species comprehended in the great genus of beings exercising powers not delegated to man—*ergo*, that is to say consequently, fairies must once have existed. With few exceptions, all the world now believes that if they ever existed, they have become extinct—*ergo*, they are undoubtedly extinct, and nothing remains but to show how they became so without further circumlocution, being fully aware from our own experience that the patience of the reader—that is to say, his capacity of endurance, beareth no proportion to an author's power of infliction.

"It is on record, without doubt somewhere, or it hath been recorded in some authentic document now lost or mislaid, that in the first institution of the empire of the fairies, the females were placed in the proper order of nature and Scriptural ordination. They attended to domestic affairs, presided over the household, took care of the children, and found their greatest pleasure in the affection of their husbands and the smiles of their offspring. They never (so it is confidently testified) aspired to become wiser than their lords and masters, and the idea of interfering with their out-door occupations, much less of governing them in these respects, never for a succession of ages occurred to but one female fairy, who, instead of being contented to lecture at home, was grievously addicted to attending lectures abroad, where, as was the fashion at that time, she heard divers ignorant and mischievous itinerant mountebanks prating glibly concerning the rights of women to house it at taverns, make speeches at ward meetings, vote at elections, become soldiers, lead armies, govern states, go where they please alone by themselves just like the men, and do other unseemly things which shall be nameless. Infected by this horrible he-

terodoxy, this misled and misguided fairy began to show symptoms at first of discontent, and next of downright opposition and rebellion. The earliest symptoms appeared in the domestic circle, in the which there was gradually observed a great falling off in neatness, comfort and social harmony. From asserting her own independence she proceeded to encroach on that of her helpmate; and not content with having her own will, did gradually and wickedly usurp the sole direction of that of her husband.

"Being thus far successful in her career of enormity, she conceived the nefarious design of overturning the empire of sovereign man and establishing that monstrous, unseemly and diabolical despotism called petticoat government throughout the whole world of the fairies. Accordingly, not content with employing that mischievous instrument the tongue, she did incontinently resort to that other still more mischievous instrument the pen, (altogether unseemly in the hands of women which were exclusively ordained to the management of the distaff and needle,) and by means of a pestiferous invention by the aid of which all sorts of error and wickedness may be propagated to the uttermost ends of the earth, did at length, by little and little, succeed in persuading all the female fairies that a certain garment (which shall be nameless) belonged to them, that the saddle was placed on the wrong horse and the bit in the wrong mouth, and all such sorts of nonsensical figures of rhetoric usually employed by people who don't know what they are saying or are ashamed to speak out openly. By this means she so operated on the natural folly, vanity and weakness of the sex, (meaning the female fairies,) that she at length drew them over to her side, and a party consisting of all the married fairies (the young spinsters not thinking it prudent to avow such a foul conspiracy while in their present critical state), was secretly formed, whose object was in the first place to wrest the sceptre of the domestic empire from their helpmates, and next to assume all their privileges and prerogatives out of doors.

"The plan was devised with an exceeding wicked cunning. All of a sudden the married female fairies did wax exceedingly mopish, melancholy and mumpish, neglecting their household affairs, their children and their husbands, inso-much that when the menfolk came home tired and hungry from their out-door occupations, they found nothing prepared for their comfortable reception, and were received with tears instead of smiles. The good husbands, as is ever the case on such occasions, kissed them affectionately, comforted them by all sorts of condolences, and concluded by asking in the tenderest manner what they lacked, what ailed them, and what they could do to contribute to their happiness.

"Whereupon the cunning baggages, who had all agreed in the same story, answered and said—'Alack and alas the day! how can we be other-

wise than unhappy when we are nothing but a race of slaves, without any will of our own, without any influence in the state or voice in the making of those laws by which we are governed? We can neither command armies nor wield the sword, nor conquer kingdoms; all our exploits are limited to the domestic circle, and all our cares to the children and the kitchen. While you men are wielding the sword we are plying the needle, and while you can do as you please and go where you please, enjoying perfect freedom in all sorts of wickedness, we poor miserable hacks are confined at home, condemned to every species of drudgery, while our greatest glory consists in rearing healthy virtuous children, who repay us with ingratitude, and pleasing husbands, who devote all their cares to pleasing others.' Then they wept sorely and bitterly, inso-much that the bowels of these compassionate husbands teemed with compassion, and one and all came to a resolution to redress these crying wrongs by admitting their wives to the enjoyment of all the rights of women, as they were denominated by the mischievous lecturers aforesaid, who, by way of picking the pockets of the good people, did incontinently go about like roaring lions pretending to be the champions of women, who were foolish enough to believe—meaning the fairy women; for be it known, our wives and daughters are other guess kinds of people.

"The first step was that of admitting the female fairies to an equal voice in making the laws, the constitution of Fairy Land being elective at that time. Now, as all the females, being, as is the nature of woman, (meaning fairy women as aforesaid,) ambitious to govern out of doors as well within, did as a matter of course vote all one way; and besides this, did by various arts, devices and seductions well known to women, (meaning always fairy women,) prevail over divers weak-headed, soft-hearted men to join with them, it came to pass that they had always a clear majority in their favor. In a little time (as might be expected) the tables were turned on the men fairies, who were gradually displaced from their lawful supremacy, and instead of being permitted to exercise their manly occupations abroad, were condemned to the distaff and needle, the superintendence of the household economy and the care of the children, whom they dandled on their knees and fed egregiously, while the mothers were drilling soldiers, spouting at ward meetings, talking politics at the tavern, or writing mischievous books about the rights of woman.

"Scarcely an age had passed before a great change was observed in the appearance and character of the two sexes. The men had become effeminate cowards, incapable of any manly exertion; the women had lost every charm that had heretofore bound the hearts of their lovers and husbands in the bonds of reverence and affection; and the children, for want of natural care and nourishment, dwindled into peevish, sickly be-

ings, without strength of body or vigor of mind. All attraction except that of mere animal gratification ceased altogether between the two sexes. That courage, strength and agility which had been so becoming to the man, and under which the soft, seductive weakness of the females had heretofore delighted to shelter itself, had given place to a cowardly feebleness which the women despised; and that gentle softness, that graceful imbecility, that touching inferiority which, by seeming to call for protection and invoke endearment, awakened all the kindlier feelings of the heart, was succeeded by a coarse, blustering ferocity, a licentious freedom of speech and action, and a swaggering, awkward carelessness of deportment, (such as may be seen in a female when usurping male attire and enacting the bully on the stage,) which caused disgust in the men and totally undermined the real empire of woman, which is founded not in her strength, but her weakness.

"Another deplorable consequence of this grievous state of things was a rapid decrease in the population of Fairy Land, owing to the children being left to the nursing of the fathers instead of the mothers, who were engaged in politics, state affairs, and other avocations which prevented them from taking proper care of their offspring. This is the true reason of the practice of stealing the healthy children of the peasants and leaving in their places their own weak, decrepit and deformed bantlings, which began about this time and continued ever after until the empire perished and the race of the fairies was extinguished."

Our author proceeds, with most unfeeling minuteness, to trace the progress of the consequences of this successful attempt at establishing the rights of the fairy women. The details are curious, and worthy to be extensively known, but our limits will admit of only one more extract, which describes the final catastrophe.

"War being now declared, the female army, consisting of three hundred and sixty thousand foot and eighty-eight thousand horse, under the command of the fairy who had first successfully asserted the rights of women, appeared in the field gloriously caparisoned and decked in the spoils of innumerable milliners' shops. It was indeed a splendid spectacle, more especially and

emphatically that presented by the eighty-eight thousand horse, all sitting sideways, with gorgeous drapery flowing to the ground, velvet hats shaded by forests of nodding plumes, and each holding in one hand the bridle, in the other a fan, ornamented with divers emblematical devices. Scarcely had they marched two days when the ferocious enemy came in sight, consisting of a vast horde of semi-barbarians, who, not properly recognizing the rights of women, were at first astonished and dismayed at beholding such a crowd of them thus advancing in battle array, chanting hymns about blood and murder. Nothing daunted, however, they advanced with such a horrible blast of braying trumpets, drums, serpents, horns and what not, that the hearts of the stoutest advocates of the rights of women quaked full sorely, and turning their backs on the enemy, they fled away like a flight of birds in every direction. But the cunning and ferocious enemy had taken the precaution to surround them, so that whosoever they went they found themselves intercepted by their foes, who, however, scorned to do them any injury, but, content with merely stopping them, stood and laughed right lustily at their perplexity and consternation. At length, being sorely fatigued and incapable of further exertion, they one and all laid down their fans and surrendered at discretion. The enemy being (as before noted) little better than the savages of the New World, which rumor states hath just been discovered by one Christopher Colon, did commit no unseemly violence on these poor deluded women, (meaning the fairies,) but taking them all home with them to their own country, did convert them into spinners, stitchers, nurses and what not, where they became gradually reconciled to their fate, and often acknowledged themselves happier than when standing in the shoes of men, leading armies and governing an empire. The male fairies, having become too effeminate, henpecked and cowardly to defend themselves, were also carried away captive, and became the progenitors of the beaux, coxcombs, corinthians, dandies and men-milliners of the civilized world from that time. And thus, and in no other manner, fell the ancient empire of the fairies."

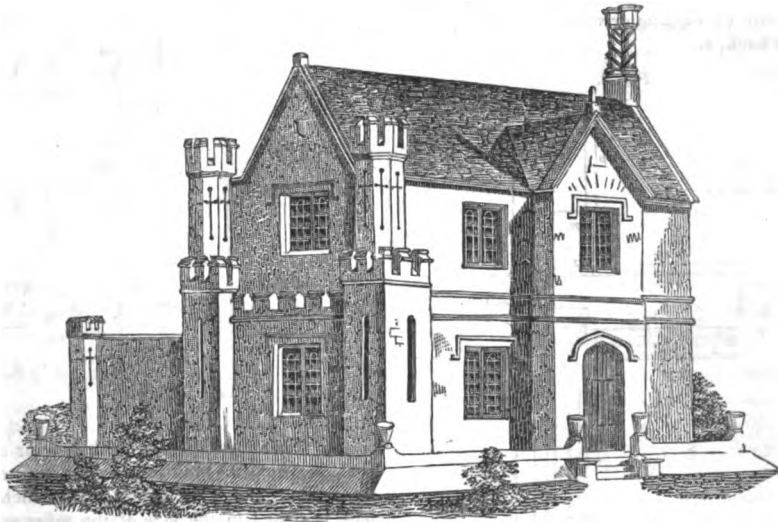
## SONNET.—TO A FRIEND.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

THY birth-day dawns with clouds; the earth looks drear  
Beneath the dark gray sky and heavy air;  
But yet there falleth on the list'ning ear  
A low, sweet music, like the voice of prayer.  
Say, rather, 'tis a grateful song of praise,  
A glad response to the soft-falling rain.  
How truly blessed often are those days

Which seem to bring us naught but care and pain!  
The gentle dew eye shuns the glaring light  
Of the rejoicing day—it falls at night.  
Then, dear one, be thy sky or dark or clear,  
Rejoice, and look with trustful eye above:  
Though clouds should gather, never, never fear—  
They're drawn around thee by a Father's love.

## MODEL COTTAGES.

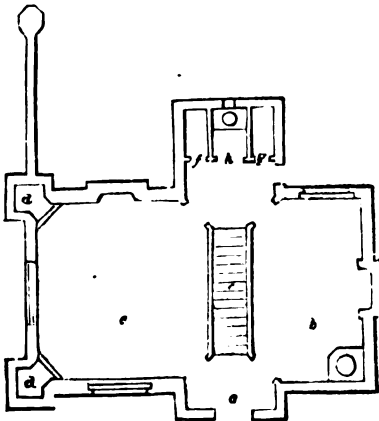


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

### *A Castellated Cottage.*

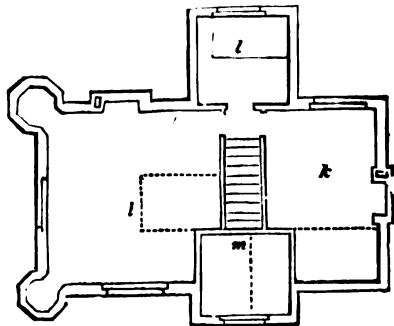
*Accommodation.*—The ground plan, *fig. 1*, shows a porch, *a*; kitchen, *b*; living-room, *c*; two light closets, *d, d*; staircase, with closet under, *e*; place for coals, *f*; for wood, *g*; and water-closet, *h*.

*Fig. 1.*



The chamber floor, *fig. 2*, contains two good bed-rooms, *i, k*; and two bed-closets, *l, m*.

*Fig. 2.*



*Construction.*—*Fig. 3* is a section across the window in the living-room, in which is shown the wall of brick, *a*; label moulding over the window, *b*; reveal with splay, finished with cement, *c*; frame to the casements, four inches by two inches, with hollow worked on the edge, rebated and beaded, *d*; inch and a half Gothic bar casement, rebated on the lower edge, to shut against an iron tongue let into an oak sill, *e*;



lintel, four inches and a half, *f*; plate, four inches and a half by five inches, *g*; joists, seven inches by two inches and a half, notched on to the plate, *h*; ceiling, *i*; cornice, with flowers or bosses fifteen inches apart, *j*; floor boards out of two cut battens, *k*; skirting board, with hollow worked on the edge and a groove, *l*; narrow ground, splayed for plaster, *m*; small fillet nailed on the floor for fastening the skirting, *n*; wooden brick, four inches by two inches and a half, *o*; plaster, *p*; oak sill, *q*; capping or window board, *r*; and window back, *s*.

Fig. 3.

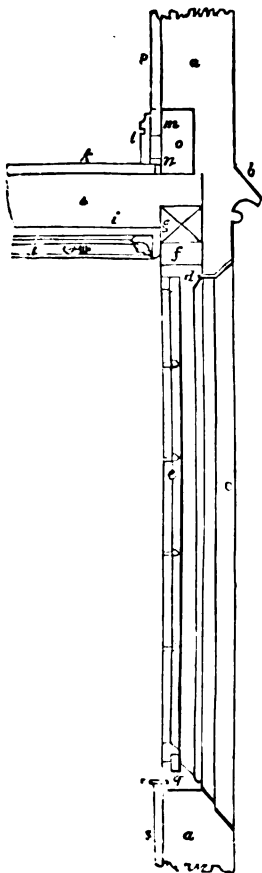


Fig. 4 is a section showing the construction of the embattlements, in which we have the wall of the ground floor a brick and a half thick, *t*; the wall of the bed-room floor one brick thick, *u*;

the coping of the embattlements, formed of Austin's artificial stone, *v*, *v*; and the moulded string under the embattlements, *w*.

Fig. 4.

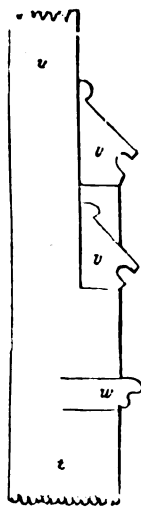
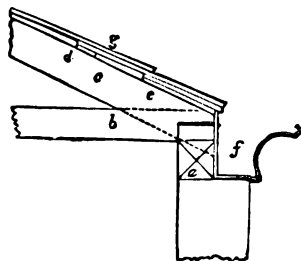


Fig. 5 is a section showing the gutter and the roof, in which the wall plate is represented at *a*; the ceiling joist, four inches by one inch and a half, is nailed to the side of the rafter at *b*; the rafter, *c*; four inches by two inches is notched on to the wall plate—the battens for the slates, three inches by three-quarters of an inch, are shown at *d*; three-quarters of an inch feather-edged eavesboard at *e*; a cast-iron gutter at *f*, moulded to form a cornice and fastened by copper nails to the ends of the rafters.

Fig. 5.



**General Estimate.**—Cubic contents, 17,688 feet, at ten cents per foot, \$1768,80—at five cents, \$884,40.

**"TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME."  
SONG.**

POETRY BY BARRY CORNWALL.

COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S MAGAZINE, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS ANN S. JARVIS.

BY ALFRED H. COON.

*DOLCE AFFETUOSO.*





Touch us gently, Time;  
We've not proud nor soaring wings—  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lie in little things.

Humble voyagers are we  
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime;  
Touch us gently, gentle Time,  
Touch us gently, Time.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

"She looks a goddess and she moves a queen."

She could not have had round, stooping shoulders and a narrow chest, or such majestic and graceful comparisons would never have been applied.

Our article in April, giving explanations and directions respecting the position of the shoulders, we hope will be read and followed: but before passing to the next topic, narrow chests, we will add here a few remarks from "Chelius' System of Surgery," a work of great merit and high authority in the profession. He says:

"The most common cause of high shoulders is to be found in the abominable practice of undressing girls' necks as low as the hanging of their clothes will permit. Instead of the shoulder-straps of their dress being, as they should be, fairly above the root of the acromial processes, [that is, on the centre of the shoulder,] they often—indeed most commonly—either only skirt the extreme end of those processes, and rest on the rounded upper part of the deltoid muscles, [resting nearly on the extreme edge of the shoulder,] or are actually far down on the arms; in consequence of which the dress, having little or no suspension on the shoulders, is constantly dropping, and the girl, to save her clothes from dropping down, or at least to keep them in place, is continually hitching up the shoulder from which the shoulder-strap most easily slips, and thus the elevating muscles, becoming stronger on that side, pull the shoulder permanently up, and produce a very ugly appearance. But the mischief does not stop here! For, though there really be no disease of the spine, yet this constant hitching up of the shoulder causes the head and neck to be thrown to the other side, whilst the chest is thrown out to the same side, and thus a lateral curvature of the spine is produced, and a girl's figure is spoiled for the simple purpose of uncovering her neck and shoulders as far as possible, which, as well for decency as for the preservation of the child's health, ought to be covered. Many parents have been thus the real cause of their daughter's distortion, if not of more serious consequences; and, therefore, in growing girls, who have the least disposition to slip the shoulder out of the dress, most especial care should be taken to prevent the possibility of keeping up this habit by having the dress made so high that it cannot slip down, and then, the sensation of its slipping being lost, the child no longer continues to hitch up her shoulder, and, by a little atten-

tion to her proper carriage, the mischief, if not of long standing, may be got rid of."

One other bad habit that must be corrected before the young ladies of America can have beautiful and graceful forms, or enjoy good health, is that of using *rocking chairs*!

"Nearly half a young lady's indoor life is spent, the body half suspended by the elbows, and the muscles of the back entirely relaxed, in the rocking chair. The necessary consequence is, a crooked spine, a weak back, a high pair of shoulders, and an awkward manner of carrying the head—effects perfectly incompatible with graceful movements of any kind. The majority of laboring men carry the head and shoulders less ungraceful than the majority of ladies, merely because exercise with them strengthens the back, and the forming rocking chair has never humped their shoulders and pitched forward their heads."

So says an earnest and sensible writer, and we think the picture is just. A lady should never use a rocking chair till she is sixty, unless she is a confirmed invalid. What a ridiculous figure a young lady is, folded up in a large rocking chair!

We will now give further extracts from the volume\* to which we were before indebted.

### OF THE CHEST.

Supposing the neck and shoulders to be all in symmetry, as before directed and described, our next step, in the formation of perfect symmetry, is to develop a large, round, erect and perfect chest. A perfect and noble chest is the grand basis of all good health. The lungs, to ensure good health in them, and everywhere must be large, and perfectly expanded in every part. Every air-cell must be fully stretched open, if possible, at every breath, and, at any rate, daily. The lungs cannot be perfectly expanded when the chest is in any way contracted around them. In a perfect chest, the spine from the root of the neck to the bottom of the waist is placed stooping backwards; rising from the bottom of the waist to the root of the neck, it inclines a little backwards of a perpendicular line, and does not, in a perfect chest, crook at all forwards. To form a fine and perfect chest, after the shoulders are fully in their places, all that

\* Causes and Cure of Consumption, by Dr. Fitch. See literary notices.

is required is to breathe properly and carry the person well.

Much has been said and written upon diet, eating and drinking; but I do not recollect ever noticing a remark in any writer upon breathing or the manner of breathing. Multitudes, and especially ladies in easy circumstances, contract a vicious and destructive mode of breathing. They suppress their breathing, and contract the habit of short, quick breathing, not carrying the breath half-way down the chest, and scarcely expanding the lower portions of the chest at all. Lacing the bottom of the chest also greatly increases this evil, and confirms a bad habit of breathing. Children that move about a great deal in the open air, and are in no way laced, breathe deep and full to the bottom of the chest, and every part of it. So also with most out-door laborers and persons who take a great deal of exercise in the open air, because, as I said before, the lungs give us the power of action, and the more exercise we take, especially out of doors, or hard labor in the open air, the larger the lungs become, and the less liable to disease.

Those in easy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employments within doors, generally use their lungs but very little—breathe very little air into the chest, and thus, independently of bad positions, contract a wretchedly narrow, small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of all health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect, the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can be stretched open to double their ordinary size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and all the agent required, is the common air we breathe; supposing, however, that no obstacles exist external to the chest, such as lacing, or tying it around with stays or tight dresses, or having the shoulders lay upon it, as I have before described.

On rising from bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, your chest thrown back, and shoulders entirely off the chest; now inhale or suck in all the air you can, so as to fill the chest to the very bottom of it, so that no more air can be got in; now hold your breath, and throw your arms and shoulders behind you, as if you would throw them off behind, holding in your breath as long as you can; again fill your chest and walk about, holding in your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as many times as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is heavier and denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Always when stretching open the chest with air throw the head back, so as to lift up the breast-bone and bend the whole bust backwards from the waist. You may, in this manner, expand the chest a thousand times a day, if you please. On going out-doors into cold air, inhale or suck in all the air you can, and hold it in as long as possible; stand or sit perfectly erect whilst walking or riding in the street, along the roads, in the fields or gardens. Practice this mode of expanding the chest. Do not stoop forward at all, but suck in all the air you can, throwing the head and neck backwards, and hold in the air as long as possible. By this exercise you will often at once check a cough, or disposition to cough. The chest may also be fully expanded whilst lying in bed.

Exercising the chest in this manner, it will soon become very flexible and expandible, and will enlarge its capacity and the size of the lungs, so as, in a few weeks or months, to hold double its usual quantity of air, whilst, externally, it will measure from one to six inches larger in its circumference. Should you not have full strength to enlarge the chest in this way, then use an inhaling tube. The inhaling tube will greatly assist you in ex-

panding the chest, if you are weak or not. The chest should be treated in this way during your whole lives. Should you become invalids, from any cause, keep your chests expanded by long breaths and the inhaling tube, and continue to breathe a little cold fresh air daily, by having it drawn from out of doors, by leather or tin pipes, or in any other manner you please.

Whilst forming a fine chest, and after it is formed, great care is requisite to establish perfectly correct positions, so that the chest shall not be contracted, and all your efforts counteracted by bad positions. If your positions are habitually bad in spite of all you can otherwise do, the chest will be more or less contracted. (see plate.) The rule with you should be, and the rule of health is, to keep the bottom of the chest, the ends of the short ribs, and the lower end of the breast-bone, as far out from the back bone as possible. To effect this, the chest must be kept perfectly straight, and thrown a little backwards from the waist, at all times.

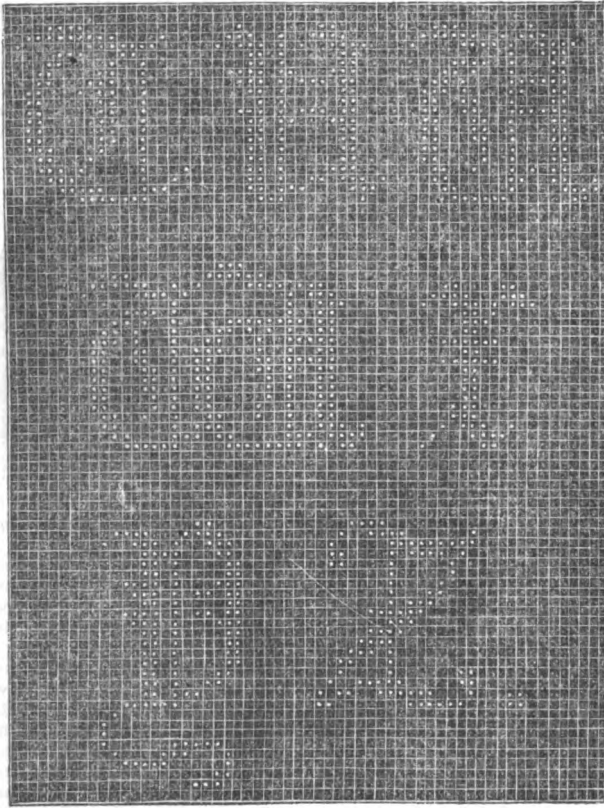


The small of the back is made flexible, but the hip joints are the points from which to stoop either backward or forward. These joints are ball-and-socket joints, like a swivel in some degree. The trunk of the body may bend forward as much as you please, for all useful purposes, and the chest, and whole spine, and neck, be kept perfectly straight. Hence, no lady should ever make a table of her lap, either for sewing, reading or writing, or any occupation whatever, (as you see in the plate.) Let all these, and all work you do, be arranged on a table before you, and that table be raised to the armpits, or as high as possible, so as to keep the chest straight. A little practice will make this infinitely more agreeable than to stoop, whilst little or no fatigue will be experienced at your occupations, compared to what is experienced whilst stooping, or from habitually stooping. The weight of the shoulders will thus be kept off the chest, which is one of the grand causes of fatigue from manual labor. You will thus entirely prevent the mark of servitude being impressed upon your persons, in a pair of round stooping shoulders, and flat contracted chest.

In all occupations that require you to stand, keep the person straight. If at table, let it be high, raised up nearly to the arm-pits, so as not to require you to stoop; you will find the employment much easier—not one-half the fatigue; whilst the form of the chest, and the symmetry of the figure, will remain perfect. You have noticed that a vast many tall ladies stoop, whilst a great many short ones are straight. This arises, I think, from the tables at which we sit or work, or occupy ourselves, or study, being of a medium height, far too low for the tall person, and about right for the short person. This should be carefully regarded and corrected, so that each lady may occupy herself at a table suited to her, and thus prevent the possibility or necessity of stooping.

## ALPHABET IN CROTCHET.

(Completed from page 263.)



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### ON A VIGNETTE

REPRESENTING A SWORD, GAUNTLET, WINE CUP AND MASK.

BY HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

SUCH are the emblems of the world's abuse—  
The sword and gauntlet—wine-cup and the mask—  
And war and vengeance, revel, fraud, the use  
To which man puts them as a daily task.

For ye who brandish not the vengeful steel,  
Yet to your lips the poisoned goblet bear,

Or, by the mask, your tortuous thoughts conceal,  
And cozen others—to your own despair.

And thus for ever wilful man destroys  
His time, his strength, his genius and his skill:  
Each on his fellow, or himself, employs  
Not all the good he can—but all the ill.

## NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

### THE EXHIBITION.

*"The artist, like Nature, must work from central principles, or he will only caricature her, and not imitate her."*

THE present exhibition of pictures at the Pennsylvania Academy is probably the richest and most interesting that has ever been seen in our city. The catalogue numbers nearly a thousand works of Art in every style of excellence, from the grim grandeur of the "old masters" to the polished prettiness of modern *diletanteism*; and fastidious indeed must be the taste that cannot find something to admire in the noble galleries just opened to the public.

Unlike most of our recent annual exhibitions, this is not confined to one class of works—those of modern artists—but a world-wide spirit seems to have governed the management, and from sources hitherto inaccessible to the public have been drawn these great stores of ancient and modern art. In these beautiful galleries, Painter and Patron, Collector and Connoisseur have come together as by a common impulse and offered their choicest pictures for the common benefit; and the visitor may pass from the toils of traffic or the busy idleness of the street into the very sanctuary of genius, the atmosphere of an Ideal world, and commune with the great spirits of the Past—the earnest and reverent soul of ALLSTON, the solid realities of WEST, the vigorous richness of STUART, or the silvery abstractions of SULLY—or, if his fancy so leads, he may dwell on the possible perfections of SPAGNOLETTI, the savage picturesqueness of SALVATOR, or the sombre mysteries of some great "unknown," whose greatest merit it is that it is *unknowable*!

Of the works individually it is not our present purpose to speak, nor has there been time to give the examination required for critical notice. The visitor will hardly fail to find matters of interest in either of the six spacious rooms, any one of which has attractions enough for a pretty good exhibition by itself.

The "MEADE COLLECTION," lately brought from Washington, occupies the entire south gallery, and numbers many great names and some few remarkable pictures. "*The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence*," is perhaps the best work of art among them, but the subject is so revolting, that, though the broiling saint is "done to a turn" by the magic pencil of a TITIAN, it would require more than the genius of that great artist to render the subject palatable to refined taste. It is the misfortune of this class of subjects that the more perfect the execution the more horrifying the result; and if the painter had succeeded thoroughly, we should behold the spectator rushing to snatch the saint from his uncomfortable sleeping accommodations. "*The Call of Matthew*," by JORDANO, is a genuine picture and a pleasing subject skillfully managed. "*The St. Jerome*," by SPAGNOLETTI, is characterized by beautiful drawing and fine expression, though the shadows are sadly sunk and the effect is greatly marred thereby. The "*Murillo*" appears to be a genuine picture of that master, and will find numerous admirers. The "*Salvator*" might have been a superb landscape in its best days, but it is much faded, and gives but a feeble reflex of that wild enthusiast. The water still flows limpidly, and the idea of space is well preserved

The "CAREY COLLECTION" comes next in order, though second to none in excellence; and it is a pleasure to see its golden richness ripening in the glowing light of these beautiful rooms. The pictures are too well known to need a word of description—but what lover of art will not recall with delight the "*Girl Listening to a Sea Shell*," with her exquisitely-modeled limbs, and rapt eagerness of expression that makes the marble smile? The "*Boy and Jackstones*," tremulous with the excitement and eagerness of his sport? And more than all, the all-perfect "*Proserpine*" of POWERS, so lovely in conception, so faultless in execution? Then here are the "*Tivoli Falls*," by WILSON, than which nothing can be more charming in all that renders earth, air and sky glorious; the two "*Mercy*" pictures, by HUNTINGTON, and those on which his fame must chiefly stand, for he has done nothing better; the "*German Landscape*," by ELSASSER, with its weird marvels of color and of form; the "*Sunset*" of PYNE; the "*Children*" of COLLINS; the "*Cattle Piece*," by COOPER; the "*Hagar*" of EASTLAKE. Who does not dwell on these "sweet memories" with reverent thankfulness to the noble heart that loved and the liberal hand that collected them—to art's truest patron, for he gave not his wealth alone, but sympathy—to the artist's best friend—in one word, to EDWARD CAREY.

From MR. TOWNE'S collection there are many fine works, among which we may specify the "*Northmen*," by LEUTZE—a noble composition, full of the peculiar vitality and intensity of the best creations of that fine genius; and "*John Knox before the Queen*," by the same artist, will delight every beholder. The magical results which come from a judicious combination of Color and Form are beautifully manifested. The stiff, upright lines of the stern Preacher in his black robes, the angularity of action, so truly in keeping with his downright character, are in fine contrast to the gentle womanliness and flowing draperies of the beautiful Queen. The attendant figures and the accessories throughout are all that could be wished. There is also a small picture, "*The Music Party*," by Leutze, belonging to MR. BRINLEY, which is most magical in its effect—that of an Italian sunset—and charming in its quiet sentiment. The sky, with its inward luminousness, so deep and glowing—the water, the city of Venice in the distance—behind which the sun has just gone down—the gay gondola party on the near water, all form a picture as rich as it is pleasing. There is another Düsseldorf picture, "*A Susanna*," by LOUIS BLANC, which will attract attention for its delicate flesh painting and exquisitely-finished draperies. The mingled expression of surprise and consternation is well given, without interfering with the beauty of the face. The anatomy is not altogether correct; but this seems to proceed from timidity rather than want of knowledge on the part of the painter; as the

\* Since the above was in type, we regret to find that the three beautiful works in marble just mentioned, and the "*Northmen*," are not to form a part of the present exhibition.

hands, always so difficult, are as exquisite in drawing as skillful in execution. There are some branches of an *oleander* appearing at the open window, through which the heads of the naughty elders are seen, that are as perfect in themselves as though they *grew* there. DA LISH has reason to be proud in the possession of this sweet picture.

MR. ROBINSON contributes two of BODDINGTON's fresh, sparkling sketches of the green, shady lanes he loves so to represent, also a most magical "effect" by PYNE. MR. BRIDPORT gives us one of BRIGHT's brilliants of the first water, in the "*Cumberland Scenery*," and MR. SILL sends one by the same artist that satisfies the eye and mind of the beholder most completely, though so different in manner and touch from either of the preceding English painters. MR. MACALESTER spares us the "*Backhuysen*" spoken of in our last number; and MR. SNIDER sends a "*Goat and Kid*," by LOUIS ROSE, that is a very remarkable piece of animal painting.

The New York artists have contributed, *not* as largely as could have been wished, but their pictures are among the most attractive. CROSEY has some racy landscapes, and ROSTER some admirably-painted heads—one, a "maiden fair with eyes down dropt," is full of sweetness and instinct with thought. MR. INMAN's portrait of *Wordsworth*, and the "*View of Rydal Mount*," will be looked upon with melancholy interest as the last works of that accomplished artist. MR. DURAND gives us "no new thing under the sun," and PAGE no fair specimen of his present power and progress.

The works of our own artists make up a large portion of the exhibition, which is right and proper; and we should be glad to notice in detail such pictures as particularly please us, but it is not possible to do so on the mere cursory examination we have been able to give. When we have more leisure we may speak more at large. SULLY's "*Queen Victoria*," though not a novelty, will be looked upon with a renewed pleasure in these ample rooms by those who admired it in a less favored light. And NEALE's portraits will be welcomed to the walls of the gallery, and the fine heads just painted will add to his reputation. WINNER, WAUGH and WOODSIDE have each creditable specimens of their powers in portraiture, and the latter has two or three historical subjects that show an improvement upon his former efforts. ROTHERMEL has a number of pictures in his peculiar style, which will command attention for their vigorous drawing and striking effect. BOXFIELD's pictures are delicious. READE has a few portraits of great excellence. OSGOOD gives us several heads manifesting his usual ability. WILLIAMS' and HAMILTON's landscapes deserve discriminating notice. But we might go on and catalogue a magazine full of "beauties," and not exhaust the subject, nor do justice to our impressions of this beautiful exhibition. And we say to our readers, one and all, go and judge for yourselves. The man of business and the man of leisure may here find "thoughts that breathe" addressed to the eye, and without the trouble of thought, may find himself penetrated with the beauty of true expression, the grace of great actions, the harmony of color and the perfection of fine forms. The Belle may well leave her tiresome round of pleasures to bask in the golden light of genius or the becoming light of "*patent burners*," sure that nowhere can she while an hour or a *lover* with more effect than among the works of those adorers of beauty and the lovers of perfection, such as painters, who *are* painters, must necessarily be.

Leaving the exhibition for the present, with these hastily-written remarks, we must find room for a few words on the new Cincinnati picture. MR. FRANKENSTEIN's painting of "*Christ crowned with thorns*," which has made some sensation beyond the Alleghenies, has been among us for a short time, and elicited warm commendation from the newspaper press and others. The figures, seven in number, are three-quarter length, and nearly or quite the size of life, the picture some four by five feet; and, considering the difficulties under which it must have been executed—without adequate models or any very profound public sympathy in high art—is certainly a remarkable production. The figures are nearly nude, and afford a fine field for the display of anatomy and color, of which the artist has availed himself with considerable ability. Parts of the rude soldiery, though somewhat exaggerated in the anatomy, are finely painted, and the coloring is fresh, if not in all respects quite natural. The figure of CHRIST is less satisfactory than any in the picture, and will not bear up under the tests of criticism, nor satisfy the devout mind. The artist presents him to us as a *man* bearing his sorrows manfully, and so far is right; but his form is not even of the highest order of humanity—that through which the divine has revealed itself in all ages—and therein he fails. The head lacks elevation of character; the neck is too short; the coloring of the face is some shades lighter than the rest of the figure—the reverse of what it should be—and the form lacks flexibility. There is a figure directly back of the head of CHRIST, with a comic expression, that gives to the whole an air of burlesque, which the Roman soldier, (though other ways the best figure in the picture,) whose main stock of drapery consists of a spear and a helmet, does not serve to diminish. On the whole, the picture belongs to that class of *surface* painting so much affected now-a-days, and bears marks of great haste both in conception and execution. We regret that Mr. Frankenstein should have fallen into this rapid and imperfect manner of painting, for we look upon him as a young man of fine talents, if not even genius; and he has but to throw himself upon the true instinct for color which he certainly has, to cultivate the higher faculties of soul, those which give insight into Nature and her inward meanings—be true to himself and his Art, to work out for himself "an exceeding great reward." To the genius there is "no such word as fail!" and if Mr. F. has not come off with entire success, there is ample room for encouragement in the picture before us. Nobody could paint such a work adequately in the time employed on this. What is soon made, is soon seen through. Subjects of this order cannot be adequately *created*—for creations they must be or nothing—in a day; but the true artist will bring to them his most mature thought, his most earnest and devotional spirit. Our artists must come to look upon Art as a high, a divine calling, not a mere trade, a thing of magicks and dextrous handlings. To use the words of another, "the artist should enter his studio as the priest should go into the temple, reverent and pure of all impulses save the sacred sense of his duty. For Art is a new and higher creation, in which man and nature appear in more intimate sympathy; and he to whom Art appears aught lower than this, who regards it as a thing beneath and not above himself who makes it a mere vehicle of amusement or of pecuniary profit, ceases to be an Artist."

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"He who reads with discernment and choice will acquire less learning but more knowledge, and as this knowledge is collected with design and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others." Such was the recorded opinion of Lord Bolingbroke, one of England's most illustrious savans; and if he had drawn it up purposely for the direction of ladies, it could not have been more appropriate.

In a "course of reading," ladies should always be more solicitous to acquire the kind of knowledge which can be used for the happiness and benefit of themselves and others, rather than to become learned for display or renown. "The use of knowledge in our sex," says the accomplished and witty Lady Montague, "beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life." History, geography and philosophy will furnish materials to pass cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals; and though few heads are capable of making Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Women are ridiculous, not because they have learning, but because they have it not. And she quotes Thucydides that "ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved."

We trust the course of reading we have recommended will be thus salutary in its influence on the female mind. If the hints given have been followed, the reader is now acquainted with the history of our holy religion, of our own country, and also of the Ancient World. The next department of history studied should be that of Great Britain. In all concerning her wonderful history we are deeply and directly interested. It belongs to us, descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, as much as to the dwellers in that proud island, until the separation of the "colonies" from the mother country by our independence. And our religion, laws, literature, are all derived from the same sources as are those of the inhabitants of Great Britain. The annals of England, reaching backward through past ages to link with those of Roman conquest and glory, will follow naturally the ancient Roman history recommended in our May number. Instead of Hume's, we prefer a later work—"Keighley's History of England, from the earliest period to 1837—with Notes by an American." Then there is a "Pictorial History of England" in course of publication by the Messrs. Harpers, which will be of great advantage to a correct understanding of the people and their doings, the real object of all our study. Another and most interesting work is "Mackintosh's History of England to the Seventeenth Century." Then the manners of different ages and the progress of arts and literature are best learned from biographies of illustrious persons. Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the British Poets," Forster's "Lives of Celebrated British Statesmen," Cunningham's "Lives of Eminent Painters and Sculptors," Russell's "Life of Oliver Cromwell," Southey's "Life of Lord Nelson," Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," are all of importance in understanding the real history of the land of our ancestors. There is also

"A Literary History"—*Biographica Britannica Literaria*—now in course of publication, (second volume just issued,) that promises to be exceedingly interesting and instructive. And another work, "Cyclopædia of English Literature," also in course of being republished in this country,\* that will serve as an index and introduction to all the learning and learned men and women the English nation has produced from Chaucer to Lord Brougham. This last work will prove a library of interesting and useful knowledge to ladies living in the country who cannot have ready access to large collections of books: and the price of the whole sixteen numbers—four dollars—is not so much as the cost of a straw bonnet without the trimming.

After the history of Great Britain, that of France is most deserving our attention. To understand the spirit as well as history of this enthusiastic nation, it will be better to read the French authors, even in translations, rather than English works on France or those of any foreign writer. Perhaps, however, it will be well to read, first of all, Crowe's "History of France," a valuable epitome, concise and clear; or James' "Life of Charlemagne," which has an "Introductory View of the History of France," and Wyatt's "History of the Kings of France." Then read D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation in France," Mignet's "History of the French Revolution," and Bonrienne's "Life of Napoleon." Thiers' "History of the Empire," and Guizot's "History of Civilization," Cousin's Philosophy, Racine's Plays, Montesquieu's Persian Letters, Massillon's Sermons, Fénélon's Letters on Education, Madame de Sevigné's Letters, Madame de Genlis' Works, Madame de Staël's Works, Aimé-Martin's work, "Education of Mothers," "Memoires of the Duchess D'Abrantes," and Beranger's "Poems." If you meet with Pascal's "Thoughts," and Thomas-a-Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," you will find them treasures of wisdom and instruction. We have given a variety of authors whose works are varied in subject and style; all will serve to impart valuable knowledge of the history, character and peculiarities of genius and thought which distinguish the French people. Their literature is rich in "Memoirs," and to these rather than their novels, usually exaggerations and caricatures of the most grotesque and monstrous kind, we would direct the reader who wishes to understand more fully the manners of the gayest nation in the world.

From France we naturally pass to the land of song, and Siorzi's "Compendious History of Italy," translated by Mr. Greene, is an excellent work to begin with. Then read Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," the poets Ariosto and Tasso, and the work on this latter by our distinguished countryman, Richard H. Wilde, will be found valuable. Roscoe's two works, "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," and the "Life and Pontificate of Leo X.," are very interesting; also Berrington's "Literature of the Middle Ages." We have only named a few writers sufficient to awake the interest of the reader in Italian literature and history.

\* In Boston, by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Sixteen numbers.



We find the course must be continued through one or two more numbers in order to make it as extensive as we intended.

**IMPORTANT OPINION OF A CELEBRATED DIVINE.**—Rev. John Newton says, in one of his letters—"I dreamt one night that I saw Matthew Henry lying open at this text, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches;' and I thought I read the following note at the bottom: 'Note.—We see the reason why women are forbid to preach the gospel, for they would persuade without argument and reprove without giving offence!'"

**POOR IRELAND.**—It is stated that in some of the interior towns of Ireland, all the dressmakers, milliners, &c. &c., are engaged in breaking stones in the quarries, for the public roads making by the government.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY LIBRARY.**—Count Leopold Ferri died lately at Padua, leaving a library of nearly thirty-two thousand volumes, *all* written by *female authors*! He must have been a *real* admirer of the sex, as he always lived thus in communion with the spirit of woman.

The author of the following beautiful poem, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, says in her letter—"This Temperance piece was written for a young gentleman who promised to become *temperate* if I would write him a poem." What greater triumph can the genius of a woman desire than this of moral influence?

#### LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

Look not upon the wine, oh, thoughtless one,  
While you have gifts that it may steal away;  
Youth, grace and wit, and genius, now your own,  
Are all too precious for the spoiler's prey.

Look not upon the wine! Unto your mind  
Were given broad eagle wings to sweep the sky:

Ah! do not to the dust its pinions bind,  
While those of meaner birth can soar on high.

Look not upon the wine! A garden rare,  
A treasury of wealth untold your heart:  
Crush not the flowers that bloom so lovely there—  
Dim not the gems that mock the crowns of art!

The love of kindred and the joy of friends  
Around you cling, as to the oak the vine:  
To every circle light your presence lends—  
Oh, look not on the soul-destroying wine!

Leave to the dull, the ignoble and the slave,  
A joy so base, a strife with such a foe!  
Whom to o'ercome no honor brings the brave—  
To fall by whom were triple shame and woe.

Look not upon the wine—heed not the spell—  
Yourself, so noble and so gifted, spare!  
Think of the friends who love you passing well—  
Think of your plighted promise—and forbear!  
E. F. E.

A clergyman of New England, distinguished for piety and learning, writing of the "Lady's Book" as the favorite periodical of his wife, observes—"If it belong to the department of 'light literature,' it is *light* in the sense that it *illuminates*."

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Articles accepted:—"The Maiden's Choice," "Song," "To a Portrait of Miss Leslie," "Sketch from Life," "To Miss Josephine G—," and "Song of Spring."

We have no room for "Stanzas," "Art and Nature," "The Miser," "Another Day," "The Lighthouse," and several "Sonnets."

The two "May Flowers" will bloom out in our July number.

### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

**SIX LECTURES ON THE USES OF THE LUNGS; and Causes, Prevention and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption, &c.** By Samuel S. Fitch, A. M., M. D. New York: H. Carlisle. We have adverted to this work in our article on "Health and Beauty," and we counsel our readers to examine the Lectures. There is much valuable information, and suggestions of great importance to those who wish to preserve their health.

**SHELLS FROM THE STRAND OF THE SEA OF GENIUS.** By Harriet Farley. Boston: Mr. Jas. Munroe & Co.—pp. 300. This interesting volume comprises papers on a variety of subjects, written chiefly while the author was working in the factory at Lowell. They do great credit to her intellect as well as heart, and illustrate the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties in the most happy manner. These "Shells" should be preserved in the cabinet of every American lady.

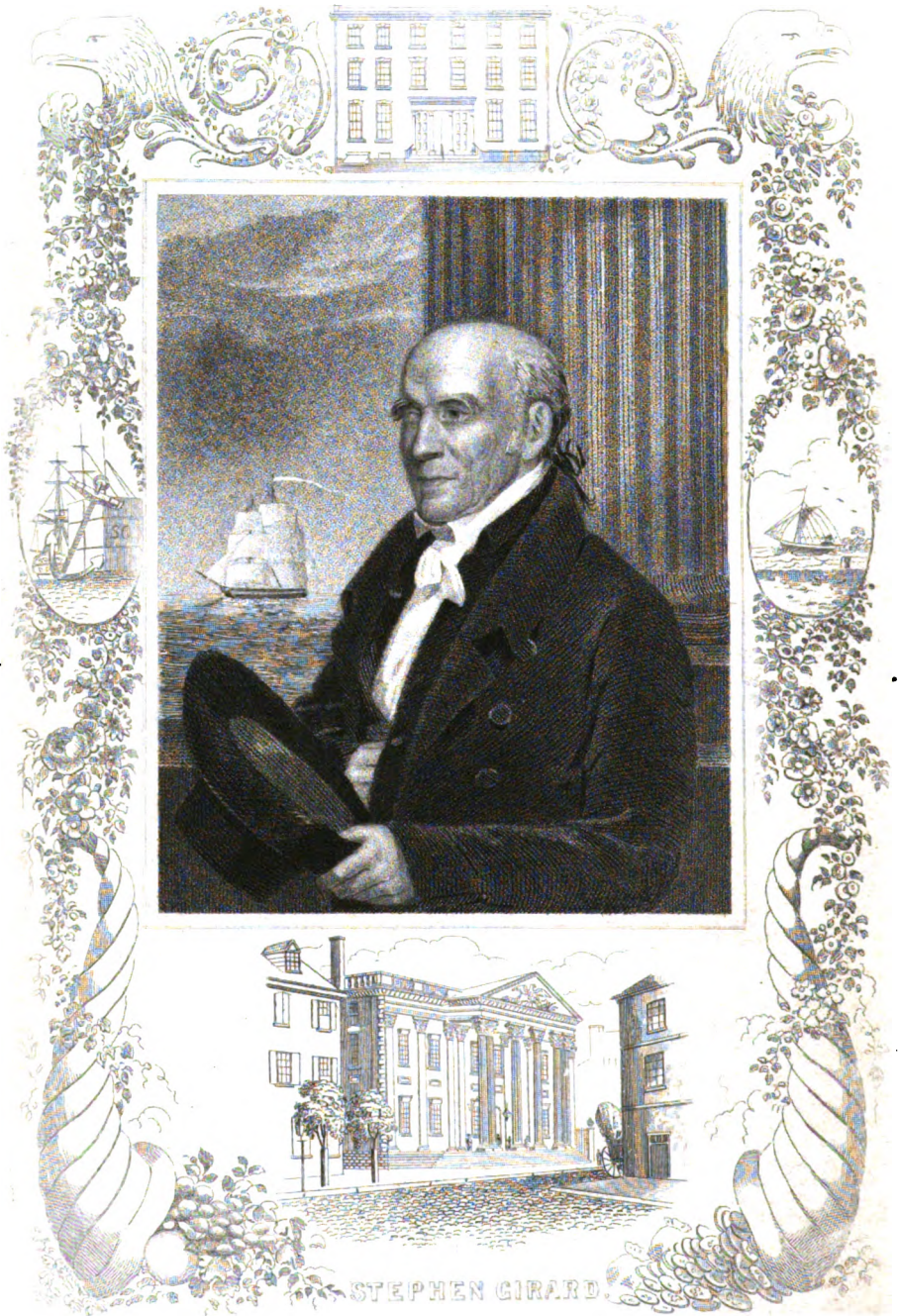
**THE PHONOGRAPHIC READER, AND THE COMPLETE PHONOGRAPHIC CLASS BOOK.** By S. P. Andrews and Augustus F. Boyle. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln. We do not sufficiently understand this new system of writing to give an opinion on its merits, but we see it is rapidly gaining favor both in England and this country. We see that Milton's *Paradise Lost* has lately been printed in phonotypes in Lon-

don. Any plan that will abridge the time and labor of writing and reading in this book-making age should be welcomed. We intend to become familiar with this phonographic art.

**AN OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD, DURING THE YEARS 1841 AND 1842.** By Sir George Simpson. Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published this very interesting and important work. The difficult feat of making a journey round the world over land was attempted by our own enterprising countryman John Ledyard, and its accomplishment was only prevented by the absurd jealousy of the Russian government, who arrested him and sent him out of their dominions. Cochrane made another attempt with a similar result; and it was reserved to Sir George Simpson to be the first traveler who was destined to accomplish the journey. They went from west to east, while Sir George commenced by starting from Boston towards the west. His narrative is very interesting, and will be eagerly sought by intelligent readers.

**THE COMPLETE GARDENER AND FLORIST, containing an account of every Vegetable Production cultivated for the Table, with Directions for Planting and Raising Flowers.** Sixth edition. Published in New York by W. H. Graham—Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street.





*Girard College, 1824*

G O D E Y ' S  
M A G A Z I N E  
AND  
L A D Y ' S B O O K .

EDITED BY  
MRS. SARAH J. HALE  
AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

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VOL. XXXV.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,  
1847.

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**PHILADELPHIA :**  
**T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.**

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Caps, Bonnets and Chemisettes.  
Model Cottages.

## AUGUST.

The Day's Work Ended.  
Death of the Red Deer.  
Godey's Paris Fashions Americanized.  
Caps, Skirts and Chemisettes.  
Model Cottages.

## SEPTEMBER.

Purity.  
View of the Bay of New York.  
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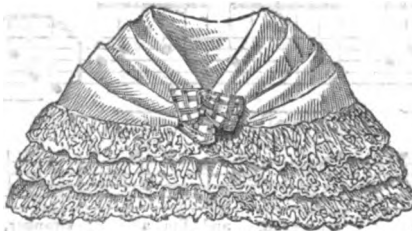
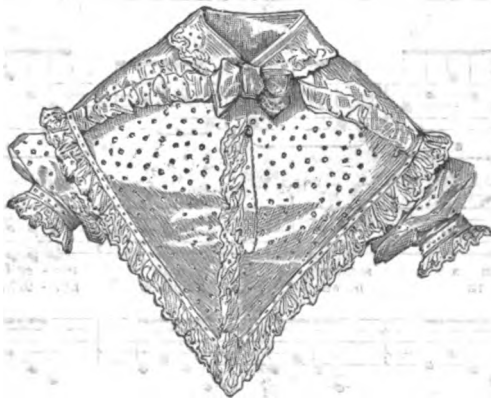
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## DECEMBER.

The Widow.  
The Widower.  
Model Cottages.  
Ladies' Fashions.





# I'M A PILGRIM AND I'M A STRANGER.

ADAPTED TO THE POPULAR AIR

## BUANONOTTE.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR AND PIANO FORTE

BY J. G. OSBOURN.

GUITAR.

ALLEGRO CON AMORE.

Piano.

I'm a Buona

pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar - ry I can tarry but a  
not te oh ca ra ni na buona not - te buona notte vador-

night, I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, I can  
mir Buona not te oh ca ra Ni na buona

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in both treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

tarry, can tarry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am  
 notte, buona-notte va ador mir; Deh non ram men ti, le mie

going To where the streamlets are e - ver flowing; I'm a  
 pe ne che tu non senti i miei sos pi ri, buona

pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.  
 not te oh ca ra Ni na, Buona notte buona notte va adormir.

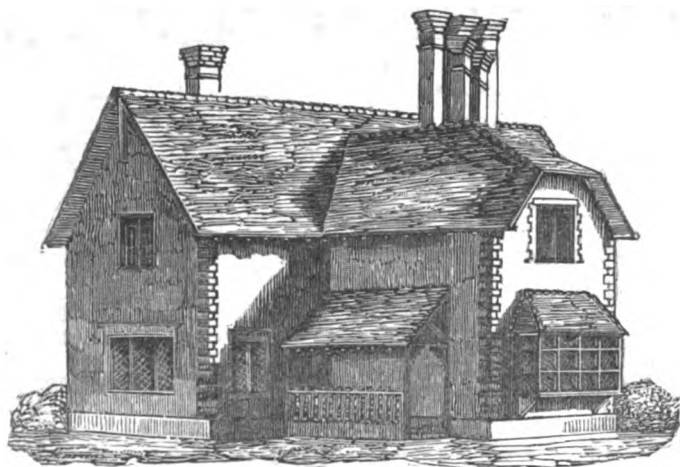
2. There the sunbeams are ever shining,  
 I am longing for the sight;  
 Within a country unknown and dreary,  
 I have been wandering, forlorn and weary;  
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3. Of that country to which I'm going  
 My Redeemer is the light;  
 There's no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying;  
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

2. Buona notte, &c.  
 Sol ti prego a rammentarti  
 Del tuo caro e fido amante  
 Che sincero ognor costante  
 Saprà vivere morir.

3. Buona notte, &c.  
 Dunque ti lascio oh cara Nina  
 To sol vodarti un altro addio  
 Buona notte I dolomio  
 Buona notte va adormir.

# MODEL COTTAGES.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

Fig. 1.

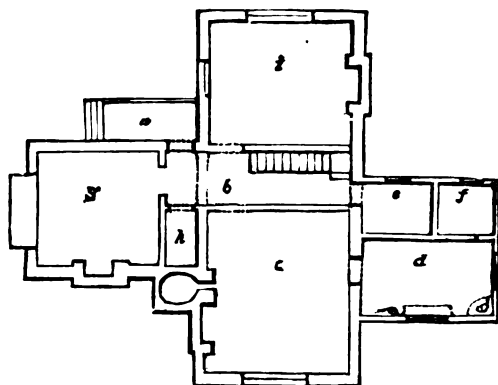
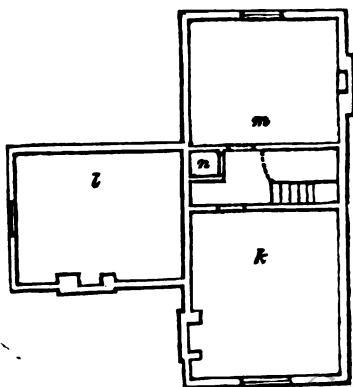


Fig. 2.







*For the purpose of the present work*

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1847.

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### THE DIGNITY OF MANHOOD, AS ASSERTED BY SAMUEL SIMPKINS, ESQ.

A TALE FOR HUSBANDS.

(See Plates.)

#### CHAPTER I.

MRS. AURELIA ANN SIMPKINS' husband had a high and very proper appreciation of the dignity of manhood, but, like some other theorists, he was very unfortunate in the following out of his system. Starting on fair and correct principles in the carrying out of the collateral and incidental points, he fell into some awkward errors, and in defending these errors he was led away from first principles. But Mrs. Simpkins' husband was not remarkable in this particular, as in all the disputes which agitate this hurly-burly world of ours, if we examine we shall find it exceedingly hard to trace the connection between the point of collision and the original point of departure. Not to weary our readers with the general subject, we shall adhere to our hero's experience. His notions of the dignity of manhood, at the time when our sketch takes him up, had narrowed down in practice principally into daily contests with her whose happiness, by a legal fiction, it was to own him as her lord—a pious fraud committed once in the marriage service, but never, it may safely be affirmed, repeated by Mrs. Aurelia Ann Simpkins. She had her notions of dignity as well as he, and here it was that they differed.

It is related of certain heathen idolaters that they praise, cajole, flatter and feed their graven and molten images, until the supposed deities are presumed to have been petted into an exceedingly good opinion of themselves. When—under this impression of their consequence, which their worshipers have been mainly instrumental in producing—these idols take on the airs of sovereignty by refusing to answer such prayers as may reasonably be considered unreasonable, the flatterers

and feeders become very indignant, and actually proceed to such lengths as irreverently to apply their feet where they have been in the habit of devoutly spreading their hands. They tumble the images down into the dust in which their worshipers have hitherto been proud to roll, and offer up incense no more in censers, but in the form of their own burning wrath against unaccommodating deities.

Schoolboys read of these people as of very preposterous pagans, and wonder how anybody can be so hopelessly foolish. But human nature is, after all, very much the same thing the world over, and though apparently different in different races, the variety is rather in the mode of development than in the thing itself. The cannibal who eats his neighbor would, in a civilized community, content himself with devouring widows' houses, and vice versa. The very schoolboys before instanced, who are in such amazement at the heathen idolaters, begin, while yet the incipient down is scarcely visible upon their faces, to tread in the same path in a civilized and courteous manner. They do not worship wooden gods;—the more 's the pity, if they must be idolaters, since wooden deities would give them a great deal less trouble than those before whom they do fall down. They set themselves to work to persuade members of the other sex into a hyperbolic estimation of themselves; and each applying himself to the crazing of one subject, flatters and persuades her into the notion that the earth's orbit at least, if not the whole solar system, is in some degree dependent upon her sovereign will and pleasure.

Such was the course pursued by the husband of Mrs. A. A. Simpkins—that is to say, while he

was yet no husband and she was Miss Aurelia. So extravagant was his praise and so pressing were his attentions, that he might have been almost supposed to be jesting, if a joke of such a nature could possibly have occurred to the matter-of-fact Mr. Simpkins. No, no; he stood too much upon the dignity of manhood for *that*. He was too sadly serious in his very methodical advances to be mistaken for any such individual. Like a general of the old school preparing to take a city, he addressed himself to his enterprise with most commendable formality. When he assured Miss Aurelia that she was an angel, he meant precisely what he said, and would probably, if asked for her wings, have looked in good faith between her shoulders for them. He worked himself at last into the belief of his own extravagance, and considered Miss Aurelia, if not perfection itself, perfection's first cousin. As he believed, so he acted—a homage most grateful, as may readily be imagined, to the fair object of it all.

After the canonical period of courtship, the couple were married. Now, Mr. Simpkins having placed his divinity upon the pedestal, was inclined to look for some return for his worship, as in the case of the idolaters whom we have referred to. But Mrs. Simpkins, like the idols, seemed to fancy that she had nothing to do except to receive homage, and was not at all disposed to make any returns for favors received. She acted on the plan that to receive worship at one time was to establish a sort of perpetual right to it, and Mrs. Simpkins was not disposed to relinquish one jot or tittle of the deferential respect which had been paid to Miss Aurelia. Mr. Simpkins, on the other hand, began to feel like other married citizens—to wit, that having very much belittled and degraded himself by the folly of courtship, it was now his duty and privilege to compensate himself by exacting as obsequious service of his wife and as complete obedience to his whims as if he had purchased her as an article of merchandize. There are more Turks in this particular than could possibly find a residence in Turkey.

Such was the posture of affairs in the Simpkins family. Civil war commenced just in the last quarter of the honeymoon, and by the time the constructive moon had waned, Mrs. Simpkins and her husband had waxed warm in their oppugnation. Mr. Simpkins had broached the ominous expression, "dignity of manhood"—a phrase which he had never ventured upon during the period of their acquaintance previous to marriage. Mrs. Simpkins did not comprehend precisely what signification to attach to it, but she perceived that when it was uttered, Mr. Simpkins's head went up so formidably, fiercely high, that a plummet line from the crown would have swung clear of his back by several inches. She saw that the lines of his face grew very rigid and determined in their expression, and that his lips

closed upon the word *manhood* with an ominous caution like that with which a man takes a double turn of the string by which he holds a furious and ferociously-disposed mastiff. She noted also that the battery of this formidable phrase was most usually unmasked against her when any great domestic calamity had occurred—such, for instance, as the non-appearance of his boots at the precise point of time, the accident of cold coffee, or a button off a shirt, or a waistcoat carelessly ironed, or an egg overboiled, or any other of such like momentous clouds which sadly disturb the matrimonial skies.

"Dignity of manhood," soliloquized Mrs. Aurelia Ann, one morning, as her liege lord threw the effervescence of his wrath into the strides with which he departed for his office after a not very comfortable breakfast—"dignity of manhood, eh? I wonder what Samuel Simpkins means by continually talking about the dignity of manhood? What can that possibly have to do with my telling him that I have given Susan her notice? Why is he continually telling me that he will maintain in his own house the dignity of manhood? But he shall come down to breakfast when he is called, notwithstanding his dignity; and I *will* discharge my maid if I please, whether his dignity like it or not. And I will run in to see Mrs. Jones, and she shall come to see me; and I will have a new spring hat, and he shall let me spend a month with my mother; and I will have the parlors new-papered, and he shall *not* smoke in the house; and I will go out when I please, and he shall spend his evenings with me; and—and—"

And then the servant came in to clear the table, and Mrs. Simpkins went to the window and sulked; and then she pouted, and then she went to her own room and cried. And in about an hour after Mr. Simpkins left, Mrs. Simpkins issued forth, all smiles and roses, to run over and have a neighborly chat with her dear friend Mrs. Jones. Of this conference we shall only say that the last words, as the ladies separated, were by Jones—"Let him, Aurelia Ann, let him!"

And Aurelia Ann Simpkins answered—"I *will*."

## CHAPTER II.

### WILL *what*?

That is the very point on which our story hangs, and we cannot anticipate the catastrophe. The reader has heard Mrs. Jones direct Mrs. Simpkins, in relation to some unknown horror which Mr. Simpkins, in honor of the dignity of manhood, was about to perpetrate, to "*let him*." He has heard Mrs. Simpkins answer, "*I will*." And while we shall not pretend to say how much the valor of this determination was affected by the fact that Mrs. Simpkins could not help her-

self, we shall follow Mr. Simpkins into the city, and trace out the consequences of Mrs. Simpkins' resolve and Mr. Simpkins' conduct.

Mr. Simpkins was not an Adonis. He boasted nothing classic in the lines of his face, but his body, upon the canon that Hogarth has left, that "a curve is the line of beauty," was full of beautiful lines. In the consciousness of a stature rather under size, he walked so erect to support the dignity of manhood that the profile of his back presented the double curve with which archers delight to represent bows in their designs for archery meetings, and in the representations of Cupids and Dianas. A front view suggested the idea that Sterne has with a humorous affectation presented in the word sesquipedality. His pedal terminations were gracefully-arranged curves, muscle and adipose matter being so well packed upon the osseous centres of his limbs as to give the most delightful and refreshing idea of a man well fed, and conscious of it. His walking-stick was correspondent in relative dimensions to its owner, for what was deficient in length was supplied in stockiness; and the careful ferrule and golden top, the lace and tassels, showed that it was no random stick hastily caught up, but a well and duly-considered and appointed cane, whose every fibre was full of the dignity of manhood.

Thus he sallied forth, faultless in dress, after his own fashion, though we are compelled to acknowledge that there were in his every-day costume certain indications of a taste in habiliments like that of the modern "gent"—a sort of defiance, as it were. And in the expression of his face there was the same look of combativeness ready to manifest itself in deeds should he meet any one upon whom it would be safe to attempt to try the dignity of manhood—such a person, for instance, as a beggar, a newsboy, a clerk, shop boy, debtor, wife, or any other inferior being. Simpkins had in him the "making of a clever fellow," as the vulgar proverb is, but the dignity of manhood came very near being the ruin of him.

If any wife desires to know whether her husband has a friend to whom he entrusts more of his confidence than to herself, she can answer the question without an appeal to him and without going out of her own house, or indeed out of her own heart. If she is conscious that she makes any person the repository of her thoughts and her adviser in relation to her course with him who should enjoy her complete and unlimited confidence, she may be sure that he does the same thing. Such a course on the part of one drives the other into it. It is detected as soon as commenced—not perhaps by absolute facts, but by indications in the conduct of the wanderer, which cannot pass unobserved or be misinterpreted. Simpkins hated Mrs. Jones, and Simpkins had reason. But because his wife did wrong, that did not make his wrong right; and if he would choose a confidant out of doors, he

should of all men have avoided a bachelor, of all bachelors an old bachelor, and of all old bachelors one who lived on a certain income which he was not troubled to earn. This leisure left him too much time to abuse his landlady and her servants, and his money was too great a temptation to the obsequious to fawn upon the old man without chick or child, in the hope that in his will he might "remember them." He knew no more about matrimonial dilemmas than a mole about colors or the deaf adder about the opera of Masaniello. He it was that was continually repeating to our unfortunate friend the ominous words about the dignity of manhood, which his client carried home to thunder at his wife. His advice was oracular, and thrown out in short sentences.

"I wouldn't stand it, Simpkins—I wouldn't stand it!"

"But what *shall* I do?"

"Do—why—do—why, support the dignity of manhood!"

"But"—poor Simpkins would begin again, and recount how in divers ways and to no purpose he had tried this talisman. His steps would still be thwarted, his wife would be obstinate, his coffee would be cold, and his sufferings would continue intolerable.

"Simpkins," the other would say, rising and making three ominous steps toward him, "*don't* be a fool. I tell you I wouldn't stand it—and you mustn't."

"But what shall I do?"

This brought them again to the old reply. And thus would poor Simpkins complain, and thus his friend console him by calling him a fool daily; and daily Simpkins found himself with as troublesome a charge as ever on his hands, in the dignity of manhood, and with as little hope of defining his position as ever. The only idea that he had of the matter was that his wife ought, in deference to his will, to have none of her own, and this was by no means a clear idea. On her part it was clear that she would submit to no such thing, and even if she had been peaceably and humbly disposed, Mrs. Jones would have been sufficient to prevent her from submission.

The great present difficulty between our couple, at the time this sketch opens, was a something of which not a word had been *said* between them, but a great deal had been *thought*. Such are precisely the worst description of difficulties between friends. Where there is a free expression of words, though even a little stormy, there is hope of an arrangement, but when there is a silent mutual understanding of a mutual misunderstanding, the parties fret and resolve, and threaten inwardly, but outwardly to third persons, until they are lashed into a fury which spends itself on all sorts of things but the real point of difference. Mrs. Jones chafed Mrs. Simpkins, and Mr. Simpkins was egged on by his bachelor bottle-holder. On the female side of the contest Mrs. Jones had



given her counsel; on the other side the bachelor fiend—that's not a misprint for friend—gave his.

Simpkins said—"I really have—indeed, I am quite determined—I think I will—go."

"Do," said the bachelor; "I would. Be a man now, or you're a slave forever."

### CHAPTER III.

SIMPKINS was a member of a club of good fellows. They met weekly to sing such delectable harmonies as expressed the determination—

If any one should enter here,  
Should enter here,  
Should enter here,  
If any one should enter here,  
Our mirth to interrupt—

he should pass through a horsepond, the nearest being chosen as most convenient, and thence be placed, for the evaporation of the moisture thus contracted, up a chimney, and finally be surrendered as a residuary legacy to a certain personage who is presumed, in club-room mythology, to take possession of all such cravens as presume to be mean-spirited enough to respect the feelings of their wives or the comfort of their families. But Simpkins was not a sot; he did not drink to very great excess at any time, and never would have admitted an enemy into his mouth at all to interfere with his brains, but for the necessity which the club-room code imposed to support the dignity of manhood. In certain places this dignity is made to depend on doing wrong in spite of good advice, if that advice is unluckily delivered by a mother, a sister or a wife. The chivalry of modern bachelorhood is best evinced by despising a woman's tears.

Since his marriage his visits to the club had been surreptitious, and his escapes at an earlier hour than was his former wont had been made almost as furtively as his escapes from home; but his wife suspected from the odor of tobacco where he had been, and thus he offended her. His club-mates—the bachelor in particular—noticed his French leave, and the poor fellow, displeasing both, had to run the gauntlet between two fires. His wife had one weekly particular pout on the morning following each of these stolen departures, and he vainly tried the talisman upon her—only to go out to meet his bachelor friend to be rated for his craven fear of a mere woman, and to be told that he ought better to maintain the dignity which he had been so fruitlessly asserting at home. Poor Simpkins!

His troubles had now reached a climax. The regular weekly meetings of the club he could get along with—after a fashion—though Mrs. Jones was told by Mrs. Simpkins every week how many cigars he must have smoked, as Mrs. S. discovered by his breath, and how much money he threw

away on each occasion, as his wife ascertained by a habit she had fallen into of sounding his pockets while he slept. For how many contemptible little meannesses and tricks does a lack of proper cordiality and confidence between a married couple open the door!

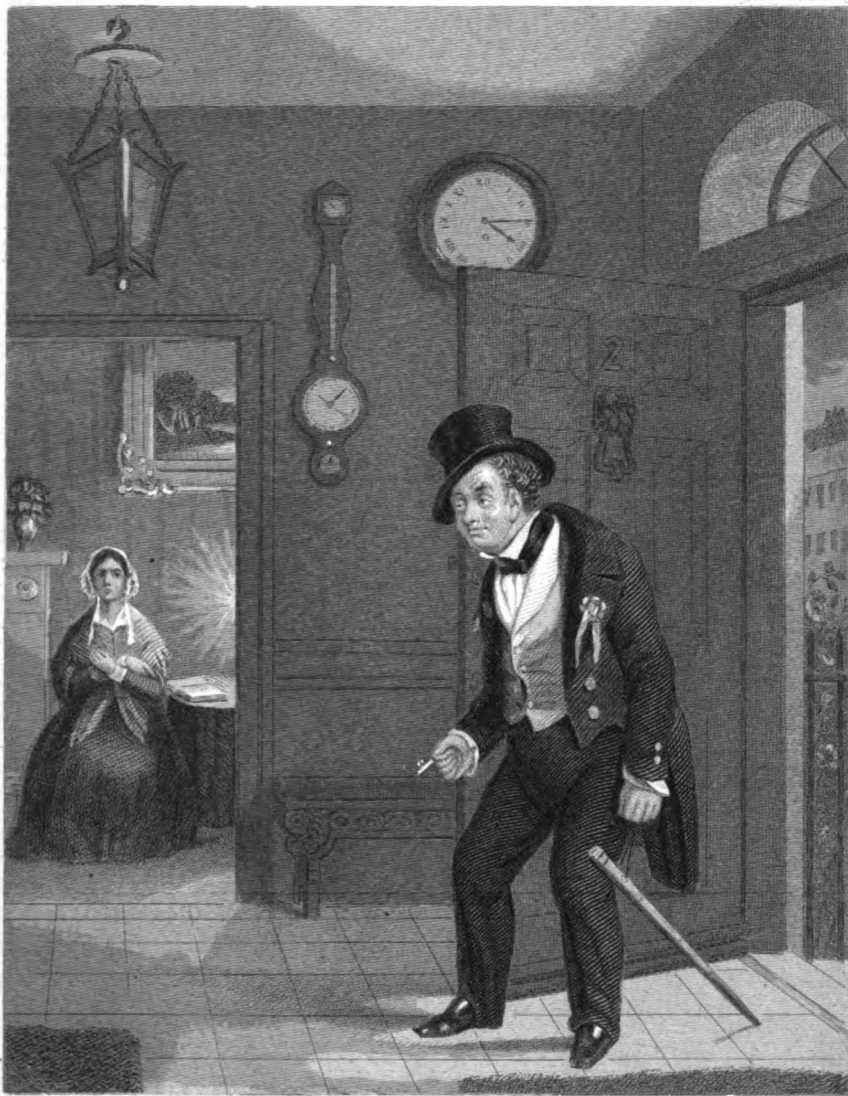
Yes, Simpkins could manage the stated meetings, or even miss one and pay his fine, notwithstanding the jeers of the bachelor at his lack of manhood; but a crisis was coming, a grand climax, a thing not to be shunned, concealed, avoided or covered over. The anniversary dinner was to take place—the anniversary at which on its previous occasions Simpkins had annually declared himself happy to bear an humble part—the great occasion when imaginary intruders were ducked (in imagination) and hung up in the chimney (constructively) with fifty-two times the ordinary enthusiasm, when the club roared out its wish that its collective and indeed each individual

" — throat could be  
Deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

The hour was fast approaching when old King Cole would be again set up emphatically as a jolly old soul, and Dull Care would be invited in terms more emphatic than polite to take his leave. The feast of reason—to wit, mouldy cheese; and the flow of soul, wine fit for men well drunken; the toasts and songs, and maudlin sentiments, the equivoques, obscenities and other evidences of the dignity of manhood, charged up to the chin, all were at hand, and could not be disposed of without "making a night of it." How could Mrs. Simpkins be eluded?

Simpkins did not know what to do. It was of no use to ask his friend, and as to his wife he was afraid to speak to her. He wished to go, and he did not wish it, and the end of all would have been that he would have left his club in the lurch and thus disobliterated them, without gratifying his wife by a cheerful compliance with her desires. But the fates had otherwise ordered matters. The bachelor suspected him. Simpkins had on former years done honor to an humble part, and his friends maliciously resolved to make him a prominent actor, and thus nail him whether or no. Without a suspicion what it could mean, Simpkins met his wife all smiles as he returned home the day before. Oh the crocodile! No, not crocodile, for crocodiles cry, but don't laugh. Oh the hyena! No; Mrs. S. was no such person. Look you up a simile while we finish the story.

Simpkins' wife had received by a messenger from the bachelor, in her husband's absence, the programme of the dinner, and with a commendable desire that her husband should be punctual, had hung it beneath the clock. With her own hand she put in his the badge of his post as one of the stewards to which he had been elected, together with the note apprising him of the honor. Simpkins was puzzled. It was a trap of his ma-



THE SPORTS

*There is no such a gentleman as a sportsman*



licious friend's. He did not know how to get out or which way to turn. If his wife had only said, "My dear, *don't* go," he would have stayed at home. But he was afraid she would say, "Of course you are not going to make a fool of yourself," or what would be even worse, though shorter, "You sha'n't!" and then the dignity of manhood, you know. The reader remembers that Mrs. Jones had said to Mrs. Simpkins, "*Let him.*" And that was precisely what she intended to do. What *could* she mean to do afterward?

And she was so kind, too, on the day of the dinner, in assisting him to prepare. His cravat, his gloves, his vest, his badge as steward, which she fastened on herself with a stitch lest it should get lost, (what a presentiment!)—the poor man was in a mist! The ground he was on seemed remarkably soft and pleasant to his feet, but so are the ashes of Vesuvius. He had half a thought that he was on the brink of a suspended volcano. He longed for the door key, but feared that to ask would cause an explosion. Mrs. Simpkins saved him the trouble. She handed him the key herself, with an impressive but still a kindly-worded charge, to come home early, to all of which he responded with an almost indignant promise, as if there could be any possibility of doubt that the dignity of manhood should not suggest to him what was proper to do in the case. Mrs. Simpkins, to do her justice, thought he never had looked so well since the evening he was married. In her heart she was proud of him, but still she feared. But Mrs. Jones had said, "Let him!" and so she had. He was gone—gone to that much-dreaded anniversary dinner, and Mrs. Simpkins, determined not to go to bed, sat down to mope till he returned.

She waited till one—two—three—four. No Simpkins. Mrs. S. began to be sorry she had trusted him. In a few minutes more her quick ears detected a series of not very vigorous but quite discursive attacks on the key-hole, and then the door softly opened. She heard no word, and no footstep, but a slipshod pushing of unmanageable feet over the floor for a step or two, and the rattling of a cane disturbed by the calf of the wearer's leg as the stick trailed by the string.

She rose and came to the hall. Her husband peeped at her from under his hat rim with a most comical squint, in which defiance, affection, fun and the juice of the grape were mingled, with a very small dash of quizzical shame. His hat had

the rakish slant of the subject of the last song which he remembered and was trying to hum through his nose with his lips tight shut, and he was bringing the key forward clenched in his fingers, as if—so *that* were safe—it was no matter about the door.

What a figure, to be sure! Mrs. Simpkins could have cried, but she did not. Her vigil had done her good. She had lost sight of Mrs. Jones, and did not try to recall that lady's instructions. Unfortunately, therefore, they are lost to the world. But it is not so much matter, since there are abundance of other mischief-makers of the same kind alive.

Exigencies prompt expedients. Mrs. Simpkins went up with an anxious look to her delinquent spouse.

"All right—hic—my dear."

"Not all, Samuel; you have lost something."

Mr. Simpkins' hands commenced a very indefinite knocking at the outside of his pockets; but as, when he tried to tap his vest he struck his coat, and reached the other pouches in the same undesigned manner, he satisfied himself again that it was—"All—hic—right, my dear."

"No; you have lost, since you went out, the *dignity of manhood.*"

"Dig—hic—he!" said Simpkins, throwing his head up in a vain effort to recover the perpendicular, while his rebellious limbs played him all sorts of tricks—"Dig—hic—"

Mrs. Aurelia Ann Simpkins put her husband to bed. Once and only once after did she allude to this affair in words. Simpkins, pursued by his evil genius, went once more to the club. Mrs. S. merely asked, as she looked up from her pillow—"Have you been maintaining the dignity of manhood again, Samuel?"

A story is nothing without a meaning; that of ours is obvious, and we shall not insult our readers by pointing it out. The dinner was the crisis, and Simpkins and wife have reached a better and happier understanding than they ever had before. No strangers are their confidants, and no unreasonable exactions on the one hand or impracticable theories on the other disturb their peace; but as neither the man without the wife, nor the wife without the man could do, together they support the dignity of manhood, and *say nothing about it*. Indeed, the very words are disagreeable to Simpkins, and no wonder.

## LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

BY MRS. H. SEELY TOTTEN

CARTHAGENA, *May 15th, 1846.*

THIS being the commencement of the warm and rainy season, we have left the narrow streets, the confined air, the excessive heat and the numerous mosquitoes of Carthagena, and are residing in a snug cottage at the "Foot of the Popa," where we have combined the invigorating air from the mountain and the refreshing sea-breeze. Here are some twenty or thirty pretty little cottages, thatched, whitewashed and rural, scattered over a considerable space of ground, shaded by orange, tamarind, cocoa-nut, lime and other trees peculiar to the tropics, while oleanders, (as common in this country as are sunflowers at home,) jessamines, lilies, and the flower of the *agua sal*, fill the air with their sweet perfume, and add to the beauty of our grassless yards. Vines, shrubs and trees grow luxuriantly in this soil, but the green sward with which our own America is covered is not to be met with here; and the eye wearies and is pained with gazing perpetually upon the white sand and double refined dust of both highway and pleasure-ground. During the rainy season, it is true, a variety of stunted-looking bushes grow up and conceal the barrenness of the land; but when the breezes come, the leaf dries and falls, flowers cease to bloom, and even the evergreens are disfigured by the dust with which the air is constantly filled. Six months of cloudless weather, and the remaining portion of the year showery and uncertain, with to-day a thunder-gust, to-morrow a clear sky, this week excessive heat and the next cooled occasionally by a heavy shower, make up the sum total of the weather in all its varieties; and the much-dreaded rainy season differs but little from our summer months at the north.

But to return. The situation of this village is picturesque. The square tower of the cathedral, the dome of the church of San Juan de Dios, several miradors, some blackened by age and the effect of weather, others recently repaired and gayly ornamented, a portion of the walls and the red roofs of many buildings within the city are seen at about a mile distant, while nearer still stands the venerable castle of San Felipe, with its towers, its ramparts and its parapets, and at its foot a number of palm-thatched cottages. Quite near by, through breaks and openings among the shrubbery that grows along its shore, glimpses are caught of the bay; a rude bridge on a small scale is reflected in the clear water, and day after day drowsy-looking fishermen sit perched upon it, pursuing their lazy calling and adding

their quantum to the effect of the scene. Back of us we have the Popa, and on its highest point are seen the ruins of a large and once very fine convent, founded in the year 1608.

An ancient chronicle tells us that the Holy Virgin appeared to a reverend padre in Bogota and commanded him to proceed forthwith to Carthagena, where he was to found a church and convent upon the highest ground he could find in the neighborhood. The Popa was the chosen spot, and here until a few years since resided the Virgin Candelaria, who was discovered quite accidentally by the reverend gentleman before alluded to, and who has, ever since she left her place of close concealment (a rock), been the presiding genius of the hill and of our pretty village. Her little saintship is a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, cherry-lipped damsel, about two feet high, with numerous dresses of rich brocade, satin and lace, and with jewels rich and rare and in great abundance. These are the gifts of those who have vowed to compensate her for her assistance in times of peril by sea and dangers on land, and on state occasions she is decked in them and carried in solemn procession through the streets, accompanied by the respectability and wisdom of Carthagena. Last year she was carried forth, the band playing our Washington's March. At present she is our next door neighbor, the church being close by us. The why or the wherefore of her leaving the building on the hill I know not, but it is said that her wish to that effect having been signified to the padres, a large number of persons assembled to assist in removing her to the church below. Money was necessary for defraying expenses or something of the kind, and a subscription being set on foot, some thousands were collected on the spot. Early in the morning the procession left the convent, but the entire descent had not been accomplished when night came on. The little virgin, doubtless fatigued by the viage, refused to proceed further for that night, so the crowd dispersed—the venerable Don, the titled nobleman and the man of letters retired to rest, leaving the good padres to take charge of the santa, and with her watch and pray until the morrow. Again the crowd assembled; the procession was about to be formed when it was discovered that the saint was gone, having eluded the vigilance of her keepers. Search being made, she was again found in her residence on the hill, which, after a conference with the padres, she determined not to leave unless an additional sum of money was immediately collected. This was,

however, soon accomplished, and since then she has not visited her mountain home, but remains in charge of the padre, who comes on Sundays and feast-days to say mass in the church and to perform the various rites of the Catholic worship. These being over, he occasionally retires to a neighboring cottage, and passes a portion of the day in mingling with the village lads and lasses, and dancing to the pleasant tones of the rude harp of the country.

These harps are manufactured by common carpenters, often too in a very unworkmanlike manner, and are sold in the market-place at from three to eight or ten dollars. Under the fingers of some black damsel the music is quite inspiring, and I have listened with much pleasure to the Spanish and Indian airs that are played upon them. Even the *polkas* are played, and sound well. They are danced, too, here, and many a

plump little negro have I seen flourishing through all the figures of these fashionable favorites, and imitating the steps and attitudes of the polka-dancing ladies and gentlemen of Carthagen. As the thermometer in this city usually stands in the neighborhood of eighty-eight or ninety degrees, you can imagine the exertion it must require to accomplish such an undertaking. But it is done, and lived through. Polka fashions also abound, and polka jackets, polka dresses, polka ornaments, and even *eggs à la polka* are carried about and cried through the streets.

I had intended giving you a description of the manner in which our country-seats are built, but having wandered over and touched upon so many subjects already, I must cease for the present, reserving this and somewhat relating to our manner of living, &c., for another letter.

## MODEL COTTAGES.

(See Plate.)

*A Cottage Dwelling in the old English style, with kitchen, parlor, business-room, three bed-chambers and other conveniences.*

*Accommodation.*—The ground plan, *fig. 1*, to a scale of twenty feet to an inch, contains a porch, *a*; a lobby and passage with staircase, *b*; a kitchen, *c*; a wash-house, *d*, with boiler, washing-trough and sink; a store-room, *e*; pantry, *f*; business-room, *g*; closet, *h*; parlor, *i*.

The chamber floor, *fig. 2*, contains three bedrooms, *k*, *l*, *m*; and closet, *n*.

The other requisite conveniences are supposed to be placed in the garden.

*Construction.*—The walls may be of brick or of rubble work, with corners of square stone. The roof is supposed to be covered with plain tiles, having barge boards against the west gable and also against the east gable, and with the two other gables truncated. (See the *Perspective View*.) There are Gothic labels over the kitchen and parlor windows, and the window of the business-room projects in the manner of an oriel. The tall chimneys are to prevent smoky apartments.

*General Estimate.*—Cubic contents, 21,660 feet, at ten cents per foot, \$2166,60—at five cents, \$1083,30.

## LOVE'S MISSION.

BY L.

COMMISSION'D by the Power divine,  
Love's mission hither is benign—  
A wise, beneficent design.

Wouldst have Love tarry, Man? Beware  
That thou no show of kindness spare!  
He'll bless thee with a bounty rare.

'Tis he bestows the pleasures rife  
Within the sacred pale of life,  
Where woman is a friend and wife.

A joy-dispenser there, she frees  
Thy heart when sad realities—  
Thy sorrows—wake her sympathies,

That sweetly fall, as on the brook  
The moon-beams, lighting up the nook,  
Which wears a dull and sombre look.

If thus companion'd, friend, thou art,  
Love's mission lives within thy heart  
Of memory, alone, apart!

## FOUR INTERVIEWS.

It was evening in Geneva, and she sat alone, that young widow in her sad dress and close cap! Alone, except that her children were playing near her. Alone, because she wished it, and had urged her friends to accept an agreeable invitation; she had letters to write, and intended occupying herself in that way, but a calm, glowing sunset is not favorable to study, and she sat near the door of the balcony, gazing on the ruddy tints of the sunny mountain-caps, until Memory, softly stealing up, had noiselessly opened her palaces of joy and sorrow, and led the traveler through many a distant vista, becoming, alas! darker and darker as she advanced, until it brought her to a darkened chamber and a bed of death! And it was but a year ago, and she was a valued, admired wife, and now—she was returning to her native land, a bereaved widow! She dropt her face on her hand and endeavored to control her sobs. The door opened, and a servant brought in a card.

"Will Madame see the gentleman?"

"It must be a mistake," she thought. "But no, perhaps he may bring me news from home. Ask him to walk up, and bring lights."

She looked again at the card, and regretted she had consented to receive the visitor, when she saw the name of a total stranger, "The Baron Otto von Resingen." But before she had leisure to indulge her regrets, he made his appearance, preceded by the light. She advanced to meet him, and expressing her sorrow that the rest of the party were absent, concluded he would immediately take his leave, but, on the contrary, the stranger, in very good English, informed her that his visit was to *her*, and that if she were disengaged, he would esteem himself much honored by a conversation with her.

Isabella, surprised, bowed assent, and looked at him attentively. She beheld a tall and powerfully made young man of about twenty-six, whose rather massive features and grave expression gave him a more mature appearance. There was no beauty, yet no defect, and as he gazed she thought she recalled his appearance occasionally at a distance, during her travels of the last few years; she thought also she had seen him at the table d'hôte of the hotel where she now was. This all flashed through her mind, as the baron with a reverential bow, drew a seat near her, and prepared to speak, she, poor soul! attending, as a matter of common-place politeness, but her thoughts hardly yet recalled from the lately present painful images, and with little idea of the nature of the impending communication. What then was her amazement when the baron gravely

and earnestly begged leave to present himself as a suitor for her hand! Astonishment literally closed her lips, and her excessive agitation first sent the blood painfully tingling to her face, and then caused it to retreat with a rush to the heart; her ears rung, and for a moment she feared her senses would fail her, but with a strong effort she recovered herself sufficiently to listen. The Baron could not help observing her emotion, which was reflected in his own countenance; his behavior was indicative of the deepest respect; he gazed at her with the sincerest sorrow, and when she appeared capable of attending, he proceeded in a faltering voice to apologize for having thus shocked her. It was the custom of *his* country, he said, "to mourn for a year, and then to return to society; he had hoped it would be so in her case, and until that period had elapsed, he had not ventured to present himself before her, but had contented himself with seeing her at a distance; he had intended to request her friends to introduce him, but finding that she was alone this evening, had not been able to refrain from presenting himself." He then went on, emboldened by her continued silence to state that he had watched her for several years, almost ever since her first arrival from America. "Chance," (or rather Providence, said he,) "threw us on the same road, and I was first struck by your appearance, then by your devotion to your sick husband and attention to your little children. Surely, thought I, that man must be happy who has such a wife! My family was very anxious I should marry, and had for some time been seeking me a suitable bride, but for all they proposed I felt a great repugnance; there was something not congenial to my feelings, and though anxious to gratify my friends, I yet hoped to find something more, something I had seen but in fancy, for I wished a wife to be mine in heart and soul, and to enter with me into everything, sharing my every thought. When I saw you, so gentle and so refined, I thought I would go to America, and see if there were more such left there, but first I would watch a little longer, and see more of this fair image. Then sorrow and sickness overtook you, more and more woes appeared, and through all I watched and waited, not being able to leave you in distress, hoping to offer help if any was needed, and sincerely wishing that health would return to make you happy; but it was not so, and after finding you were free, then first did I allow myself to think of a possible happiness."—Here he paused, but the poor young woman, who had hardly as yet overcome the first bitterness of widowhood in a strange land, had buried her face in her handkerchief, and was

totally unable to speak.—The baron continued, and said with diffidence, “that he ought, perhaps, to have first mentioned those advantages which he could offer, but that he felt such an opening would have been incomprehensible, besides which, they had never before appeared so insignificant in his eyes.” He then spoke of his rank, which was considerable, and his estates, which were princely, he having been his father’s sole heir and only child, brought up most carefully under the eye of a widowed mother, and under the special guardianship of his sovereign, to whom his father had been minister. He referred to a number of well born gentlemen for his character and standing in his own country, and again with earnestness besought her to favor his pretensions. By this time Isabella had nearly recovered herself, and raising her head, she was able to look at the singular being who thus addressed her, and much she marveled at the transformation wrought by the all-powerful touch of feeling, for he stood before her, no more a massive inert clod of clay, but a sensitive human being, all trembling and sparkling with the overflow of a true and deep passion, so long suppressed. Her eyes dropped beneath his gaze, and, inexpressibly troubled, she hastened to repair her involuntary error of allowing him to speak so long.

“I owe you many apologies,” she began in a faltering voice, “for allowing you thus far to commit yourself—you must excuse the grief of one situated as I am. You do me too much honor by your offer, which it is impossible for me to accept.”

“If I have been too hasty,” he said, “oh! let time repair that error, and only attribute my blunt offer to my ignorance of your customs, and the strength of my passion. I own, I should have waited for a proper introduction, but the opportunity tempted me too strongly, and oh! do not punish me too severely for a want of judgment. Heaven is my witness that my future life shall be devoted to your happiness, for it is impossible that a human being can appreciate another more than I do you.”

He trembled, and his eyes filled with tears; it was impossible to doubt his sincerity. Isabella’s heart felt afresh with the conviction of the reality of his passion. With a woman’s quick perception, she felt and sympathized with the pain she must inflict, and she felt also that the devotion of an affectionate and honorable heart was no trifle to reject. And yet, she was sensible that the kindest office she could now perform, was to annihilate his hopes at once. She felt that her slender strength was hardly equal to the effort, and yet it must be done.

“I deeply regret,” she said at length, “to give you pain, but I owe it to both of us to speak plainly. I am in heart and soul a widow, and must continue so. I beg you will say no more on this distressing subject, which must make me appear ungrateful.”

She rose as she spoke, hoping he would take it as a signal for departure, but as she did so he threw himself at her feet, and humbly besought of her a few moments longer.

“I will urge you no more,” he exclaimed; “it is not agreeable to you, and that is enough. I ask of you now only to think of me with compassion, for you do not know, you cannot conceive, the misery you are inflicting—you have been my thought, my idol, day and night for years, and now there is no joy left for me in the future.”

“I trust,” she said in tears, “that your various duties will interest you.”

“Yes,” he said, “duty was first, and should be performed, but oh! at what a cost! But I am giving you pain, for whom I would give my existence.—Pardon me, and think of me kindly if you can. You will see me no more, but I shall be near you.”

He rose, took her handkerchief from the table, and pressed it fervently to his lips, laid it down, gazed at her for a moment, turned, and hurried out of the room.

Isabella’s letters remained unanswered that night. She retired early, to avoid seeing her friends, but the next morning, after consideration, she determined, when questioned, to relate the whole simply—first, because she owed much to these friends; they had come to her in her deep sorrow, had remained with her throughout, and had insisted on taking charge of her afterwards. Nay! they had done more than this, for they had induced her to remain yet longer in Europe, and had treated her uniformly with that kindly and lavish affection which proved her company was a real pleasure and acquisition to them, even in her depressed state. She therefore, as soon as possible, exerted herself to reply to their kindness, and very seldom indeed did she indulge her sad feelings, as on the occasion we have just described. She thought, also, with reference to this strange event, that it would only be prudent to confide it to her friends, as the baron was a total stranger to her, and she might perhaps be exposed to a second visit or an annoying attempt. Therefore, she overcame her scruples, and decided on candor. There was also a secret dread in her heart, lest the matter might be looked upon too jestingly, or the baron pronounced a mere German adventurer, and although convinced herself of his sincerity, she could not convince others in the same way. She determined to take the first opening, and did so with dread, but was entirely relieved at once by the considerate manner in which her story was received. Mr. Southern and his wife sympathized with her in a manner she could hardly expect, and the former gave her sincere satisfaction by saying that he knew the baron’s character well, and that his rank and standing were high. They prepared, therefore, to resume their summer’s traveling towards the Rhine, Isabella with a lightened heart and thankful spirit. They saw no more of the baron, but



found their accommodations at every stage precisely what they wished, apartments always ready, meals always prepared, until Isabella began to think that traveling comforts were very much improved, even since her arrival in Europe; but the mystery was solved one day by Mr. Southern's coming in laughing, and saying that he had just accidentally discovered, from the conversation of two servants, that the baron had passed through the day before, and ordered the rooms prepared, "and I have little doubt," added he, "that we shall be equally well cared for through Germany." In effect, these attentions continued for some time, and then suddenly ceased, and they no longer found their lodgings prepared, or traveling quite so comfortable. Isabella, however, felt more at ease, for she had not been able to divest herself of the fear that the baron would suddenly rise up before her on some unexpected occasion, and she consequently had clung closely to her companions, and in her fear of being left alone, had accompanied them more than she had ever done before, which was of service to her health, as well of mind as body. She now hoped that he had finally betaken himself to some of his German fastnesses, which she trusted might be at the very furthest limits of geographical possibility, and so, after a week or two passed without any peculiar token of interest from abroad, she began to take heart and enjoy herself a little, and so they arrived in safety at Antwerp. Here they took lodgings for some weeks, intending to enjoy at their leisure the celebrated works of art in that city. The hotel which they had selected was a very comfortable one, and much frequented; this, however, did not interfere with their comfort, as they lived in their own apartments, and did not even go to the table d'hôte. Their rooms looked on a balcony which Isabella liked extremely, and she frequently walked there when at leisure. One day they had returned earlier than usual from their morning's excursion, and while awaiting the dinner hour, she stepped out on the balcony, and after one or two turns she perceived that a door at the further end, which had usually been locked, was now standing open, admitting the view through a passage of apparently a corresponding balcony at another angle, which looked so inviting that she passed through, and stood for some minutes admiring the change of view.—She was aroused by a slight noise, and turning, beheld a tall female figure, dressed completely in mourning of an antique fashion, the face almost concealed by a coif or hood. This apparition stood motionless for a few moments, intently regarding her, then advancing nearer and throwing back her hood, displayed an aged and pallid countenance, which yet retained traces of great former beauty in its features and expression.

"It is not the baron!" thought Isabella, "but if it were not such very bright sunshine, I might probably imagine it the shade of one of his murdered ancestors!"

The figure courtesied with dignity, then addressing her by name in very good French, invited her to enter the door of a handsome saloon near, and on seeing her hesitation, proceeded to apologize for urging her. "My health," she said, "does not allow me to stand many minutes, or I would not ask of you this favor, but I am sure I am not mistaken in your countenance, and that you will not refuse me, though a stranger to you, the gratification of a few minutes' conversation. We will sit near the door, whence you can rejoin your friends at any moment."

Thus adjured, Isabella's politeness and good feeling could no longer resist; she bowed assent, and accompanied the stranger to a seat in the saloon. There were two ladies sitting at the further end of the room, who rose at their entrance, but the stranger dismissed them by a few words in German, and then turning to her guest, said:

"Time is precious; I must therefore beg you to excuse the abruptness with which I enter on a subject so important to me. I am the mother of Otto von Reisingen."

Isabella turned deadly pale, and her first impulse was to look round.

"Fear nothing," said the baroness; "he is not here, but he has informed me of all the particulars of his suit, and it is with the hope of impressing you more favorably towards him, that I have made a journey of several hundred miles. It was my intention to have requested an interview more in form, but although I have been here some days, my fatigue, and your own occupations have prevented it. I have seen you, however, several times, and as you may suppose, have looked at you with peculiar interest. My son is the last of his race, and the only one of my eight sons who has survived extreme youth. It has long been my anxious desire that he should give me a daughter-in-law who would make him happy, but hitherto my wishes have been fruitless. He has been to me an obedient and exemplary son, and such give a pledge that they will be good husbands. It occurred to me, that you might naturally object to encouraging his suit, on account of your total ignorance of his family and their views or wishes on the subject; such feelings are so important with us, and have so much weight that I was desirous of assuring you in person of my own extreme desire for the alliance, and my great respect for your character. Dear madam! can you not re-consider your resolution, and leave us the hope that you may, perhaps, become one of us?"

By this time Isabella's fears had entirely left her; she had collected her thoughts, and looked with much interest on the imposing form of this interesting and devoted mother, who had, for her son's sake, broken through all the barriers of seclusion, etiquette, and long habit, and placed herself in the uncouth situation of a pleader with a total stranger from a foreign land. She there-

fore answered in a voice full of emotion and respect.

"I feel truly honored, madam, by the step you have taken, and regret sincerely it must be a fruitless one with regard to me. My affections and wishes all rest in my native land, and I feel that I could not be happy in any other. I look forward to returning home with the utmost anxiety, and hope there to educate my children, who are now my first object in life. This, madam, you will understand; and I truly hope that before long you may be gratified by your son's choosing a wife more suitable for him in every respect, whose feelings and interests will be the same with his, and whose habits and education will have better fitted her for the performance of those duties which I, no doubt, should be deficient in through ignorance."

Isabella was astonished at her own self-possession, but she felt the necessity of speaking plainly, and was glad to find she was capable of expressing what she wished.

The old lady sighed deeply, and after a moment's pause, resumed—

"All that you have said, madam, is so wise and so amiable, that it only increases the sorrow I feel at not obtaining what I should value so highly. Yet allow me one word more. My son's wife, from her position, will be placed far above the necessity of any personal trouble. We live in a little world of our own, of which she would be the sovereign, and all we ask of her is to make others happy by her kindness and judgment. Of this, madam, I should not only feel assured in your case, but also that you would adorn the station we are anxious you should accept. For your children, so justly your first care, a handsome provision should be made, and any arrangement entered into that you choose."

Isabella felt her fortitude forsaking her; the whole scene appeared so extraordinary, the circumstances so unexpected! A tide of gratitude rushed to her heart, at being so kindly entreated, so earnestly sought by strangers, who, she could no longer doubt, were of high consideration. This widowed, ancient lady pleading for her only son, made unhappy through *her* means! All the obstacles, all the objections, so carefully met and answered! These proved to her, quick as thought, that everything had been well pondered, dwelt on, and matured, and no hasty fancy which might easily be laid aside. She felt her face flush, and tears fill her eyes, and hastily rose, fearing her voice might entirely forsake her. But a few words she said, full of grief and tender consideration, but also of positive refusal. The old lady rose also, took her hand, offered no further argument, said solemnly, "I regret it is so, my child; God speed you!" and so let her depart.

The next morning, before Isabella's friends had decided on any plan, a train of traveling carriages left the hotel, and as they passed Isabella's win-

dows, she could perceive a mourning figure gazing upwards. She was in the balcony, and made a gesture of adieu, which was promptly answered; the carriages passed on and no more was seen. This enabled our party to remain as they had intended, although Isabella felt that she should not be quite at ease as long as they were still in Europe. Nevertheless, the rest of their stay was unmarked by anything eventful; they made their visit to Paris, and early in the fall proceeded to Havre, where, having engaged their passage in a New York packet, they made their final arrangements, sent their baggage on board and followed themselves, and now Isabella really felt a load off her heart, and her spirits rose, as, seated with her children in a convenient corner on the deck, she breathed the fresh salt air, and watched the last preparations for departure; and now also she was fain to revert with something of amusement, (for hers was naturally a joyous nature,) to her little tremors and fears on the road lately, whenever they met with anything particularly comfortable, lest it should be a token of some one's vicinity, these fears having been noticed by her companions, but only by arch looks.

"Now," thought she, "I really am myself again, for until this moment I have been in such dread that I have not had the use of my senses."

She almost doubted them at that moment, for the baron stood before her! and the shock almost deprived her of speech, for the first appalling idea was that he meant to take the voyage with her!

He perceived her terror, and looking almost like a ghost himself, he exclaimed—"Pardon! pardon!"

"You are not going with us," she uttered with a violent effort.

"I dared not," he replied, "nor did I intend you should see me again, but while watching your departure, and thinking I had beheld you for the last time, you came up on deck and seated yourself so near me, that I could not resist approaching you once more, and this being the last offence, I trust to your goodness to forgive it."

He spoke slowly and sorrowfully, and her great relief now enabled her to listen and to perceive that he was much changed. From a stout and florid man, he had become meager and hollow-eyed, and his countenance bore an expression of deep sorrow, which, when she first saw him, she had little idea it could exhibit. She felt another pang as she became conscious of this, and acknowledged to herself that she had not supposed that heavy countenance could express sentiment.

"I entreat you," she said, "to give up the thoughts that have made you so unhappy, and return to your mother, who no doubt is anxious about you. You have many urgent duties to perform, as I learned from her; do not allow a feeling unworthy of you to interfere with the happiness and comfort of many."

She spoke ardently and with a strong desire to

convince, anxious if possible to arouse a manly feeling of pride in his heart. He listened attentively, but sadly.

"Every word you say is right, and I feel its importance, but your wise counsel only increases the bitterness of this hour. Is it—*must* it be impossible?"

She clasped her hands in distress.

"As long as those children are spared to be my charge, I can enter into no new ties, no, not even in my own country."

"Is it so?" he said, "then farewell, at least for the present."

"You will not follow me!"—she exclaimed in terror.

"I will not," he replied gravely, fixing his eyes on hers—"do not imagine for an instant that I would do anything to give you pain, and now will you grant me one favor, the first, and the last? Will you give me some little token of remembrance, to recall your words when you are gone?"

"I will," she said, "on that condition, that you do recall my words when I am gone, and that you never look at it without remembering my earnest recommendation, to choose a companion from among yourselves."

"I will!" he said, "I will!—and now will you give me this glove?"

"Take it," she said, "and farewell."

He rushed at the last moment from the ship, and stood watching it till it was a mere speck, then wearily resumed his homeward way.

Years elapsed, yes, many years passed away—Isabella had made her voyage in safety, had established herself in her modest, yet elegant home, and after so many painful vicissitudes, had felt that rest was indeed grateful. She arranged her affairs—and educated her children, and cultivated her talents, and performed her duties to the best of her ability, and she was repaid by peace and health. Her children grew and promised well, and as they thrive, the mother likewise improved, for there is naught so beneficial as peace of mind; neither is there anything which so soon destroys beauty and constitution as care, especially the daily trials and cares inseparable from a divided and unhappy household.

Isabella's first marriage, if not one of love, had been a peaceful one; there had been no trials of temper, and although her husband was inferior to herself, still from her youth she had not perceived it, and his illness and death had been to her a great and solemn sorrow. She had had several suitable offers since her return home, but her devotion to her children had prevented her marrying. She was now a beautiful woman of thirty-six, fair and blooming, and of uncommon attraction of manner. Her son had just obtained an appointment as Cadet at West Point, and her daughter had grown into an elegant young woman, tall and brilliant, with a more imposing aspect than her mother, who always charmed from her extreme

softness. She was now eighteen, had been in society one year, and much admired, and was now in the interesting position of an engaged person. Before we mention to whom, it is necessary to go back a year or two, to the time when Mary, Isabella's daughter, was fifteen, and not yet grown up.

At that period a young foreigner arrived, of pleasing manners and appearance, who came with the usual design of strangers, to travel. He brought letters of introduction to several of Isabella's friends, and was by them introduced to her; there was no doubt of his respectability, and his manners and accomplishments made him a most agreeable companion. He spoke English and French fluently, the former with scarcely any accent, and was so much at ease in the latter that he was considered a Frenchman. He appeared to take a peculiar fancy to Isabella, and she, on her part, was equally pleased with him, appreciating fully his unaffected and yet polished manners, and his various acquirements, and considering that the disparity in their ages could not possibly allow of any invidious remarks, as he was only twenty-one. It was only, however, after an acquaintance of some months, that she allowed him to visit at her house and become acquainted with her daughter. The winter departed and spring came, and yet he lingered, and then concluded it was too warm to venture south; however, he came to travel, and travel he must—and travel he did, accordingly, but it was not until the summer was well advanced, and then he traveled in the same rout as Isabella and her party, and joined them as often as possible. Another winter found him again near them, and after being rallied a little on his want of energy, declared that on the contrary, it was his extreme energy that prevented his moving, for that he disapproved entirely of idle men, and had just received permission from his guardian and uncle Count Herenstadt, to study medicine in that very city, as a knowledge of that profession would be seriously useful to him on his estates.

"And your travels?" said Isabella to him.

"Oh, my travels can be executed afterwards; there is plenty of time."

Isabella and her friends talked over the matter with a good deal of amusement, and prophesied that the young gentleman would soon be tired of so novel and fatiguing a pursuit; but they were mistaken, for he had been accustomed to severe study, and fell into it as naturally as possible, and amused them very much with the accounts of his progress. His was a happily constituted mind, which had been well drilled into a habit of close application—and he often astonished them after a day of hard study by coming in late in the evening, as fresh as possible, and full of interest about everything, and ready to relate or listen as the case might be. In fact, he won the affections of every one that knew him, and Mr. Southern's family, to whom he had letters, were enthusiastic

in his praise. He had identified himself so much with the interests of his friends, that he almost seemed an American in feeling, and one day, as they were joking with him about his new country, he declared he should be equally American when he got back to Germany.

"And what should you do in Germany?" asked Mary.

"What but attend to my estates!" said he.

"Your estates in Germany!" she exclaimed.

"I thought you were a Frenchman."

"I hope," he answered, "you will not like me the less for being a German."

"No, certainly, only it appears to me so strange, that we should not before have known your country."

"It is strange," he replied, "as I am much attached to it, and have nothing so much at heart as to be of service to it in any way."

Isabella here made an effort to say that the mistake was not unaccountable, as he had been so much in France, and had come last from that country, but the word "German" had struck a chill to her heart, and she retired feeling melancholy, and her past trials and painful reminiscences of Germany rose strongly to her mind and again passed in review.

"Am I destined," thought she, "to be once more rendered anxious by one of that country!" but the unpleasant feeling did not last, and was soon dispelled by the vision of Leopold's bright face, and brighter character, musing on which, she fell asleep.

The winter passed, and summer came on again, and it was evident the young gentleman meant to pass it as before, viz., in their company. Mary was now near seventeen, and Isabella began to be seriously alarmed on her account, and yet knew not how to stop the growing intimacy with so unexceptionable a young person. She went to confide her anxieties to her old friend Mr. Southern, who, after hearing her story with attention, asked if she had any objection to the young man.

"None, except as a son-in-law," said she.

"And what is your objection to him as a son-in-law?"

"Why, he is a German, or, I should rather say, a foreigner!"

"I am afraid, my good lady, you have some not very agreeable reminiscences of Germany! however, if your objections are not insuperable, I advise you to let matters take their course, for you will nowhere find a finer young fellow, nor, I really think, a more amiable member of your family."

Isabella, however, was not satisfied; a host of unpleasant feelings arose whenever the subject recurred, and that was often. She spent the summer in the house of a friend, where Leopold could not come, and when the fall arrived, and they again met, and she perceived the extreme eagerness with which he met them, and the joy with which he resumed his visits at the house, she

felt as if there were no safety but in flight, and accordingly, began to speak and think seriously about spending the winter away. She had friends and relations in Savannah, and determined to pass the winter there, and afterwards be guided by circumstances. She began to make arrangements to that effect, but before much had been done, the report reached Leopold, who came to her with an agitated countenance, to learn if it were true, and on receiving confirmation of it, merely said a few words of regret, and hurried off. The next morning he came at an hour when he knew he should find Isabella alone, and asked if she could devote an hour to him, and on her consenting, he opened his heart to her; told her of his wishes, his hopes, and his attachment to her daughter; and laid before her a full statement of his affairs and plans; said that he had not intended to venture a proposal before concluding his studies, but that he had hoped on taking his degree, to make his offer.

There was little to be said. Isabella did not feel herself justified in opposing the connection, when she found her daughter's feelings were in favor of it, so with a heavy heart she gave her consent, and they concluded to remain at home, and the marriage was to take place as soon as he graduated. He rose in their estimation by the perseverance and self-denial he exhibited in his studies, and when Isabella praised him for it.

"Nay," he exclaimed, "when I have been with you, I have then the strongest incentive to exertion!"

He now spoke frequently to them of his relations at home, especially his Uncle Herenstadt, who had brought him up, and to whom he always referred as a model of wisdom and experience.

Mary one day inquired if his uncle was so very old, as he seemed to be a perfect *Nestor*!

"I wish you could see my Uncle Herenstadt," he said; "he is one of the most elegant men I have ever seen, and still young. He was our Minister at Paris, where I stayed with him for two years; he was much admired there and esteemed, and was of the greatest advantage to me, for I went out with him whenever my studies allowed. He had been there for several years before, and knew how to give the best advice about everything. On his return home the first time, he was a good deal at court, and it was said might have made several good matches, but he did not seem disposed that way. Indeed, one of the princesses was even said to have cast her eyes on him, but as soon as my uncle heard the report, he requested the embassy to Paris, which they were very glad to give to a person of his standing."

Leopold often spoke in this way of his uncle, and gave them a most exalted idea of his character. They had now received letters from him in answer to those announcing the engagement, expressing his extreme satisfaction at the alliance, in the most gratifying terms, and they were now very desirous that he should visit America and be present at the marriage. There seemed to be

some doubt or obstacle respecting this; at one time he thought it likely he could come, but now the last letters announced that he would hardly arrive in time, but desired they would not defer the ceremony.

The course of study was now completed, the degree conferred, and Leopold now, with his new dignity, urged the wedding day should be fixed, which accordingly was done, but my Uncle Herenstadt was not to be there, at least his sailing must be so uncertain, that he did not wish their arrangements to depend at all on it.

The day came! the evening arrived! and the guests assembled. Isabella's courage did not fail her at that critical time, for she had thought so much, and felt so much, and wept so much, in anticipation of this hour, that she seemed to have exhausted her unpleasant feelings on the subject, and all that now dwelt in her mind was her daughter's happiness and Leopold's affectionate devotion. She was composed and perfectly satisfied, and received her guests with her usual cordiality. The hour struck, and the bridal party entered, a large train, and among them a stranger of distinguished appearance, whom Isabella remarked not in the agitation of the moment, but when all had taken their seats after the ceremony, Leopold approached her with the stranger.

"My dear mother! allow me to present my uncle, Count Herenstadt!"

Isabella raised her eyes, and gazed bewildered until the countenance of Otto von Reisingen shone out upon her.

It was the baron again!

That night when the guests had departed, and Isabella was left with her children, did the baron hold a short but earnest conversation with her. He said that her wishes and advice had been ever present to his mind; that he had endeavored to fulfil them as far as lay in his power; that he had been constantly occupied in endeavoring to be useful, and that all he had found impossible was to forget her sufficiently to marry. Leopold was the son of his only sister, who had early been left a widow, and her child heir to large estates,

which, as well as himself, were left to the baron's care. He had devoted himself to the education of this only nephew, as well as to his own improvement. He had visited Paris first with no very definite view but that of rendering himself more worthy to be the humblest of her admirers; and on the second visit, when he had Leopold with him, and perceived how promising a young man he was, "then," said he, "and not till then, did a plot enter my head. I wished Leopold to travel, and I told him my story, and laid before him the great disappointment of my life. I remembered your daughter, whose age would accord so well with his, and I wished him to see her, and know you both, and decide whether his ideas sympathized with mine. I could not judge of her qualifications; I only said to Leopold, 'If she is like her mother, she is all you could wish!' He gladly undertook the commission, and wrote me daily an account of what passed, and I perceived that all was going as I had ventured to hope. Neither was I unmindful of your interests in this matter, for Leopold's heart is equal to his head, and I felt he was a rich gift to those who could appreciate him. I desired him to mention me under another of my family names, in order not to alarm you at first, and now it only remains for me to ask forgiveness, as *his* uncle, and also to recall to you some of your last words when we parted at Havre.

"You said, 'As long as these children are spared to be my charge, I will marry no one!' Your son is now his country's care, your daughter you have this night bestowed on another protector! You stand without immediate duties to fulfil! Give me a little time! banish me not immediately! and perhaps, after some months ——"

Could Isabella refuse so humble a petition from such a character? All we know is, that in the fall of that year she accompanied her daughter and son-in-law to Germany, as the bride of Count Herenstadt, and that she never had reason to repent of her choice.

Reader! I do not say that you or I should follow her example, but had she not a fair excuse?

R. R.

## PARTING.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Outrage me not by one hope of happiness except in prayer: let our thoughts meet in heaven.—CORINNE.

We feel that we must meet no more,  
That time and change have parted;  
Yet not our love do we deplore,  
Though both are broken hearted:  
And thou, whate'er thy lot may be,  
Thou never canst forget;  
I the one star undimmed to thee,  
Though others all have set.

'Tis not for earth such love as ours,  
So fervent and so deep;  
'Tis not amid its fading bowers  
For such its bloom to keep;  
It hath been water'd by our tears—  
Nursed by the soul's deep woe,  
And in the agony of years  
Its roots were made to grow.

# THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. C. LATHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

"There is no future pang  
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned  
He deals on his own soul."

"I HOPE dear mother's trials are ended for this day at least," said Kate Walden, arranging the cushions, as she spoke, under the head of the delicate, lovely-looking woman who lay on the sofa. It was drawn close to the vine-covered window, that the evening breeze might refresh the parched lips and brow of her from whose earthly path comfort had long passed. Patient endurance was there, but hope was gone. You who know the power of this heaven-born principle can tell of its death struggles. Are they ever more severe than in the heart of the wife of the intemperate man? And this wife was Emily Walden.

At eighteen years of age she married Charles Walden, then a young man of high promise. A good education and easy circumstances, with agreeable manners, made him, in the world's speech, "a good match." She had no parents, and lived with her guardian, who discharged his duty faithfully to her by bringing her up to be useful. By this sure means she was not selfish; and having an excellent understanding and a high sense of her responsibility as a Christian wife and mother, she presided over her household with a dignity, cheerfulness and wisdom that deserved a better reward. They had three children—two boys, bright, rosy creatures of four and six years, that age of careless enjoyment when the storms that wring the hearts of the tried in sorrow pass over their thoughtless heads unnoticed. Edward and Charley: the world was all before them; and if they could play by the brook that watered the little homestead, and if Kate would only say "dear, good boys," at night, they had their hearts' desire.

The grave had closed three months before over the darling of the whole, the baby Alice. The bereaved mother lost the comfort of many a weary hour when this sweet child was taken from her arms, but the consoling thought that she was removed in mercy from the evil to come, and in the peaceful grave avoided the desolation that awaited them all, reconciled her to her loss.

Sweet Kate Walden—to describe her would be no easy task to the most gifted. Warm in heart and light of step, her thoughtful kindness and perfect tact knew not only how to do but when to do it; her soothing tones and gentle, active ways, were the comfort and delight of all. She was seventeen, but care and sorrow had so ma-

tured her that she had not the childishness of appearance usual at that age. Her figure was finely developed and her cheek reddened by exertion and excitement; her beautiful chestnut hair and dark blue eyes, her full, red lip and superbly-shaped head and neck, lovely as they were each and all of them, yet they would have lost half their charm but for the soul within. That sweet voice, too! How many of the disagreeable requirements of every-day life are rendered almost delightful by a sweet voice! To the troubled spirit it is Heaven's own melody, always cheerful, looking on the bright side of everything. There is no levity in this; the hearer goes on with the speaker, hoping on, hoping on almost against reason, that all will yet be well. Does this outrage any of God's laws, or does it make submission any less perfect when, after years of patient suffering and cheerful endurance of many ills, we must at last confess it to be His good pleasure that we shall "reap the whirlwind?" And what a life this sweet creature led, subject to unreasonable requirements, harsh judgments, and many, very many personal privations; but her heart was right—she had within her the heavenly principle of forgetting ourselves in the good of others, that desire to be useful that is "woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."

Charles Walden's course had not been an uncommon one. Idle habits had paved the way for intemperance, that destroying-angel of God's gifts, and he had sunk lower and lower in the respect of the community of the town of W—, one of the beautiful villages that have sprung up in northern Ohio through the industrious efforts of emigrants principally from New England. He was not fated to the usual exertion of clearing the land and waiting until old age to see the reward of his labors; his father, years before, had felled the forest trees in this favored spot; and after finishing the comfortable dwelling and surrounding it with the improvements of his experience, in imitation of the far-off home of his ancestors, he bequeathed at his death this sweet homestead and an unsullied name to his only son.

Why does the arch-fiend, when he lies in wait with the wine-cup, so often present it to the husband and the father? And why is it that the remembrance of his duties is not sufficient panoply for his soul to keep off the tempter in any shape? The arms of wife and daughter would conceal him from sight or voice that could lead him astray even as they shelter him from consequences that make their hearts bleed. We will not repeat the oft-told tale of the downward path

of the inebriate, of God's broken laws, of earth's dearest ties trampled upon fearlessly, of all the sickening detail with which this fair and beautiful world is but too familiar. A true picture of this kind is cried out against as exaggeration. Go to the family of such a man, with whom misery always does her worst, and ask if the half has yet been told.

The day preceding the evening we before spoke of, was one of many trials. Things had been growing worse and worse in the sweet cottage home of Charles Walden; unrelenting creditors, that so soon follow neglected business, had refused any longer to countenance the vicious husband for the sake of the suffering wife. Mrs. Walden had endured several distressing interviews, as she never shrank from her duty, thereby giving Kate that glorious incentive to future usefulness, a mother's example; and after all was over and they were once more alone, Kate urged her to take some refreshment, to leave all to her, and soon retire for the night.

"I will bring Edward and Charley in, dear mother, and you shall be perfectly still; it is so cool and refreshing in this breeze. I will come and sit by you, and read or sing you to sleep."

Mrs. Walden said nothing, for her heart was full; she soon heard dear Kate's sweet, cheerful voice calling the little boys as she ran down the sloping bank to the brook, where she was sure to find them with their little boats and their dog, and their kept promise to be "dear, good boys."

She brought them softly through the neat kitchen, and seating them in their low chairs, cautioned them not to speak. Then came the loud voice that always made the poor little hearts beat quickly, and the habitual inquiry, "Where's your mother?" The father passed into the little sitting-room—that spot, once the scene of his happiest days, before the sweet names of husband and father had lost their charm.

He roused his wife by a rude call, and told her that Doctor Morris was coming up the road, probably to say something about him, as he had been told in the village. "Emily, they may spare themselves all their consultations about me; I am a ruined man. One after another our comforts disappear, and I am determined to have no more child's play about the matter. Next week I shall have an auction, and sell off everything at once. It is much the best way, and then there will be no more scenes every time anything goes."

Though grieved to the soul by his words, his wife would have spoken soothingly to him, but he would not listen to her.

"I am going out to walk till the doctor has gone. Do not call me in to see him, for I shall not come. There is no hope for me on earth or in Heaven. Don't try to persuade me to do anything, or to leave anything undone, for I shall do neither."

So saying, he loudly shut the door, leaving her

to recover herself as best she might to receive her kind and sympathizing visitor.

Doctor Morris entered the room with the kindness of the friend as well as the physician; he sat down by Mrs. Walden and inquired after her health, which was suffering more from nervous debility caused by exertion to hide a broken heart than from actual disease. He then said to her—"I have called to see you this evening, dear madam, at the request of several persons who are desirous to befriend you. Mr. Walden has made it known among the villagers that he intends to dispose of all his effects at auction on Monday next. We have thought this a proper time to propose a change to him that may result in his benefit. Do I fatigue you by speaking to you at this time?"

"No; I think I can hear anything you have to say. Surely, if I am enabled to bear my misfortunes, I must rejoice to hear of the kindness that would relieve them."

"I speak my own sentiments, believe me, and those of your best friends in W—, in advising this change. Although at first it may not appear the way you would select, it is one among the few means left by which they can serve you. Two of the county commissioners are now here looking for a suitable person to fill the situation vacated by the death of Mr. Murray, who has for years been the respected keeper of the county prison. Do not imagine it as connected with the usual horrors of such a place; though they have prison walls and discipline within, it is perfectly quiet. It is not more than ten miles from here, built on our western log-house plan, with every convenience about it, a cottage adjoining for the family, and all in perfect order and under excellent regulations."

He paused a moment, and for the first time since he came in, ventured to look in the face of this much tried wife to see what had been the effect of his remarks. The anxious expression of her countenance told of the struggle within, but she exerted herself to speak calmly, and said—"Have you mentioned this to Mr. Walden?"

"We have urged it repeatedly in the course of the day, and not discouraged by refusals, have persisted, feeling that there was, from his manner, a chance that he might yet listen to us. I think if I could speak to him in your presence he might perhaps consent."

Kate having now disposed of her little charge, and hearing her father at the door, came in to attend to her mother, and while Dr. Morris was mentioning his errand to her, Mr. Walden came in. Dr. Morris then spoke to him in the most earnest and affectionate manner, urging him to reconsider his refusal. His pride was evidently struggling with a secret desire that possessed him to try once more to shake off the inveterate dominion of the foe who had so long reigned over his better nature; he looked at his wife to see if he could read in her gentle face what were her

thoughts on this sudden moving of her destiny; but so long schooled in compliance to his wishes, he found the very expression of her countenance waiting its impulse from the humor he might express. Not so sweet Kate Walden; she sprang before him, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed—"Father, do go! I will help you; I will take dear mother's place while she is unable to assist you, and I will do all you ask of me."

One spark of the parent within him that the expiring breath of holy nature still fanned into existence, roused him to clasp her in his arms; and then, as if ashamed, he let her go, and throwing himself into a chair, he said—"What could you do?"

"I could do a great deal, father; I could take care of the cottage, and of Edward and Charley, and wait upon mother, and have everything ready for you, and help you in the prison when I had done everything else."

"Oh, hear her," said he. "Kate, do you know what it would be to live in your innocent purity so near to crime and its punishment? It would be a fitting life for me, all guilty and miserable as I am; but for you and your delicate suffering mother, I could never bear it."

She now saw she had gained an advantage in the relenting tones of his voice, and knew it was the time to pursue it. All the thoughts that had rushed into her girlish heart of the stories she had heard and read of prison woes, were nothing to the actual suffering she daily witnessed at home. She argued with the active love of woman's heart—something must be done, and this is the time to do it. She looked in her mother's face—that clear mirror of her pure mind and unselfish nature—and knew she was willing. She looked at the fine open countenance of her best friend, Doctor Morris, where she saw plainly, "act now a daughter's part;" and kneeling at her father's feet, and throwing her arms around him, she said—"Father, hear me—from the first moment of my remembrance until now I never feared to be denied; grant me this request. By all we have suffered together, leave this place; go where you can make a character anew, and I promise to do more than my part. Mother's consent goes with us; I see it in her eyes. All our friends are with us. God will be with us in this new home, that you shall make one of comfort and happiness; and I shall help you. Say yes, father!"

The angels in heaven might hear the purity of the hopes that were in the heart of this virtuous daughter as she looked into her father's very soul to catch the sound of this little word, though it could scarcely be heard.

"Look up, precious mother!" she exclaimed, bounding to her side; "we shall be happy once more! Father will be kind, you will be well again, Edward and Charley will rejoice, and I shall be——"

Poor Kate Walden! The daughter in her heart had quenched the woman there. Father and mo-

ther had been all in all, but now, in looking for her own participation in the hopes that were dawning upon them, the chilling thought came over her that in asking to leave W—— she signed the death-warrant of her individual happiness. What was all the world to her without the one who filled her soul, and he—Everard Morris—he had proposed this horrid sacrifice! She turned slowly to the spot where he stood, and giving him one long, sad look that told of years of cherished attachment, she buried her face in the pillows of the sofa.

And who could tell the sufferings of his generous nature when he saw his influence over her? He had loved her long and truly, and though her youth and peculiar situation prevented a union between them at this time, they lived for each other alone. His selfish feelings were always sacrificed to duty, and he knew that in promoting the happiness of her family he should most effectually secure her own; therefore he waited patiently the time that should reward them for these days of trial. It was not in the nature of man to leave her thus, although he felt it to be delicate and proper to go; he therefore said to Mr. Walden—"I shall tell our friends that I have succeeded in my mission, and we will rejoice together over your decision. I feel very confident you will not regret it. They will see you early to-morrow."

He took a kind farewell of Mrs. Walden, hoping to see her better in the morning; and taking Kate's hand in both of his, he said—"I must leave you now; you all need rest. God bless you!" and left them.

After he was gone there was much to be done to keep alive the good resolutions so newly made. How he looked, that miserable man, as he sat thinking of the past and dreading the future—dim eyes and an aching head, and the feverish lips and brow. The dews of Hermon could not cool that brow. See what an affectionate daughter can do! Kate, after her mother, ill and exhausted, had retired, seated herself on a low stool at his feet and encouraged him to tell her all. She listened, hoped, believed, and saw her way clear through all difficulties; she resolved and promised to be at his right hand to strengthen and to assist, and as she would now have no other interest to interfere, she confidently looked forward to the happiest results for her beloved family. He became calm under the influence of her sweet and filial attentions, and retired, in hope and in feeling at least, a better man. Why are there not more daughters like her, self-sacrificing and useful? You who have charge of the precious seed time, bear in mind the time of harvest. It is gathered in tears of disappointment or reaped in the fullness of joy, and there is no joy like that shed over a household by the cheerful, willing and happy ministrations of a daughter's heart and hand.



## CHAPTER II.

"Within his soul  
Springs up a deep sense of the beautiful,  
The holy, the exalted, and a love  
Embracing in its circle all creation."

DR. EVERARD MORRIS was one of "Nature's noblemen." There are none of the professions or callings among men wherein human nature can show her perfect work more fully than in a physician. Love, confidence, friendship and gratitude form a chain of remembered kindnesses that bind him to you in ties inexpressibly dear forever, and in this knowledge and belief the good qualities of his heart expand and grow almost into perfection. Dr. Morris at thirty years of age was where very many medical men would be glad to find themselves at forty, in skill and experience; he had been thoroughly educated in his profession and entirely devoted to it for five years; he never spared himself fatigue or exposure, and having naturally a fine constitution and no family cares to interrupt him, he had been able to perform his various duties, not only to the entire satisfaction of others, but even to do all his own conscientious feelings dictated. In the beautiful village of W—— he was almost an idol. There was scarce a family in the place but could tell of some long illness he had "carried them through," nor a poor person but could tell of his generous care. His ministrations in the sick-room were always kind and judicious, and his very step on the stair spoke comfort to the friends and hope to the invalid.

In all these scenes Kate Walden had taken an active part. Though so closely confined at home, she could always steal a few moments for the sick ones, and listen to all Dr. Morris's directions, and hear his low, gentle tones of soothing encouragement to the sufferer. Those tones and this manner, in the meantime, sank deeply in her heart. Though in years he was her senior, the very fact of her peculiar manner of life and experience in sorrow had given her the thought and speech of riper years, and of true sympathy and communion of soul with this man of elevated feelings and finished character. Yes, Kate Walden had listened to his opinions until they were her own, and studied and admired his character until it was enshrined in her imagination as the standard by which to graduate her opinion of all other men.

Hidden deep in the recesses of her woman's heart, and ready to come forth at the bidding of happier days, was the memory of many a scene of girlish frolic, in the "quilting party" and the "apple bee," where she was ever "the star of the goodly company." Here again was Everard Morris associated with her day-dreams and nightly visions, equally at home in scenes of joy or sadness. With those who enjoy true sympathy there is no choice of place or circumstance; 'tis the remembrance of the one who shared your

feelings that controls. How far beyond the power of expression!

"How are you this morning, dear mother, after the excitement of yesterday?" said Kate, in her sweetest voice. "Come out on the bank and walk with me; it will refresh you."

"I feel ill, dear child, in body, but better, much better in mind, though I do so dread the last look at the dear old place, the silent farewell of the familiar objects around me. Everything within sight of us has a voice to me that tells of former happiness, and its loss, and of the long, dark future."

"Mother, dear, do not call it dark; I see such light as I never saw before. The light of hope shines very brightly in my heart, you know, always; and although I was determined yesterday to look on the best side, to-day I cannot help it. If you will sit down with me under this tree, I will tell you something."

"This morning very early I had a conversation with our good old pastor Milner. He had heard of the change in father and his prospects, and said he thought I should be up and in the garden, and he came to see me. He asked much about you, and is coming to see you; and then he gave me much sweet counsel, just such as I like to hear—good practical things, that make me wish to be better. In the next place, he said that Mr. Murray, the former jailer, was a religious man; that everything there was in perfect order; that there are now but nine prisoners, and but two of them imprisoned for crime. He says there has been much good done there, and there is yet much to be done. They have a man and woman to do the work; but Mr. Murray was very old, and they need some one now who is young and active to stimulate them to improvement."

"Mother, how do you think I felt when he stood before me—that dear, good old man, with his white hair streaming in the wind—and laying his hand on my head, said—'Kate Walden, you are the very one to go there, and may God spare my life to see what you can do.' I felt no pride then, mother, but a fear that one so young and ignorant as I am could do but little in the cause; when, as if he read my thoughts, he said—'In your own strength, daughter, you can do nothing.' He then laid his hat on the bench under the willow, and as he took my hand in his, I knelt on the grass before him, and, oh! what a prayer came from his dear, pure heart, so sweet, so holy—it has made the very air of this spot fragrant to me forever."

"When I arose, he said to me—'My daughter, farewell. I consecrated you in baptism to the service of God; I have received your vows of continued obedience and laid them on the altar of Christ's dying love; I have preached the truth to you through your life—go now into a wider field of usefulness. The sweet duties of home must be no more your only care; yours may be the glorious privilege to carry comfort to the

afflicted and ransom to the captive. God bless you forever. I often visit the prison—I will see you there.' And now, mother, I feel able and willing to encounter all hardships with the hopes and encouragement he has given me. Speak to me, dear mother; just say, 'Onward, Kate!' as you used to say."

"I can say nothing at present, dearest, for my heart is too full; but I thank God for the many mercies yet spared to me, and above all, for the comfort of such a daughter. Here is your father, Kate; sit down by him and tell him all you have told me, and I will take your place in the house."

She did as her mother desired, and had the delight to see him listen with tearful eyes while she spoke.

"Kate, you are a dear, good daughter. I have heard this morning of all my duties, which are by no means difficult. And now that my mind is made up to go and leave all, even my dark sins behind me, I will try to look back no more. Oh, if my future life could take away the memory of the past!"

"Father, say no more of the past; mother wishes it and I wish it to be remembered only as a dream. We have forgiven all, and forgotten all but the sweet days of my childhood, when you were so fond and so proud of me."

"In mercy do not speak of those days to me! I must attend to business. God give me strength for this last trial of myself. If I could only succeed in freeing myself from the chain that has so long bound me to sin and misery! Oh my neglected duties! Sweet wife and daughter, darling boys, what might I not be to you, and what have I been? I have sent to C—for an auctioneer. I fear it will distress your mother to see her things going about in strangers' hands, but I could not leave this place in debt, and it cannot be avoided. We must try to have everything in order by Monday, and as this is Friday, there is but little time. Your mother is calling us in now, and after breakfast I am to conclude my arrangements with my friends."

The remainder of the day, so important to this little household, was spent in active duties and preparations for the coming week. As usual, Kate was all in all to everybody, encouraging, helping, consoling, as need might be. She had no time to think of herself during the day, but at evening, when all was quiet, her mother on the sofa, with Edward reading to her, Charley sitting by her on one side and her father on the other, she took her bonnet and went out for a walk to her favorite spot, the little churchyard.

The inhabitants of the town of W—, in humble imitation of their more wealthy fellow men, had taken much pains to beautify the dwelling-place of their dead. To be sure, they had no splendid monuments nor costly trees and shrubs, but they had the wooden cross that told the hopes of the departed, the simple tablet that perpetuated their virtues, and the sweet ash and willow, and

the fragrant pine, sighed their evening requiem over the sweet spot.

It was affecting to see the simple tokens of the love of friends in the white rose-bush and undying myrtle. How it shows the clinging of poor human nature to these bodies of clay, and how hardly are we convinced that the dear ones are really in a spirit-land!

Like those also of higher pretensions, these good people, having plenty of room as well as feeling on the subject, had each family fenced off a little burial spot and bought it for their own—feeling, like the patriarchs of old, that it would be dear to them "for a possession." In one corner of this enclosure, surrounded with sweet offerings and shaded by evergreen trees, was the Walden's burial-place. Here laid the aged grand-sire, and at his feet slept the baby Alice, their darling and idol; and here was she daily watched by her little brothers: they always ran there at evening to see, as they said, "how she slept," to watch the growth of the flowers and remove the weeds. Sweet children, cherish these strong domestic affections, whether around the hearth-stone or in the burial-place. Nature will rejoice in her holiest, her purest sentiments, and Heaven will smile upon them, for God is love!

Kate paid her evening visit to the grave, sad and alone. While slowly returning, she stopped to look at a favorite spot on the side of the hill, dear to her from many memories of the past. She looked long and tearfully at the familiar objects that surrounded her, when the sound of the voice dearer than all roused her by saying—"How came you here, dear friend, so late and alone? And how do your preparations prosper? I told you to send for me if I could assist you in any way. Why have not you done so?"

"It has not been necessary, and I could not be selfish enough to send for you. But I have several requests to make of you, which I know you will attend to, as they will be a parting remembrance of Kate Walden."

"Do not speak of parting—the very thought of it is more than I can bear;—for so many years you have been associated with every act of my life; your sweet hope of success was always ready to cheer and to encourage me before I had experienced the good-will I now enjoy—more than all, by you I was constantly reminded of the great end and aim of my life, to do good for goodness' sake. Now that you have influenced me aright, now that I really feel within me to 'be up and doing, with a heart for any fate,' the precious moving-spring will be absent."

"But the principle will still be there. Compared with my loss, yours is nothing. In me you lose at the most a simple-hearted, affectionate girl, who enters with her whole soul into everything that concerns you, and I should wrong the perfection and simplicity of true attachment if I should call this nothing worth; but to your active friendship and ready participation in all my joys

and sorrows, I owe all the worldly comfort I have had for years. You have seen me tried almost beyond endurance, and your aid as friend and physician has always been at my right hand, in season and out of season, by day and by night—my comforter, my guide. Can earth give me any thing like this? You have diverted me from the usual frivolities of my sex and age, and given me a better impulse. Respect, perfect confidence and boundless gratitude long controlled my sentiments for you, and riper years have added to my experience the conviction that you are all in all to me: nor does one thought of womanly reserve tell me that I wrong the most fastidious feelings by saying here on this precious spot, in the presence of God, that I am yours in heart forever."

"To hear you repeat your pure and truthful vows almost deprives me of the power to part with you, but in the Providence of God, my Kate, the path of your present duty is too plainly marked out for us to interfere with it. Self must now be sacrificed, and though I glory in your affection, though worlds could not purchase even the remembrance of these hours, I say to you, go; and even in the new trials you may have to encounter, I can still counsel and assist you; and if at any time my presence or advice can benefit you, one line or message from you will bring me to your side. I take charge of the sick in the prison, and shall sometimes see you. By the memory of all our happy days and of the trials we have shared, that bind hearts in still closer ties, believe in my true and perfect love for you. And now, what are the requests you spoke of? Let me show how faithfully I will attend to them."

"In the first place, will you remember the sick children in the little cottage at the foot of the hill? They need more than medicine, which you will see when you visit them; and please speak 'a word in season' to their mother. And then when you have time, will you look at the plants by Ally's grave? And then, will you, can you always remember what we loved to read, to think upon and to do, and as much as may be, continue all these and think of me? I could never be reconciled even to think it possible that my absence might give you less interest in these. For myself, I must now try to think of duty alone. If by this sacrifice I can strengthen my father's good resolutions, and thereby comfort my mother, I shall then dare to be happy myself."

"The time will come, believe me, when Kate Walden will have other duties than filial to perform. In the meantime, I will do all you wish, and more, if you will tell me when and how. But now good night. I will see you on Monday and do all I can for you."

### CHAPTER III.

"Suffering is the plough which turns up the field of the soul, into whose deep furrows the All-wise husbandman scatters the heavenly seed."

"GOING, going, gone!" The watchword of life, from the cradle to the grave, is still, "going, gone!" Gifts of God, the beautiful, the beloved, are "going, gone!" Blessings of His bounty, all that is precious of mortal growth, bear the same warning voice, "going, gone!" Our life, our being is "going" fast. We may shut our eyes to the fact, if we will, but we shall soon all be "gone!" The thoughts of what we are, who are going, and the remembrance of those who are gone, fill the soul with the true and holy, and it would be rudely interrupted by the veritable cry of the auctioneer, "going, gone!" Yet of such is my story.

How fell this cry on the heart and ear of this long-tried family on the Monday morning! Several warm and dear friends came early to stay with Mrs. Walden during the time. Everything was in the nicest order. Kate had exerted herself to the utmost to make things look as well as possible, though to her it was like dressing victims for sacrifice.

An auction was not of frequent occurrence in W——, therefore every one was there—some with kindness and compassion, many with curiosity to see how they would bear these trying moments. And they are trying, indeed. Who can look on unmoved, and see the familiar articles of everyday life, dear in their simplicity, and endure the thought of seeing them in strangers' hands? Precious to us by the love of home, the care of the children, the duties of our lives, they are enshrined as household deities, though worthless in themselves.

The grief of the little boys was so clamorous that they were removed to the house of a friend, but the rest were there. Charles Walden, who could not help accusing himself as the cause of all this trouble, stood in the midst of the ruin around him, sad and despairing. One after another his possessions fell under the hammer, from the home of his children, and as they were carried off, their new owners would often look back in pity, feeling almost that they had robbed him. The furniture, &c., was soon disposed of. The house was purchased by Dr. Morris, and much gossip was called forth on the occasion. Mrs. Walden was in the room next to the scene of action, and necessarily heard all that was said. She had borne it well thus far. She did nothing without "counting the cost," and she had given tear for tear, even as she thought she would, over each dear and treasured article; but she gave them up with a willing heart, though nature wept. They reserved some things for their use in the small and simple house they would now occupy, and these were set apart.

As the voices died away in the next room, she

thought her trial over, but soon she heard one more cry, and 'twas like tearing her heart-strings—the little burial-spot! Doctor Morris, who was standing near her, said—"This is some mistake. I will inquire into it."

He was too late to prevent the distress of that moment, and a deep groan from the father, as he sat near a table with his head resting on his folded hands, told his shame when he remembered that the inventory by which the auctioneer had proceeded, had been written by himself at a time when he was incapable of acting or feeling. The sale of the hallowed spot was stopped, and the voices that would have commented upon it hushed, but the hearts of the sufferers bled afresh. Even this hard lesson had its effect, and as Mrs. Walden looked in her husband's face, she felt that he would sin no more.

They were now to remove to the house of a friend for the night, and the next morning take possession of their new home. Kate prevailed upon her mother to remain another day and rest, while she went before with a friend who had kindly offered her assistance and prepared for her reception. Leave-taking to her was agony. She left all—but duty and hope were before her, and she exerted herself as usual to be active and cheerful. At an early hour Charles Walden was ready to go, calm, and determined to put all his good resolutions into active exercise. 'Twas true, his purpose to amend was a sudden one, and they are not always hopeful; but then it was the continued exertions of friends, the prayers of many, the conviction of the ruin he had caused, together with a life-giving principle within him, though it long had slept—all of these were now working for his good.

He brought with him a small wagon, spoke kindly to Kate, who proposed taking the little boys with her, fearing, as they had nothing to do, they might trouble their friends; and not daring to look at or speak to any one, or even *think* of the farewells of the previous night, she jumped into the little vehicle that was to carry her from the spot she most loved on earth, to begin the world with new hardships and difficulties among strangers. They soon reached the prison and cottage. Though so near W—, she had never before seen them, as they stood on a cross-road but little traveled. Young and ardent in her feelings, the novelty of the scene pleased her. A large, comfortable log building, though with grated windows, in good order; a neat though small house that was in future to be her home. Could she make it a happy one? Her motives were high and holy, and her hope and courage undaunted. Not for one moment did she forget her father's feelings, which she knew were all he could endure, or her promises to him; she also knew the importance of first impressions on him at this critical time, so she roused him to admire the neatness and convenience of all around them.

"How sweetly that little garden will look,

father, when you and I have taken care of it for a short time. I brought quite a bundle of roots and slips with me. Do you know where they are, Edward?"

"Yes, Kate; and I can help you set them out, too. How I will make the little watering-pot fly over them! And Charley can help, too."

"He shall. Dear boys, there is much to do—more weeds now than we shall see here in a week from this time, if we are alive and well. Come in the house now, and we will set up the things and get all ready for dear mother."

"Mother is coming home to-night," said Charley. "Mr. Jones is coming over, and said he would bring her, because I told her not to stay there all night without me. I shall be at the gate at six o'clock to look for her, for that is the time Mr. Jones said he should come."

Now again could be seen the quick and quiet movements of a daughter, who knew all mother liked, all father did not like, and all the little boys must like. Everything was neatly and pleasantly arranged. The room on the still side of the house, next the garden, must be mother's room! What a charm there is in that very word! And who cannot date their first impressions of pleasure and comfort from "mother's room?" There are none too old for the memory of this precious spot, none too hardened to feel it.

"Put the table there, just where mother always likes it, Edward—you know the spot. Now her own books, as she places them herself. I shall put a tumbler of water in the middle, and you must both go out before night and hunt up some flowers to put in it."

Sweet daughter! bring the dear old rocking-chair to the best spot, and then throw yourself in it to see if that is right. Now she goes to the door and takes a look at all to see how it will strike her when she first comes in. Hear her soliloquy:—"Precious mother, this will be the scene of your future days. All that I can do shall be done. My youth, my strength shall all be put forth for you. God bless her, and grant her all his best gifts. How sweet and patient she has always been, and how I love her. But now to father and to duty. No self yet, Kate Walden. Oh, my sweet home, I must only see you now in the dim distance."

Next, the pleasant little family sitting-room was her care; the simple articles of furniture conveniently arranged—nothing for show; it would be mockery here—all for comfort. The neat cupboard showed the loving kindness of old friends, as, ranged in order, there were the contents of two large baskets of "good things" to begin housekeeping. They had been brought there early by a young woman who owed Kate many an act of kindness, and who had been all day assisting her. After this the kitchen was carefully attended to, for through the kitchen come the comforts. And what adds more to a well-regulated household than neatness here?

"This is my parlor," said Charley; "I like to take my little chair and sit here, it is so clean and cool; and I can make boats here, too, for there is plenty of room."

After all the rest she arranged her own little room, with the taste and order so natural to her, and prepared a bed in it for her brothers that she might take care of them at night.

"Now for preparing supper," said she; "dear mother may come soon, and father will be tired after working about so long and talking to Mr. Hunt."

"I like Mr. Hunt very much," said Edward. "I peeped in at the prison yard to see what was to be seen, and he saw me and said—'Wait till to-morrow, my boy, and I will take you all about with me.' But I will help you get supper now, that is the most important part."

This was soon accomplished with the ample means provided, and they had everything in perfect order, waiting for six o'clock and the dear mother. Mr. Walden came in to speak to his children, and praised their exertions. He said he had been trying to get all in order about the house that he could enter on his duties the following day; he expressed himself much pleased at the general appearance of things, promised Kate a long account of the prisoners which he had heard from Mr. Hunt, the assistant, and in which he seemed much interested. And while they were talking, they heard Charley shout that mother was coming.

She arrived in good spirits, thanked Mr. Jones, who came to take his daughter home, (the young woman who had been helping Kate;) and after they left them, she gave her delighted approbation of all that had been done for her. Once more hope dawned in her heart as she sat at table, the first time in many years, with her husband something like his former self. The remembrance of years of misery was banished that night by the precious hopes of the future, that seemed indeed to promise much. The trusting, true-hearted woman, who, after years of neglect and wrong, was still the affectionate, the forgiving, and as such, the happy Emily Walden!

Evening duties over and children asleep, Kate saw her mother in the dear old chair, resting herself, and actually talking of days to come. Their little arrangements were soon made for the present, and Kate wished for the morning that she might get more acquainted with her new situation. As soon as breakfast was over the next day, the assistant, Mr. Hunt, came for Mr. Walden to give him up the keys, which he wished to do in the common prison-room. He said he was quite ready to go. "Indeed," said he, "I have done all I intended to do before entering on my new office, but to give my daughter a sketch of the prisoners as you gave it to me last night. She will be much interested in it, I am sure."

"I am glad you did not get time, Mr. Walden, as my wife had quite set her heart on going the

rounds, as we call it, with Miss Walden, and she knows much more about them than I do. Women are quick-witted about these things, and will find out the whole story before we know the beginning; so leave her to wife—she will take good care of her, and she will be none the worse for anything she will see or hear. Our rules are all well kept, or we know the reason why. Though we seem so few, let there be the least trouble, and I go to the door and just blow my horn, and I should have all the men from the tavern on the cross-roads in ten minutes. Come now with me, and I will send my wife for Miss Walden."

After they left the room, Kate prepared herself, as she said, "body and soul" for the enterprise. She looked in upon her mother, whom she had before made as comfortable as possible, and gave her a parting kiss.

"Don't look so anxious, mother dear; I am going with a kind woman, and to a very different place from what you imagine. I shall bring Mrs. Hunt to tell you so." She then ran to her own room to see if her appearance was what it should be.

Kate Walden was no vain, coquettish beauty; but the God of nature could never bestow so much personal loveliness upon woman, and her woman's wit not find out a part of it at least. Besides, she held it to be a duty never to present herself in disagreeable or careless attire to serve any one. Therefore, when good Mrs. Hunt called for her at the cottage, she stood and gazed on her in speechless wonder, as by far the most beautiful sight she had ever seen.

"I shouldn't wonder if the prisoners thought her the 'angel of the Lord' come to set them free," she said to Mrs. Walden as Kate led her into her mother's room, and then ran off to find the boys to stay with her during the time she must be absent. She certainly looked her best on this occasion. The unusual excitement of the few days past had given a richness and animation to her beauty that greatly heightened it. Her blue gingham dress fitted her exquisite shape perfectly; her hair was in its usual thick, wavy folds; her eyes all soul, and her soul shining forth in every look, speaking the affectionate daughter, the efficient woman, and withal, the perfect beauty; the little snow-white apron and closely-fitting shoe: but in all this there was nothing that spoke "the village belle." Neither patch nor ornament, nor flower, nothing that savored of a knowledge of the mischief she had done or a fear of what she might do; but sweet, simple and graceful, her whole attention given to Mrs. Hunt, who led her along in undisguised admiration.

Kate Walden's first appearance in prison was with her, as with most persons, "a passage in her life." All—but two who were confined in separate cells accused of the crime of murder, and were soon to go to the state prison—were allowed the liberty of the common-room at stated times.

It was large and very clean. To be sure, there were the iron-bound doors, heavy bolts and grated windows; but the room was well ventilated from above, and the air was good—but it was prison air! She inhaled it for the first time in her life, and she felt the glorious privilege of liberty with gratitude for herself and an aching heart for those around her.

And how broke this vision of innocent beauty upon the long-dimmed sight of these unhappy men? They looked at her, indeed, as at an angel. No one spoke to her; and Mrs. Hunt, stopping before each one as they sat, some in despair, others in indifference, told a sort of story of each one, which they seemed perfectly willing to allow. In the first place, it was her usual manner of doing the honors of the prison, and they were accustomed to it; and in the next, the presence of Kate Walden had no common charm and influence.

"Stand this way, dear, nearer the wall; there, that will do. Now look at this poor old creature, nearly bent double. His name is Peter Tyrrel. He has been here two years for counterfeiting—he and his wife, for she always helped him. She helped to make him poor, and then she tried to help him to get rich. But she died in six months after she came here, a horrid death, and died impenitent, too. This cut Peter down entirely; he never listened to a word Pastor Milner said to him until then, but now he seems to think much of such things. He is very deaf. Ask him quite loud how he is."

Kate raised her sweet voice and asked him how he was, but he made her a sort of moan for answer. She saw he had observed her, and determined to speak to him again. His white hair and trembling limbs had interested her for him. How dreadful to see him die in his sins!

They now passed a good-looking young man, who had not raised his eyes since they entered. "This," said Mrs. Hunt, "is one of three brothers who have each been in this place for stealing. James Kent, you will never commit this sin again, will you, when you are free? Poor soul, his mind is weak, but he promises faithfully to improve. Tell Miss Walden you are determined to do right, James; she will like to hear you."

The young man raised his eyes, and taking one long look at her, shuddered and covered his face.

"What did you bring her here for?" said he. "She promised never to tell of me. Oh, my God, have mercy on me! I stole bread from her father's house for my poor, dying, starving mother! I couldn't help it. She saw me take it, and she spoke to me; and when I told her all, she gave me more. She told me 'twas a sin, but she said she would never tell of me. She came to see my mother, and brought her food, and brought the doctor to see her. And when mother died she stood by the bed, looking just so pure and bright as she does now; and even then she whispered to me she wouldn't tell of me if I

would keep my word. And I did keep it; and I am not here now for stealing, but for being in company with one who did; and because I had done so before, no one would believe me, so here I am. But you said you wouldn't tell."

"I have never told of you, James," said she, as she remembered all these circumstances, as soon as she was near enough to recognize him. She spoke kindly to him, and he drew from his bosom a little Testament.

"You gave me that long ago, but you always said you wouldn't tell of me."

"I must take some other time to talk to him," said she to Mrs. Hunt. "He is not hardened, and the very fact of his mind being so much weakened shows that sin was new and dreadful to him."

"Pass down on this side of the room now, dear, that I can show you two young men, cousins, who have been here three months waiting their trial. They are accused of setting fire to a dwelling-house in which lived a young girl they both loved. After many long and dreadful quarrels about her, and many shocking plans to carry her off, which were always defeated by a brother of hers, they determined to destroy her rather than give her up to the other. They set fire to the house, thinking to burn her with her mother and brother, but it so happened that the girl herself was absent, and the fire was discovered in time to save the lives of the rest of the family. The girl is beautiful, but this fire ruined all her prospects, burned all she possessed; and the fright and trouble of it all soon laid her poor mother in her grave. Poor Grace Allen! she works in a paper-mill to support her brother, who lost his sight the night of the fire, and has been helpless ever since. These miserable men—named Stacy—are both hoping to get free by fixing the guilt upon the other. They both love Grace yet, and often talk to Mr. Hunt about her.

"See this handsome young Indian. He is but half-civilized, and injured a white man in a quarrel, who began it, as they always do. He will not have his trial yet for two months to come, and spends most of his time in trying to read.

"On that bench by the window is a gambler from the Ohio river. He was taken on board of a steamer with loaded dice and a large sum of money stolen from the passengers. He escaped from the officer who had charge of him, and was retaken in the woods about twenty miles from here. This time of quiet has done him much good, and he appears really sorry for what he has done.

"Here is my little pet, that the men call their 'jail dove.' He is only fourteen, and a fine, intelligent boy, with such an affectionate heart. He is an orphan, and brought up by an uncle, who has done all he could to ruin him. He took Robert with him on a smuggling trip into Canada, and, escaping from justice himself, left this poor child to bear his sins. But he will get clear,

I know, from his youth and all the other circumstances. You must get acquainted with him; he has been looking at you just as if you were a pretty picture ever since you came in. They will all take more notice of your sweet, bright ways, than they do of an old body like me.

"The other two in the cells are accused of murder, and they are soon to go to the state prison to await their trial. We should judge no one, but proof is very strong against them. They had a scuffle with a man who owed them some money, and some one interfered, but the next time they met him they pushed him off the Falls of St. Anthony. They were seen by some persons who were hunting, and pursued, but escaped at that time. The body being soon recovered and the murdered man well known, they were closely pursued again and taken near this place. To-night, at prayers, the panels will be drawn away from the grated windows that you see on the east side of the room, and you can then see them."

Mrs. Hunt now invited Kate into her room to have a chat with her there, but fearing her mother had been too long alone, she excused herself and left her, saying—"I will come and see you this afternoon, and we shall soon be good friends." She then took her seat by her mother, who anxiously awaited her, and amused and interested her for an hour with all she had seen and heard.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"It is only the intelligent who appreciate trifles; the trivial exaggerate, the solemn underrate them. Dull must be the sight which fails to perceive great events and great actions; but it requires sagacity to detect the indications afforded by the bubbles on the stream."

Why is it that the history of those who are not in the higher walks of life is so often called trifling and uninteresting? To be sure, in all classes and stations we may tell of startling events, but we do not carry with us the sympathy of those who take upon themselves the right to judge us; they prefer reading they can enter into and appreciate. So much do we fear to fail in interesting those we most wish to serve by telling this simple story of one who was all woman should be, that we here leave the thread of our tale to say that this is not an imaginary character.

If the real Kate Walden should cast her eye on these pages, she will say or feel that justice has not been done her, but we only wish particularly to set her forth as a daughter. This is all-sufficient for our present purpose, and it is hoped that the most refined or fashionable female who spends an hour with this true picture, will not think it necessary to be placed in these peculiar circumstances to try what she can do. There is no romance here but that of real life; therefore we ventured to arrest your attention before you threw

down the book, by promising you, in the first place, that we have not much more to say, and in the next, that we have held up this character for the express purpose of imitation.

Read on and see what a young girl can do in a county jail. All the domestic duties connected with the important time of dining being over, and the hearts of Mrs. Walden and Kate made glad by the determination of the husband and father to remain true to his pledge, Kate made a short visit to Mrs. Hunt. The personal appearance of this good woman was very agreeable. She had a mild, sweet expression of face, and a clear, fair complexion unusual at the age of fifty-five. She had lived a very monotonous life for five years, therefore Kate's appearance at the prison, with her warm-hearted, joyous manners, really seemed to warm her like an unexpected sunbeam in November.

"I am so glad to see you, dear child. Walk into my little room, now and always. Do you know when I heard about your coming, and that it was mostly your doings, I said I knew God would bless and help you? and so He has. Your father looks better already than he did the first day, and he will have enough to do to keep him busy. I was coming over to help you in the house, but I saw you take hold of everything so quick and handy that I felt ashamed to offer."

"Don't speak of helping me; I am young and strong, and I have taught the boys to do much for me. I will come and help you whenever you will let me. I think that would look much better."

"I shall come in and help you nurse your mother; and she must ride often—your oldest brother could drive her with my old pony and low wagon. We shall have some comfort here yet; the country about is fine, the air good, and our homes so comfortable."

To all this plain, simple idea of comfort, Kate warmly responded. Imaginary wants had never entered her heart to do their usual desolating work with her principles, her freshness of feeling and her happiness; but she desired enough of this world's goods for her daily convenience, enough for the wants of others—that reasonable competence beyond which earth has no need or enjoyment and Heaven no smile.

Mr. Hunt had been educated as a clergyman in the Methodist church. In consequence of weak lungs he left the active duties of his profession, but had never lost his interest in the welfare of others. He was just the man for this situation. He was gifted in prayer, which he poured forth daily for the prisoners and with them, that they might repent; and gifted with patience and kindness, which were always forthcoming for these proscribed of the human race—man imprisoned by his fellow man.

At the customary hour of prayer, Mrs. Hunt called Kate to go into the prison-room with her. It would have made a fine picture. The large,

clean room; the row of dark-looking, despairing men on one side; on the other the table with the Bible; near it sat good Mrs. Hunt, all benevolence, and her husband stood before it, ready to begin the sacred service; while the bright and lovely Kate Walden stood like the presiding deity of the place in her gentle beauty, strangely contrasted with all around her. Those who had seen her in the morning looked glad, as if they had been expecting her, and when the panels were partly removed that covered the grated windows in the murderers' cells, that the word of God might find its way to these miserable men, even they in their dark crime looked out to see this ray of light among them.

Mr. Hunt selected a chapter, and as if the thought had just struck him, he said—"Will you read the chapter, Miss Walden? It will have a good effect upon them." She turned to her father, who sat near her, and as he looked his consent, she drew nearer the table. The lights were on each side of her. She raised her eyes once, before she began, on the prisoners, who were—each one and all of them, even the deaf old man Tyrral—regarding her with fixed attention.

The chapter selected was the sixty-first of Isaiah, and as she read in her clear, sweet-toned voice and solemn manner, they even looked as if they already saw the one who should "preach good tidings to the meek, and bind up the broken-hearted, and proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Mr. Hunt's prayer was purely eloquent of the cries of guilty men for mercy, and more than one deep sob proclaimed they yet had hope in their hearts, at least beyond the grave. Mr. Hunt then whispered to her to sing a hymn, and as her rich voice rose full and sweet in one of the songs of Zion, her father stood by her side and joined her with something like the deep bass voice of other days. Before she had finished the hymn, James Kent sprang from his seat, exclaiming—"That is her! Just so she sang to my mother when she died, and often before. I thought an angel was coming to hear my sins—but she said she wouldn't tell if I would keep my promise and sin no more. And I did keep it—but I am here, though others brought me. She always said she wouldn't tell."

Kate now retired with Mrs. Hunt, while her father remained to take care of the prisoners for the night. Much cause had she for rejoicing that she had gone forward in this duty, repulsive as it might be at first to a delicate woman, this contact with crime and its consequences. The sight of her beauty and innocence thus interested for them in their depravity, made many a stout and wicked heart ask—what must be the power of a religion that makes the young and the lovely try to turn us from our sins? The hour of her appearance was hailed with delight by all of them, and many was the word spoken in season, many the heart cheered by her ready sympathy. She made it a duty to be ready always to go the rounds with

her father, seeing the great comfort it was to him—nor was it the least of her reward to see the Holy Spirit shedding its gentle influence in his heart.

The good effect of this new impulse upon all of them was daily evident. Kate had the pure pleasure of hearing from the respected lips of her beloved Pastor Milner himself, a blessing on her humble endeavor to do good to these unfortunate beings, and his cheering assurance that he had never seen them in a better state—in fact, there was not one among them he considered hopeless. They looked happier, though without liberty, and they had a ministering angel among them who directed them all aright.

And now look into Kate Walden's heart, and see if the holy joy that fills it is such as the world can either give or take away. The daughter in her heart has triumphed over the woman. But see her reward—the precious mother reviving daily, with the light of other days now actually shining before her; the Charles Walden of early life, kind, industrious and reasonable; mother begins to be happy, and Kate may now begin to think of it.

See her father, after a day of honest toil, refreshed by the evening meal that none can prepare like Kate. After this the evening is spent in instructing the boys, and their rapid improvement soon shows that Charles Walden's talents were only hidden, not gone forever. Robert Miller, the little "jail dove," is often brought in to share these instructions, and the devoted service of his whole life in after days proved his gratitude.

Now as she walks in the little garden at the pleasant twilight and thinks how well everything is going on, and blesses God for all, the thought will stray into her heart that reads thus—"It is almost time, Kate Walden, for you to think a little of yourself." Now she takes from her bosom a little twisted note that came round a large offering of flowers from her own once-loved garden at W—. It is to be presumed that she had read it many times before, from circumstances beside its location, but as we had not, we will examine it. It was just such a note as Dr. Morris might be supposed to write. He rejoiced in all she had done, and was sure neither of them would ever regret the time thus employed, though it had been the longest part of his life. It had been her desire that he should not come to see her for the first three months, as she feared to break in upon the duties she had determined to perform. The time had almost expired, and he was looking forward to the reward of his sacrifice with all the honest and true love of his nature. All his leisure moments had been spent in improving the cottage and grounds at W—, in view of the time when they should enjoy it together. And the time will come, sweet Kate Walden, and well you deserve it, when you shall be as happy as a loving and trusting woman should be.



The time for his visit came, and his own Kate rushed into his arms. She had no toilet to study, no speech to learn, but gave him the warm, unaffected welcome of a heart all his own. He found her much improved; the success of her exertions gave the glow of noble affections to her cheek, and constant exercise gave health and beauty to her exquisite form. But charming as all these were to a man of taste and refinement, it was her soul's intelligence, her warm-hearted love for the happiness of others that made her so dear to him. He had seen her in all situations; she was always forgetful of herself, thoughtful of all beside. He now saw her happy at home as she had never been before, and it seemed to call forth new grace and loveliness.

But Dr. Morris was obliged to go home alone. Kate's father and mother both thought her too young to be married. There was much yet to do; the good work was but just begun, and she dared not leave it. Her mother's health was not good enough to do without her; her father's good resolutions might fail without her by his side to strengthen and encourage until habit had reconciled him to daily exertions; her brothers needed much done for them that no one else could do. Besides all these, there were certain little preparations, some of the proprieties of life, that all young ladies must have time to arrange before marriage—and Kate Walden was the last girl to outrage propriety. It was therefore concluded that early in the coming spring she should change her sphere of usefulness.

In the meantime nothing could exceed her diligence. Her mother was tenderly nursed and watched over, and gradually recovered her health and strength. Of the gratitude that filled her heart none can form a correct idea unless they have suffered with her that withering curse—the breath of the foul serpent of the wine cup! True, it takes a long time to do away with the destroying influence it sheds over everything within its reach; but hope has a deep root in woman's heart, and after being watered for years with her tears of agony, its after-growth was beautiful.

We now look upon Charles Walden as another man. Having thrown off the chain that bound him so long to sin and its consequences, he took his place again among men as deserving their respect as a Christian member of society, a husband and a father. The education of his sons was his greatest care—and how surely he guarded their infant steps from the rock on which their father so nearly made shipwreck. In the prison all was well. The daily duties begun on Kate's first appearance there had been regularly attended to and abundantly blessed. She made the old age of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt happy by her affectionate interest in their affairs and her kind endeavors to serve them.

And now, have you been told a trifling tale of common-place occurrences? These simple acts of every-day life make up the sum total of human happiness. The absorbing occupations of fashionable life are generally trifles light as air. Do they fit a woman for any duty of life? Do they give her activity, energy, usefulness, or prepare her for acting as daughter, wife or mother, on the great stage of life? Our young ladies of the present day keep far from such scenes as those we have been describing. How few of them *could* be a Kate Walden? Even if the will was good the power would not be there. It needs a life of self-sacrificing duty to show a woman what she can do. Education begins with trifles—rightly directed, they soon form themselves into good habits. A woman so trained is fitted to bear the trials of life cheerfully, willingly; and the sacrifice, to be completely acceptable to God or to man, must be willing.

But many would say, as Kate's father said to her when she proposed to go with him, "What could I do?" What could a young girl do in a prison? You have seen what she could do—and there is scarcely a situation in life but the ministrations of a true-hearted woman could improve.

In this far-off, lovely land of the west to which our story has led you, and to which many of our young and lovely women are constantly going, where society is hardly organized, there is much to be done that they can help to do. One-half the zeal and energy that is so willingly put forth to punish crime, properly directed to prevent it, would soon cause "the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." As it is, the march of civil, religious and domestic privileges is followed closely by the footsteps of crime. Perhaps in this generation we could not hope to do much, but surely in the one coming on we might sow the precious seed and another generation reap a glorious harvest.

Let every woman who takes upon herself the responsibility of married life, try to be a Kate Walden—let her, if she be unfortunately trammelled with the fashion of this world, throw it aside and be a true woman—let her motto for this world be, "Onward!" and for the world to come, "I serve Him only!"—let her dare to do right, dare to be useful, the conventional forms of society notwithstanding, and her youth may have the same promise and reward as hers we describe. And when she has lived ten years happily with a man worthy of her, may she say, as Kate Morris now says—"Truly I rejoice in the trials of my youth; they have perfected the sober, rational happiness of my married life: it has been as yet without clouds; but when they do come, the bright sun of hope will still shine through them; if not here, surely hereafter."

## THE TREASURY.

UNDER this head we are intending to unite the past and the present, the pure diamond thoughts of living writers with the refined gold of those rare old authors whose riches are inexhaustible—even by modern compilers, imitators and plagiarists.

The enlargement of the *Lady's Book* allows room for these improvements. Without diminishing the original contributions, we afford a new standard of competition and excellence. The immortal dead as well as the illustrious living will be contributors to our pages. Those who have not time or opportunity to search out for themselves these specimens of choice literature, overwhelmed as they are by masses of commonplace writing, will here find their wishes anticipated. In short, we shall gather into our *Treasury* gems of genius, each worthy of being treasured in the heart and soul of the reader.

As a beautiful introduction to our new gathering of these "winged words" of genius, we could not have a better than this:—

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Black shadows fall  
From the lindens tall,  
That lift aloft their massive wall  
Against the southern sky;

And from the realms  
Of the shadowy elms  
A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
The fields that round us lie.

But night is fair,  
And everywhere  
A warm, soft vapour fills the air,  
And distant sounds seem near:

And above in the light  
Of the star-lit night  
Swift birds of passage wing their flight  
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,  
As from the land of snow and sleet  
They seek a southern sea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so!  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
Come not from wings of birds!

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, pains or wrongs,  
The sounds of winged words.

This is the cry  
Of souls that high  
On toiling, beating pinions fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight,  
Through realms of light,  
It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

### FROM A DISCOURSE ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE.—"Marriage," Dr. Wickliffe saith, "is a sacrament, and a figure of the ghostly wedlock between Christ and the Holy Church."

There is no other human connection which hath so high or so great a significance as that between man and woman. For a king even, his coronation is a much less matter than his marriage, as having less spiritual import. It is not written that in the beginning God created man rich and poor, philosopher and peasant, but male and female created he them. There is no monarch's signet that is typical of as much duty as the wedding ring is.

Marriage among Christians is not only for earthly convenience, but also for heavenly good; and if the spiritual purpose be not answered thereby, there are none so frivolous as not to feel the failure acutely, whether they know the cause of their suffering or not.

RELIGION AND LOVE.—Marriage is an institution of God, and can possibly be enjoyed only in the spirit of God.

Religious sensibility is in the human heart what the divine Almightiness is in the foliage of trees, the fragrance of flowers, the loftiness of mountains and the lustre of the stars;—even when unperceived, it is the fullness, it is the soul of bliss, especially of the purer pleasures, family love, friendship, and anticipation of the future.

Out of the heart are the issues of life, mortal and immortal, both alike. Connubial affection flows freely and surely only through those channels of love which prayer keeps open from obstruction. In every household the warmth of pure joyance is very much proportionate to the flame of devotion, and in most hearts the purity of their attachment is measurable by the extent of their faith.

To be happy together long, a man and wife must be in Christ. Of deep love, reverence is one essential, and one which inevitably decays after marriage, unless the felt sacredness of the soul counteract the effect of familiarity with the person.

The completeness of mutual confidence is another element in love. Now, no human beings do or can maintain entire faith in one another but those who also feel full belief in God. There are instances of exception, but they are only few; for, as a rule, it is only a religious is a confiding person.

Of affection between man and wife there are other component feelings, of which, in like manner, religion is the source—in brief, it is the soul of married life, it is the strength of married faith, it is the preservative of married joy.

The life of God in the soul is not only a right, but a vigorous state of mind; it is not only devotion, but is added strength to every other feeling, the affection especially of husband and wife.

Husband and wife praying together before God, are not only united in temporary thought, but more closely still; for, while kneeling side by side, they two have the arms of the Almighty round them, the protecting, love-inspiring presence of the one God of their faith.

Marriage has not only capacities of happiness, but of moral and religious improvement. There is no other feeling of the human heart rightly such a support of personal religion as conjugal affection is. A man and woman dwelling together without the love of God is a melancholy sight, for it is such a loss of spiritual opportunity. Nay, holy men have believed that the nuptial is a sinful state unless enjoyed in the fear of God, and certainly without that it tends to sensualize the mind: it is in that case a heathen alliance, appropriate patrons of which are Venus and the idol gods, and on such a connection the blessings of the church does not abide, but returns again like the apostolic benediction of peace when supplicated on an unworthy house; the happiness thereof is evanescent, its duration is weariness, it is the profanest of all profane estates, and its end—its end! Oh, think how ominously awful is that state of mind, or else how terrible must have been its experience, which is conscious to itself of a secret complacency in the severance of conjugal bonds! Remember the spiritual meaning of marriage, and then the possibility of joy in its dissolution is infernal: it is like a soul's rejoicing over its own ruin, over its own lost sense of purity, its extinct capacity of prayer and its vanished opportunities of right!

**SYMPATHY.**—Sympathy is an essential of the human heart. There is many a soul of noble capacities lying in sluggish darkness for want of some word out of itself, some human tone, some little encouragement, and that perhaps so slight that even a child might utter it. Others there are who are awake to righteousness, to all the lofty attainments that are possible therein on this earth, who revolve in their minds many plans of good, and who yet make no progress for want of a quickening impulse external from themselves. Often and often, for lack of a friend's understanding word, does a good man's modest diffidence grow into religious sloth. This want of sympathy, this dependence on external help is God's appointment; it is our nature, it is incidental to us as social creatures—it is an ordained occasion for the infusion of faith and energy into the soul, and which at the same time carry along with them an increase of love, a contributory effect of the conversational channel through which they flow.

The formation of Eve out of the substance of Adam, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, is typical of the state of their descendants. Manhood and womanly nature are supplements, the one to the other; they are one another's perfection. Wedlock is the completion of two beings, it is a fitting of them to attain, by conjoint effort, an excellence impossible to either of them alone.

Between husband and wife there ought to be no more religious reserve than between man and God, for they ought to confess themselves to one another as freely as to their Creator.

**PLEASURE.**—Strange it is that little pleasures should

be esteemed as below man's regard, while the fall of a sparrow to the ground, the brief existence of a May-fly, the blossoming of a flower, are not beneath God's providence. Strange that men should let their hearts harden with pride against enjoyments on account of their commonness, when there is not a forest which they behold but on every single tree, every single leaf thrust itself forth as a bud in the spring and in the summer unfolded itself to the sun and the wind only through power of God's affording.

Those selfish gratifications which are costly are most of them worthless. Also, pleasures, like virtue, ought to be unconscious. If a person think much of his virtue, he loses it by becoming vain; and if his joys be too much thought about, their delightfulness is evaporated by the warmth of anxiety; and it is thus that delicious anticipations prove often such disappointing realities.

The prohibition against being "lovers of pleasure" is itself a provision for pleasure, a security to keep the fine sense of enjoyment from blunting.

Of all lawful, all the purer, sweeter and more permanent delights, Almighty God is the source; and such happiness as God affords can be fully enjoyed only in such state of mind as God approves. Piety is preparation for heaven; piety, too, is on earth a capacity of pleasure. As Holy Writ saith—"Godliness is profitable unto all things which hath the promise of the life present and of that which is to come."

There are some persons who have their imaginations so excited by the possibility of some distant good as to lose all taste for the little delights which husband and wife, master and servant, parent and child may devise and reciprocate hourly almost. Which is the luckier man, he that can be happy in the smile of his wife or he that must wait, wait, wait for the smile of fortune, and wait in vain perhaps?

**AFFECTION.**—In this world there is nothing of such value as affection, and the most trifling expression of it, even though it be but a single word of endearment, is in the best ears a pleasanter sound than that of gold pieces.

"The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies," Solomon says. Were there allotted to any one a female figure of solid gold as a companion for life, who is there but would beg that it might be of silver only that it might speak? And then of an inferior metal still, if it might only feel? And then that it might be, like himself, of earth, might it only accompany him about? And yet—oh, human inconsistency!—husbands be many of them heedless of home-joys as not being an increase of wealth.

Man is created to be a living soul, and not to be an alchemist; and the real want of his heart is sympathy, affection, love, and not the philosopher's stone. It would not be more unreasonable to transplant a favorite flower out of black earth into gold dust than it is for a person to let money-getting harden his heart into contempt or into impatience of the little attentions, the merriments and the caresses of domestic life.

**HAPPINESS.**—The religious is the happy and the only purely happy state of mind. Happiness is in the soul; it is not external to the body like our clothes are. The fountain of delight is in the heart and not in the purse. Happiness does not consist much in the wealth, honor and magnificence of our outward circumstances; it is not communicable to the mind after the manner of warmth to the body. Had happiness been comprised in the possession of palaces, power, and multitudinous means of bodily enjoyment, King Solomon would have been the happiest as well as the wisest of men, instead of his bitter experience being "vanity of vanities—all

is vanity!" "Oh, but"—some persons think to themselves—"it was his state of mind must have been wrong!" And so it was. The only essential of happiness among this world's goods is a share in food and raiment. Possessed of these, he that is still wretched would have been wretched also on Solomon's throne. What pure happiness is felt in the palace would still be possessed were the palace to contract into a cottage.

Happiness is where the kingdom of heaven is—it is within us; and, again, like the kingdom of heaven, it is "to be found by seeking," and that to any extent; it is to be gained very much through contentment, peace and willingness. For the enjoyment of life, a man's mind ought to be open, pure from dissatisfaction, clear and fresh like a dew-drop, which, small globe as it is, does yet receive into and reflect from itself all the flowers around, and the trees with all their leaves, together with the blue firmament, the sun and the clouds.

Happiness is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we to go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather withinside them.

A series of little services are commonly more pleasure in the aggregate than a solitary act of considerable beneficence. A fortune of small gains, slowly but surely accumulating, undoubtedly affords incomparably a greater delight than sudden riches; and a wife's tender expressions heard two or three times a day, amount at the end of the year to vastly more and sweeter happiness than election to some high office by the united suffrages of the whole parish.

Of earthly relations, those of husband and wife, parent and child, friend and neighbor, master and servant, constitute much the larger portion of man's happiness, and are more important any of them than all others together. It is in the observance, the refinement, the strengthening of these commonest, these greatest, these primal relations that happiness is increased, and not in the inordinate accumulation of money, the acquisition of empty fame, or in luxurious indulgences.

Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fireside more than in the honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love infinitely more than in the favor of all human beings else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle more than in the hearing of flattery; in the reciprocation of little and frequent kindnesses between friend and friend more than in some occasional and dearly-bought indulgence; in the virtue of contentment more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur; in change of heart more than in change of circumstance; in full, firm trust in Providence more than in hoping for fortune's favor; in a growing taste for the beauties of nature more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentations, and, therefore, rare display; in a handmaiden's cheerfulness more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next door neighbor more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.

Happiness, then, must be sought for in simplicity, and not in costliness; in the perpetually recurring more than in the rare; in abiding peace rather than in temporary raptures; and next after the well of living water which springeth up into everlasting life, in no sources else so sedulously as in those fountains which are fed by the never-failing love of relatives and friends.

**KNOWLEDGE.**—Oh, judge not meanly of the spiritual capacities of domestic life! The concentrated know-

ledge of whole libraries, of doctors most famous, of theologians most acute, of philosophers most accomplished, and of historians the most erudite; the results of a whole life of painful study among books, and of diligent inquiry with the learned, invaluable as they are in themselves, and most essential to the well-being of society, are yet not to be compared with the insight into human nature, its spiritual laws, exposures, wants and satisfactions; with the moral habitudes, the thoughtfulness, the self-possession, the sweet and even temper, and the familiarity in applying principles to emergent uses; with the readiness of sympathy, and the tenderness of feeling, of which home is the proper school, and in which domestic duties, discharged in the fear of God, are, if not the exclusive, yet by much the most efficient instruction.

Books and solitude have their uses, and for the earnest aspirant after spiritual perfection they are altogether indispensable; but they are not the only, nor yet the chief means of the soul's growth in grace, which is advanced by thorough acquaintance with the woes and the wants, the wishes and the workings of one human soul, far more efficiently than by the diligent perusal of a hundred folios. Such effect as is produced by even an un instructed woman's speaking out of the fullness of her heart, could, for spiritual profit, be less dispensed with than a professor's lecture deduced from the wisdom of the ancients. Knowledge shall vanish away, but charitable feeling never faileth.

**DUTIES.**—The discharge of duty to one another is not only exemption from the sin of omitting it; it is also growing strength, and it is self-knowledge. There is no one duty but the earnest—not the careless and formal or only customary—the really earnest performance thereof thrills the mind with a consciousness of power which is itself an increase of strength, but quickens into activity the disinterested feeling, and throws up from the soul's depths, as it were, into our notice, truths which, for their beauty and worth, it surprises us should ever have occurred to our minds. Out of the heart are the issues of life. Books are but like broken cisterns of knowledge compared with that purer wisdom which is the spontaneous efflux of the soul, when pervaded by a strong, devout desire to discharge righteously any one out of our manifold human duties.

It is out of the bosom of our earthly families that we are born into God's great family of heaven.

My brother! remember thou not only that the man is the head of the woman in authority, but also that thou art for thy wife the excellency of human nature, her all, all that ever shall be hers of that fondness, that heroism, that unsuspecting confidence, that noble manner of thinking so dear to woman, and of which virtues she has this day been believably married to thyself as the archetype.

My sister! remember thou that of thy husband thou art his whole possession in the delicacy and tenderness of womankind, his all of female worth. Remember that in gentle endurance thou art for him his Griseldis; in trustworthiness, his Lucretia; in humble beneficence, his Dorcas; his Penelope in faithfulness; his Laura in loveliness of character; and in self-sacrificing love his Alcestis.

By thought, prayer and effort, strive then to maintain your undiminished height in one another's esteem; and strive you must, since even the love of God can be sustained by endeavor only.

Finally, the observations which have been made on marriage and its moral uses, and concerning happiness and the means of its attainment, I pray you to accept. And I pray, God also bless you both. Amen.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH FEMALE AUTHORS,  
FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME,  
WITH SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

—  
DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, who died in 1673, was distinguished for her faithful attachment to her lord in his long exile during the time of the commonwealth, and for her indefatigable pursuit of literature. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and one of the maids of honor to Henrietta Maria. Having accompanied the queen to France, she met with the Marquis of Newcastle, and was married to him at Paris in 1645. The marquis took up his residence at Antwerp till the troubles were over, and there his lady wrote and published (1653) a volume entitled "*Poems and Fancies*." The marquis assisted her in her compositions, a circumstance which Horace Walpole has ridiculed in his "*Royal and Noble Authors*;" and so indefatigable were the noble pair that they filled nearly twelve volumes, folio, with plays, poems, orations, philosophical discourses, &c. On the restoration of Charles II., the marquis and his lady returned to England. The picture of domestic happiness and devoted loyalty presented by the life of these personages creates a strong prepossession in favor of the poetry of the duchess. She had invention, knowledge and imagination, but wanted energy and taste. "*The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy Land*" is her most popular piece. It echoes the imagery of Shakspeare, but has some fine lines descriptive of the elvish queen—

She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,  
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave;  
There, like a new-fallen flake of snow,  
Doth her white limbs in beauty show.  
Her garments fair her maids put on,  
Made of the pure light from the sun.

"*Mirth and Melancholy*" is another of these fanciful personifications. The former woos the poetess to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a gloomy but forcible and poetical sketch of her rival, Melancholy:—

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;  
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;  
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,  
Which various shadows make against the wall.  
She loves naught else but noise which discord makes,  
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes;  
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,  
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone;  
The tolling bell which for the dead rings out;  
A mill where rushing waters run about;  
The roaring winds which shake the cedars tall,  
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.  
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,  
And in a thick, dark grove she takes delight;  
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses and low cells,  
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

Melancholy thus describes her own dwelling:—

I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun;  
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;  
In summers hot down in a shade I lie;  
My music is the buzzing of a fly;  
I walk in meadows where grows fresh green grass;  
In fields where corn is high I often pass;

Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,  
Some brushy woods, and some all champagnes be;  
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,  
To hear how sheep do bleat and cows do low.  
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,  
Then I do live in a small house alone:  
Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,  
Like to a soul that's pure and clear from sin.  
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,  
Not filled with cares how riches to increase;  
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures—  
No riches are but what the mind intresures.

—  
KATHERINE PHILIPS.

Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS (1631-1664) was honored with the praise of Cowley and Dryden, and Jeremy Taylor addressed to her a "Discourse on Friendship." Her poetical name of *Orinda* was highly popular with her contemporaries, but her effusions are said to have been published without her consent. This amiable lady was the wife of James Philips, of the Priory, Cardigan. She died of small-pox, a distemper then prevalent and fatal.

AGAINST PLEASURE—AN ODE.

There's no such thing as pleasure here,  
'Tis all a perfect cheat,  
Which does but shine and disappear,  
Whose charm is but deceit;  
The empty bribe of yielding souls,  
Which first betrays and then controls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;  
But if we do approach,  
The fruit of Sodom will impair  
And perish at a touch;  
It being than in fancy less,  
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,  
And so desire is done;  
Or else, like rivers, they make wide  
The channels where they run;  
And either way true bliss destroys,  
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,  
But ne'er true bliss possess;  
For many things must make it be,  
But one may make it less;  
Nay, were our state as we could choose it,  
'Twould be consum'd by fear to lose it.

What art thou, then, thou winged air,  
More weak and swift than fame?  
Whose next successor is despair,  
And its attendant shame.  
Th' experienc'd prince then reason had,  
Who said of pleasure—"It is mad."

—  
A COUNTRY LIFE.

How sacred and how innocent  
A country life appears—  
How free from tumult, discontent,  
From flattery or fears!

This was the first and happiest life,  
When man enjoyed himself,  
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,  
And happiness for pelf.

'Twas here the poets were inspired,  
Here taught the multitude;  
The brave they here with honor fired,  
And civilized the rude.

That golden age did entertain  
No passion but of love;  
The thoughts of ruling and of gain  
Did ne'er their fancies move.

Them that do covet only rest,  
A cottage will suffice:  
It is not brave to be possess'd  
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things,  
From hence our peace doth flow;  
I have a better fate than kings  
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar,  
How unconcern'd am I!  
I cannot fear to tumble lower,  
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvied walls,  
I think not on the state,  
And pity no man's ease that falls  
From his ambition's height.

Silence and innocence are safe;  
A heart that's nobly true,  
At all these little arts can laugh,  
That do the world subdue!

#### PICTURES OF TRAVEL.\*

**THE BURNS FESTIVAL.**—The crowd was now fast gathering in the large field, in the midst of which the pavilion was situated. We went down by the beautiful monument to Burns, to the "Auld Brig o' Doon," which was spanned by an arch of evergreens, containing a representation of Tam O'Shanter and his gray mare, pursued by the witches. It had been arranged that the procession was to pass over the old and new bridges, and from thence by a temporary bridge over the hedge into the field. At this latter place a stand was erected for the sons of Burns, the officers of the day, and distinguished guests. Here was a beautiful specimen of English exclusiveness. The space adjoining the pavilion was fenced around, and admittance denied at first to any, except those who had tickets for the dinner, which, the price being fifteen shillings, entirely prevented the humble laborers, who, more than all, should participate on the occasion, from witnessing the review of the procession by the sons of Burns, and hearing the eloquent speeches of Professor Wilson and Lord Eglintoun. Thus, of the many thousands who were in the field, but a few hundred who were crowded between the bridge and the railing around the pavilion, enjoyed the interesting spectacle. By good fortune I obtained a stand, where I had an excellent view of the scene. The sons of Burns were in the middle of the platform, with Eglintoun on the right and Wilson on their left. Mrs. Begg, sister of the Poet, with her daughters, stood by the Countess of Eglintoun. She was a plain, benevolent-looking woman, dressed in black, and appearing still active and vigorous, though she is upwards of eighty years old. She bears some likeness, especially in the

expression of her eye, to the poet. Robert Burns, the oldest son, appeared to me to have a strong resemblance to his father, and it is said he is the only one who remembers his face. He has for a long time had an office under government, in London. The others have but lately returned from a residence of twenty years in India. Professor Wilson appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene better than any of them. He shouted and waved his hat, and, with his fine, broad forehead, his long brown locks already mixed with gray, streaming over his shoulders, and that eagle eye glancing over the vast assemblage, seemed a real Christopher North, yet full of the fire and vigor of youth—"a gray-haired, happy boy!"

**THE SONS OF BURNS.**—There were one or two show-ers during the day, and the sky all the time was dark and lowering, which was unfavorable for the celebration; but all were glad enough that the rain kept aloof till the ceremonies were nearly over. The speeches delivered at the dinner, which appeared in the papers next morning, are undoubtedly very eloquent. I noticed in the remarks of Robert Burns, in reply to Professor Wilson, an acknowledgment which the other speakers forgot. He said—"The sons of Burns have grateful hearts, and to the last hour of their existence they will remember the honor that has been paid them this day by the noble, the lovely and the talented of their native land, by men of genius and kindred spirit from our sister land; and, lastly, they owe their thanks to the inhabitants of the far-distant west, a country of a great, free and kindred people! (Loud cheers,)" In connection with this subject, I saw an anecdote of the poet yesterday which is not generally known. During his connection with the Excise, he was one day at a party where the health of Pitt, then minister, was proposed, as "his master and theirs." He immediately turned down his glass and said—"I will give you the health of a far greater and better man—GEORGE WASHINGTON!"

**LIFE IN GERMANY.**—After leaving Darmstadt we entered upon the Bergstrasse, or Mountain-way, leading along the foot of the mountain chain which extends all the way to Heidelberg on the left, while on the right stretches far away the Rhine-plain, across which we saw the dim outline of the Donnersberg in France. The hills are crowned with castles and their sides loaded with vines; along the road the rich green foliage of the walnut trees arched and nearly met above us. The sun shone warm and bright, and everybody appeared busy and contented and happy. All we met had smiling countenances. In some places we saw whole families sitting under the trees shelling the nuts they had beaten down, while others were returning from the vineyards, laden with baskets of purple and white grapes. The scene seemed to realize all I had read of the happiness of the German peasantry and the pastoral beauty of the German plains.

With the passengers in the omnibus I could hold little conversation. One, who knew about as much French as I did, asked me where I came from, and I shall not soon forget his expression of incredulity as I mentioned America. "Why," said he, "you are white—the Americans are all black!"

**HEIDELBERG.**—The people of Heidelberg are rich in places of pleasure and amusement. From the Carl Platz, an open square at the upper end of the city, two paths lead directly up to the castle. By the first walk we ascend a flight of steps to the western gate, passing through which we enter a delightful garden between the outer walls of the castle and the huge moat which

\* From an interesting work lately published, "Views A-Foot," by J. Bayard Taylor.

surrounds it. Great linden, oak and beech trees shadow the walk, and in secluded nooks little mountain streams spring from the side of the wall into stone basins. There is a tower over the moat on the south side, next the mountain, where the portcullis still hangs with its sharp teeth as it was last drawn up; on each side stand two grim knights guarding the entrance. In one of the wooded walks is an old tree brought from America in the year 1618. It is of the kind called *arbor vitæ*, and uncommonly tall and slender for one of this species; yet it does not seem to thrive well in a foreign soil. I noticed that persons had cut many slips off the lower branches, and I would have been tempted to do the same myself if there had been any I could reach. In the curve of the mountain is a handsome pavilion, surrounded with beds of flowers and fountains; here all classes meet together in the afternoon to sit with their refreshments in the shade, while frequently a fine band of music gives them their invariable recreation. All this, with the scenery around them, leaves nothing unfinished to their present enjoyment. The Germans enjoy life under all circumstances, and in this way they make themselves much happier than we, who have far greater means of being so.

**THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.**—We lately visited the great University Library. You walk through one hall after another filled with books of all kinds, from the monkish manuscript of the middle ages to the most elegant print of the present day. There is something to me more impressive in a library like this than a solemn cathedral. I think involuntarily of the hundreds of mighty spirits who speak from these three hundred thousand volumes—of the toils and privations with which genius has ever struggled, and of his glorious reward. As in a church, one feels, as it were, the presence of God—not because the place has been hallowed by His worship, but because all around stand the inspirations of His spirit, breathed through the mind of genius to men. And if the mortal remains of saints and heroes do not repose within its walls, the great and good of the whole earth are there, speaking their counsels to the searcher for truth, with voices whose last reverberation will die away only when the globe falls into ruin.

**THE WAY THEY LIVE.**—We are gradually becoming accustomed to the German style of living, which is very different from our own. Their cookery is new to us, but is nevertheless good. We have every day a different kind of soup, so I have supposed they keep a regular list of three hundred and sixty-five, one for every day in the year! Then we have potatoes “done up” in oil and vinegar, veal flavored with orange peel, barley-pudding, and all sorts of pancakes, boiled artichokes, and always rye bread, in loaves a yard long! Nevertheless we thrive on such diet, and I have rarely enjoyed more sound and refreshing sleep than in their nar-

row and coffin-like beds, uncomfortable as they seem. Many of the German customs are amusing. We never see oxen working here, but always cows, sometimes a single one in a cart, and sometimes two fastened together by a yoke across their horns. The women labor constantly in the fields; from our window we can hear the nut-brown maidens singing their cheerful songs among the vineyards on the mountain side. Their costume, too, is odd enough. Below the tight-fitting vest they wear such a number of short skirts, one above another, that it reminds one of an animated hoghead, with a head and shoulders starting out from the top. I have heard it gravely asserted that the wealth of a German damsel may be known by counting the number of her “kirtles.” An acquaintance of mine remarked that it would be an excellent costume for falling down a precipice!

**THE ODENWALD.**—Passing through this valley and the little village of Schönau, we commenced ascending one of the loftiest ranges of the Odenwald. The side of the mountain was covered with a thick pine forest. There was no wind to wake its solemn anthem—all was calm and majestic, and even awful. The trees rose all around like the pillars of a vast cathedral, whose long arched aisles vanished far below in the deepening gloom.

“Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer,”

for twilight had already begun to gather. We went on and up and ever higher, like the youth in “Excelsior,” the beech and dwarf oak took the place of the pine, and at last we arrived at a clear summit whose long brown grass waved desolately in the dim light of evening. A faint glow still lingered over the forest-hills, but down in the valley the dusky shades hid every vestige of life, though its sounds came up softened through the long space. When we reached the top, a bright planet stood like a diamond over the brow of the eastern hill, and the sound of a twilight bell came up clearly and sonorously on the cool damp air. The white veil of mist slowly descended down the mountain side, but the peaks rose above it like the wrecks of a world floating in space. We made our way in the dusk down the long path to the rude little dorf of Eisbach. I asked at the first inn for lodging, where we were ushered into a great room, in which a number of girls who had been at work in the fields were assembled. They were all dressed in men’s jackets and short gowns, and some had their hair streaming down their back. The landlord’s daughter, however, was a beautiful girl, whose modest, delicate features contrasted greatly with the coarse faces of the others. I thought of Uhland’s beautiful little poem of “The Landlady’s Daughter,” as I looked on her. In the room hung two or three pair of antlers, and they told us deer were still plenty in the forests.

## CANZONE FROM PETRARCH.

“Or vedi Amor che giovinetta donna.”

BY MARY G. WELLS.

Thou seest, Love, a lady young and fair  
Despise thy power and laugh at my despair,  
And move serenely safe amid such ills.  
Thou mayst be armed, but she in tress and gown,  
With naked feet amid the flowers sits down,

Still scorning thee and heedless of my woes.  
I am a captive;—if thou yet retain  
Thy bow unstrung, I pray thee so dispose  
An arrow that it may avenge the twain!

## UNCLE PHILIP.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"Out spake that ancient mariner."—COLERIDGE.

WE will not be particular in designating the exact site of the flourishing village of Corinth: neither would we advise any of our readers to take the trouble of seeking it on the map. It is sufficient to tell them that they may consider it located on one of the banks of the Hudson, somewhere above the city of New York, and somewhere below that of Albany; and that, more than twenty years ago, the Clavering family occupied one of the best houses at its southern extremity.

Mrs. Clavering was the widow of a store-keeper, who had always, by courtesy, been called a merchant, according to a prevailing custom in the provincial towns of America. Her husband had left her in affluent circumstances, and to each of her five children he had bequeathed a sufficient portion to furnish, when they came of age, an outfit for the girls and a beginning for the boys. Added to this, they had considerable expectations from an uncle of their mother's, a retired sea-captain, and a confirmed old bachelor, who had long been in the practice of paying the family an annual visit on returning from his India voyages. He had become so much attached to the children, that when he quitted the sea (which was soon after the death of Mr. Clavering), he had at the request of his niece, removed to Corinth, and taken up his residence in her family.

Though so far from his beloved element the ocean, Captain Kentledge managed to pass his time very contentedly, taking occasional trips down the river to New York, (particularly when a new ship was to be launched,) and performing, every summer, an excursion to the eastward: keeping closely along the coast, and visiting in turn every maritime town and village from Newport to Portland; never omitting to diverge off to Nantucket, which was his native place, and from whence when a boy, he had taken his first voyage in a whale ship.

Uncle Philip (for so Captain Kentledge was familiarly called by Mrs. Clavering and her children), was a square-built man with a broad weather-beaten face, and features the reverse of classical. His head was entirely bald, with the exception of two rough side-locks, and a long thin gray tress of hair, gathered into a queue and secured with black ribbon. Uncle Philip was very tenacious of his queue.

Like most seamen when on shore, he was singularly neat in his dress. He wore, all the year round, a huge blue coat, immense blue trowsers,

and a white waistcoat of ample dimensions: the whole suit being decorated with gold buttons; for, as he observed, he had, in the course of his life, worn enough of brass buttons to be heartily tired of them: gilt ones he hated because they were shams; and gold he could very well afford, and therefore it was his pleasure to have them. His cravat was a large black silk handkerchief, tied in front with a spreading bow and long ends. His shirt frill was particularly conspicuous and amazingly broad, and it was fastened with a large oval-shaped brooch containing under its glass a handsome hair-colored device of Ilooe leaning on an anchor. He never wore boots, but always white stockings and well-blackened long-quartered shoes. His hat had both a wide crown and a wide brim. Every part of his dress was good in quality and large in quantity, denoting that he was above economizing in the material.

Though "every inch a sailor," it must not be supposed that Captain Kentledge was in the constant habit of interlarding his conversation with sea-terms; a practice, which, if it ever actually prevailed to the extent that has been represented in fictitious delineations of "the sons of the wild and warring wave," has long since been discontinued in real life, by all nautical men who have any pretensions to the title of gentlemen. A sea-captain, whose only phraseology was that of the fore-castle, and who could talk of nothing without reference to the technical terms of his profession, would now be considered as obsolete a character "as the Lieutenant Bowlings and Commodore Trunnions of the last century."

Next to the children of his niece, the object most beloved by Uncle Philip was an enormous Newfoundland dog, the companion of his last voyages, and his constant attendant on land and on water, in doors and out of doors. In the faces of Neptune and his master there was an obvious resemblance, which a physiognomist would have deduced from the similarity of their characters; and it was remarked by one of the wags of the village that the two animals walked exactly alike, and held out their paws to strangers precisely in the same manner.

Mrs. Clavering, as is generally the case with mothers of the present day, when they consider themselves very genteel, intended one of her sons for the profession of physic, and the other for that of law. But in the mean time, Uncle Philip had so deeply imbued Sam, the eldest, with a predilection for the sea, that the boy's sole ambition



was to unite himself to that hardy race, "whose march is o'er the mountain-waves, whose home is on the deep." And Dick, whom his mother designed for a lawyer, intended himself for a carpenter: his genius pointing decidedly to hand-work rather than to head-work. It was Uncle Philip's opinion that boys should never be controlled in the choice of a profession. Yet he found it difficult to convince Mrs. Clavering that there was little chance of one of her sons filling a professor's chair at a medical college, or of the other arriving at the rank of chief-justice; but that as the laws of nature and the decrees of fate were not to be reversed, Dick would very probably build the ships that Sam would navigate.

About three months before the period at which our story commences, Uncle Philip had set out on his usual summer excursion, and had taken with him not only Neptune but Sam also, leaving Dick very much engaged in making a new kitchen-table with a drawer at each end. After the travelers had gone as far as the State of Maine, and were supposed to be on their return, Mrs. Clavering was surprised to receive a letter from Uncle Philip, dated "Off Cape Cod, Lat. 42, Lon. 69, wind N.N.E." The following were the words of this epistle:—

"DEAR NIECE KITTY CLAVERING,—I take this opportunity of informing you by a fishing-boat that is just going into the harbor, that being on Long Wharf, Boston, yesterday at 7 A. M., and finding there the schooner Winthrop about to sail for Cuba, and the schooner being commanded by a son of my old ship-mate, Ben Binnacle, and thinking it quite time that Sam should begin to see the world, (as he was fifteen the first of last April,) and that so good an opportunity should not be lost, I concluded to let him have a taste of the sea by giving him a run down to the West Indies. Sam was naturally very glad, and so was Neptune; and Sam being under my care, I, of course, felt in duty bound, to go along with him. The schooner Winthrop is as fine a sea-boat as ever swam, and young Ben Binnacle is as clever a fellow as his father. We are very well off for hands, the crew being young Ben's brother and three of his cousins, (all from Marblehead, and all part owners), besides Sam and myself, and Neptune, and black Bob the cabin-boy. So you have nothing to fear. And even if we should have a long passage, there is no danger of our starving, for most of the cargo is pork and onions, and the rest is turkeys, potatoes, flour, butter and cheese.

"You may calculate on finding Sam greatly improved by the voyage. Going to sea will cure him of all his awkward tricks, as you call them, and give him an opportunity of showing what he really is. He went out of Boston harbor perched on the end of the foresail boom, and was at the mainmast head before we had cleared the light-house. To-morrow I shall teach him to take an

observation. Young Ben Binnacle has an excellent quadrant that was his father's. We shall be back in a few weeks, and bring you pine-apples and parrots. Shall write from Havana, if I have time.

"Till then, yours,

"PHILIP KENTLEDGE.

"P.S. Neptune is very happy at finding himself at sea again. Give our love to Dick and the girls.

"N.B. We took care to have our trunk brought on board before we got under-way. Though we have a stiff breeze, Sam is not yet sea-sick, having set his face against it.

"2d. P.S. Don't take advantage of my absence to put the girls in corsets, as you did when I was away last summer.

"2d. N.B. Remember to send old Tom Tar-paulin his weekly allowance of tobacco all the time I am gone. You know I promised, when I first found him at Corinth, to keep him in tobacco as long as he lived; and if you forget to furnish it punctually, the poor fellow will be obliged to take his own money to buy it with."

This elopement, as Mrs. Clavering called it, caused at first great consternation in the family, but she soon consoled herself with the idea that 'twas well it was no worse, for if Uncle Philip had found a vessel going to China commanded by an old ship-mate, or a ship-mate's son, he would scarcely have hesitated to have acted as he had done in this instance. The two younger girls grieved that in all probability Sam had gone without gingerbread, which they had heard was a preventive to sea-sickness, but Fanny, the elder, remarked, that it was more probable he had his pockets full, as from Uncle Philip's account, he continued perfectly well. "Whatever Uncle Philip may say," observed Fanny, very judiciously, "Sam must of course have known that gingerbread is a more certain remedy for sea-sickness, than merely setting one's face against it." Dick's chief regret was, that not knowing beforehand of their trip to the West Indies, he had lost the opportunity of sending by them for some mahogany.

In about four weeks the Clavering family was set at ease by a letter from Sam himself, dated Havana. It detailed at full length the delights of the voyage, and the various qualifications of black Bob, the cabin-boy, and it was finished by two postscripts from Uncle Philip; one celebrating the rapid progress of Sam in nautical knowledge, and another stating that they should return in the schooner Winthrop.

They did return—Uncle Philip bringing with him, among other West India productions, a barrel of pine-apples for Mrs. Clavering, and three parrots, one for each of his young nieces; to all of whom he observed the strictest impartiality in distributing his favors. Also, a large

box for Dick, filled with numerous specimens of tropical woods.

It was evening when they arrived at Corinth, and they walked up directly from the steam-boat wharf to Mrs. Clavering's house; leaving their baggage to follow in a cart. Intending to give the family a pleasant surprise, they stole cautiously in at the gate, and walked on the grass to avoid making a noise with their shoes on the gravel. As usual at this hour, a light shone through the Venetian shutters of the parlor-windows. But our voyagers listened in vain for the well-known sounds of noisy mirth excited by the enjoyment of various little games and plays in which it was usual for the children to pass the interval between tea and bed-time; a laudable custom, instituted by Uncle Philip soon after he became one of the family.

"I hope all may be right," whispered the old captain, as he ascended the steps of the front porch, "I don't hear the least sound."

They sat down the three parrot-cages, which they had carried themselves from the wharf, and then went up to the windows and reconnoitered through the shutters. They saw the whole family seated round the table, busily employed with books and writing materials, and all perfectly silent. Uncle Philip now hastily threw open the front door, and followed by Sam, made his appearance in the parlor, exclaiming—

"Why, what is all this? Not hearing any noise as we came along, we concluded there must be sickness, or death in the house."

"We are not dead yet," said Dick, starting up, "though we *are* learning French."

In an instant the books were abandoned, the table nearly overset in getting from behind it, and the whole group hung round the voyagers, delighted at their return, and overwhelming them with questions and caresses. In a moment there came prancing into the room the dog Neptune, who had remained behind to guard the baggage-cart, which had now arrived at the front gate. The faithful animal was literally received with open arms by all the children, and when he had nearly demolished little Anne by the roughness of his gambols, she only exclaimed—"Oh! never mind—never mind. I am so glad to have Neptune back again, that I don't care, if he *does* tear my new pink frock all to tatters."

Mrs. Clavering made a faint attempt at reproaching Uncle Philip for thus stealing a march and carrying off her son, but the old captain turned it all into a subject of merriment, and pointed out to her Sam's ruddy looks and improved height; and his good fortune in having a brown skin, which, on being exposed to the air and sun of the ocean, only deepened its manly tint, instead of being disfigured by freckles. On Mrs. Clavering remarking that her poor boy had learnt the true balancing gait of a sailor, the uncle and nephew exchanged glances of congratulation; and Sam, in the course of the evening,

took frequent occasions to get up and walk across the room, by way of displaying this new accomplishment.

As Mrs. Clavering understood that her uncle and son had not yet had their supper, she quitted the room "on hospitable thoughts intent," while the children were listening with breathless interest to a minute detail of the voyage; Sam leaning over the back of his uncle's great chair, into which Fanny had squeezed herself beside the old gentleman, who held Jane on one knee and Anne on the other; and Dick making a seat of the dog Neptune, who lay at his master's feet.

"Who are those people talking in the porch?" asked little Anne, interrupting her uncle to listen to the strange sounds that issued from without.

"Oh! they are the parrots," said Sam, laughing, "I wonder they should have been forgotten so long."

"Parrots!" exclaimed all the children at once, and in a moment every one of the young people were out in the porch, and the cages were carried into the parlor. The parrots were duly admired, and made to go through all their phrases, of which (being very smart parrots), they had learnt an infinite variety, and Uncle Philip told the girls to draw lots for the first choice of these new pets, Dick supplying for that purpose little sticks of unequal lengths. After this the box of tropical woods was opened, and Dick's happiness became too great for utterance.

Supper was now brought in, and placed by Mrs. Clavering's order on a little table in the corner, it not being worth while, as she said, to remove the books and writing apparatus from the centre-table, as the lessons must be shortly resumed.

"What lessons are these," said Uncle Philip, "on which you seem so intent? Before I went away there was no lesson-learning of evenings. Have Mr. Fulmer and Miss Hickman adopted a new plan? I think, children, I have heard you say that your lessons were very short, and that you always learned them in school, which was one reason, why I approved of Mr. Fulmer for the boys, and Miss Hickman for the girls. I never could bear the idea of poor children being forced to spend their play-time in learning lessons. The school hours are long enough in all conscience."

"Oh—we don't go to Miss Hickman now," exclaimed the girls:—"And I don't go any longer to Mr. Fulmer," cried Dick, with something like a sigh.

"And where do you go then?" inquired Uncle Philip.

"We go to Monsieur and Madame Franchimau's French Study," replied Dick. "He teaches the boys, and she the girls—and our lessons are so long that it takes us the whole evening to learn them, and write our exercises. We are kept in school from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon. And then at four we go

back again, and stay till dusk, trying to read and talk French with Monsieur and Madame Ravigote, the father and mother of Madame Franchimeau."

"What's all this?" said Uncle Philip, laying down his knife and fork.

Mrs. Clavering, after silencing Dick with a significant look, proceeded to explain—

"Why, uncle," said she, "you must know that immediately after you left us, there came to Corinth a very elegant French family, and their purpose was to establish an Institute, or Study, as they now call it, in which, according to the last new system of education, everything is to be learnt in French. Mrs. Apesley, Mrs. Nedging, Mrs. Pinxton, Mrs. Slimbridge and myself, with others of the leading ladies of Corinth, had long wished for such an opportunity of having our children properly instructed, and we all determined to avail ourselves of it. We called immediately on the French ladies, who are very superior women, and we resolved at once to bring them into fashion by showing them every possible attention. We understood, also, that before Monsieur Franchimeau and his family came to Corinth, they had been on the other side of the river, and had visited Tusculum with a view of locating themselves in that village. But these polished and talented strangers were not in the least appreciated by the Tusculans, who are certainly a coarse and vulgar people; and therefore it became the duty of we Corinthians to prove to them our superiority in gentility and refinement."

"I thought as much," said Uncle Philip, "I knew it would come out this way. So the Corinthians are learning French out of spite to the Tusculans. And I suppose, when these Monsieurs and Madames have done making fools of the people of this village, they will move higher up the river and monkeyfy all before them between this and Albany. For, of course, the Hyde Parkers will learn French to spite the New Paltzers, and the Hudsonians to spite the Athenians, and the Kinderhookers to spite the"—

"Now, uncle, do hush," said Mrs. Clavering, interrupting him, "how can you make a jest of a thing from which we expect to derive so much benefit?"

"I am not jesting at all," replied Uncle Philip; "I fear it is a thing too serious to laugh at. But why do you say *we*; I hope, Kitty Clavering, *you* are not making a fool of yourself and turning school-girl again."

"I certainly do take lessons in French," replied Mrs. Clavering. "Mrs. Apesley, Mrs. Nedging, Mrs. Pinxton, Mrs. Slimbridge, and myself have formed a class for that purpose."

"Mrs. Apesley has eleven children," said Uncle Philip.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Clavering, "but the youngest is more than two years old. And Mrs. Nedging has only three."

"True," observed the uncle, "one of them is an idiot boy that can neither hear, speak, nor

use any of his limbs; the others are a couple of twin babies that were only two months old, when I went away."

"But they are remarkably good babies," answered Mrs. Clavering, "and can bear very well to have their mother out of their sight."

"And Mrs. Pinxton," said Uncle Philip, "has ever since the death of her husband presided over a large hotel, which, if properly attended to, ought to furnish her with employment for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four."

"Oh! but she has an excellent bar-keeper," replied Mrs. Clavering, "and she has lately got a cook from New York, to whom she gives thirty dollars a month, and she has promoted her head-chambermaid to the rank of house-keeper. Mrs. Pinxton herself is no longer to be seen going through the house as she formerly did. You would not suppose that there was any mistress belonging to the establishment."

"So much the worse," said Uncle Philip, "both for the mistress and the establishment. Well, and let me ask, if Mrs. Slimbridge's husband has recovered his health during my absence?"

"Oh! no, he is worse than ever," replied Mrs. Clavering.

"And still," resumed Uncle Philip, "with an invalid husband, who requires her constant care and attention, Mrs. Slimbridge can find it in her heart to neglect him, and waste her time in taking lessons that she may learn to read French, (though I am told their books are all about nothing,) and to talk French, though I cannot for my life see who she is to talk to."

"There is no telling what advantage she may not derive from it in future life," remarked Mrs. Clavering.

"I can tell her one thing," said Uncle Philip, "when poor Slimbridge dies, her French will never help her to a second husband. No man ever married a woman because she had learnt French."

"Indeed, uncle," replied Mrs. Clavering, "your prejudices against everything foreign are so strong, that it is in vain for me to oppose them. To-night, at least, I shall not say another word on the subject."

"Well, well, Kitty," said Uncle Philip, shaking her kindly by the hand, "we'll talk no more about it to-night, and perhaps, as you say, I ought to have more patience with foreigners: seeing that, as no man can choose his own birth-place, it is not to be expected that everybody can be born in America. And those that are not, are certainly objects of pity rather than of blame."

"Very right, uncle," exclaimed Sam, "I am sure I pity all that are not Americans of the United States, particularly since I have been among the West Indian Spaniards."

"Now, Kitty Clavering," said Uncle Philip, triumphantly, "you perceive the advantages of

seeing the world :—Who says that Sam has not profited by his voyage !”

The family separated for the night, and next morning Sam laughed at Dick for repeating his French verbs in his sleep. “No wonder,” replied Dick, “if you knew how many verbs I have to learn every day, and how much difficulty I have in getting them by heart when I am all the time thinking of other things, you would not be surprised at my dreaming of them ; as people are apt to do of whatever is their greatest affliction.”

At breakfast, the conversation of the preceding evening was renewed, by Mrs. Clavering observing with much complacency,—

“Monsieur Franchimeau will be very happy to find that I have a new scholar for him.”

“Indeed !” said Uncle Philip ; “and who else have you been pressing into the service ?”

“My son Sam, certainly,” replied Mrs. Clavering. “I promised him to Mr. Franchimeau, and he of course has been expecting to have him immediately on his return from the West Indies. Undoubtedly, Sam must be allowed the same advantages as his brother and sisters. Not to give him an equal opportunity of learning French would be unjust in the extreme.”

“Dear mother,” replied Sam, “I am quite willing to put up with that much injustice.”

“Right, my boy,” exclaimed Uncle Philip ; “and when you have learnt everything else, it will then be quite time enough to begin French.”

“You misunderstand entirely,” said Mrs. Clavering. “The children are learning everything else. But Mr. Franchimeau goes upon the new system, and teaches the whole in French and out of French books. His pupils, and those of Madame Franchimeau, learn history, geography, astronomy, botany, chemistry, mathematics, logic, criticism, composition, geology, mineralogy, conchology, and phrenology.”

“Mercy on their poor heads,” exclaimed Uncle Philip, interrupting her : “They’ll every one grow up idiots. All the sense they have, will be crushed out of them, by this unnatural business of overloading their minds with five times as much as they can bear. And the whole of this is to be learned in a foreign tongue too. Well, what next ? Are they also taught Latin and Greek in French ? And now I speak of those two languages that have caused so many aching heads and aching hearts to poor boys that never had the least occasion to turn them to any account ;—suppose that all the lectures at the Medical Colleges were delivered in Latin or Greek. How much, do you think, would the students profit by them ? Pretty doctors we should have, if they learnt their business in that way. No, no, the branches you have mentioned are all hard enough in themselves, particularly that last ology about the bumps on people’s heads. To get a thorough knowledge of any one of these arts or sciences, or whatever you call them, is work

enough for a man’s lifetime, and now the whole of them together are to be forced upon the weak understandings of poor innocent children, and in a foreign language to boot. Shame on you—shame on you, Kitty Clavering.”

“Uncle Philip,” said Mrs. Clavering, smiling at his vehemence, for on such occasions she had always found it more prudent to smile than to frown, “you may say what you will now, but I foresee that you will finally become a convert to my views of this subject. I intend to make French the general language of the family, and in a short time you will soon catch it yourself. Why, though I cannot say much for his proficiency in his lessons, even Richard\* has picked up without intending it, a number of French phrases that he pronounces quite well when I make him go over them with me.”

“Richard !” cried Uncle Philip, “and pray who is he ? Who is Richard ?”

“That’s me, uncle,” said Dick.

“So you have Frenchified Dick’s name, have you !” said the old gentleman, “but I’m determined you shall not Frenchify Sam’s.”

“No,” observed Sam, “I’ll not be Frenchified.”

“And pray, young ladies,” resumed the uncle, “Fanny, Jenny, and Anny, have you too been put into French ?”

“Yes, uncle,” replied Jane, “we are now Fanchette, Jeanette, and Annette.”

“So much the worse,” said Uncle Philip. “Listen to me when I tell you that all this Frenchifying will come to no good, and I foresee that you may be sorry for it when it is too late. Of what use will it be to any of you ? I have often heard that all French books worth reading are immediately done into English. And I never met with a French person worth knowing that had not learnt to talk English.”

“Now, uncle,” said Mrs. Clavering, “you are going quite too far. If our knowledge of French should not come into use while in our own country, who knows but some time or other we may all go to France.”

“I, for one,” replied Uncle Philip, “I know that you will not ; at least, you shall never go to France with my consent. No American woman goes to France, without coming home the worse for it in some way or other. There were the two Miss Facebys, who came up here last spring fresh from a six months’ foolery in Paris. I can see them now, ambling along in their short petticoats, with their hands clasped on their belt buckles, their mouths half open like idiots, and their eyes turned upwards like dying calves.”

Here Uncle Philip set the whole family to laughing, by starting from his chair and imitating the walk and manner of the Miss Facebys.

“There,” said he, resuming his seat, “I know that’s exactly like them. Then did not they pretend to have nearly forgotten their own

\* The French pronunciation of Richard.

language, affecting to speak English imperfectly. And what was the end of them? One ran away with a dancing-master's mate, and the other got privately married to a fiddler."

"But you must allow," said Mrs. Clavering, "that the Miss Facebys improved greatly in manner by their visit to France."

"I know not what you call *manner*," replied Uncle Philip, "but I'm sure in *manners* they did not. Manner and manners, I find, are very different things. And I was told by a gentleman, who had lived many years in France, that the Miss Facebys looked and behaved like French chambermaids, but not like French ladies. For my part, I am no judge of French women; but this I know, that American girls had better be like themselves, and not copy any foreign women whatever. And let them take care not to unfit themselves for American husbands. If they do, they'll lose more than they'll gain."

"Well, Uncle Philip," said Mrs. Clavering, "I see it will take time to make a convert of you."

"Don't depend on that," replied the old gentleman. "I, that for sixty years have stood out against all foreigners, particularly the French, am not likely to be taken in by them now."

"We shall see," resumed Mrs. Clavering. "But are you really serious in prohibiting Sam from becoming a pupil of Mr. Franchimeau?"

"Serious, to be sure I am," replied Uncle Philip. "Of what use can it be to him, if he follows the sea, as of course he will?"

"Of great use," answered Mrs. Clavering, "if he should be in the French trade."

"I look forward to his being in the India trade," said Uncle Philip, proudly.

"But suppose, uncle," said Fanny, "he should happen to have French sailors on board his ship?"

"French sailors! French!" exclaimed Uncle Philip; "for what purpose should he ship a Frenchman as a sailor. Why, I was once all over a French frigate that came into New York, and she was a pretty thing enough to look at outside. But when you got on board and went between decks, I never saw so dirty a ship. However, I won't go too far—I won't say that all French frigates are like this one, or all French sailors like those. Besides, this was many years ago, and perhaps they've improved since."

"No doubt of it," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Well," pursued Uncle Philip, "I only tell you what I saw."

"But not knowing their language, you must have misunderstood a great deal that you saw," observed Mrs. Clavering.

"The first lieutenant spoke English," said Uncle Philip, "and he showed me the ship; and to do him justice, he was a very clever fellow, for all he was a Frenchman. There must certainly be *some* good ones among them. Yes, yes—I have not a word to say against that first lieutenant. But I wish you had seen the men that

we found between decks. Some were tinkling on a sort of guitars, and some were tooting on a kind of flutes, and some were scraping on wretched fiddles. Some had little paint-boxes and were drawing watch-papers, with loves and doves on them; some were sipping lemonade, and some were eating sugar-candy; and one (whom I suspected to have been originally a barber), was combing and curling a lap-dog. It was really sickening to see sailors making such fools of themselves. By the by, I did not see a tolerable dog about the ship. There was no fine Newfoundland like my gallant Neptune, (come here, old fellow,) but there were half-a-dozen short-legged, long-bodied, red-eyed, tangle-haired wretches, meant for poodles, but not even half so good. And some of the men were petting huge cats, and some were feeding little birds in cages."

"Well," said Mrs. Clavering, "I see no harm in all this—only an evidence that the general refinement of the French nation pervades all ranks of society. Is it not better to eat sugar-candy, than to chew tobacco, and to sip lemonade, than to drink grog?"

"And then," continued Uncle Philip, "to hear the names by which the fellows were calling each other, for their tongues were all going the whole time as fast as they could chatter. There were Lindor and Isidoro, and Adolphe and Emile. I don't believe there was a Jack or a Tom in the whole ship. I was so diverted with their names, that I made the first lieutenant repeat them to me, and I wrote them down in my pocket-book. A very gentlemanly man was that first lieutenant. But as to the sailors—why, there was one fellow sprawling on a gun, (I suppose, I should say reclining,) and talking to himself about his amiable Pauline, which I suppose is the French for Poll. When we went into the gun-room, there was the gunner sitting on a chest, and reading some love-verses of his own writing, addressed to his belle Celestine, which, doubtless, is the French for Sall. Think! of a sailor pretending to have a belle for his sweetheart. The first lieutenant told me that the gunner was the best poet in the ship. I must say, I think very well of that first lieutenant. There were half a dozen boys crowding round the gunner, (or forming a group as, I suppose, you would call it,) and looking up to his face with admiration; and one great fool was kneeling behind him, and holding over his head a wreath of some sort of green leaves; waiting to crown him, when he had done reading his verses."

"Well," observed Mrs. Clavering, "I have no doubt, the whole scene had a very pretty effect."

"Fshaw," said Uncle Philip. "When I came on deck again, there was the boatswain's mate, who was also the ship's dancing-master, (for a Frenchman can turn his hand to anything, provided it's foolery,) and he was giving a lesson to two dozen dirty fellows with bare feet and red

woollen caps, and taking them by their huge tarry hands, and bidding them *chassez* here and *balancez* there, and *promenade* here, and *pirouette* there. I was too angry to laugh, when I saw sailors making such baboons of themselves."

"Now," remarked Mrs. Clavering, "it is an established fact, that without some knowledge of dancing, no one can move well, or have a graceful air and carriage. Why then should not sailors be allowed an opportunity of cultivating the graces as well as other people. Why should they be debarred from everything that savors of refinement?"

"I am glad," said Uncle Philip, laughing, "that it never fell to my lot to go to sea with a crew of refined sailors. I think, I should have tried hard to whack their refinement out of them. Why the French first lieutenant, (who was certainly a very clever fellow,) told me that, during the cruise, five or six seamen had nearly died of their sensibility, as he called it; having jumped overboard because they could not bear the separation from their sweethearts."

"Poor fellows," said Fanny, "and were they drowned?"

"I asked that," replied Uncle Philip, "hoping that they were; but unluckily for the service, they were all provided with sworn friends, who jumped heroically into the sea, and fished the lubbers out. And, no doubt, the whole scene had a very pretty effect."

"How can you make a jest of such things?" said Mrs. Clavering, reproachfully.

"Why, I am only repeating your own words," answered the old gentleman. "But, to speak seriously, this shows that French ships ought always to be furnished with Newfoundland dogs to send in after the lovers, and spare their friends the trouble of getting a wet jacket for them:—Come here, old Nep. Up, my fine fellow, up," patting the dog's head, while the enormous animal rested his fore-paws on his master's shoulders.

Mrs. Clavering now reminded the children that it was considerably past their hour for going to school, but with one accord they petitioned for a holiday, as it was the first day of Uncle Philip's and Sam's return.

"You know the penalty," said Mrs. Clavering; "you know that if you stay away from school, you will be put down to the bottom of the class."

The children all declared their willingness to submit to this punishment rather than go to school that day.

"Now, Kitty Clavering," said Uncle Philip, "you see plainly that their hearts are not in the French: and that it is all forced work with them. So I shall be regularly displeased, if you send the children to school to-day. They shall go with me to the cabin, and we will all spend the morning there."

(To be continued.)

## LOVE AND GLORY.

BY ALICE GORDON LEE.

Oh, "Love and Glory!" a dainty theme  
For the pen of a humble poet;  
One a bubble, the other a dream,  
And the record of Life will show it.

In its early spring the youthful heart  
With a feverish pulse is beating;  
And fair Hope whispers, "I'll ne'er depart—  
My promises never are fleeting:"

Ere Pleasure a syren spell has laid  
To charm us away from our duty,  
The false, false world full well is arrayed  
In a hue of all truth and beauty:

Then Love steals up with a golden chain,  
Not a shadowy link revealing,  
Till made a prisoner, escape is vain—  
Enlisted is every feeling.

The dream is sweet—we linger awhile  
Enwrought in a trance so Elysian,  
Shapes of beauty our spirits beguile  
As they pass by the darkened vision.

But oh, the waking! a heart laid bare.  
For its beautiful dream has vanished;  
Delusive phantoms dissolve in air—  
All faith—our first treasure—is banished.

Again—a chalice before us is placed,  
Bright gems on the beaker are gleaming;  
By Delusion's hand it is richly chased,  
Ambition's red light o'er it streaming.

The spell is at work—the bosom thrills  
With a wish, nay, a thirst for glory—  
We will drink a pledge—no terror chills—  
"Let our names be written in story!"

The chalice is seized with sparkling eyes,  
Aye—quaff—to the gems so flashing!  
The bubble has burst, and false Hope flies,  
The cup from our lips quickly dashing.

Oh, Love and Glory! a dainty theme  
For the pen of a humble poet—  
One a bubble, the other a dream,  
And the record of life *does* show it.

## MRS. MAGWIRE'S ACCOUNT OF DEACON WHIPPLE.

He's a mortal tease, husband is. He does like a joke about as well as any man I ever see. But he's always good-natured, haint no malice at heart in his capers. He was a *leetle* nicked though about that are cider hoax he played off on Deacon Whipple and Deacon Bedott. See—did you ever hear about that? Well, I'll tell you, for I think 'twas one o' the cutest tricks he ever come. But in the first place you must know what sort of a man Deacon Whipple was, or else you won't sense the joke. Well, accordin' to my notion, he was about as contemptible a specimin of a man as ever walked shoe-leather. I always thought so, and so did husband, though there was a good many folks in Wiggletown looked upon him as clear perfection, 'cause he had so much sanctimony. He come from Meddleville to our town, and he was so wonderful pious, and made such an awful parade of his religion, prayin' and exortin' and laborin' for souls, as he called it, that when he'd ben there about three months, they made him deacon. As soon as he was promoted, he begun meddlin' in everybody's bizness the worst way, watchin' all the naborhood, and takin' on 'em to dew for every little thing that dident happen to come up to his idees o' duty. This he called "consarn for the welfare o' Zion." As sure as ther was a party o' young folks, *there* was Deacon Whipple's long nose poked into some o' the winders to pry out what was done. And if ther was any church members among 'em, and they happened to play "Button—button! whose got the button?" or danse round a little, he'd have 'em hauled up before the session to anser for 't. It seemed to dew him a deal o' good to ketch any o' the brethren or sisters a trippin'. A body'd a thought he spent the heft of his time a pryin' into other folks' bizness, but somehow or other he managed to take care of his own tew; he was a tailor by trade, and a reg'lar old cabagin' skinflint to boot. That reminds me o' what Jo Snyder said to him once. You see he was an awful stingy critter, and so was Miss Whipple. The 'printices used to complain dretfully o' ther livin'—said they was nigh about starved. Well, Jo Snyder he stuck his head into the shop winder one day and says he (Jo was an independent critter), says he, "Deacon, how comes it you starve yer 'printices so, when you're always so flush o' cabbage?" The deacon was awful mad. Says he to Jo, "If you was a *professer* you'd ketch it." He was a monstrous mean-lookin' man tew. You'd a know'd to see him in the street that he was a contracted critter, —had a stingy kind of a walk—went along as if

he begrudged the room he took up. The circumstance I was a gwine to tell took place when he'd ben deacon only a little risin' tew year—and it's a sollem fact, ther'd ben more cases o' deseplyne in that short time than ther ever was afore sence the place was settled. Now Deacon Bedott wan't such a man at all. He was great on prayin' and exortin', but he dident meddle in his nabors' consarns, nor think himself so much piouser and better 'n all the rest o' creation. Well, the next fall arter we come away from Wiggletown, husband and me went out there a visitin'. You see, mother Poole and mother Magwire both lived there, and sister Bedott tew, and I spent the time visitin' round from one to t'other. Well, one evenin' I was to sister Bedott's—husband had gone over to mother Magwire's. 'Twas about a year afore Deacon Bedott died, an he wan't very well—you know he was feeble a number o' years afore his death. Well, he and sister Silly and me was settin' round the settin'-room fire, and Artemishy Pike—the widder Pike's oldest darter—she was a spendin' the evenin' there. Artemishy was jest a tellin' us about Deacon Whipple's comin' to thair house the day afore to take Cinthy (her youngest sister) to dew, 'cause he'd heerd how't she 'tended a ball when she was over to Varmount a visitin'; and Artemishy was in an awful fidget about it, for fear he'd have her hauled up for't, and she wanted Deacon Bedott to try to prevent it. Well, she was just a tellin' about it when ther come a knock to the door. "Walk in," says sister Bedott—and who should walk in but Deacon Whipple, with Deacon Kenipe and Deacon Crosby on behind him! "There," says I to Artemishy, "the *Old One's* always at hand when you're talkin' about him." "Hush!" says she. "Lawful sakes!" says I; "I aint afeard o' bein' hauled up—I don't live here." When they come in, Artemishy looked half-skairt to death. She thought they'd come to talk about dealin' with Cinthy, but sister Bedott whispered tew her, and says she, "Don't be afeard; I don't bieve it's Cinthy. I guess more likely it's Sue Collins." ('Twas the same time they had *her* over the coals.) Whatever 'twas, we all know'd 'twas purty important bizness, for Deacon Whipple lookt wonderful *big* and awful sollem: his face was about half a yard long. But though he tried to appear as if he felt dretful bad, 'twas plain to be seen he was enjoyin' a state of internal satisfaction—lookt jest as he always did when he got hold of a case that suited him to a T. But Deacon Kenipe and Deacon Crosby lookt as if they *raly* felt bad. (They was very clever

men indeed.) *They* dident say a word, but Deacon Whipple he conversed a spell about matters and things in ginerall, said the weather was on-common fine for the season o' year, crops was wonderful abundant, 'specially the apple crop—though 'twas to be lamented that any o' the good critters o' Providence should be abused and turned to the ruination o' mankind as apples was by bein' made into cider. Then he went on to deplore the low state o' religion in the place, axed us wimmin folks about the state of our minds and so on, and then said they'd come on private bizness and would like to see Deacon Bedott alone a spell. So we three wimmin got up and went into the kitchen. "Now," says sister Bedott, says she, "I feel as if I'd like to know what they've come for—wouldn't you?" "Yes," says we. "Well, then," says Silly, "let's go into the buttry and listen." "Agreed," says we. So in we went. You see ther was a passage between the settin'-room and the kitchen, and on one side o' this passage the buttry was sittiwated; and ther was a door leadin' from the buttry into the settin'-room, and atop o' this door ther was an awful wide crack, so 't a body could hear every word that was said in the settin'-room there. Well, in we goes, as still as mice. Artemishy and me we got up on an old box and peeped through the crack, and sister Bedott she put her ear to the keyhole. Deacon Whipple had begun to talk afore we got fixed. The first thing I heerd him say, says he, "It's very on-pleasant bizness, very indeed. I assure you it's very tryin' to my feelins to be necessiated to rebuke a brother, but it seems to be an unsurmountable duty in this case. We're all poor errin' critters; the best on us is liable to go astray and fail in our duty. I'm free to confess that *even I* have my shortcomings"—I guess he had an attack on't when he cut husband's pantaloons; they was so *short* and so tight he had to give 'em to Jeff—"I have my shortcomings, and I feel to mourn for 't; I feel to lament that I'm frequently cold and slack in dewin' my duty—don't keep such a constant watch round the walls o' Zion as I'd ought tew. I feel as if it may be owin' to my onfaithfulness, brother Bedott, that you've fell into the practice o' such a hyneous offence—ahem—" "Gosh!" says Deacon Bedott, says he—(now Deacon Bedott never used bad language in his life, but once in a while when he was dretfully took by surprise he used to say "*gosh!*")—"Gosh," says he, "I want to know if you was a meanin' me all this time? Well, I'd like to know what I've ben a dewin'?" "O dear," says Silly, says she, "it's husband, it's husband! What *has* he done—what *has* he *done*?" "Don't make a fuss," says I; "they'll hear you, and we shall have to clear out." Deacon Bedott went on: "I aint aware o' bein' in the practice of any known sin. If I've done wrong in any way I'm willin' to be told on't, and I hope I shall take your rebuke as I'd ought tew—though as I said

afore I aint aware o' bein' in the practice of any hyneous offence, as you call it." Says Deacon Whipple, says he, with a rael provokin' grin, "I'm raly sorry you're so dull of apprehension, Brother Bedott. It's truly lamentible, when a brother, that's ben appearantly a burnin' and shinin' light, turns out to be such a greivous transgressor—when sinners round is in such perishin' need o' havin' good examples sot afore 'em, to make 'em cast down the weppons o' rebellion. And it's still woss, when such a backslidin' brother is reasoned with—to see him refuse to confess his faults, and repent of his sins and mend his ways." "Dew tell me," says Deacon Bedott, says he, "what the sin *is*, and if I've raly ben guilty on 't, I'll repent, and confess, and forsake it tew." "I'm sorry to see you so obderret," says Deacon Whipple, says he. "You know, Scriptor says, if a brother is overtook in a fault, the brother must go tew him and tell him on't—and if he refuses to hear 'em, why, he must be dealt with afore the congregation; and I'm afear'd that's what *you'll* have to come tew, Brother Bedott, if you hold out so." "O misery me!" says Silly, says she, "What has that man ben a *dewin'*! what *has* he ben a dewin'! O'dear me! what an onfortunit woman I be!" "Silly," says I, "why can't you shet yer head? Take my word for 't, he haint done nothin'—it'll turn out, to be jest nothin' at all, I'll bet a goose, so dew be easy." Well, arter Deacon Whipple had gone on so for ever so long, Deacon Bedott got clear out o' patience, and says he, "For massy's sake, what *is* it? Brother Kenipe, Brother Crosby, dew tell me, what 't is." "I'd rather not," says Deacon Kenipe, says he, "Brother Whipple begun, and he ought to finish." "I say so tew," says Deacon Crosby. "Why," says Deacon Whipple, "it's curus that Brother Bedott should be so unwillin' to own up, without my comin' right out." "O! dear me, Suz!" says Sister Bedott, "that he should be a cuttin' capers, and me never suspect him on't! O Melissy, I shall *die!* I *shall* die!" and she begun wringin' her hands like mad. "You simple critter," says I, "dew save yer highsteeries till ther's occasion for 'em; dew keep still—they'll hear you sartin, sure, and if they should ketch us a listenin', 'twould ruin all our three reputations." On account o' Silly's interruption, we lost what Deacon Whipple said next,—and the first thing we heerd arter she got quiet agin, was Deacon Bedott sayin', "It's curus you should be so willin' to believe such a story about me, when you've know'd me some years, and haint never heerd nothin' o' the kind till now." "I for one wan't willin' to believe it," says Deacon Kenipe; "nor I nother," says Deacon Crosby, says he. "Now, ther' aint no use in denyin' on't, Brother Bedott," says Deacon Whipple, says he—"A few years ago, 'twant thought to be no great crime, to take a glass o' sperrits now and then; ther wan't so much light on the subject as ther



is now in these ere temperance days; but, even then, 'twas eny most an onheerd-of thing for any body, to git intosticated on cider—as you're in a habit o' dewin' *now* against light and privelidge—and you a deacon tew—a man that makes such high pertensions. O Brother Bedott! it's a hyneous and a cryin' sin." "Consarn it!" says Deacon Bedott, says he, "dew stop a minnit and let one speak: I want to know, who said I was in a habit o' takin' tew much." "Whoever 'twas," says Silly, says she, "they lied, and they knowd it, and I'll tell Deacon Whipple so—lemme come Melissy." (It always made Silly awful mad to have anybody else run the deacon down, though she used to give it tew him herself, like the dragon sometimes.) "Woman alive," says I, "what be you dewin! you shan't go out there—you'll jest spile the hull—and we shan't hear another word—it'll be time enough for you to put in byme bye." She made such a noise, they'd a heerd her, if they hadent a got to talkin' purty loud themselves. Well, she got still; and next thing I heerd was Deacon Kenipe sayin', says he, "Brother Whipple, dew come to the pint; dew tell Brother Bedott, who 'twas—and don't hurt his feelins any more'n you can help." "Well, then," says Deacon Whipple, says he, "'twas yer brother-in-law, Mr. Magwire." "Gracious sakes alive!" says Deacon Bedott, says he, "did Josh say that about me? What on arth did the critter mean?" "He meant what he *said*, I 'spose," says Deacon Whipple, "that you're in a habit o' gittin' *corned* on cider." Says Deacon Bedott, says he, "Did Josh say he'd actilly *seen* me drunk on cider?" "He meant so, ondoubt-edly," says Deacon Whipple; "tho' them wan't *precisely* the words he used; he called to my shop to-day a purpose to tell me on't, said 'twas awful tryin' to his feelins, to be oblegged to expose you, not only on account o' your bein' a connection o' hisen, but 'cause, he raly thought you was a worthy man in the main; 'but,' says he, 'I dew feel as if I couldnt leave Wiggletown with a clear consence, without tellin' you that I've actilly knowd Deacon Bedott to be the woss for cider!—as true as my name's Joshuway Magwire, I've seen that man half shaved on cider afore breakfast in the mornin'." Now, though I haint no very high opinion o' Mr. Magwire, bein' he's a worldly man, and don't know nothin' about experimental religion, I *dew* bleve, he wouldnt tell such a thing as that right out and out, if 'twant true, specially about his brother-in-law. I should a went right over to parson Potter about it, if he'd ben to hum, but he's gone a journey, you know. O, how that man will take it to heart, when he hears ther's such a wolf in sheep's clothin' in the midst o' his flock! So I goes over and tells Brother Kenipe and Brother Crosby on't. They was very onwillin' to come over with me to labor with you to-night. I'm sorry to say, they're ginerally slack about dewin' ther duty in cases o' deseptyne—the heft on't comes on to me,

and I'm thankful I'm always ready to lift a warnin' voice in sinners' ears, and dew my endeever to reclaim backsliders, and my exartions has ben blest beyond my most sanguinary expectations. I haint expected much help from you on account o' yer poor health; and I feel to rejoice now, that you haint ben active sence you've turned out to be such a hyneous transgressor—O, Brother Bedott! if you're half shaved on cider afore brekfast, what must be yer condition afore night! purty well upstot I should think." Deacon Bedott didnt say a word; he said afterwards he thought he'd let Brother Whipple go on, and see how much he *would* say. After a minnit Deacon Whipple begun agin, and says he, "Dew you still continue to deny it?" Deacon Bedott never opened his head.—"Well," says Deacon Whipple, says he, "silence gives consent; so, I 'spose, you don't mean to hold out no longer, and say 'taint a fact. Well, 'taint tew late to repent and reform yet. I hope, you'll make up yer mind, to come forrard next Sabberday, and confess yer besettin' sin afore the congregation; and mabby, you'll go to the temperance meetin' next Saturday night, if you're able to git out, and give an account o' yer apperence in drinkin'—reformed ineebriis does a mense sight of good tellin' the partickler circumstances 'tendin' ther downfall and reformation—and, I should think, your experience would have an attendancy to be usefull as a warnin' to moderit drinkers—by showin' on 'em what they've got to come tew, if they aint nipt in the bud. If you don't consent, to dew any one or both o' these, why, we'll have to deal with you, that's all. We don't want to expose you no more'n what's necessary. I haint said a word about to nobody, but jest my wife. What dew you say to confession? I laffin, hey!" (You see, Deacon Bedott begun to grin.) "O, Brother Bedott, what a tremenjuous sinner you be! not only refuse to confess yer inickities, but laff at 'em! Dew you still continner to deny it?" Jest then husband bust into the room; and Jo Snyder and Shubal Green and Mr. Smith and Doctor Pike (Artemishy's brother), and Sam Collins (Jue's brother)—they'd followed the *session* to the house, and ben a listenin' to the door ever sence. Husband, he went straight up to Deacon Bedott and shook his fist in his face, and says he, "Deny it, if you darst afore me! didnt I see you half shaved on cider this very mornin'? didnt I empty the water out o' yer shavin' cup onbeknown to nobody, while it was a heatin'?" and didnt I fill it up with some o' Silly's sweet cider she'd got to make sass on? and wasent I a settin' by when you took it off the stove? and wasent I a lookin' on, when you had such a dreftful time a tryin' to make yer lather? and didnt I see you scrape and saw away at yer face till the blood run? and didnt I see you throw down yer razor at last, and declare the old dragon was in it! and wasent you jest about *half shaved* then? say! and didnt I bust out a laffin then, and tell you 'twas

the fust time I ever see you the woss for cider?—deny it, if you darst.” “I plead guilty,” says Deacon Bedott, says he. Then we wimmin folks bust out o’ the buttry into the settin’ room; and ther was such a ginerall roarin’ and laffin as I never heerd afore nor sence. Deacon Kenipe and Deacon Crosby got up, and shook hands with Deacon Bedott and axed his pardin for comin’ over there to take him to dew—and Deacon Bedott, he told ’em, they want to blame at all—and Silly, she was so tickled; she laift one minnit, and cried the next, and eny most went into highsteerics: and Artemishy, she laffed, and Mr. Magwire and the men folks they hollered; and you never seen such a time as ther was. Deacon Bedott was a very kind-hearted man, and he thought they was a most tew hard on Deacon

Whipple: so he turned round to apoligize tew him, and lo and behold! he’d took advantage o’ the commotion and slipt out. But though Deacon Bedott tried to look sober, and told husband ’twas tew bad to play off such a joke—’twas plain to be seen he wan’t sorry to see Deacon Whipple come up with. Poor Deacon Whipple! ’twas a humblin’ stroke tew him—every body was throwin’ on’t in his face—he couldeht go no wher, but what *that cider* was throwd in his face. And Miss Whipple tew—she felt awful mean about it—you see she’d ben all round the naborhood a tellin’ that Deacon Bedott was a drinkin man. But it cured Deacon Whipple of his *consarn for the welfare o’ Zion*; he never made another complaint agins nobody while he lived there; and about six months afterwards, he moved away from Wiggletown.

## A LITTLE WEEK.

BY L. J. CIST.

“It was only a week.”—*An excuse for time wasted.*

Light contemner of a week!

Youthful spendthrift of thy days!  
Know’st thou, when thy lips thus speak,  
What it is their language says?

Ingrate! ’tis to scorn the gift,  
Which, improved, thy soul shall lift  
To companionship with God,  
When mortality the clod  
Of its kindred clay shall seek:  
Darest thou lightly, then, to speak  
Of His gift—though but a week?

Little hast thou thought aright  
Of thy being and its goal,  
The minutest sum to slight  
Of the vast, momentous whole!  
Hast thou e’er considered all  
In a week that may befall?  
All of future weal or woe  
That from one short week may flow?  
All which thou may’st do and speak,  
Noblest ends of life to seek,  
Idler! in a little week?

Does the soul within thee bound  
With high purpose, bold and free?  
In that time there are have found  
Paths to Immortality!  
Bards have won a deathless name—  
Warriors carved their way to Fame;  
Deeds of daring have been done,  
Kingdoms lost and empires won;—  
Deeds of which, when men still speak,  
Flash the eyes and glows the cheek—  
Done within a little week!

Genius high dost thou disclaim—  
Coldly on her offspring frown—  
Envyng not the sons of Fame  
Theirs, the bright but thorny crown?  
Is the lust of power thine—  
Wealth or pleasure, love or wine?

Or for none of these wouldst roam  
From the quiet joys of home?  
Fortune all her hate may wreak.  
Death thy cherished ones bespeak,  
Each in but a little week!

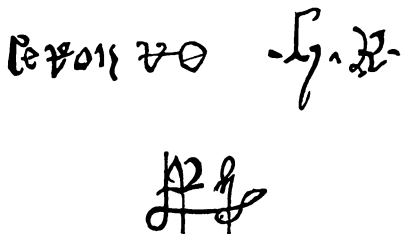
I have seen one, dear to me—  
As to all who knew her worth—  
On the cherished household tree  
Fairest blossom that had birth.—  
Blooming as the summer rose—  
Dawns on her the week, to close  
O’er the fruit Love could not save—  
Ripened, gathered for the grave!  
Mute the lips, no more to speak,  
Paled by death the rosy cheek,  
All within a little week!

In a week—hast thou not heard  
How the Maker of the earth,  
By His potent will and word,  
Called Creation into birth?  
Lucifer from Heaven was hurled;  
Christ redeemed a ruined world;  
All his priceless agony,  
From the Garden to the Tree,  
All he suffered for our sake,  
Till from Death’s embrace he brake—  
These were in a little week!

Traveler! journeying by the brink  
Of Death’s sea—dark, vast, sublime,  
Canst thou then thus lightly think  
Of thy narrow pathway—Time?  
Darest thou scornfully to speak  
Of an hour, a day, a week?  
Called *this night*, thy soul, away  
From the cheering light of day.  
That, now scorned, thou then may’st seek,  
Vainly then this prayer may’st speak—  
“God of Time!—ONE LITTLE WEEK!”

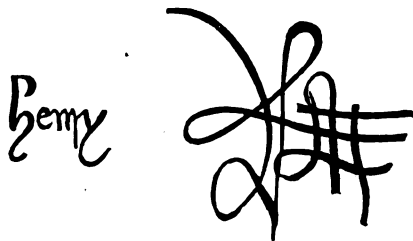
## ROYAL WRITING.

THE series of autographs we give are curious specimens of chirography, and show that the kings of England had a sort of Chinese instinct in their first attempts in the art. The emperor of the "Celestials" could hardly make a more puzzling scrawl than are some of these signatures. The earliest autograph of an English king extant is this of Richard II. He came to the throne in 1377—just four hundred and seventy years ago. Prior to that time each monarch made his mark, the great Richard Cœur de Lion using his sword—probably.



The above three are *Le Roy Red* for Richard II.; *H. R.* (for *Henricus Rex*) the signature of Henry the IVth, who usurped the crown in 1399, and seems loth to make any great show in his writing; and *R. H.* the signature of the Fifth Henry, the "Prince Hal" with Falstaff, who flourishes in the real Chinese style. He died in 1442.

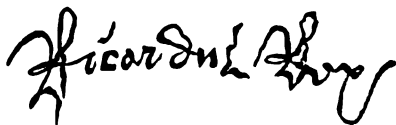
Then next we have the name of that good and meek but most unfortunate man and monarch *Henry VI.* There are softness and smoothness in the signature, and, judging from his autograph, he must have been of a gentler disposition than any other of these royal penmen. By the side of this is placed the signature of *Edward IV., R. E.* (*Rex Edwardus*), whose name seems written in a very thunder-and-lightning style, and made as much larger as his claims were smaller than those of Henry.



And beneath is the signature of his son *Edward V. (R. Edwardus Quintus)*, who was murdered in the Tower by order of his uncle, Richard III. The autograph of this boy-king is all the memorial remaining of his nominal reign that only lasted a few weeks, and yet none will be regarded with more interest; his youth and innocence and sad fate have crowned his memory in all kind hearts.



And last comes the autograph of the "crooked-back tyrant," Richard III., (*Ricardus Rex*), whose cruel deeds make him even now an object of abhorrence. Who can look on this memorial without thinking of the bloody scenes in the Tower, where he stabbed good King Henry and had his little nephews smothered? And who is not glad to know a crown thus obtained was lost almost as soon as won? He reigned but two years and two months, and when he fell there was none to lament him.



And so ends this chapter of royal autographs. It will give a glimpse of the iron times, when swords were more fashionable than pens. Not a boy graduates from the High School of Philadelphia but is far better instructed in scholar-craft than were the crowned monarchs of those days.



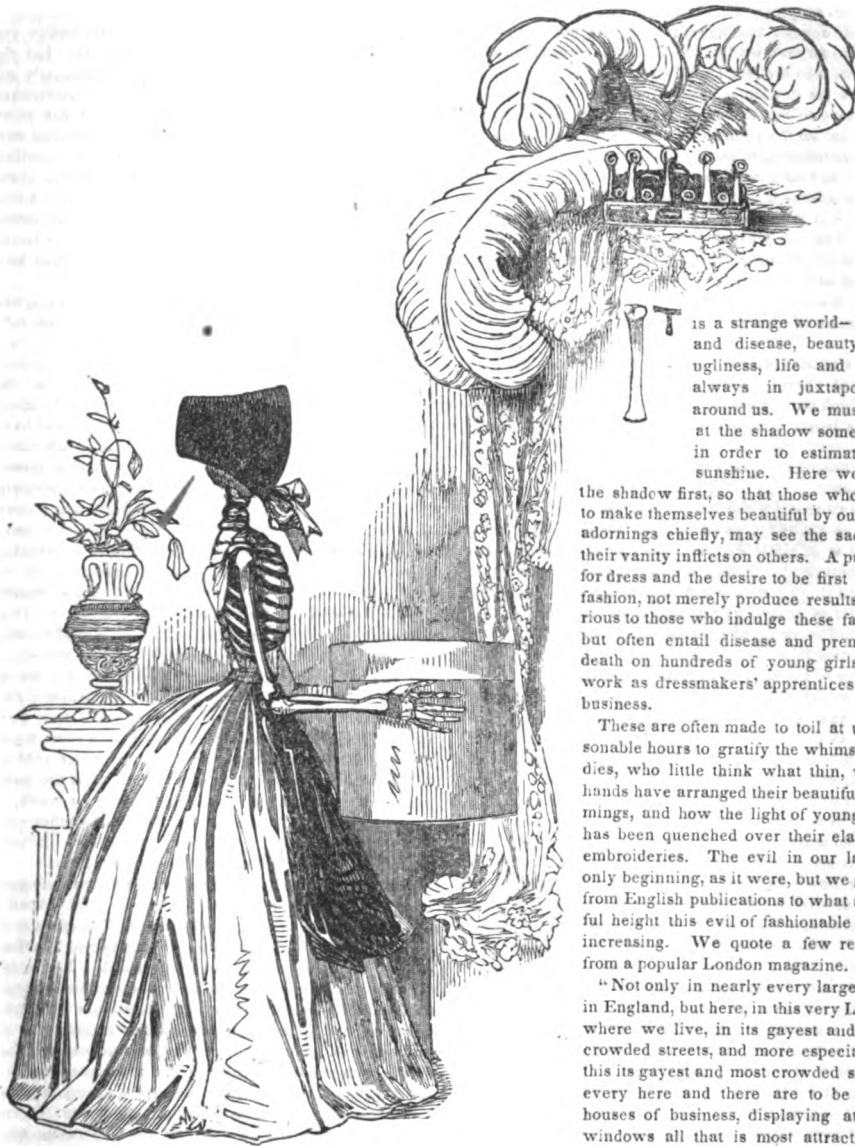


CODEY'S PARIS FASHIONS AMERICANISED.





## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.



the victims of luxury to which they minister. There, in close work-rooms, for fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, even twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, sit young girls of all ages, from fourteen to twenty and upwards, making the dresses which are to figure in the park, the ball-room, or the court of the Queen of England. Sometimes their toil extends throughout the night,

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and for days and nights in succession, for a period so long that nothing short of the unquestionable evidence which proves the fact could enable us to believe that the vital energies of human nature could hold out so long. There, in the very spring-time of life, in that which should be the happy season of bounding youth, young limbs are turning heavy and listless, rosy cheeks

It is a strange world—health and disease, beauty and ugliness, life and death always in juxtaposition around us. We must look at the shadow sometimes, in order to estimate the sunshine. Here we give the shadow first, so that those who seek to make themselves beautiful by outward adornings chiefly, may see the sacrifice their vanity inflicts on others. A passion for dress and the desire to be first in the fashion, not merely produce results injurious to those who indulge these fancies, but often entail disease and premature death on hundreds of young girls who work as dressmakers' apprentices to the business.

These are often made to toil at unreasonable hours to gratify the whims of ladies, who little think what thin, weary hands have arranged their beautiful trimmings, and how the light of young eyes has been quenched over their elaborate embroideries. The evil in our land is only beginning, as it were, but we gather from English publications to what a fearful height this evil of fashionable life is increasing. We quote a few remarks from a popular London magazine.

"Not only in nearly every large town in England, but here, in this very London where we live, in its gayest and most crowded streets, and more especially at this its gayest and most crowded season, every here and there are to be found houses of business, displaying at their windows all that is most attractive in fashion, but containing within their walls

are blanched, heads are throbbing and aching, bright eyes are growing dim, and the seeds of premature death, or of a life of suffering, perhaps of blindness, are being laid.

"The tenor of all the evidence proves that to these long hours of sedentary toil, health and life are universally sacrificed. 'If,' says one witness, an employer, 'a constant accession of fresh hands from the country were not provided, the business could not be carried on.' A fearful suggestion!"

While our fair intelligent readers are taking thought and care for their own health, let them not forget to care for those who are less happily circumstanced. Though labor is the portion of most of our race, and industry conducive to health and longevity, yet incessant toil is a hard lot for the young. We should be careful not to make unreasonable requisitions to have dresses completed; and then the delay in paying their bills by fashionable ladies—this often destroys the hopes of the dress-maker, if it does not quite kill her. The figure represented has not wasted from consumption or disease brought on by tight lacing—she has evidently been worked and starved to death. Who would seek the beauty fashionable dress can give at such a price—the destruction of a sister!

But another species of beauty, dependent on our own care and exertions, cannot be too sedulously sought—that which perfect health bestows. In keeping or gaining this, moral principle is strengthened as well as physical energy. We will now continue our rules for the acquisition of these most precious endowments—health and beauty.

**ABLUTIONS.**—"A piece of human skin, on being held up to the air and viewed through a magnifying glass, is seen to be perforated with innumerable small openings through it. These are the pores of the skin. Through these pores, when in health, a great quantity of matter is constantly passing, in an extremely subtle form, and is called the insensible perspiration. Now it is of the first importance to health and beauty that the pores of the skin be kept in a healthy state.

"To strengthen the skin, and to fortify it and all the system against cold or changes of weather, and to render the skin pure and healthy, no remedy can for one moment be compared to washing the whole surface of the body over daily with pure cold water. I do not refer to covering yourselves with water, or taking a bath, but simply to washing your whole person over daily with pure cold water, as you do your face and hands. Extend the same favor to your whole person that you do to your hands and face. All you require is two to four quarts of cold water, and as much more as you please, but a common wash-basin will do, and two or three towels. This whole operation will not occupy you more than three or four minutes, when your ablutions, frictions, and expanding the chest will be finished, and you prepared to resume your clothing.

"The morning is the best time of day for bathing, on first stepping out of bed, and when all the skin is in a glow of warmth. Any other hour of the day, or on retiring at night, may be selected with great advantage, as inclination or convenience may dictate. Ladies not accustomed to cold bathing, or who dread exposing the person to the air, may at first use only a damp towel, or merely dampened in salt and warm water, and first expose only the limbs and person very partially at a time, and so gradually accustom the surface of the person to exposure. In this way, by exercising a little sound discretion and care, in five to ten days the most effeminated and feeble persons may habituate themselves to the free use of cold water, over all

the surface of the body and limbs, daily. Should you in the commencement take cold, you need not dread taking cold always from exposure of the person or bathing with cold water. The value of the bathing, save mere purity, is derived from the cold that is in the water. Bathing in cold water is more valuable when the weather is coldest in autumn, winter and spring. In summer its effects are less striking than in winter. The shower-bath may be used when perfectly convenient and agreeable.

"Never use a tepid bath unless to begin before you use cold—it effeminates the whole system. Let the water be hot or cold. Hot-baths are occasionally admissible as a remedy for pain, fever or hoarseness, either of longer or shorter duration. For stiff joints from rheumatism, lameness, pain in the side and sore throat, or quinsy, pain and heat in the spine, swelling and pain and heat in either side or about the chest, there are few remedies superior to cold water, either poured, or, what is most applicable, a piece of cotton cloth folded two or three thicknesses and laid or bound on the painful or swelled part, changed often, and kept on for hours, or days and nights.

"Cold water preserves the freshness of the skin, and prevents wrinkles and everything of that kind, to a great degree. Followed and preceded by friction, it is beyond all possible value. A person who bathes in cold water freely can hardly feel the fluctuations of the weather, or be liable to take cold, or receive any injury from atmospheric changes. She will rarely ever have a pain, or be liable to fever, to rheumatism, or inflammation of the lungs, or pleurisy, or quinsy, or sore throat, or cough, or skin diseases, liver complaints or dyspepsia.

"When you can faithfully and fearlessly wash yourselves all over with cold water daily, you will have taken a vast step in the commencement of a period of uninterrupted health. Infants at the breast should be bathed in cold water daily from their youngest hours. Do not be afraid of doing them any injury by it. It is impossible when the cold sponge bath is judiciously used. It is of almost inappreciable value to the child.

"The rooms in which you wash may be very warm indeed, if you please, and should always be warm if you are delicate or unaccustomed to exposure of your person to the air. To render the skin soft and pure, wash all over once a week with sal. aratus and water, cold or hot, or with super-carbonate of soda, which is the best. The effect of this upon the skin, used once a week, is very agreeable. The soda should be the fine super-carbonate of soda sold by the apothecaries, &c. It will make the skin soft as the finest, the softest velvet.

"You need never be afraid of exposing your whole person to the air, (in a warm room, if delicate,) and of washing all over daily with pure cold water. The effect is to give you good health, and, unless counteracted by other causes, uninterrupted and brilliant health. The mind will be clear, the eye bright, and countenance brilliant as the first blushes of the morning. Lassitude, despondency, low spirits and indolence will find no lodgment in your persons. Timidity, fear and moroseness will be driven from you by the courage and resolution that result from good health. Your first great enemy is ignorance; the next, its legitimate child, is indolence. Overcome these, and you have before you a pleasant and beautiful world, a long and happy life; victorious over these, and every other obstacle to health, usefulness or happiness, will retire at your approach as darkness before light."

**TIGHT LACING.**—When Abernethy was consulted by a young lady, he said—"How can you expect to be well when you squeeze your waist to the size of a quart pot?"

Go—go home; leave off your stays—burn them! And here—take this shilling, buy a skipping-rope at the first toy shop you come to, and use it every day—you will then be able to eat like a rational being."

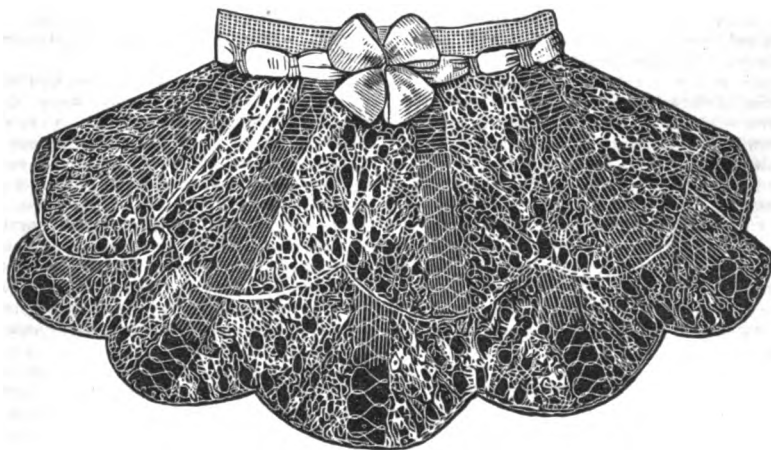
Lady Mary Wortley Montague gives a very effective hit at corset-wearing in her writings on the East. She says—"One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you go to their baths. When I was first introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me—another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to

the ladies in the bath, 'Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands. You need not boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you when they lock you up thus in a box!'"

Beauty is twin with Health, and ne'er deserts  
Those maidens who are sedulous to pay  
Due honors to her sister. Seek for Health,  
And Beauty, ever in close neighborhood,  
As flowers are fairest on the freshest stalk,  
Will set her roses in your cheeks, and leave  
Her diamonds and her pearls to make you fair.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

### LACE KNITTING.



#### MANCHETTE OR LACE CUFF.

PINS NO. 20. TAYLOR'S CROCHET THREAD NO. 10. CAST ON 238 STITCHES.

*First row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together five times, make 1 and knit 1 six times, knit 2 together 4 times, repeat, at the end of every row; knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together.

*Second row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 20.

*Third row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, pearl 20.

*Fourth row.*—The same as the second.

*Fifth row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together four times, make 1 and knit 1 eight times, knit 2 together three times.

*Sixth row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 22.

*Seventh row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, pearl 22.

*Eighth row.*—The same as the sixth.

*Ninth row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together five times, make 1 and knit 1 six times, knit 2 together four times.

*Tenth row.*—The same as the second.

*Eleventh row.*—The same as the third.

*Twelfth row.*—The same as the fourth.

*Thirteenth row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3 together twice, knit 2 together, make 1 and knit 1 four times, knit 2 together, knit 3 together twice.

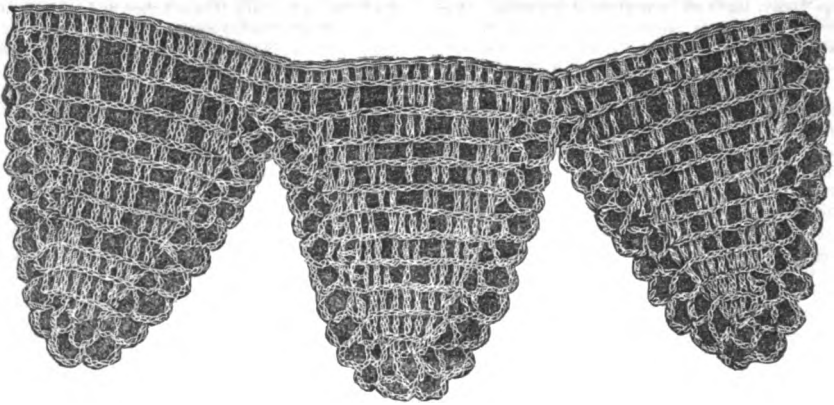
*Fourteenth row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 14.

*Fifteenth row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, pearl 14.

*Sixteenth row.*—The same as the fourteenth.

*Seventeenth row.*—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3 together, knit 2 together, make 1 and knit 1 four times, knit 2 together, knit 3 together, and work this row for twelve rows more; then, with another pair of pins, cast on 238 stitches for the second edging, and work from the first to the thirty-first row; then put the pin in the front of the other pin and knit a stitch off both pins; repeat; then pearl 1, knit 1 for twelve rows, and cast off; finish with a narrow ribbon run through the open rows of the edging.





## VANDYKE EDGING.

TAYLOR'S CROCHET THREAD NO. 10; FINE STEEL NEEDLE,  
21 GAUGE.

Make a chain of 500 stitches for each yard, and work one row of treble crochet. Each vandyke is worked separately backwards and forwards on the treble row; the 3 chain at the commencement of every row is to turn the corner, and, therefore, not counted.

*First row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 5 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Second row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 3 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Third row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 1 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Fourth row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Fifth row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Sixth row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Seventh row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Eighth row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; turn back.

*Ninth row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble, 3 chain, miss 3, 3 treble; turn back.

*Tenth row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 6 treble; turn back.

*Eleventh row.*—3 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; cut off the thread and fasten securely; this finishes one vandyke; commence on the treble row and work from the first row; when the required number of vandykes are finished, work two rows round them, commencing at the foundation, thus:—

*First row.*—5 chain, 1 plain on the side of the treble stitch, 5 chain, 1 plain in the 3 chain; repeat.

*Second row.*—5 chain, miss 5, 1 plain in the 5 chain; repeat; at the end of each vandyke, instead of cutting off the thread, twenty-two single stitches may be worked down the side, so as to bring the thread to the treble row.

## NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

## THE EXHIBITION.

*"Art must be prosecuted with sincerity and serious devotion, or it is only dallied with, not served."*

THE PICTURE GALLERY is still the lion of our city; the beautiful rooms are daily and nightly thronged with crowds of admiring visitors. Every one has had his say of the pictures, although some have very *sagely* deferred their say until this or that critic has shown them just what to admire and what to condemn. Our newspapers are spiced with "items" and "notices," meting out the exact amount of praise or censure to be awarded to the trembling artist. The *Hourly Hurricane*, in its attempt to foster the giant favorites of a sister city, rushes *not* like "the sweet southwest" over the modest violets of our own. The *Daily Manakin* points its critical finger at the little toe of poor Mary of Scotland, and lo! Leutze's star goes down in the blackness of oil and lampblack. The *Universal Illuminator* poises its pen and its paragraphs, awarding the just balance of sugar due to each

candidate. Thus wages the war, blasting and counter-blasting; and it is not until the impartial pages of Godey appear that the bewildered seeker after truth is set right as to the *real* merit of this or that poor over-slandered or over-lauded aspirant for artistic honors.

Now, we do not mean to deny that this exhibition is a very grand exhibition—the *best* one ever seen in our city—the best, as a whole, perhaps, ever seen in our country; and the best pictures are—we are sorry to say it—not by our own artists, and not (if we except "the Backhuysen" and Leutze's "John Knox") of our own time. We look in vain among the fresh paint and varnish for a landscape like the *Tivoli* of Wilson, so true in its quiet simplicity, so fathomless in its profound insight into nature and her methods; or a sea piece like Joseph Ver-net's "*Ship on the rocks*," so awful in its unvarying gran-

deur of design, so terrible in the stern truth and power of its execution.

The truth is, the works of our own artists embody most of the merits and defects of the modern schools, which, with a few noble exceptions, have strayed widely from the true paths of art, and waste their strength in defective methods that lead to no genuine results. So far has this gone, that it has become a kind of fashion to decry Nature as a thing quite foreign from the purposes of the painter: as though Art were anything but a reproduction of her deeper meanings—as if the old masters were aught else than “earnest men of genius who saw into Nature with their own eyes, and by patient thought, had learned to reproduce what they saw.” There is no reason why as good pictures should not be painted at the present day as ever grew under the creative power of olden inspiration. Only let us look upon art as a sacred thing, a high and reverent calling, and earths and oils will once more become a vehicle for the revelations of thought—the teacher of great and noble lessons.

What we have to complain of in this collection (and those of other cities form no exception), is the prevailing character of extravagance in execution, and a superficial insight into nature; and though much has been done within a few years to remedy these defects, there is still abundant room for improvement. And if we are ever to have a school of art in America worthy the name, our artists must go to work in right earnest, and devote themselves and all they have and are to higher purposes than they have yet dreamed of.

To come to the point and illustrate what we have said, take No. 2, “*Landscape and Pic-nic*,” by J. HAMILTON. The scene is on the Schuylkill—a pretty spot, and one, so far as our memory serves, abounding in real rocks, graceful trees, and water that has at least wetness to recommend it. But in place of this the artist has given us a vast conglomerate of colors that would puzzle a geologist to classify with any known substance—masses of green and yellow that TURNER himself could not conjure into trees, and a splash of something that a trout might break his nose against. Then for figures we have the penumbra of various little angular bits of red, blue and yellow cloth; but as to the *genus homo* beneath them, it would require a skillful anatomist to find even a muscle. Of course Mr. Hamilton can make better pictures, or we should not take the trouble to scold him. His “*Landscape*,” No. 136, is brilliant in effect and rich in color, and the “*Scene on the Raritan*,” No. 108, has a pretty aerial sky, though the foreground is faulty, and the figures rude to the last degree.

Our artists should observe Nature more minutely, or, if Nature is too insipid for them, the works of those who do study her. The “*BRIGHTS*,” “*BODDINGTONS*” and “*PIXES*” are full of exquisite effects and delicious dexterities that might make the fortune of an ingenious imitator. Beauty at second hand is better than no beauty.

RUSSEL SMITH'S *Landscapes* are a great advance upon those last noticed, for his purpose is always clear, drawing spirited, and effect frequently admirable, but (he must be *luted* some) he is often careless in detail, deficient in tone and unsubstantial in character. “*Conestoga Valley*,” No. 43, is one of his sweetest performances, and is so good as to make us wish it a good deal better, which it might easily have been, with more time and care. “*View on the Potomac*,” No. 146, is a pretty scene, but too crude and hasty to give continued pleasure. No. 161 is much more to our liking in every respect. The distance is quite admirable—the heavily-gathered pile of thunder-clouds so often seen on a sultry afternoon are admirably designed and painted. Mr. Smith is a good observer of nature, and if his “fatal facility” did not hurry him away,

might make pictures that would stand the test of time and the mutations of fashion.

In MR. BONFIELD'S pictures we recognize a genuine feeling for nature, and a truth of description that is worthy of all praise. “*Sea Piece*,” No. 3, is admirably done, and the whole effect (though the water is not as well as in the BIRCH opposite) charming. No. 120, “*Marine View*,” by the same artist, pleases us even better; and the sky, with the great sun looming through the hazy clouds of a foggy morning, is perfectly magical. There are five other pictures of Mr. Bonfield's, and all of them marked by great excellence. The only complaint we have to make, is a certain monotony of coloring, and a want of clearness in the water—salt and fresh being treated too much alike in all cases.

OF MR. WILLIAMS we have spoken in our former article. No. 70, “*Rural Scene in Chester County*,” is a glowing recital of a richly-dyed autumn scene—the Indian Summer days, such as America only can produce—and a pleasing piece of pastoral portraiture. We predicted great things of Mr. Williams years ago, and we are determined he shall do them yet. But he must out into the fields—smell the fresh air of heaven—let Nature daguerreotype herself into heart and brain—let the great sun bake and burn all beautiful things into his very soul, to be fused and poured out at his pencil ends, and his passion for the gorgeous and splendid will not have been given him in vain.

MR. WATMOUGH has some promising sketches, and as an artist has everything to hope, and almost everything to learn!

OF our New York friends, in Landscape, MR. CROSBY is the only one whose pictures are numerous or noteworthy—but these are enough to mark him a man of genius and a careful student. The “*View on the Hudson*,” No. 121, is a delicious piece of picturesqueness. The “*Noonday Landscape*,” No. 141, full of beautiful passages, though rather defective, as a whole, in masses of light and shade.

IN No. 169 DURAND has some pretty passages descriptive of trees—but Durand is no poet, and though he tells a *fact* about surfaces perfectly, yet he fails to fuse these *facts* into the perfect whole that stands for a truth of Nature's own doing, and hence his pictures never wholly satisfy the soul.

**HISTORICAL PICTURES.**—The first subject of this class that our catalogue brings us to is No. 16, “*Queen Anacona taken Captive*,” by WOODSIDE, and we are sorry we cannot award it our approval. The subject is not at all to our taste. Soldiers cutting and slashing among unarmed savages, chiefly women, is not the most agreeable sight in the world; and the mode of treatment, so unrelieved by any of the finer traits of humanity, which the artist might easily have introduced, tempts us to dismiss it from our thoughts without another word. Mr. W. has done better in No. 97—“*Reception of Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella*”—and there are portions of the picture that give promise of much higher excellence hereafter. The heavy curtains of crimson and gold are very prettily painted and rich in effect, and the drapery of the Indian near the feet of the queen well represented; but as a whole the composition is commonplace, the drawing feeble, the heads very unsatisfactory, none of the females' rising to even physical beauty, not to speak of beauty of mind or sentiment, and the hands (that test of the draughtsman) almost universally faulty. In a word, the character and expression are far below what they should be in subjects of this class.

OF MR. ROTHERMEL'S “*Francis First*” we have spoken at length in our April number, and also of the “*King John*,” which pleases us less than when on the easel.

The action seems too extravagant for even so terrible a passage of mortal doom, and belongs rather to the spasmodic effervescence of melo-drama than the sustained dignity of tragedy. The "*Fugitive Cavalier*," No. 69, is a much better performance, quiet and well considered. The head of the daughter reclining so tenderly on the old man's shoulder, is *almost* beautiful, and *almost* a new conception in Mr. R.'s round of female feature-fashioning. "*Froissart reading his Chronicles to Queen Philippa*" is a pleasing picture in every respect—the gallant chronicler capably portrayed, and the listening figure in the background sweetly painted. The queen bears rather too strong a family resemblance to the wife of Francis 1st to pass for a new creation. But painters *must* repeat themselves, we suppose, since even Stuart Newton could never forsake his "Forsaken," nor Liversiege the lady-love he painted *so long!* "*Ruth and Naomi*," No. 156. This is one of Mr. R.'s best pictures, well conceived and carefully executed; the color rich, without gaudiness—the story well told. Naomi is a noble figure, and the dark-haired Ruth full of pathos. The other figure, while it adds to the breadth of effect, would have been better had she bowed her head as she retires. No. 150, "*Boaz and Ruth*," by the same artist, is far inferior in every respect; the action constrained, the coloring artificial rather than artistic, and Ruth, a flaxen-haired maiden, in most unsubstantial costume. This may attract the common eye, but is quite unworthy Mr. Rothermel's fine talents.

No. 25, "*St. Peter delivered from Prison*," copy by S. B. WAUGH. A good picture, of higher merit than any mere copy could have, and painted with all the freedom of an original. No. 90, "*Saul restored to sight*," by S. B. WAUGH. A companion to the above, and a picture that evinces considerable power on the artist—the figures (though perhaps rather too short) vigorously drawn, and painted with great solidity and force, the color rich and harmonious, and the light and shade admirable. Yet with all this display of artistic excellence, the whole does not impress you as a miraculous event should do if faithfully represented. And here again we feel the need of a more earnest and devout inspiration than characterizes Art at the present day, and must yet make its way through our artists if they hope to be remembered till their children are grown up. In No. 59, the "*Tarentula*," Mr. Waugh's lively fancy finds free scope, and the brilliant coloring and the clear, bright execution are well suited to the joyous character of the dance. The group is prettily designed, the dancing figures exuberant with vitality, and the landscape neatly painted. There is, however, a hardness in the style bordering on the *tea-tray manner* that our artists should be wary of.

Of MR. HUNTINGTON'S pictures we have not room to speak at length. Years ago, when this young artist returned from Europe, the *aroma* of old Rome and her mighty schools warm about him, like one "trailing clouds of glory," he came and was hailed as an angel of Mercy to the drooping cause of Art—and well have the beautiful creations of "*Mercy's Dream*" and the "*Christiana*" answered to these high expectations. Yet all must feel that in his later doings there is a sad falling off. Neither the "*Preciosa*" nor the "*Lady Jane Grey*" does justice to the poetical mind or refined taste of this distinguished artist, and his pictures in the New York exhibition are even less satisfactory. The figure of *Preciosa*, No. 34, is needlessly stiff and destitute of beauty, and that of the Archbishop clumsy and ill defined, with hands much too attenuated for the hale-looking head. The little picture on the back of the chair interiors with the ge-

neral effect, and is a positive blemish. The "*Lady Jane Grey in the Tower*" is much more carefully painted, and the drapery unusually beautiful; but the head of Feckenhams seems too fierce and scowling to belong to a man of an "acute, eloquent, or a tender nature," and the lovely "*Lady Jane*" rather *too* unconcerned and placid for even womanly meekness. The drawing of the head of Feckenhams is imperfect, as if the jaw were dislocated or the face were an unseemly *mask* badly fitted. The truth is, Mr. H. needs more exact *academic* study, together with a more constant reference to *Nature*, to place him on the high eminence to which his genius should aspire. An artist who trifles with his reputation will soon have no reputation to trifle with.

No. 193, "*John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots*," by LEUTZE. This noble picture has already found its way to the heart and brain of every lover of genuine art or true human emotion. The *souls* of these poor people lie bare to your gaze—the intense vehemence of the eloquent preacher, effective without grimace; the tremulous rigidity of the queen, whose "woman tears" will no longer be repressed; the look of indignant defiance of the queen's attendants, roused beyond endurance by the words of Knox—these the artist gives back to us with all the power of a true poet and all the vividness of a creation such as genius alone could conceive.

PORTRAITS.—Of this useful and *sometimes* ornamental class, there is the usual abundance and some unusually fine ones. Among the best, we mention that of "*John Ely*," by WINNER, as one that would do honor to any artist that ever breathed. The "*Wordsworth*," by INMAN; "*Dr. Wylie*," by NEAGLE; the various heads by SULLY—not recently painted—"Mrs. Gillette," by WAUGH; "*G. R. Graham, Esq.*," by READ; one or two heads by OSGOOD, though there is too little drawing and too much of a manner in many of his, and the color *not quite* true to nature; "*Portrait of a Lady*," No. 166, by LAMBLEN, very pretty and truthful; and others "too numerous to mention," though *good* portraits are not quite as "plenty as blackberries" even here.

IN MINIATURES there is nothing to speak of; but among them we notice a drawing in crayon, No. 4-4, of Mr. Towne's daughter, that is one of the most beautiful things in the gallery. It is by JOHNSON, of Boston, and does infinite credit to him in every respect. There are also a couple of drawings by DARLEY, Nos. 463-4, from "*Margaret*," (a work all alive with pen and ink pictures,) very admirable every way.

IN MARBLE there is a beautiful thing, "*Mignon's Aspiration towards Heaven*," by J. BATTIN; and IVES has a bust or two that are not to be compared to the "*Flora*," (now in New York,) which is an exquisite thing indeed, and stamps him a man of fine genius.

While on the pictures, we forgot to call attention to one not in the catalogue, by young WOODVILLE, of Baltimore, (now studying in Dusseldorf,) that evinces very high merit and close study. It represents an "interior," evidently in the "Old Dominion"—two figures seated at a table with cards, glasses, &c., before them, and a third watching the game—an old negro man by a stove in the corner. The whole is exceedingly well done, full of character and exquisite detail, of a very homely kind. And we *must* speak of another scene of a similar subject—No. 111, "*Trial of John Wadleigh for sleeping in church*," by W. H. BURR, (who is he?) which, though greatly deficient in execution, is full of character and expression that any artist might be proud of. Look at it.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"THERE is always a height above us," says a quaint old author—and "a distance beyond us," he might have added. We find it so. When one volume of our work is ended, another must be commenced. The full moon is not more certain in its monthly visits than the Lady's Book is expected to be. Right pleasant it is to be thus welcomed; to know that bright eyes look brighter as the beautiful engravings appear, and happy hearts are eagerly seeking those pure sentiments in our pages which keep the soul young and lovely forever. "Upward and onward" is our motto; and seeking out the spirit of goodness in all things, we encourage the love of goodness—more, we train the imagination to find beauty in all things, and thus elevate the feelings towards the Source of the good and the beautiful.

**COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES.**—There are in the United States two hundred and thirty-five public libraries. The aggregate number of volumes in these is set down at *two millions, three hundred and fifty-one thousand, two hundred and sixty*! Keeping in mind this immense number of books, which does not include private collections, we shall feel the need of some guide in selecting those works really essential to be read. Also, the reader will perceive how very small the list we have given. Still, if these books have been carefully perused by any lady, she has a good foundation laid for her guide to future improvement. Moreover, she will have acquired a considerable stock of real knowledge concerning the great events and chief actors in the ancient and modern world. But there is an intermediate sphere, called in history the "middle ages," to which we have scarcely adverted. True, the condition of England, France and Italy during those centuries are depicted in the particular histories of each country, but something more is needed. We want a continuous, connected story of those times of transition, when the hard, cold framework of ancient laws, customs, manners and modes of thought was dissolving and changing like a mountain of ice that, rent from its polar fastness, is borne by the ocean waves into new and warmer latitudes, where alternate showers and sunshine smooth it and make it beautiful.

The best work to begin with is "Hallam's View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages;" then read "Robertson's History of the reign of the Emperor Charles V.," and "James's History of Chivalry, and the Crusades." "Schlegel's History of Literature, Ancient and Modern," should also be carefully read. These records of literature are the most attractive portion of history, and to ladies more interesting, if not important, than that of battles and victories. "Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries," is a most valuable work; and "Michelet's Elements of Modern History" may also be read with advantage.

Of the Modern History of Europe, Alison's is now considered the best; but that of Dr. Russell is an excellent work. In order to throw a little sunshine over the many dark shadows of European life, as portrayed by the historians, it will be well to read "Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of France, Spain, Italy, and Germa-

ny;" and translations of prose writings, and Schiller's works are all excellent and instructive; and, generally speaking, the German authors, translated in our country, are rich in thought and fancy.

There are several works, important to a clear understanding, of the progress of the other nations of Europe; and necessary, if the reader would also understand somewhat more of Asia, and Africa, than is taught at school. Among these books we will name—"Florian's History of the Moors in Spain;" "Smedley's Sketches of Venetian History;" "Russell's View of Ancient and Modern Egypt;" "Frazer's History of Persia;" "Chrichton's History of Arabia," and "Wheaton's Scandinavia."

In order to fill up the pictures of political, social and individual life—"Miscellanies," as the fashionable term is, are not only among the best, but most interesting and amusing literature of our age. These "Miscellanies," lately published in our country, under the title of—"The Modern British Essayists," in several volumes, contain the best productions of Macaulay, Alison, Professor Wilson, Carlyle, Jeffrey, Talfourd, Stephen, and Sir James Mackintosh. Then we would add from our American authors, the "Miscellanies" of Edward and Alexander H. Everett, Ralph W. Emerson, and Wm. H. Prescott.—The list this month will be rather formidable to the novel-loving young lady; but be comforted; we intend to allow a wide range of your favorite works before finishing "the course."

**THE MAY FLOWER.**—We received a charming letter from two young ladies, embracing the following poems, and—but we will let them tell their own wishes. They say—"We are constant readers, and therefore admirers of the Lady's Book; and if you will let us see ourselves in it—it is (or will be, if you do) our first appearance in print—we will make it a condition of our consenting to become wives, that we shall be allowed to continue subscribers as long as you continue to make a book so useful and interesting to our sex." And then they beg that both or neither may be inserted, as they love each other so dearly neither wishes to have her poem preferred. So here they are, forming a sweet bouquet of poetry for this month of bright flowers.

### THE MAY FLOWER.

*Sentiment*—I come your hearts to cheer.

When Winter's reign is over,  
And snows begin to melt,  
When the first warm breath of Spring  
On each sunny slope is felt,  
Then the maiden with her basket,  
As she takes her gladsome way,  
Peers warily for thee  
'Neath the brown leaves where ye lay.

Spring's earliest messenger thou art,  
And pleasant is thy face,  
And for thy dow'r, thou claim'st  
A double share of grace.  
Beauty and fragrance both combine  
To make you seem more dear;

And then thy message is so kind—  
 "I come thy heart to cheer!"—CARO.

#### THE MAY FLOWER.

Stern Winter is o'er, the snow is no more,  
 To the woods then let us away :  
 There's naught to be seen save a tuft of green  
 Here and there amid the decay ;  
 And peeping half out, as if still in doubt,  
 Doth a little May flower appear—  
 It raises its head from its wintry bed  
 With its sweetness our hearts to cheer.  
 'Tis the first-born flower of Flora's bower,  
 And loved and cherished by all ;  
 In its loneliness and its simple dress  
 It comes at Spring's earliest call.  
 Though winter be drear, yet spring time is here,  
 And cold winds will soon cease to blow :

Its message it gives, to cheer us it lives,  
 And from it this lesson we'll know—  
 That love in the heart will comfort impart  
 And banish the thought of sorrow ;  
 To-day may be sad and our hearts not glad,  
 But love will cheer us to-morrow.—ELLA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted : "The Pine;" "To Viola," (the writer may send more;) "Resignation;" "The Bridal;" "A Lay of the Heart;" "Autumn Musings;" "The Letter," (this story appears unfinished—will the writer forward the "Sequel," if one is intended?) "A Legend of Mexico." The author of "Love and Rivalry" will pardon us—her letter was mislaid for some time; she will find an answer in the P. O. on or before the 1st of July.

The titles of the rejected articles will not, for the future, be given; but when a MS. has not been named, or "accepted," after being six months in our hands, the authors may know it has not been wanted.

### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

**A DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS**—consisting of *Elegant Extracts on every Subject. Compiled from various authors and arranged under appropriate heads.* By John T. Watson, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.—pp. 506. This work is elegantly printed, and does great credit to the publishers. The selections are generally well made, and the volume will be popular, no doubt, with many of the youthful lovers of poetry.

**MY LITTLE GEOGRAPHY.** Edited by Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Lindsay & Blakiston. An excellent book for children to begin with—just the kind of information they need.

**THE PHONETIC SPEAKER.** By A. Comstock, M. D. "*The Phonetic Reader.*" A. Comstock, M. D. Both of these nicely printed volumes are from the press of E. H. Butler & Co., and certainly make *Phoneticdom* appear quite imposing. We have also received several numbers of "*Comstock's Phonetic Magazine*," devoted to the new art. It has a most energetic and indefatigable master teacher in Dr. Comstock, and if the work of changing the modes of spelling and writing the English language can be done, he seems the Hercules for the task. In our August number we shall advert to this subject again, and give specimens of this new method, so that our readers may have the opportunity of seeing what we are not sufficiently skilled in the signs as yet to explain.

**OMOO, A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS.** By Herman Melville. Harper & Brothers, New York. The author of "Typee" has again appeared, and what is rare, will meet with a welcome as warm as his first work elicited. These two volumes are mainly filled with descriptions of life among the natives of the Polynesian Islands, as it appears to sailors. There are some vivid descriptions of natural scenery that seem as though touched by the pencil of the painter, but we think the great talent of the author is in his sketches of character. Some of these are exquisite. Dickens has nothing more amusing in his *Pickwick Papers* than the portraits of Zeke and Shorty, and the whole story of the sojourn in the valley of Mortair is capital. The work is, we see, very popular in London. Of course it will be so here.

**THE WAY TO LIVE WELL AND TO BE WELL WHILE WE LIVE**—containing directions for choosing and preparing Food in regard to Health, Economy and Taste. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Published by G. B. Zieber & Co. We studied to make a useful book, and think we succeeded. Will our friends look it over and try the rules? Then if any improvements can be made, we should like to receive their hints. pp. 144. Price twenty-five cents.

**GAMBLING UNMASKED!** or the *Personal Experience of J. H. Green, the Reformed Gambler*—designed as a Warning to the Young Men of this Country. Written by himself. Also, two other volumes on the same subject. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co., 1847. Our readers have undoubtedly seen in the public papers accounts of Mr. Green and his lectures on the sin and evils of gambling. It is not, however, a subject in which ladies would generally feel a deep interest. Few are aware how dreadful and destructive is this passion for gaming, when once it has absorbed the soul. There are few graces of literature to attract in these volumes. Mr. Green writes out bravely for the cause of morality, and tells such things as make the heart chill with horror or recoil with disgust; but the great aim and the wild and terrible incidents lend thrilling interest to the stories. We think these works will be exceedingly useful in many ways. They will incite the good in the community to greater vigilance, and make evil men more ashamed of their deeds. We hope, too, that mothers will ponder well the advice Mr. Green gives them, and bring up their sons in an abhorrence of cards and games of chance, as much as of theft and dishonesty.

**ETYMOLOGY.** Messrs. E. C. & J. Biddle have just published a series of books upon the subject of Etymology, which is daily acquiring that importance in the course of school instruction to which it is justly entitled. The first book in the course of instruction is entitled "*The First Book of Etymology, designed to promote precision in the use and to facilitate the acquisition of a knowledge of the English Language. For beginners.*" By James Lynd. Its object is to impart to the pupil a full conception of the distinction between primitive and derivative, simple and compound words, and to explain the nature of the prefixes and suffixes, as well as the

change they undergo in combining with the root. This elementary volume is of first-rate importance, not only for the amount of instruction it imparts, but for the habits of mental discipline which it enforces.

The second book of the course by the same author is entitled "*The Class Book of Etymology*." It consists of four parts, the first containing copious lists of prefixes and affixes; the second part contains Latin, Greek and French words in alphabetical order, and seven thousand English words placed under their respective roots and defined; the third part contains a copious list of words of Gothic origin, a new and important feature in a school text book on Etymology; the fourth part contains a list of English synonyms unusually full, and well suited to assist the learner in acquiring precision in the use of words.

The last book of the course is "*Oswald's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*," a work which has long been a classic in our common and high schools, and which is too well known to teachers to require particular notice. The recent edition is greatly improved by the introduction of a complete alphabetical key to the Latin, Greek and other roots contained in the work. Such a series of books is well calculated to elevate the standard of English education and almost to supply the want of a course of instruction in Latin and Greek. Indeed, the steady and constant use of these books in common school instruction, furnishes precisely the most important part of mental development which is claimed as the chief recommendation of a classical course.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN GARDENING. By George Wm. Johnson, Esq., with 150 wood cuts—edited, with numerous additions, by David Landreth, of Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard. A book on gardening edited by so famous a gardener as Mr. Landreth, cannot fail to attract the public attention, as it is perfectly well known that he is too busy a man to waste his time in editing a book which is not one of first rate merit. An examination of this volume will satisfy any one who has the least tincture of horticultural science, that his labor in this instance is best bestowed. The book is a complete manual of gardening, digested into the alphabetical order of the multitudinous subjects which come under the general head of gardening, and it will speedily pass into general circulation to the great benefit of horticulture in these United States.

PICCIOLA; OR, CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE, by Saintine. The same publishers have shown their patriotism, common sense and good taste by putting forth their tenth edition of this work with a set of very beautiful engraved embellishments. There never was a book which better deserved the compliment. It is one of greatly superior merit to Paul and Virginia, and we believe it is destined to surpass that popular work of St. Pierre in popularity. It is better suited to the advanced ideas of the present age, and possesses peculiar moral charms in which Paul and Virginia is deficient. St. Pierre's work derived its popularity from its bold attack on feudal prejudices; Saintine's strikes deeper, and assails the secret infidelity which is the bane of modern society, in its stronghold. A thousand editions of *Picciola* will not be too many for its merit.

HEALTH MADE EASY FOR THE PEOPLE. G. B. Zieber & Co. A most excellent popular treatise, which ought to be universally read on account of the great service it will render in preserving health and guarding against the insidious attacks of disease.

THE YOUTH OF SHAKSPEARE—one of the best novels which has been written in the last twenty years. It is published in the cheap pamphlet form. For sale by Zieber & Co.

PICQUILLO ALLIACA. MOORS UNDER PHILIP

THE THIRD OF SPAIN—a thrilling romance from the pen of the celebrated Eugene Scribe, richly embellished with engravings and published in the cheap pamphlet form. For sale by the same.

DOMBEY AND DAUGHTER—a new and very entertaining novel, with twelve embellishments. Published in the cheap pamphlet form by Williams & Brothers of New York, and for sale by Zieber & Co.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFFI—or, *The Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant*, by one who has been "almost worried to death." This is the illustrated edition, and for sale by the same.

NICHOL'S ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK—a Series of Views of the Empire City and its Environs—each number containing six elegantly-finished steel engravings from original drawings, with explanatory descriptions. Price twenty-five cents per number. For sale by Zieber & Co.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE GRAPE VINE ON OPEN WALLS—with a descriptive account of an improved Method of Planting and Managing the Roots of Grape Vines, by Clement Hoare—with an Appendix, containing Remarks on the Culture of the Vine in the United States. H. Long & Brother, 32 Ann street, New York. The above is the title of a very useful book which we have just received from the publishers.

PERFUMERY, ITS MANUFACTURE AND USE—with Instructions in every branch of the Art, and Recipes for all the Fashionable Preparations. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. This is the title of a most useful and valuable work that these publishers have just given to the public. It is comprehensive, leaving nothing to be guessed at, but giving the exact quantity of each article required for soaps, perfumes, essences, pomatums, oils, pastilles, illustrations of alembics, retorts, and all the tools used in the business. A valuable book.

ORATORS OF THE AGE—comprising Portraits, Critical, Biographical and Descriptive. By G. H. Francis, Esq. Harper & Brothers, New York. This little work contains notices of twenty-eight of the orators of Great Britain, among whom are Sir Robert Peel, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Shiel, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, etc. This is a well written book, and is by the author of "The Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington." For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

THE VICTIM OF INTRIGUE—a tale of Burr's Conspiracy. By James W. Taylor. T. B. Peterson, 96 Chestnut street. A spirit-stirring story, as, indeed, seem to be all that have Burr for their hero.

CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA, Parts 7th and 8th. By Count Montholon. Carey & Hart. This completes this very interesting history with the return of the body of the emperor to his own France.

1844, OR THE POWER OF THE S. F.—a Tale developing the Secret action of Parties during the Presidential Campaign of 1844. By Thomas Dunn English. G. W. Adriance, Philadelphia. This is a powerfully-written book, and during the time it was being published in the New York Mirror, the authorship was attributed to many celebrated authors.

HARPER'S FIRESIDE LIBRARY—"Arthur Martin; or, The Mother's Trials," by Charles Burdett, Esq. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. This is a delightful homely truthful story. We commend it to the attention of all heads of families.

The same publishers have also sent us No. 22 of "*The Pictorial History of England*." This ends volume second.

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF FRANCE. By Mrs. Forbes Bush. Carey & Hart. This work is dedicated by permission to the Queen of the French, and she

is honored by the dedication. It contains two well engraved portraits of Marie Antoinette and Josephine. This is the most complete history of the French queens we have ever seen, and it is beautifully written. We take occasion to commend the typographical portion of the work by the Messrs. Collins. It is in the usual style in which the fine works by these gentlemen are brought out.

**THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW.** By T. S. Arthur. Carey & Hart. Like everything from the pen of Mr. Arthur, this work is interesting and conveys a moral lesson. Mr. Arthur's mind is so purely constituted that he must write to instruct. No parent need fear placing any of this gentleman's productions in the hands of his family. We commend this work to the public.

**THE LAWYER'S DAUGHTER.** By Jos. Alden, D. D. Harper & Brothers. This charming little work from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Alden, will be read with attention by every one. It is a domestic story of intense interest from the commencement. The characters are well sustained, and the work is of a nature to attract and retain the attention. It is beautifully printed, and contains eight admirably executed engravings. Mr. Alden is the author of those delightful works, "Elizabeth Benton" and "Alice Gordon."

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** No. 23, has also been received from the same publishers. This number contains eight engravings illustrative of the period from the accession of James First to the restoration of Charles Second.

**MARRIAGE—a Novel.** By Miss S. Ferrier. Same publishers. This is a republication of a novel which gave great satisfaction some time since. Perhaps some of our readers may remember the old Scotch aunts, Miss Nicky, Miss Grizzy and Miss Jacky. We assure them that they have not lost in interest or amusement. This novel will well bear a re-perusal. The Messrs. Harpers deserve great credit for placing it again before the public.

All the above works may be had of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner Fourth and Chestnut streets.

**THE MINOR DRAMA,** No. 10—"Used Up." Bedford & Co., New York. A very amusing farce, translated from the French of "L'Homme Blase," by Charles Matthews. An amusing petite comedy, with an engraving and the stage business marked. The Philadelphia publisher is S. G. Sherman, Hart's Buildings, Sixth near Chestnut street.

**A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.** By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble. Wiley & Putnam, New York. In this work Mrs. Butler makes the *amende* to this country for her former slanders of it—but we question whether some apology will not have to be made in some future book for hard thoughts and sayings of other countries. Much will probably depend upon whether she intends in after times to make some one of them her future residence. Everything in this work seems to denote a residence here again—indeed, we think she directly says so. It is a wild, rambling work, very Fanny-Kembleish, but full of beauties, containing some pretty poetry, and some queer plain Saxon words, which we have no doubt she would find great fault with if used by any but herself. Some of the poetry in this work and some that she has lately written for the magazines, are not characteristic of that high tone she is wont to assume, but rather shows the feelings of a disappointed woman. For sale in this city by Carey & Hart and Lindsay & Blakiston.

**MISS LESLIE'S MEAL BOOK.** Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. Like all other of Miss Leslie's receipt books, the rules are plain and easily comprehended. In this particular Miss Leslie differs from most other compounding of receipts for cooking.

**NO. 5 NORTH AMERICAN SCENERY.** H. Long

& Brother, New York. This work is well got up, and what is better, receives a very large share of public patronage. Peterson, 9<sup>th</sup> Chestnut street, has it for sale.

**NO. 3 GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.** Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. The humor of this work—"a woman in search of a servant"—increases. We know of nothing by Dickens or Lever that so excites the risibilities.

**CHAPMAN'S AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK—**No. 1—*Primary and Elementary.* J. S. Redfield, New York. Certainly the best work of the kind ever produced. The engravings are valuable in themselves, independent of the aid they give to the pupil. Mr. Chapman commences with the A B C of the art of drawing, in which he is perfectly at home; and in future numbers the learner will be carried gradually onwards. The work is well got up, and must prove instructive. We know of no person connected with the arts more capable than Mr. C. to make such a book as the one we are now noticing. His intimate acquaintance with every branch—he models well; he paints well and draws well, and one of the best mezzotint engravings we ever saw was done by him.

**HISTORY OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA.** J. T. Bowen, Philadelphia. We have received the first number of this superb work. It is the finest specimen of lithography and coloring we have ever seen, and is a credit to our city. No person should be without it, as it gives a history of the Indian tribes of our country, with portraits of their most celebrated chiefs. It will be completed in thirty monthly parts, at \$1 25 each. Mr. Bowen intends to publish in the course of this work a perfect likeness of General Washington, to follow the beautiful dedication plate. The typography by the Messrs. Collins is on an equality with the other portions of the work, and is fully equal to that of the finest English works.

**NEW MUSIC.**—The new opera, "*Matilda; or, The Maid of Hungary*," by W. V. Wallace, now being performed in London with immense success, has just been published by Firth, Hall & Pond, New York. The following solos are before us, viz.: Recitative, "*One day I wandered*;" Air, cavatina, "*It was a form*;" Cavatina, "*She comes in all her loveliness*;" second movement, "*The crown, the sceptre and the sway*;" and four Ballads—"Adieu, fair land;" "*Gone is the calmness*," "*A lovely youth, the mountain child*," a Tyrolienne, and "*In that devotion which we breathe*."

The above, as a collection, may be considered as about the best English songs published. They abound in beauty and simplicity of melody, and are by no means difficult. They must become general favorites.

"*Linda di Chamounix*," by Donizetti. The same publishers have just sent us two more pieces from this beautiful opera—one, the soprano and tenor duet, "*In the grove where first I met thee*," (*Da quel di che t'ho in contrai*), is the gem of the opera; the other is the celebrated bass romance, "*Ambo nati in questa valle*," (*Life we first saw in this valley*.) These have an excellent English adaptation, which is so arranged as not to render it less available to those who wish to sing the Italian. The adaptation is by C. W. Beanes, chorus-master at Palmo's Opera House.

The same firm have also sent us, "*Mary mine*," a beautiful ballad, sung by Miss Northull, music by J. P. Knight. "*Oh, breathe not her name*," a ballad, sung by Miss Northall, music by Austin Phillips. "*The Alabama*," a song of the wanderer to home, being No. 4 of the "Songs of America," written and composed by Samuel Lover. "*The Royal Irish Quadrilles*," composed by Julien. These are the same as are played by the Swiss Bell Ringers, and are strictly Irish in their cha-

facter. "*Monterey*," a national song, dedicated to General Zachary Taylor, words by J. W. Watson, music by Austin Phillips. This is an excellent song, and very different from the quantity of trash that is published relating to Mexican affairs. It is one of the few pieces of this class that will survive the excitement of the occasion that called it forth.

**BRANDYWINE SPRINGS.**—This delightful resort is now open under the superintendence of those admirable caterers, Messrs. Bagley & Mackenzie, of the Columbia House. This is one of the most beautiful summer resorts in the neighborhood of our city, and is easily accessible several times a day both by steamboat and railroad. It is a beautiful sight to see the groups of rosy children sporting about its spacious grounds and wandering in the adjacent shady walks. There is a fine mineral spring on the premises, the road to which is a favorite promenade. At night a splendid band of music either in the ball-room or on the piazza, enlivens the scene.

**THE GIRARD NUMBER.**—Our June number has been so characterized by the press. It has been very popular, so much so that an immense edition has been nearly exhausted. Repeated applications have been made for copies to send to Europe, particularly France. The embellishments of this number will certainly raise a smile on the countenances of our subscribers. The letter-press illustration is admirable. In every succeeding number of this year we shall give one and in some instances two mezzotint engravings, and one of our admirable *Americanized Paris* fashion plates. The "Book" has never been so popular as at the present time, and it shall be our earnest endeavor to keep it so. To our brethren of the press we return our thanks for their kind notices, and only wish we could find room to republish them all. We ask attention to the following notice of our Model Cottages from the editor of one of the best weekly papers published in Boston.

"I paid Lynn—lovely Lynn—a visit last week, and was pleased to see a host of new and beautiful cottages going up from plans laid down in Godey's Lady's Book. Upon the beautiful pebbled shores and hills of Lynn, by the ocean side, they—the cottages—are *bijous* indeed."

In this number we commence one of Miss Leslie's best stories, revised and corrected. Uncle Philip, we are satisfied, will please our readers.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

**TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.**—The most easy and effectual mode of cleaning kid gloves is by the application of spirits of turpentine. The unpleasant smell which is doubtless a formidable objection to the use of that article, will entirely vanish if the gloves are cleaned a week or ten days before they are required to be worn, and during that interval spread out so as to be freely exposed to the action of the air. Turpentine is the principal cleansing ingredient used by all the glove cleaners, who, to banish the offensive odor, resort to various other applications, all of which tend more or less to injure the kid. To ladies who have leisure to superintend and direct the cleaning of their own gloves, we would recommend the following process: Let the gloves be soaked for five or six hours in spirits of turpentine, then rubbed gently with a piece of sponge or soft flannel until all the soiled marks disappear. They must then be hung up, and when dry or nearly so, drawn on glove-blocks to restore them to their proper shape. After being spread out to air for some days, the smell of the turpen-

tine will vanish, and the gloves should be placed in a drawer with some potent perfume.

Another method is to take a piece of flannel, dip it in milk, and cover it well with white soap. Rub the gloves until all the spots disappear. Camphine is also used in the same way.

**LAVENDER WATER.**—Take a pint of highly rectified spirit of wine; essential oil of lavender one ounce; essence of ambergris two drachms—put all into a quart bottle, and shake it extremely well.

**POT POURRI.**—Put into a large china jar the following ingredients in layers, with bay salt strewed between the layers:—two pecks of damask roses, part in buds and part blown; violets, orange flowers and jasmine, a handful each; orris-root sliced, benzoin and storax, two ounces of each; a quarter of an ounce of musk; a quarter of a pound of angelica-root sliced; a quart of the red parts of clove-gillyflowers; two handfuls of lavender flowers. To be well mixed. When the cover is taken off, an agreeable odor is diffused throughout the room.

**COLD CREAM.**—White wax two drachms; spermaceti half an ounce; oil of sweet almonds two ounces—melt them over a slow fire; then, as it cools, whip or beat well in with a spoon two ounces of rose water, adding any scent you please.

#### SOME NOTICES OF OUR MODEL COTTAGES.

The article on cottages alone is worth a year's subscription.—*Hennepin Herald*.

There is a new feature introduced into this work which will do much to improve the general taste in architecture. Model cottages on the most approved plan of building will be represented.—*Chronicle, Green-castle, Ind.*

A new feature has been introduced into the Lady's Book which will make it a valuable work for architects—to wit, giving drawings and explanations of model cottages.—*Democrat, Lima, Ind.*

With an enterprise truly worthy of its publisher and proprietor, the present number contains the first of a series of *Cottage and Villa Architecture, &c.* This is a department not yet occupied by any of our popular journals, and if carried out, will make an essay *doubly worth the value of a year's subscription to any one, whether about to build or already employed as an architect.*—*Intelligencer, Amsterdam, N. Y.*

A taste for the cottage style of architecture is quite prevalent in some portions of our country, and the idea, which originated with this magazine, of furnishing engravings of *Model cottages*, strikes us as not only novel but highly useful and appropriate. Mr. Godey, it seems, is not only determined to make his "Book" a lady's companion, but a *useful* and interesting work to *all* classes of readers. Success to him—his enterprise deserves it.—*Phoenix, Fort Plain, N. Y.*

The following sensible article we extracted from one of our exchange papers—merely making the following correction: for "paper," read *magazine*.

"I HAVE THE READING OF IT EVERY WEEK."—It not unfrequently occurs, when people are asked if they will subscribe for a newspaper, or if they already take it, that they reply—"No, but my neighbor B. takes it, and I have the reading of it every week!" Such people often add that they like the paper very well, and sometimes go so far as to say that they really consider it the "best paper they know of." They are thus *benefitted every week* by the toils, perplexities and expenditures of those who receive nothing from them in return!

"Reader, if thou art the person, just send in your name and take the paper yourself—so shall thy conscience never be troubled when thou beholdest the printer and reflectest on his labors in thy behalf."



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 1.—Lady's riding hat, made of black beaver or silk, or pearl cassimer—very light—with rich binding, band and steel buckle.

No. 2.—Lady's riding cap—fine black cloth, Florence braid or Coburg straw.

No. 3.—Child's dress hat, made of rice straw, with light feather and straw cord for trimming.

No. 4.—Youth's dress cap, made of super hair cloth, with figured silk band, steel buckle and rich tassel.

## ORIGINAL FASHIONS FOR SUMMER OF 1847,

ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

BY CHARLES OAKFORD,

AT HIS FASHIONABLE ESTABLISHMENT,

*No. 104 Chestnut St., Philad.*

## THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

## WEEKLY MIRROR.

TO PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

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## BRANDYWINE SPRINGS.

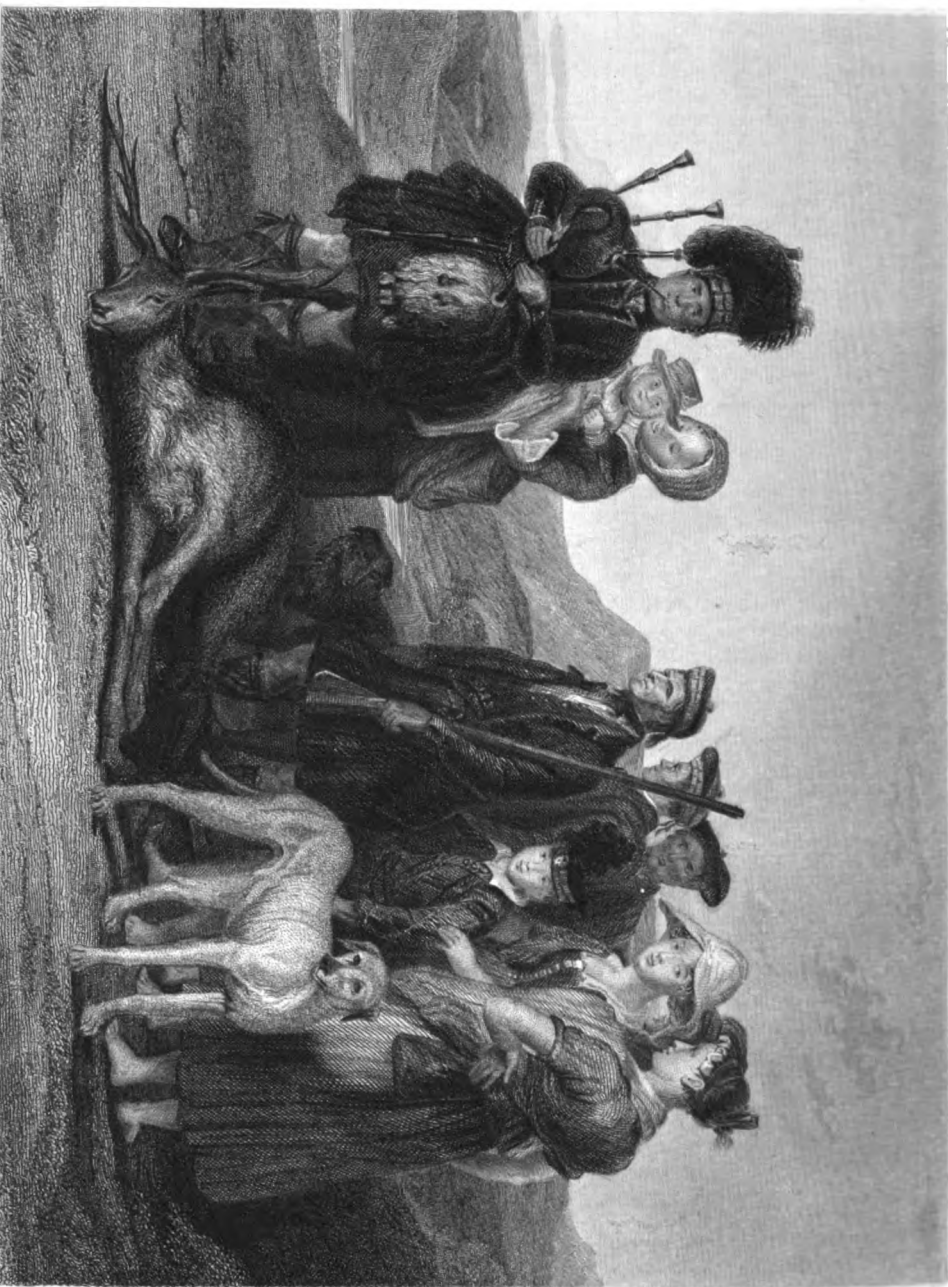
This delightful watering-place was opened on the first inst. It is accessible several times a day by steamboats and stages.

BAGLEY, MACKENZIE & CO.,

*Columbia House, Philadelphia.*



Painted by Sir David Wilkie R.A.



Engraved by A. L. L. L.

THE LADY OF THE LAKES.

*Copy of the original painting by Sir David Wilkie R.A.*

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1847.

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### THE DEATH OF THE RED DEER.

A HIGHLAND RHAPSODY.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

(See Engraving.)

It is a glorious August noontide. Exceeding hot, intolerable, doubtless, in the pent purlieus of the crowded city, in the foul haunts of sin and misery; but here in the free Highlands, still unpolluted by the curse of that incongruous blending of squalid poverty and boundless wealth, of hideous crime and noble virtue, which the world calls civilization—here in the free Highlands, delicious beyond measure.

The heather is in bloom—miles upon miles, leagues upon leagues of huge round-headed hills, covered with that rich purple carpet, glowing like amethysts in the broad sunshine, sleeping like waves of velvet in the shadow.

The bees are abroad in myriads, reveling in the nectar drawn from those dewy cups—the atmosphere is alive everywhere and vocal with their busy hum.

The skylarks, too, by scores and hundreds, are trilling their long notes of rapture, high up, invisible, in the blue atmosphere, upsoaring from the green stripes of wheat or barley which may be seen here and there at rare intervals in the bottom of the vale—of the broad strath by the banks of the river, which here lies spread out, in a broad and calm expanse, under the glowing sun, but which, a mile or two above, is a loud raging torrent, tearing its way through narrow gorges, rough with primeval rock, the terror of the shepherd when in flood, the last refuge of the wounded hart when the bay of the savage deer-hound comes hard and hot upon his haunches.

There is but one shadow of a cloud on the whole sky from horizon to horizon, but one speck of vapor scarcely to be distinguished from the deep pure azure of the air in which it floats.

On every side, in the foreground, hills, bare, herbless, treeless, and yet beautiful—beautiful with their bloomy heather.

Here and there in the valley, or in a hollow on the flank of the slopes, a green spot, of intensely vivid verdure, tells of the treacherous bog about the deep well-head: there shall you spring, in every season of the year, from cold December unto blazing August, a whisp of snipe, and it may be a curlew, a plump of wild duck, or soaring lazily on his broad arms, a heron shaw or bittern.

And does the heather lack its denizens? Lack them, and that, too, in August!

It is not yet the twelfth, else were that question answered ere almost it was asked, by the incessant volleys of the fowling-piece.

The grouse, the red grouse, pride of the British isles, in which alone of all the earth that king of game is found—and of the British isles, as some sage sportsmen aver, sage naturalists too—for who can be so true a naturalist as the keen, gentle sportsman—found in Great Britain only, since the grouse of the neighboring isle, green Erin, is, as they vow, but to their vow I avouch not, by no means the genuine bird, but a poor bastard, a base imitation only!

The grouse, the red grouse—who that has ever toiled, from morn till dewy eve, over the glorious hills of Scotland, with two, *four* braces of splendid setters, red and white, with black lips and noses, no other color tolerated, ranging the moorlands, at a mile's distance, heads erect, flags waving gallantly above the purple heath bells, fleet as the wind, and staunch as rocks when they are standing—who, I say, that has enjoyed this once,

feels not all other practice of the trigger unprofitable, tame and weary?

All other—hold hard there!—all other—hear it not, Scrope, or thou wilt deem we have not read thy book on deer-stalking elaborate—that, most of all, the king of sports, inimitable, unattainable alone! Sport of the eagle eye and the unwearied mind, demanding from its votary the speed of the race-horse, the skill of the serpent, the patient endurance of the Arab, the craft of the Indian—demanding, in one word, that he should be a Highlander, a born mountaineer!

There is a blue peak yonder in the distance, ragged, and crowned with gray and rifted pinacles of rock.

There, on its summit, the fierce eagle has her eyry, trains her blood-thirsty brood on the flesh of the mountain hare and the moor-fowl; upon its flanks the wild herds pasture, the uncounted cattle of the wilderness—the sentinel hinds posted on the watch, the lordly harts pasturing lazily amid their fair scraglios.

Along its base foams the bright river, its every pool resounding to the plunge of the leaping salmon.

There is a tuft of fir-trees yonder in the vale, old, weather-beaten, stag-horned, gray, yet still famous, and grateful in that spot, and dignified by the name of a wood, and prized for the shelter they afford against the summer sun and the fierce blast of winter. Among them and above them you can catch glimpses of gray walls and tall slated roofs, and two or three grotesque pepper-box-shaped things which may pass for turrets.

It is the laird's lodge, the shooting-box, the only human dwelling which the eye can discover from end to end of the broad landscape, and it is many a mile in length.

The far blue peak is a deer forest, containing many a thousand acre of wild heathery hill and yet wilder boggy hollow: the shooting-box is the hospitable dwelling of a chief whose ancestors fought gallantly for the ill-fated Stuarts at Falkirk and Culloden, who himself plied the claymore as gallantly as they, though for another dynasty, at bloody Quatre Bras and the immortal heights of the Mont St. Jean—a *son of the great Alexander*, a bold MacDonnel.

It is a glorious August noontide, and though the twelfth has not legalized the slaughter of the red grouse, and the cock crows and claps his pugnacious wing, and the hen leads her poults from the feeding ground to the sunny knoll, pert and fearless, and scarcely will fly fifty yards, and rises again within ten feet if you flush her, still, sportsman, be not faint of heart!

For the hart is in season—yea, in grease; and if your wind be clear, and your foot fleet, and your eye keen, and your hand with the rifle steady, my word—for it you will not repent your visit to the Highlands.

Hush! hark! there is a strain of wild music on the summer air, a strange, harsh, thrilling strain,

heard high, above the melodious hum of the merry bee, above the gushing song of the skylark, above the roar of the distant torrent, the sigh of the gentle breeze.

A strange, harsh, savage music, yet not unsuited to the bare scenery, which, though it now smile so cheerily under the gay summer sun, would look, indeed, under another sky, under the influence of bleak November, a fit presentment of that blasted heath near Fowes, where great Macbeth encountered those wierd women, his tempters alike, and his fate!

Hark to that long, shrill shriek, subsiding gradually into a plaintive wailing, bursting again into that fierce and rapid and tumultuous movement, which represents so well the current of the heady fight, the triumph and the rapture of the victory, and dies away into a melancholy dirge over the brave

"who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!"

It is the Highland pipe, the

"War note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard too have their Saxon foes;  
How in the *summer* noon that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills  
Their native pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's  
ears."

There is a hum of merry voices, too; an occasional shout of triumph and exultation; the deep-toned bay of a stag-hound; the shrill treble sounds of female tongues, and the clear, thrilling laugh of joyous childhood.

A group is collected in the valley, not far from the bed of the broad and silvery stream—a piper in his full costume of philabeg and belted plaid, skene-dhu and sporran, plumed bonnet and sonorous pipes, waking the echoes of the red glen with notes of as wild triumph as ever screamed over the empty folds and blazing roofs of lowland village, in creagh, or speagh, or foray.

Behind him stands the nurse, tossing an infant in her arms—an infant whose rich velvet hat and laced ruffles indicate gentle birth—as much as the flashing eye and delighted faces, and the bands clapped in unison to the fierce pibroch, tell of the native instinct which informs the heart of every mountain child of Albyn.

At his feet lies the noble hart, never again to toss his beamed antlers to the sun in proud defiance of all rivals—never again to spurn the heath-clad slopes of Ben Awe, or Ben Cruachan, or wild Ben Dearg, with hoof so fleet that it scarce shakes the dew-drop from the blue-bell—beautiful creature! there it lies, a mere lump of senseless flesh, that was but a short hour ago, all grace, all fire, all energy, and life and motion—there it lies, with the clear eye dim, and the lythe limbs relaxed and nerveless, and the sublime head





THE DAY'S WORK ENDED.

*Carried off to the "fisher"*

low in the dust, a sport for women and for children.

And it may be that some such thoughts as these are busy in the mind of the hard-featured, weather-beaten laird, who stands looking down with no triumph in his eye, no joy in his grave face, upon the victim of his skill, with the rifle in his hand which sped the fatal ball, and the bright-eyed, fair-headed young boy, one day to be the chieftain of his clan, brought out from the lodge to see the slaughtered quarry and to participate the triumph.

Yet his fair features, also, wear an expression more of thought, if not of sadness, than of ecstatic joy; and the girls, too, the bright-skinned, sonsie Highland lasses, who have run out barefooted and bare-headed from their domestic tasks, look almost melancholy. It is not marvelous!

For, when the vanity, the triumph, the fierce, cruel eagerness, the frenzy of pursuit, the exultation of success are ended, there is a sorrowful, deep moral in the death even of a brute—of a brute slaughtered for our recreation—butchered to make a *highland* holiday.

He who can look unmoved even upon the pass-

ing spirit of a dumb animal, who can see consciousness fade from the glazing eye and power from the stiffening limb, and life and the very sense of being from the whole frame—he, I say, must be something more or something less than man.

For how, from the survey of the mere natural phenomena, unless he see with the clear eye of faith, how shall he dare to say this spirit, which was life and sense in the beast that I have slain, dies with the senseless clay before me and is extinguished quite forever? But *this* spirit which I feel fluttering, thrilling, aspiring within *me*, shall not perish with the perishing body, but beam forth the more gloriously on the destruction of that earthy shell which shrouded its immortal lustre!

Verily, verily, death is a great, a fearful mystery—not the less great or fearful that we live in the midst of it, although we live as if there were no such end at all appointed to our hopes, our fears, our sins, our sorrows. Verily, from all death there are great lessons to be drawn—yea, even from the death of a Red Deer.

## M A N .

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Engraving)

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.—Acts x. 34.

SAY, what is wealth? A gilded pain:  
And what is power? A weakness hid:  
And what is life? A shadow vain:  
And joy? A phantom still forbid:  
Shall, then, proud man his grandeur ward  
By toys which God doth not regard?

And what is man? In outward guise  
Let him be prince, or peer, or slave,  
Or poor and weak, or great and wise—  
A mortal tending to the grave:  
Such are all men,—from earth we came—  
Earth doth her own poor dust reclaim.

And what is want? 'Tis virtue's test:  
What weakness? An escape from pride:  
That life on earth may be the best.  
In which by grief the soul is tried:  
For *HE* whose word is ever sure,  
Hath said that "Blessed are the poor."

But what is man? Since God, who made  
The stars, is mindful of his fate,  
When from the skies the stars shall fade,

*HE* will our bodies new create:  
And mortal self and monarch must  
Arise immortal from the dust.

Call not *HIS* hand unequal then,  
Who to the station fits the mind,  
And 'mid the different ranks of men  
Ordains that each his trial find:  
*One* soul to save—*one* God to adore—  
The humblest have—the great no more.

Joy has its griefs, and pain its joys—  
Each man lives in his proper sphere:  
Each with his state his mind employs,  
And all are but sojourners here:  
Then let not foolish mortal pride  
Despise one soul for whom *CHRIST* died.

Each has his daily task to do—  
And life itself is but a day:  
The "Day's Work Ended" God shall view,  
And in *HIS* own just balance weigh:  
Our every thought and deed *HE* scans,  
Whose ways and thoughts are not as man's.



## OUR ARTISTS.—NO. IX.

### BENJAMIN WEST.

ART, if the anecdote be not invented by the romance of biography, was born on this continent beside the cradle of a sleeping infant; and the extraordinary career of the Quaker boy who left the woods of America to become the President of the Royal Academy in London, is one of the memorable lessons of childhood. The personal respect which the character of Benjamin West has universally inspired, the interesting details of his life, and the grateful recollection in which his name is held by succeeding painters, have tended in some degree to blend his claims as an artist with those to which he is entitled as a man. It is important to define, if possible, the limits of both. Discrimination is quite compatible with love. Indeed, the only affection that has a sure basis is one conceived and nurtured in the invigorating atmosphere of truth. Character and genius are quite distinct, and we may feel sincere homage for the one while we question the reality of the other. There can, indeed, be no acceptable tribute to a manly soul except that which justice sanctions and wisdom confirms; and we deem ourselves offering a genuine oblation to the integrity of the pioneer of American art, if, while cordially recognizing his moral attributes, we frankly discuss his artistic merits.

That "tide in the affairs of men" of which the great bard speaks, is as often discernible in the achievement of fame as of fortune. A remarkable series of propitious circumstances attended the life of West. When he first began to indulge his imitative faculties, the accidental visit of a relative suggested the gift of a paint-box—at that time no small rarity in his isolated neighborhood. There is little in the habits or creed of the Quakers auspicious to the fine arts, yet if we are to believe one of his biographers, the spirit moved a member of the fraternity to reconcile, with no little eloquence, the alleged vanity of painting with the requirements of the Gospel—a triumph over bigotry quite extraordinary, considering the condition of society where it occurred. While he was yet a youth, a famine in the south of Europe induced a Philadelphia merchant to dispatch a vessel to Leghorn with flour, and the opportunity was improved by one of his juvenile friends to see the world, to whom the painter became a companion. When they were boarded at Gibraltar by a British officer, this young man proved to be his kinsman, and they were not only unmolested, but treated with a distinction that gave *éclat* to the voyage up the Mediterranean—the effect of which was clearly perceptible on their

arrival. At the period that West visited Rome, the mere fact was calculated to excite attention. He came from a land around which still hung the charm of tradition and romance. It was deemed by the imaginative Italians a circumstance of great interest that a handsome youth should have made a pilgrimage from the distant forests of the western world to study art in Rome. The very day succeeding his arrival, a curious party followed his steps to observe the impression created by the marvels he encountered, and a friendly regard naturally sprang up in their minds for the inexperienced exile. It is now a thing of common occurrence for an American to arrive in the Eternal city bent upon the same objects. Then it was a novelty, and one which operated most favorably upon the dawning career of West. The kindness of Robinson and Cardinal Albani was also opportune in the highest degree, nor is it difficult to trace its after influence. The state of art in England when our fortunate artist went thither, proved no less favorable. The throne of historical painting was vacant, and although in portrait and landscape a few stars yet glimmered, their light rather heralded than outshone the new aspirant for honor and emolument. His countrymen in London were already prepared to extend the hand of fellowship, and Archbishop Drummond's kindly tact soon obtained for him the favor of the king, which his own prudence and amability ere long ripened into actual friendship. We do not intend to ascribe all the success of the artist to circumstances, but in the lives of few of his profession have they combined to such a degree towards encouraging whatever of native power existed. The sunshine of prosperity is generally acknowledged to exert a fostering influence, and through a large part of West's career, it glowed with a brightness that seldom irradiates the precarious fortunes of artist-life. Some of the very circumstances adduced by the disciples of West in upholding his title to the highest rank in art, confirm the view we have suggested. That he should compare the Apollo Belvidere at the first glance to a young Mohawk warrior, shows how much his mind was given to the conventionalities of art; for upon an ideal spectator, it is the thrilling expression of the god that arrests both eye and heart, and not the likeness of his mould or the graceful animation of his figure. The painter's complaint of Michel Angelo that he had not succeeded in giving any probability to his works, also shows a want of sympathy with the adventurous. The famous reply that, as a boy, the future President of the Royal Academy made to his comrade, who looked for-

ward to being a tailor—"a painter is a companion for kings and emperors"—strikes us as indicative of worldly ambition far more than of any precocious idea of the dignity of art. One of his eulogists gravely declares that he "rarely failed to achieve what he proposed within the time allotted for its performance," a tribute to industrious and methodical habits rather questionable when applied to efforts requiring felicitous and exalted moods. His powers of observation were evidently far greater than those of conception. He assiduously sought and improved occasions to widen their range. The manner in which he inferred the principle of the camera, from seeing the effect of light that gleamed through a closed shutter upon the wall of his sick room; his successful experiments to discover how a candle's rays were reflected in an old picture; his visit to Spithead to study the effect of smoke in a naval combat, preparatory to executing the battle of La Hague, evince, among other instances, how carefully he strove to apply the facts of nature to the purposes of art. This, as well as nearly all his desirable traits, arose from the practical good sense which he possessed—a quality we would by no means undervalue in affairs, but one of but limited efficacy in the creations of genius, to which its relation is by no means intimate. In proportion as the designs of West came within the sphere of the actual and were removed from highly poetic or deeply religious associations, they are fitted to please. His classical scenes and battle-pieces we contemplate without impatience. His fame suffers from that common error—a mistaken position. He attempted to embody ideas and represent sentiments beyond the reach of his natural powers. With every endowment necessary for high respectability in art, he had no legitimate claim to be one of her chief priests. Yet, with no conscious irreverence, did he approach the altar when he should have lingered in the vestibule of her temple. It was the boldness of ignorance, the self-confidence of a mind to which the mysteries of life were but slightly revealed. It has been a theme of surprise that West should have so long kept the favor of his royal patron; but the wonder is at once dissipated if we study his character. He was from first to last an American Quaker—a being to whom the dictates of prudence were a satisfactory law, and whose ideal of virtue consisted in maintaining a passionless and kindly spirit. He sent home for the bride whom he had so patiently loved, when his circumstances justified marriage. He consulted the king more frequently than any inward oracle; and when the monarch's patronage was withdrawn, he did not complain. When between sixty and seventy years of age, he commenced a series of great works quite too extensive ever to be realized. This mechanical view of his profession and the complacent readiness with which it was followed, accord with the opinions expressed in his discourses, where he declares that

"the true use of painting resides in assisting the reason to arrive at certain moral inferences, by furnishing a probable view of the effects of motives and passions." The amount of native enthusiasm and divine aspiration that belonged to West, may be inferred from this humble and prosaic estimate of his own art.

Regulus resigning himself to the ambassadors of Carthage, was the subject of his first successful picture in England, but the sketch of Agrippina occasioned his introduction to the king. His facility and extensive theoretical knowledge, his acquaintance with available expedients and his regular industry, were the great means of his advancement as an artist; while his thorough benevolence, correct habits and self-respect as effectually promoted his social consideration. The bland atmosphere of his early associations and his mature fortunes seems to have continued to the last, for he died at the age of eighty-two, without any specific disease, unimpaired in mind and urbane in spirit.

West relied upon general effects; his ability lies in combination rather than detail. He excites respect on account of the sound judgment displayed in his works. We recognize in them a mature knowledge. His aim seems to have been scenic, and therefore he depends almost wholly upon the spectator's first impression. Our feelings are not won by degrees into sympathy with a great idea or touching sentiment, but attention is caught by the grandeur of the entire design and the breadth of the scene. There is no intense individuality, no concentrated emotion such as emanates from those masterpieces into which the artist has infused his very being. We think more of art in general than of the idiosyncrasies of the painter in contemplating his productions, and gratify our imaginations by the thought of what a more inspired limner would have done with such a command of materials. Intelligence is, indeed, stamped upon his compositions, and if this were the greatest human attribute, they would not challenge inquiry; but we do not feel that electric spirit and mysterious principle which distinguish the offspring of genius from that of talent and industry. The point at issue between the advocates of such efforts and those who lament their inadequacy, is one that has been again and again discussed in reference to literature. Perhaps the most striking instance on record is the controversy as to the respective merits of Shakspeare and the French drama. Minds that the truthful and living creations of the English poet do not render unconscious of his violation of technical rules, we conceive to be by nature incapable of appreciating his excellencies. It is, after all, a question of feeling; and if those who are content with the artificial proprieties of Racine, wonder at the lovers of Shakspeare for enduring his sins against taste or probability, not less great is the astonishment of the latter that any one who has ever felt

the glow of ambition, the thrill of love or the anguish of remorse, could fail to recognize in Lear, Macbeth and Hamlet, the greatest written types of humanity. It is no fanciful distinction which we desire to indicate. On the contrary, the principle at issue underlies not only literature and art, but manners and life. It forms the true difference between spontaneous and conventional virtue, between etiquette and heartfelt courtesy, acquirements and wisdom, the spirit and the letter of the law. Take an effusion of Dryden and one of Coleridge—Alexander's Feast and Genevieve, for instance. In the former we behold at once a command of language, a sense of rhythm a hand practiced in versification and apt in rhetoric; in the latter we pause not to consider these external facilities, because of the beautiful and absorbing sentiment of which they are exponents. One we remember as an elocutionary exercise, the other as a cherished echo of the sweetest experience of our hearts. And thus a Madonna of Raphael or a Magdalen of Coreggio conveys a lively consciousness of the feelings they represent, as if it had been breathed through color and outline. In a word, we are magnetized by the holy spell of maternal love or penitent grief. Is it thus with the pictures of West? With the events they commemorate, do we realize the idea and emotion that render them sacred? In "Christ healing the Sick," what fixes the mind? Is it the benign inspiration of the prominent figure or the awe-stricken gaze of reverence and the earnest pleadings of human affection in those that surround it? Is it not rather the successful representation of physical suffering, the dextrous grouping and the effective drapery? The sick man excites far higher and more deserved admiration than he by whose divine word he is healed. It may be argued that such a comparison is unfair, inasmuch as the difficulties to be overcome and the effect to be realized in the two cases are quite diverse. This is but admitting West's over-estimate of his own powers. The choice of a subject is often as indicative of genius or its absence as its development, and the manner in which West treated the grand themes he selected proves that between them and his mind there was little affinity. If the picture we are considering was intended to portray a hospital, to excite benevolence by a vivid representation of "the ills that flesh is heir to," it would merit the highest encomiums; but the acknowledged purpose is far

more lofty—it professes to depict the most venerated character that ever lived on earth—the exercise of the highest functions ever delegated to a being in the form of man—the exhibition of a sympathy for human sorrow more tender, comprehensive and profound than was ever manifested in the world. "To the height of this great argument" something besides tact, dexterity and skill in drawing and color, something besides a knowledge of light and shade, a practised hand and a confident mind, was needed. An inspiration such as filled the heart and imagination of the painter and involved the absorption of self in the pathos and majesty of the scene, a sympathetic as well as an intelligent relation to the subject alone would justify and hallow such an undertaking. And it is this very simplicity, this apparent unconsciousness of conditions like these, which affords the best evidence of West's comparative incompetency. There is no trace of that solemnity of feeling which breaks from Milton in contemplating his great poem. It would appear as if he set about portraying miracles in a spirit the most commonplace and familiar. There was no pluming of the wings for a long flight, no vibration of the harp-strings preparatory to an earnest strain, no gathering up of the waters ere the glorious march. The cherubim were not invoked to impart their sacred fire, nor did the hesitancy of self-distrust cause the dilated heart to tremble. It was apparently in the mere spirit of honest industry and a good intention that our excellent painter grappled with the most exalted subject. If West had one poetic instinct, it was implied in a sensibility to the grand in point of scale and manner. He seems to have conceived of art under a kind of melo-dramatic phase. There was something noble in the scope of his conceptions. A magnificent whole, a bringing impressively together of forms and hues, was the ideal he cherished—for if we take a single figure into careful view, there is often a striking want of oneness of effect. The hands of the Saviour in the picture we have noticed, for example, do not seem to involve the same expression as the chest; but the figure itself, taken in connection with those around, is effective. West, accordingly, seems to have excelled in unity of design, without recognizing that higher law—unity of expression; and this, we think, arose from a lack of that soul of art whereby its creations are both harmonized and made vital.

## MY TEACHERS.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

THE claims of elder sisters had kept me longer at a day school than was usual for children of my age; but at last the time came for me to graduate. I knew Webster's Elements from beginning to end—the Multiplication Table as perfectly as my prayers, and at reading and spelling I had always been expert. At the Academy I expected to take up Grammar and Natural Philosophy; of these I had no idea, except that they were dull books full of hard words. The teacher in that department was a stranger, except that she had spoken to me once, so sweetly as to satisfy me more than ever with a reign of terror, in which I was enduring almost martyrdom.

It was a great day which witnessed my emancipation,—the birds sang as lightly as my heart, and the sun shone never upon a happier child. It was an era in an uneventful life—an oasis, whose memory has refreshed many sad hours since. How smartly was I looking in a new sun-bonnet—my hair curling as naturally as life, and my books carefully clasped under my arm. How I hastened to the dear old roof, that had seared and soaked in the suns and storms of a century. And here let me record the tribute of a tear to thy insulted memory. Clap-boardless roof—floorless rooms—where are ye now? And echo answers where? That time-worn fabric has tottered back to dust—and thou, who nurtured in thy walls the fourth generation, art supplanted by a showy thing, which looks unblushingly to the road, glaring in its gaudy green blinds, casting great dishonor upon thy humble garb. But such is life. Parents go wearing the habiliments of poverty, that they may gather about thankless children the vesture of riches.

I was the youngest of twenty pupils. Our teacher was lovely, blue-eyed, auburn-haired, with a form like a fawn's, and a sweet rich voice, gushing from a happy heart. There were no restraints here imposed upon the little misses, which the young ladies might violate. If there came a rainy noon, we who did not understand graces, or calisthenics with the young ladies, always had the best time at jack straws and hide and seek, for our dear teacher was there merriest of us all. I am positive, this participation in our sports never led us to forget the respect due from a pupil to a teacher, and I record it as an example to all teachers, who have never come down from their dignity to engage in the recreations of their scholars. There was no big ferule to blister a tender hand, no fool's cap to mortify a sensitive spirit, or make still bolder an incorrigible offender. Good, old-fashioned people wondered at the idea of

keeping school without a desk full of cart ropes and birch rods, and not a few persist to this day that Miss — had no government in her school. Our composition exercise was a pleasant and profitable one, instead of being irksome as it often is. Seated around our teacher with slate and pencil, when she had concluded some pretty romance, we were all to write what we could remember of it. I doubt if as many painters could have left more shades upon the canvas, than there was variety in these juvenile effusions. I have before me now a schedule of the life of Caroline Cleaveland, whom no school-girl can fail to remember, and no school is destitute of a real Caroline to match this ideal.—The exercises of composition alternated between original essays, imitated stories, and fictitious letters. Izetta Morton, a little brunette, was my favorite correspondent. I did not love her any better for this new name, though her own, Thankful Green, was very uncouth—in a romance.

A year passed rapidly away,—perhaps, the happiest of my life,—when the sad news arrived that our dear teacher was to be married, and few of us restrained our tears, when the publication was announced in the parish church. The bridegroom was a tall, handsome New Yorker; there was a bridal and cake and wine, a holy commingling of smiles and tears, and we were left shepherdless. We had a week's vacation, and then school again. God bless my first teacher. I shall never forget her.

Our next instructress was fair and fragile, as delicately nurtured by a widowed mother as the dew drop that sparkles upon the blushing petals of the rose,—better educated, more dove like in her beauty, than our first teacher, but too retired and shrinking to win the confidence of half grown, romping girls. A weary three months she attended assiduously to our wants, and bore so patiently with our mischief that we began to be heartily ashamed of it. A second term made us acquainted, and we commenced it with a better knowledge of the spirits taught, and the spirit teaching. After a lapse of one year we parted sadly from this friend, who had come to be very dear to us, and who left us to go South as governess. Great girl as I am now, I cannot help crying when I remember how ill I repaid your patience and mild reproofs, when I well deserved rebukes and punishment. I am writing on a hebdomadal full of the busy incidents of life; and here in one sweet corner your marriage is recorded. Should this imperfect but heartfelt sketch meet your eye, you will recognize in the writer

a restless and wayward pupil, wild but not heartless, who has given you many hours of unhappiness.

Our third teacher was as unlike as possible to our former ones in person and accomplishment. As stately as a princess, she was one in everything but the reality; tall and gracefully formed, with a brow of classic beauty, radiant with thought and intellect; every motive to familiarity was forbidden in her features, and I would as soon have thought of kissing Queen Bess, as of picking up her fan unbidden. She laid down the laws the first day, and to us, who had been accustomed to the supreme discipline of love, they seemed more stringent than the laws of Moses. We were not to calisthenize at recess, it made her nervous; we were not allowed the graces, because one little romp had torn her dress chasing after the hoop. Jack Stones was an indefinite species of gambling, besides making our hands rough, and of course a prohibited game. And our recesses were passed in sullen silence at the window, or in invidious remarks on the country people, who were much better than ourselves. Instead of an interesting exercise, as our composition day had been, the afternoon was devoted to making linen for the Missionaries; and I cannot tell how many yards of cambric I have hemmed for cap strings, or how much apparel from our school was furnished the Missions. No young lady was admitted without a silver thimble, and at our ordinary sewing tasks no unbleached cloth was permitted to be made up. It has since often occurred to me that cotton cloth paid for, would have been quite as becoming as some of the linen that never had its bills receipted.

Miss —'s stay was short with us, because she began by arbitrary commands to exact of us what we would have done cheerfully and unasked if let alone. A code of laws as long as the moral law was suspended from the walls, with as many exceptions, however, as there are to French rules; we were forever likely to receive punishment in our awkward attempts to evade it. No queen ever swayed a more absolute monarchy, and in six months, from a quiet and orderly class, we came to be turbulent and mischievous, not for the sake of the mischief, but for the visible annoyance it made our teacher. School girls will remember, how often they have perpetrated the rarest specimens of fun, when their teacher was looking away, and when her eyes once turned upon them, assumed the greatest possible gravity. I am quite persuaded that, in this age of improvement even, we could not be equalled by any insubordinate pupils in the art of reading cross-wise—knitting with our fingers—or, creeping stealthily across the room—and if suddenly detected, gravely asking permission to leave our seats. I do not now remember that this teacher ever addressed me, except about my lessons, while I was her pupil.

We all suffered from her want of confidence and interest in our pursuits. We felt that there was a great gulf between us, and the restraint made us absolutely *hate* one, whom we should have loved and revered. How we missed the joyous "good morning, dear!" of our first happy teacher, and the pleasant greeting of our second as we met the frigid, stately Mentor of our steps and studies, day after day, and went through a routine unblest by the sunshine of love, and uncheered by kindness and confidence.

I promised myself thus early that if I was spared to become a teacher, I would love, would sympathize with the most perverse of unruly pupils. Children thirst, yearn for sympathy. It is as impossible for a spirit to develop itself without this aliment, as for a flower to mature without the sun and dew. The most disagreeable children once surrounded by the atmosphere of love, and taught that they were objects worth notice, have come to be teachable and companionable beings.

Neglect a boy, because he is dull; let his parents closet him in the cellar or garret, and keep him on bread and water; let his teacher strap him with leather, and pile him down with fool's caps; let other boys be allowed to nick-name him, "Blockhead," and "Dunce;" let him be set aside to read alone, because it takes so long to blunder through his words—what will he make? Not a pleasant, frank, gentle child! Will he not be a sullen and dogged boy, and, perhaps, a misanthropic and gloomy man? Dear teachers, kind parents! Do not shut up that forlorn little boy; he would tell you that letter, if he could. He would repeat his task, if he could. Do not set that other boy above him, because he has a better memory, and a more flippant speech. Be patient, and encourage him, while he tries to recall the forgotten character, and stammers at the lost lesson, which he thought he had perfectly committed.

I do pray most earnestly, that I may never be disheartened in teaching the most obdurate, and that I may have long suffering with the most slothful intellect, remembering that I am enduring what others have endured in my perverseness and heedlessness, and what God has suffered and still is suffering from an ungrateful world.

This sketch imperfectly delineates the difference between teachers and their discipline. We have motives to patience and sacrifice in this profession. In the poor child whom poverty, or the absence of a mother's love, perhaps, has made constrained and dogged, there *is* a spirit which yearns for something to love, something round which it may twine in a wreath of affection that neglect has crushed—

And in a heart, cold to the careless eye,  
Fountains of tenderness lie unrevealed,  
And Love's ungarnered wealth dies of its own luxuriance.

## LITERARY COINCIDENCES.\*—NO. I.

BY S. M. S.

D'ISRAELI, in speaking of Virgil, says—"Perilus Faustinus has furnished a thick volume with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his apology has confessed that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties, from Apollonius Rhodius many of his pathetic passages, from Nicander hints for his *Georgics*—and this does not terminate the catalogue."†

We find no fault with Faustinus for his strictures upon the author of the *Æneid*, since many of his most admirable passages were evidently suggested by the beauties of the Homeric poems. We refer our reader to the *Iliad*, B. xx., ln. 164, and to the parallel passage from the *Æneid*, B. xii., ln. 4. Numerous other imitations and coincidences might be pointed out, but we prefer to omit them for the present and quote them fully in their proper order. And yet, in despite of this admission, we cannot admit that Virgil was a plagiarist.

Homer has been reproached with this despicable crime. It has been asserted with the most confident assurance that the library in the Temple of Vulcan, at Memphis, "was completely pillaged by the bard." The sources whence he brought forth his rich booty have been pointed out, so that the "Siege of Troy" and the poem of "Corinnus" should receive, in the strange opinion of some writers, that unbounded, misplaced laudation, which for two thousand years has been bestowed upon the Homeric poems.

Homer; or the *Homeridæ* undoubtedly availed themselves of the materials gathered by their predecessors, but it was an honorable and perfectly legitimate availment. Passages similar in their ideas and language may have been found in the poems of Homer and in those that were sung through the cities of Greece a century previous—and yet we cannot admit that Homer was a plagiarist.

Envy and detraction have ever been nursed in the bosom of rival authors, both of the vile and the virtuous. Plato shattered a vial of his wrath over the dust of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

and yet some of the most beautiful thoughts of

\* The writer deems it proper to state that about one-half the passages are given as quoted by others, principally Dr. Lewis in his late publication, "Plato contra Atheos," and by Stevens in his notes to "Shakspeare."  
† "Curiosities of Literature."

‡ "Southern Quarterly Review" for July—article, "Munford's Homer."

that prince of poetical philosophers may be found germinating, even bursting forth into brilliant leaflets and rich fruit in the Homeric poems. Cicero dared to revile Aristotle, yet the conclusiveness of reasoning which graces the profounder writings of the Roman, may be traced to the iron syllogisms of the Stagyræite. A scurrilous Parisian presumed to bespatter the splendid monument of Shakspeare's genius with the foul slime of his detraction, yet dared to set some of the brightest jewels of the bard's poems in his own tragedies. The lord of Newstead, writhing, it is true, under the lash of the Edinburgh Review, permitted himself to dash his gall-envenomed pen over the character of one whose creations have eternally identified his name with every hill and heath and glen in Scotland:—

"And think'st thou, SCOTT, by vain conceit perchance,  
On public taste to foist thy stale romance?"

The venerable poet of Rydal Mount, he called

"The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay  
As soft as evening in his favorite May."

And again, speaking of "Betty Foy"—

"That all who knew the 'idiot in his glory,'  
Conceive the bard the hero of the story."

And yet to no other English poet—with, perhaps, the exception of Young—was Byron as much indebted for poetical *material* as to those whom he vituperates. Truly—"mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur."

A century ago the infamous Louder proclaimed to the world that Milton was a plagiarist. Whole passages, he affirms, were taken from the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius, as well as from the writings of an obscure Dutch poet, Stophorstius. The most acute intellects of the British metropolis were ensnared by this impudent avowal, and Dr. Johnson, familiar as he was with the great epic of Milton, was persuaded by the traducer to furnish a preface and postscript for the work which Louder was about to publish, exposing the plagiarisms in *Paradise Lost*.\*

But the indefatigable researches of Dr. Douglas proved the writer to be a base calumniator, and compelled him to confess he had made the statement through envy, "being hurried away by violent passion."†

\* "Boswell's Johnson."

† "Sketches of Imposture, Deception and Credulity."

We object not to censure, severe and burning, for literary theft, whether it fall upon Homer, Milton or Wordsworth. No crime is more purely despicable, none more clearly indicative of a soul destitute of noble and generous impulses. But we do deprecate that indiscriminate criticism which hurls its crushing anathemas against a mere *coincidence* as upon a *theft*, which, starting with a single word like to some other word, deduces thence a wilful imitation. If upon a mere resemblance of words plagiarism is to be predicated, none dare throw the first stone without meeting themselves a similar fate. We conceive a plagiarism to be nothing but the use of the thoughts of another, inducing the belief that they are our own. The mere decomposing and recombining of a complex idea used by another does not constitute even the shadow of a plagiarism. Shelley, it is true, in a note to the preface of his "Cenci," says, "an idea in this speech was suggested by a most sublime passage in *El Purgatorio* de San Patricio of Calderon, the only plagiarism which I have intentionally committed in the whole piece." But a thought suggested must be always different in some respect from the thought suggesting. If so, a suggested thought cannot be a plagiarism. Shelley's admission was entirely gratuitous—even without it, no intelligent mind would have thought of accusing him of plagiarism.

We deny that similarity of language, or even similarity of idea, necessarily constitutes a plagiarism. We make good our denial thus:—Horace says—

"Fœcundi calices quem non fœdè discertum?  
Contracta quem non paupestate solutum?"

*Epistola V., l. 19.*

Solomon, long before the bard of Venusium, wrote—

"Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."—*Proverbs*, c. 31, v. 7.

Until it can be satisfactorily shown that Horace ever read the Proverbs of Solomon, our proposition—that *similarity of language, or even similarity of idea, does not necessarily constitute a plagiarism*—must be acknowledged correct.

In the quotations which follow, many resemblant ideas may be found. We presume not to brand them as plagiarisms. Some of them are, indeed, imitations, but the greater part, we think, should be called *coincidences*.

The following quotation from Plato is given by Dr. T. Lewis in his late edition of "*Plato contra Atheos*," in comparison with a verse from the Psalms. The similarity is remarkable.

"For we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. He hath made us and his are we."—*Psalms* c., v. 3.

"Ἄλλὰ τότε γέ μοι δοκεῖν λέγεσθαι τὸ θεὸς εἶναι ἡμῶν τοὺς ἐπιμαυμένους, καὶ ἡμᾶς τοὺς ἀθώωπους ἐν τῶν κημάτων τοῖς θεοῖς εἶναι."—*Plato de Legibus*.

"This seems to me to be well said, that the gods are our keepers, and that we are among their flocks or possessions."—*Translation*.

The following two passages are also given in the same volume. The philosopher evidently imitated the poet.

"Πῆρς γὰρ τὸν ἔχοντ' ὁ φθόνος ἔρπει  
καὶ τοὺς σμικροὺς μεγάλων χωρὶς  
σφίλινον πύργου ῥύμα πέλλεται  
μετὰ γὰρ μεγάλων βαθεῖς ἀριστ' ἄν,  
καὶ μεγας ὁ βῆθ' ὑπὸ μικροτέσσιν.  
Ἄλλ' οὐ δυνατόν τοὺς ἀκούτους  
τούτων γράμμας προδιδάσκειν."

*Sophocles' Ajax.*

"Thus envy secretly assails the rich.  
And yet small stones, unmingled with the great,  
Build up a dangerous tower, a frail defence.  
The high and low in mutual sympathy  
Sustain each other—yet this truth is one  
Which fools can never learn."—*Translation*.

"Οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ κυβερνήταις, οὐδὲ στρατηγούσι οὐδ' αὖ  
πολιτικοῖς χωρὶς τῶν σμικρῶν μεγάλα. οὐδὲ γὰρ ἄνεν  
σμικρῶν τοῖς μεγάλουσι φρεσὶν ὁ λιθολόγος λίθους εὖ  
κρίσσει."—*Plato de Legibus*.

"Neither to pilots nor to commanders, nor to political men, can great things exist without small things: for as the stone-masons say, neither do large stones lie well together in a structure without the small."—*Translation*.

Ceres, in addressing Iris, describes her precisely as Virgil did in his *Æneid*.

"Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roseida pennis,  
Mille trapens varios adversos sole colores,  
Devolut."—*Æneid*, IV.

"Dewy Iris, with her saffron-colored wings, flies down through the skies, drawing from the sun a thousand different hues."—*Translation*.

"— who, with thy saffron wings upon my flowers,  
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers."

*Tempest*

Shakspeare says—

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Milton—

"It is for homely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence."—*Comus*.

Shakspeare makes Viola say to the duke, concerning Olivia—

"She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief."—*Twelfth Night*.

Middleton has the same figure—

"She does not love me now, but painfully  
Like one that's forced to smile upon a grief."

*Witch.*

Shakspeare makes his fairy say to Puck—

"I must go seek some dew drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Doctor Dodypoll, in a comedy published in 1601,  
uses the same language—

"'Twas I that led you through the painted meads  
Where the light faeries danced upon the flowers,  
Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl."

Shakspeare makes Gratiano say to Salarino—

"How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind."  
*Merchant of Venice.*

Gray has the same figure—indeed, it is sup-  
posed that Shakspeare has been copied by him in  
this passage—

"Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm—  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."  
*Gray.*

Solomon wrote—

"Wealth maketh many friends."—*Proverbs*, c. 19, v. 14.

Horace, we are quite confident, never looked  
into the Old Testament, and consequently the fol-  
lowing passage cannot be called a plagiarism,  
though it is remarkably similar to it:—

"— fidem que amicos  
Det genus et formam, regina pecunia donat."  
*Epistola VI.*

"Royal money brings credit, friends, pedigree and  
beauty."—*Translation.*

Milton, I presume, forgot there could be found  
such passages in the sacred and profane classics  
when he wrote—

"Money brings honors, friends, conquests and realms."  
*Paradise Lost*, B. 2.

Trumbul has an idea very similar—

"The magic powers of gold, with ease,  
Transform us to what shape we please,  
Give knowledge bright and courage brave,  
And sense that nature never gave."  
*Progress of Dullness.*

Speaking of greatness, Cicero says—

"Non veribus, aut velocitatibus, aut celeritate corpo-  
rum, res magnam geruntur, sed consilio, auctoritate, sen-  
tentiate."—*De Senectute.*

"Great exploits are not achieved by physical strength,  
by flights or by swiftness of body, but by counsel, au-  
thority and opinion."—*Translation.*

"Not to the ensanguined field of Death alone  
Is valor limited. She sits serene  
Amidst the deliberate council, weighs, prevents, pro-  
vides,  
And scorns to count her glories from the feats  
Of brutal force alone."—*Southey.*

"Verum putes haud ægre, quod valde expectes."—  
*Terence.*

"With no difficulty do we think that true which we  
greatly expect."—*Translation.*

Dr. Young has given us the same idea in the  
very same words—

"That which we wish we easily believe."—*Night  
Thoughts.*

"— video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor."—*Ovid.*

"I see the better way and approve it, but I follow the  
worse."—*Translation.*

Byron has certainly imitated this celebrated  
line of the Roman bard—

"I love the virtues which I cannot claim."—*Letter to a  
Friend.*

Trumbul has also imitated it—

"He hears her voice, but borne by passion strong,  
Approves the right, yet wanders in the wrong."  
*Characters.*

"Μὴδὲν ἀμαρτέων ἔστι Οὐρανός."  
*Demosthenes de Corona.*

"Not to sin is a privilege of the gods."—*Translation.*

Horace has the same sentiment in his Satires—

"Nam vitūs nemo sine nascitur."  
"No one is born without vices."—*Translation.*

Horace, in his Epistles, has this admirable sen-  
timent—

"Inter spem curanque, timores inter et iras,  
Omnem crede diem, tibi diluxisse supremum."  
*Epistola ad Tibullum.*

"Between hope and care, fears and anger, believe that  
every day which shines upon you is your last."—*Trans-  
lation.*

Sir Thomas Browne must have called to mind  
this passage when he wrote—

"Reckon not upon life—think every day the last, and  
live always beyond thy account."—*Religio Medici.*

Shelley makes his Spirit come from the sky  
thus—

"See where the child of heaven with winged feet  
Run down the slanted sunbeam of the dawn."  
*Prometheus Unbound.*

Moore causes his Peri to descend in the same  
manner—

"— swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light."—*Paradise and Peri.*



While Keble, who rarely makes use of the labors of his poetical predecessors, has in this instance permitted himself to fall into an imitation—

"When angels down the lucid stair,  
Came hovering to our sainted sires,"  
*Christian Year.*

Byron more than once suffered himself to sneer at the poetical inspiration of the bard of Rydal Mount, and yet we are not sure that he did not copy him in the following passage—

"Oh, many are the poets that are sown  
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,  
The vision and the faculty divine;  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,  
All but a few live out their time  
Husbanding that which they possess within,  
And go to the grave unthought of."—*Excursion.*

Byron improves upon the thought thus—

"Many are the poets who have never penn'd  
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:  
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend  
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compressed  
The god within them, and rejoined the stars  
Unlaurel'd upon earth."—*Prophecy of Dante.*

Shelley says—

"There's not an atom of yon earth  
But once was living man."—*Queen Mab.*

Dr. Young, many years before, had written—

"Where is the dust that has not been alive?"  
*Night Thoughts.*

The following is a passage from Lord Sterling's tragedy of Darius, published in 1603—

"Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,  
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;  
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant;  
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.  
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,  
With furniture superfluously fair,  
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,  
Evanish all, like vapors in the air."

Who, upon reading this passage, will fail to remember those admired lines in the *Tempest*, in which is depicted so beautifully the vanity of earthly things? Malone, indeed, accuses Shakespeare of imitating Sterling. The coincidence is certainly remarkable.

"And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind."—*Tempest.*

Browne, in speaking of sleep, says—

"It is that death by which we may be said literally to die daily."—*Religio Medici.*

"——— each night we die,  
Each morn, are born anew."  
*Night Thoughts.*

We give from Akenside a passage that has ever been admired—

"For as old Memnon's image, long renowned  
By fabled Nilus, to the quivering touch  
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air  
Unbidden strains."—*Pleasures of Imagination.*

Keble has again imitated in employing the same figure—

"Soft as Memnon's harp at morning  
To the inward ear devout,  
Touched by light with heavenly warning,  
Your transporting chords ring out."  
*Christian Year.*

Ovid says—

"—— est quædam flere voluptas."  
"There is a certain luxury in weeping."—*Translation.*

Shakspeare—

"A luxury in grief."

Scott—

"There is a pleasure in this pain."—*Marmion.*

Shakspeare makes Juliet say—

"Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say—'It lightens.'"  
*Romeo and Juliet.*

Drayton has the same idea expressed thus—

"—— lightning ceaselessly to burn,  
Swifter than thought, from place to place, to pass,  
And being gone, doth suddenly return  
Ere you could say precisely what it was."  
*Miracles of Moses.*

Shakspeare—

"Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords."  
*Romeo and Juliet.*

Beaumont and Fletcher—

"The lady may command, sir;  
She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon."  
*Maid of the Mill.*

## ISABEL.

BY ADA GREY.

THE summer sunlight, softened in its play among clusters of roses and fragrant honeysuckles, danced sweetly through the vine-curtained windows into the little apartment of Isabel Clare. Fit for a fairy's home was that tasteful room, and as like a fairy as one could wish was its youthful mistress—if, indeed, so matronly a title could be given to a bright, careless girl of sixteen. But now the laughing sunshine seemed strangely out of place flitting over her sad and tearful countenance. Unhappy as her own caged bird, which had complained from its neglected prison, the whole long day, she leaned wearily by the window seat, one hand half-crushing the eglantine, and the other listlessly touching the chords of her harp, making a low, plaintive unison with her own sad heart.

"Strange, she should not be happy *now* of all times," muttered the old nurse, who had been lingering unbidden in the room for the last half hour, now pointing to the deepening crimson in the western sky, and then calling the attention of the sad girl to the freshly culled bouquet, sending forth its welcome fragrance from the vase by her side. Wearied at last in her hopeless attempts to cheer Isabel she had turned away, but in a few moments made her appearance again, holding suspended from her bony fingers a circlet of diamonds of rare and exceeding beauty.

"Here's the bridal gift, 'Bel—I caught it from your father's hand, because I wished to cheer you with it myself. See how brilliant! Such a coronet our queen might envy. My Lord Tracy should be here to see it in the dark hair it becomes so well!"

"It is just like Lord Tracy's taste!" and to the infinite amazement of Margery, she pushed aside the hand which was just placing the diamonds on her brow—"I do not mean that, nurse; Lord Tracy is kind, and the gift is very costly, but I would rather wear this flower than all the jewels his wealth can buy."

Poor old Margery was more amazed than before, for, besides tossing aside the diamonds, Isabel had taken from a cluster of her own brown curls, a half-opened rose, white and pure as alabaster, but for a faint tinge in its heart, as delicate as the blush just mantling her own fair cheek. Margery, besides not being over-fond of flowers, was unable to see the value of one simple rosebud. Ah! if she had seen the glance which accompanied it when a beloved hand placed it in its proud resting-place, she might have understood why a gift—though but a flower—might

be very precious for the sake of the giver. But, wisely ignorant of this, she anxiously queried of her charge why she should be sad when to-morrow was to be her bridal day.

"Ah! but Margery, you do not know how wretched it is to become the wife of one you do not love—when you love another!" 'Bel would have added, but, with more than her wonted consideration she checked herself.

"But why can you not love him? And if you do not, why Lord Tracy is rich, and will there not be a splendid home for you?—and such piles of jewels?—and richer robes than you ever wore?—how well they will become you too:—servants at your call, and nobody to dispute your will!"

If these had been consolations for a lack of love, 'Bel might have been happy in anticipation of her brilliant lot; but now she shook her head impatiently, and giving the dame an errand below, flung herself on her couch in an agony of tears. Margery went on her way, wondering much that one so young, and lovely, and deserving as the Lady Isabel, should make herself so needlessly unhappy. It might have seemed strange to one more clear-sighted than the kind-hearted nurse, had it not been quite evident that the young girl loved another. True, it was wrong, but when do young hearts ask counsel in bestowing their affections?

Isabel's had been a cloudless life, save one darkening shadow, which had fallen over her path, when her own dear mother died; but that was years ago, when she was all too young to deeply feel her loss, or retain any remembrance, except the image graven on her heart of a pale face more beautiful than her own, and a low, sweet voice, whose dying words were all she could recall of the counsels of her sainted parent. Since then 'Bel had been the pet and idol of her widowed father's heart; making up to him by her warm affection for the absence of one darling brother, and consoling him for the misconduct of his earlier children, the offspring of a former marriage, whose unkindness had well nigh broken his heart. They had brought ruin upon his fortunes, and proved ungrateful, when he needed wealth and affection the most. This circumstance and a debt of gratitude he owed to Lord Tracy, had been the sole cause of his betrothing his daughter, the little Isabel, then a mere child, to the only son of that valued friend. The union of the two families, besides forming a new link in the bond of friendship, would raise the now fallen fortunes

of the house of Clare. Nothing could be more agreeable to the parents, and the younger ones were little disposed to object. The youthful Lord Tracy, who had spent most of his life abroad, was said to be accomplished and amiable, quite indifferent with regard to the match; so very indifferent, indeed, that up to the very year when the marriage was to take place, he had rarely seen his intended bride, and then only at a casual meeting, when she was unaware of his presence. Isabel herself, though she remembered her future lord only as a fine-looking boy, who had been her playmate for a few weeks after her mother's death, had never objected to the union. She was an ardent, warm-hearted girl; and, besides, having been taught to expect her destiny in this, was heedless of anything, except that the union concerned her father's honor and happiness, and that it was to give her invalid brother the means of prosecuting his studies. Thoughtless and affectionate, she had hardly given a serious thought to the future; and the marriage of policy might have resulted in a cold, formal, unsocial wedded life, neither satisfying nor yet unhappy, but for one untoward circumstance.

Fathers are strangely blind and unsuspecting beings! But Lord Clare could not have suspected that there was danger to the interests of his future son-in-law, in permitting his daughter to receive visits from a young artist, who came to paint her portrait for his pleasure, when she should have left him to share another's home; especially, as he was sent by young Tracy himself, who desired that the parting gift should be executed with taste and skill. Why Henry Tracy should have allowed even the short acquaintance, without first satisfying himself that the artist was ugly and unattractive, unless, indeed, he was perfectly indifferent to his future happiness; or, why Isabel should have chosen, at this time of all others, to discover that her heart could not be given to the one who had a right to demand it, it is impossible to tell. If she had been a secluded country girl, whose life had been passed within sight of her father's lodge, there might have been no marvel at her present indiscretion in loving a handsome young stranger, who had acknowledged a devoted attachment to her. But petted as she had been by the wealthy and titled, and introduced into brilliant society, it would to the parents, if they had known it, have seemed a most singular circumstance that for such reasons, she should feel an awakening repugnance to the expected marriage. So it was. There might have been nothing very fascinating about Arthur Rives, the artist; but the two, as if by tacit agreement, soon found that they loved the same walks, and both had a particular fancy for one quiet nook by the lake, near the Lodge, which was never so pleasant as at the shadowy sunset. And the artist was so courteous and so brother-like, that through the long season he spent in their neighborhood, 'Bel did not think it necessary in her

rambles, to be accompanied by any other companion. Arthur was gallant and devoted, and 'Bel was trustful and young, and what marvel that she should have returned his love, or that the coming union, before so listlessly thought of, should now be anticipated with dread and sorrow? The one awakened chord in her heart had been voiceless till now, only because it had never been touched by the master hand.

Isabel felt that it was wrong, and yet she knew her father's gentle nature too well to mention her aversion to the marriage; she knew that he would free her from any binding obligation, preferring dishonor to his own name to the ruin of his daughter's happiness; but she would have made even a greater sacrifice of feeling, for the sake of the two who loved her so well. But it was a bitter trial to the warm-hearted girl, and never till this day, whose long sunny hours she had wept away, had she felt how very trying it was. Many times had she tripped down to her father's little library to tell him all—tell him how very wretched she was, and how very, very wrong it was to give her hand to one, when her heart was in the possession of another; but when her hand was on the latch, she had lacked the courage to go in. She knew how deeply he was interested in the union; she had been told that the unkindness of his elder children, at an early period of her own life, had deprived him of his princely fortune, and made him old in heart, and almost gray while young in years. She had been his pride and darling, and on her now depended his honor and happiness; and now, when her feelings prompted her to fling aside those hopes to become the wife of an humble artist, poor and unknown, she thought of her ingratitude, and the last words of her departed mother sounded reproachfully in her ears—"if all others forsake him, do not you!"

"Oh! how could I wrong him so?" she faltered, "my own kind father, and dear Herbert, too. Heaven grant, they may never know how great the sacrifice of their poor Isabel!"

Her resolution was taken as silently she stole back to her chamber; but when a low, thrilling gush of music swept softly up from the garden, and echoed complainingly through her lonely room, her heart fluttered like a fettered bird, and the tears, before repressed, gushed quick and unheeded. It was the signal for her parting with Arthur; but the evening had thrown its veil of woven dewdrops and starlight over the garden, before she could prepare herself for that last meeting. When, at last, she stood by his side, just where the calm moonlit water stole into a quiet, secluded nook, there was a clear coldness in her eye, and a firmness resting on her lips, very unlike the dancing love light and the heart-warm smile, that had ever gushed forth in gladness to all she looked upon.

"It was unkind in you to keep me waiting so long, dear Isabel—not because it was unpleasant to watch for you—but I feared you would not

come at all," murmured the young man, flinging his lute upon the dewy green-sward before its last plaintive tone had died upon the air.

"I ought not to have come at all, but I could not go without one farewell, Arthur—the last," said the lady, firmly.

"The last!—and it is your own choice, Isabel; yet once you loved me! But I would not reproach you, and only ask now that to-morrow you will forget me." There was a tone of sadness in the half-complaining words that touched the chord which was but too ready to vibrate in the heart of Isabel.

"Forget! Would I could—yet, it will be one blessing in my future life to know that I have been beloved by thee. It is not wrong to say it to-night, Arthur."

"Heaven bless thee, Isabel, for the sunshine thy love has cast over my path. I could not have asked that all the long-cherished hopes of early years could have been flung aside for the sake of an humble artist. Believe me, Lord Tracy will make thee happy, and what more could I wish further?—unless that you may forget the unfortunate stranger —"

"Oh! Arthur, Arthur, I have not deserved this from you; you know—you understand—it is for their sakes—for them I could resign my happiness—forever!"

"I have been unjust; forgive me, dear Isabel," said the young man, half-alarmed at the quick, hurried breathing, the sickly smile and the forced calmness, which told too plainly of the heart-struggle within; "you are right, and Lord Tracy is unworthy the affection which costs so much; I have been unkind, dearest, but do not blame me, for love is selfish."

"Not selfish," said the lady, "for love is never selfish. I thank you for every wish and blessing, Arthur; and may you—forgive the foolish weakness—you will go into the busy world, and—there are others more lovely, more worthy thy affection than Isabel Clare."

"Can you believe me of those, Isabel, whose love is but a tale to be learned and then forgotten? Can any other be to me what thou hast been?"

The lady's unnatural calmness was gone, and excited by the sadness of the voice, the only one that had ever taught her heart to thrill, she bowed her head on her clasped hands and sobbed bitterly. It was a moment for a passionate outgush of feeling, and she listened to the words, which had fallen like music on her ear so often, silently justifying himself by the thought that even her father would have permitted a last meeting, till a voice, calling her name, in the distant shrubbery, reminded her of the consent she had given for the first much-dreaded interview with Lord Tracy that evening.

"Oh! I cannot see him to-night," she faltered, "but we—we must part."

"Not without hope of meeting again, dear Isabel."

"Never think to meet me again, Arthur; from this moment we are strangers"—there was a fearful calmness in her voice, contrasting forcibly with her agitated manner as she exclaimed, in answer to his earnest wishes,—“I am wrong in lingering here, Arthur; in your presence I am a very child; but hereafter—may Heaven forgive the falsehood, the living falsehood—I can teach my wayward heart its duty—or, at least, seem to others cold and calm and happy.”

A measured "Adieu," in answer to his fervent "Heaven bless thee, dear Isabel,"—a quick, half-suppressed sob, as if the bursting heart was ashamed of betraying the anguish it could not conceal—a silent, thrilling grasp of the hand, and Isabel, pale, tearful, and quivering in every limb, sought her apartment, and kneeling helplessly by her couch, prayed for strength and support. From her regrets for the past, and her foreshadowing of the dark and desolate future, she was aroused by hearing a well-known step on the staircase, and springing lightly to her feet, she threw back the mass of dark curls that had fallen over her face, and dashing away a starting tear, stepped forward to meet her father.

"Lord Tracy is below—what! in tears, 'Bel?—and is waiting to be presented to you."

"And is he cold and disagreeable, father?" whispered Isabel, for her voice was too tremulous to be trusted in a louder tone; "and do you believe he cares for me—I may well ask, for he has never even sought an interview—and can I love him?"

"You ask so many questions, 'Bel, all in a breath too, that I can hardly answer. Do you not remember him? Oh! he was but a boy when he was your playmate; he has much changed since then; fancy the figure of the elder Lord Tracy as it was thirty years ago, and a face not much resembling his, it is true, but such a one as even my lovely 'Bel might not scorn."

"Indeed, father, it would be a difficult task for my imagination," said 'Bel, with a faint smile; "Lord Tracy must have been as now, gallant and good, and in truth, I ever thought I should love the parent better than the son."

"And do you not—but, how strangely ill you seem to-night!" and gently patting her back, he gazed long and earnestly at the deathly paleness of her cheek, and the wild sparkle of her eye.

"It is in part your fancy, father; I am quite—the falsehood trembled on her lip; she could not say that she was happy, when the quick eye of affection had discovered her sadness; "that is, anything which makes you happy cannot give other than joy to me. I am, indeed, weary and may well be sad—and, in truth," as she glanced at the reflection of her own altered face in the opposite mirror, "I am in no mood to meet Lord Tracy to-night. You will excuse me, dear father, to him, and mention my compliments—no, that is too cold a word—my love, you will, father, for surely he would be sadly disappointed to see me now."

"Certainly, if you wish; but it would be better for you to go down—but—you are very sad, Isabel; if you are averse to this marriage, you know it is not now too late, and you know your father too well to believe that he would sacrifice his cherished child to save a nobleman's word of honor."

"You are too kind," sobbed Isabel; "there is no being on earth so dear to me as my own loved father; yet I will believe I shall learn to love my future husband. For thy sake, my father, he will love me."

"You are very dear to him now, Isabel, and trust me, darling, you will never regret having committed your happiness to his care."

Isabel hardly noticed the half-sportive tone of her father's words, but quickly replied, "I know there will ever be happiness in the consciousness of having done my duty."

"Margery once hinted strangely of the artist," said Lord Clare, musingly, fixing his eyes inquiringly on the trembling girl; "but surely, you could not think of loving him?" 'Bel was half impelled by the tender manner of her dear, unsuspecting parent, to confess all to him; but a thought of his confidence in her future happiness sent back the ready words, and she quickly said, "Don't mention it, dear father; Margery is very foolish. Trust me, I shall be all Lord Tracy can expect."

"You are right, love; but you are so excited to-night, I will defer your meeting with him till the morning. Good night, dear," and touching his lips to her brow, without further words, he abruptly left the room.

"Ah! if I could sleep and wake no more! My dear, good father, how could I deceive him so?—if he had but commanded me to wed the hateful lord, I might have been justified; but now, he is so kind and unsuspecting, how could I wrong him?" But a moment's calm thought convinced her that she was but ministering to her own grief, and subduing the ever ready tears, she threw up the sash and leaned over the window-seat to cool her now burning cheek in the clear, moonlight air. Soon voices below arrested her attention, and crowding aside the clustering eglantine, she saw her father in earnest conversation with the nobleman, who stood ready to depart at the door. She had been told that Lord Tracy was eccentric, and that from a long residence abroad, he had acquired a taste for foreign dress and manners—and she

was not now surprised to see a tall figure enveloped in a Spanish cloak, though the night was warm, with a drooping hat, which, with a mass of long, dark hair, half-concealed what she presumed to be a harsh and disagreeable countenance. The sorrowful feelings were rapidly giving place to dislike, and something like self-justification for her own misplaced love, when his voice, rich and mild, reached her ear. "I have not treated him kindly," thought she, "and truly, the owner of that voice cannot be harsh or unkind to me." Yielding to that better thought and taking advantage of the shadowy light to conceal her flushed and tearful face, she flung a mantle around her, and tripping lightly down the stairs, stood in a moment by her father's side.

"You have done right in coming, my child," whispered he with a smile; "my Isabel, Lord Tracy!"

The nobleman stepped back into the porch, and taking the proffered hand, expressed his pleasure at the meeting, in a voice betraying more tenderness than Isabel had expected, which, with her own excited feelings, only quickened the throbs of the little palm clasped within his own. There was in the rich tone, save that it lacked the earnestness of affection, much to remind her of the glad, warm meetings with Arthur when moonlight and music made even love more eloquent. She shrunk back within the shade of the vines to screen her cheek, over which the bright color had rushed at his words, from the eyes which she felt were bent over her. But Lord Tracy leaning over, whispered, "Does my Isabel regret her choice?"

Isabel, half-bewildered, glanced at the singularly expressive smile of her father, then tremblingly raised her eyes for the first time.

"Oh! Arthur, Arthur, how could you deceive me so!—and my father too!"

"Nay, nay, darling, thou wert the deceiver, to make thyself unhappy for thy father's sake. It was wrong, 'Bel, but look up and give me thy forgiveness for causing thee even a moment's sorrow."

A smile of happiness beamed on her father; and a gush of tears over the crimson cheek, which the small hand vainly attempted to hide, was her only reply to the whispered question. "Was it wrong, dearest, to win the love before I claimed the hand of my Isabel?"

## UNCLE PHILIP.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 43.)

THE cabin was a small wooden edifice planned by Uncle Philip, and erected by his own hands with the assistance of Sam and Dick. It stood on the verge of the river, where the bank took the form of a little cape or headland, which Uncle Philip called Point Lookout. On an eminence immediately above, was the house of Mrs. Clavering, from the front garden of which a green slope, planted with fruit-trees, descended gradually to the water's edge.

The building, (into which you went down by a flight of wooden steps inserted in the face of the hill,) was as much as possible like the cabin of a ship. The ceiling was low, with a skylight near the centre, and the floor was not exactly level, there being a very visible slant to one side. At the back of this cabin was an imitation of transoms, above which was a row of small windows of four panes each, and when these windows were open they were fastened up by brass hooks to the beams that supported the roof. In the middle of the room was a flag-staff, which went up through the centre of a table, and perforated the ceiling like the mizen-mast of a ship, and rose to a great height above the roof. From the top of this staff an American ensign, on Sundays and holidays, displayed its stars and stripes to the breeze. There was a range of lockers all round the room, containing in their recesses an infinite variety of marine curiosities that Uncle Philip had collected during his voyages, and also some very amusing specimens of Chinese patience and ingenuity. The walls were hung with charts, and ornamented with four colored drawings that Captain Kentledge showed as the likenesses of four favorite ships, all of which he had at different times commanded. These drawings were made by a young man that had sailed with him as mate; and to unpractised eyes all the four ships looked exactly alike; but Uncle Philip always took care to explain that the *Columbia* was sharpest at the bows, and the *America* roundest at the stern; that the *United States* had the tallest masts, and the *Union* the longest yards.

An important appendage to the furniture of this singular room was a hanging-shelf, containing Captain Kentledge's library; and the books were the six octavo volumes of *Cook's Voyages*, and also the voyages of Scoresby, Ross and Parry, the *Arabian Nights*, Dibdin's *Songs*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Cooper's Pilot*, *Red Rover*, and *Water Witch*.

This cabin was the stronghold of Uncle Philip,

and the place where, with Sam and Neptune, he spent all his happiest hours. For here he could smoke his segars in peace, and chew his tobacco without being obliged to watch an opportunity of slipping it privately into his mouth. But as Mrs. Clavering had particularly desired that he would not initiate Sam into the use of "the Indian weed," he had promised to refrain from instructing him in this branch of a sailor's education; and being "an honorable man," Uncle Philip had faithfully kept his word.

Dick, (acknowledging that during his uncle's absence he had used the cabin as a workshop, and that it was now ankle-deep in chips and shavings,) ran on before with a broom to sweep the litter into a corner. The whole group proceeded thither from the breakfast table, Uncle Philip wishing he had three hands that he might give one to each of the little girls; but as that was not the case, they drew lots to decide which should be contented to hold by the skirt of his coat, and the lot fell upon Fanny; the old gentleman leading Jane and Anne, while Sam and Neptune brought up the rear.

Arrived at the cabin, Uncle Philip placed himself in his arm-chair; the girls sat round him sewing for their dolls; Sam took his slate and drew upon it all the different parts of the schooner *Winthrop*, of which (from his brother's description) Dick commenced making a miniature model in wood; and Neptune mounted one of the transoms and looked out of the window.

Things were going on very pleasantly, and Uncle Philip was in the midst of narrating the particulars of a violent storm they had encountered in the gulf of Florida, when Dick, casting his eyes towards the glass door, exclaimed, "the French are coming, the French are coming!"

Uncle Philip testified much dissatisfaction at the intrusion of these unwelcome visitors, and Dick again fell to work with the broom. In a few minutes Mrs. Clavering entered the cabin, bringing with her Monsieur and Madame Franchimeau, and the *vieux papa*, and *vieille mama*,\* Monsieur and Madame Ravigote.

Mr. Franchimeau was a clumsy ill-made man, fierce-eyed, black-whiskered, and looking as if he might sit for the picture of "Abellino the Great Bandit." Madame Franchimeau was a large woman with large features, and a figure that was very bad in dishabille, and very good in

\* The old papa, and the old mamma.

full dress. Her father and mother were remnants of the *ancien régime*, but the costume of the *vieux papa* was not at all in the style of Blissett's Frenchman. His clothes were like those of other people, and instead of a powdered toupee and pigeon-wing side-curls, with a black silk bag behind, he wore a reddish scratch-wig that almost came down to his eyebrows. Why do very old men, when they wear wigs, generally prefer red ones? Madame Ravigote was a little withered, witch-like woman, with a skin resembling brown leather, which was set off by four scanty flaxen ringlets.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Clavering had sent a message to "the French Study," implying the arrival of Captain Kentledge, and the consequent holiday of the children; and the Gauls had concluded it expedient to dismiss their school at twelve o'clock, and hasten to pay their compliments to the rich old uncle, of whom they had heard much since their residence at Corinth.

When they were presented to Captain Kentledge he was not at all prepossessed in favor of their appearance, and would have been much inclined to receive them coldly; but as he was now called upon to appear in the character of their host, he remembered the courtesy due to them as his guests, and he managed to do the honors of his cabin in a very commendable manner, considering that he said to himself, "for my own sake, I cannot be otherwise than civil to them; but I despise them notwithstanding."

There was much chattering that amounted to nothing; and much admiration of the cabin, by which, instead of pleasing Uncle Philip, they only incurred his farther contempt, by admiring always in the wrong place, and evincing an ignorance of ships that he thought unpardonable in people that had crossed the Atlantic. On Sam being introduced to them, there were many overstrained compliments on his beauty, and what they called his *air distingué*. Monsieur Franchimeau thought that *le jeune Sammi*\* greatly resembled Mr. Irvine Voshintone, whom he had seen in Paris; but Monsieur Ravigote thought him more like the portrait of Sir Valter Scotch. Madame Franchimeau likened him to the head of the Apollo Belvidere, and Madame Ravigote to the Duke of Berry. But all agreed that he had a general resemblance to La Fayette, with a slight touch of Dr. Franklin. However these various similitudes might be intended as compliments, they afforded no gratification to Uncle Philip, whose secret opinion was, that if Sam looked like anybody, it was undoubtedly Paul Jones. And during this examination, Sam was not a little disconcerted at being seized by the shoulders and twirled round, and taken sometimes by the forehead and sometimes by the chin, that his face might be brought into the best light for discovering all its affinities.

\* The Young Sammy.

There was then an attempt at general conversation, the chief part of which was borne by the ladies, or rather by Madame Franchimeau, who thought it her duty to atone for the dogged taciturnity of her husband. Monsieur Franchimeau, unlike the generality of his countrymen, neither smiled, bowed, nor complimented. Having a great contempt for the manners of the *vieille cour*,\* and particularly for those of his father-in-law; he piqued himself on his *brusquerie*,† and his almost total disregard of *les bienséances*,‡ and set up for *un esprit fort* :§ but he took care to talk as little as possible, lest his claims to that character should be suspected.

Uncle Philip, though he scorned to acknowledge it, was not in reality destitute of all comprehension of the French language, having picked up some little acquaintance with it from having, in the course of his wanderings, been at places where nothing else was spoken; and though determined on being displeased, he was amused, in spite of himself, at some of the tirades of Madame Franchimeau. Understanding that Monsieur Philippe (as much to his annoyance she called him), had just returned from the West Indies, she began to talk of Cape François, and the insurrection of the blacks, in which, she said, she had lost her first husband, Monsieur Mascaron. "By this terrible blow," said she, "I was *parfaitement abîmé*,|| and I refused all consolation till it was my felicity to inspire Monsieur Franchimeau with sentiments the most profound. But my heart will for ever preserve a tender recollection of my well-beloved Alphonse. Ah! my Alphonse—his manners were adorable. However, my regards are great for *mon ami*¶ Monsieur Franchimeau. It is true, he is *un peu brusque*—*C'est son caractère*.\*" But his heart is of a goodness that is really inconceivable. He performs the most charming actions, and with a generosity that is heroic. Ah! *mon ami*—you hear me speak of you—but permit me the sad consolation of shedding yet a few tears for my respectable Alphonse."

Madame Franchimeau then entered into an animated detail of the death of her first husband, who was killed before her eyes by the negroes, and she dwelt upon every horrid particular, till she had worked herself into a passion of tears. Just then, Fanny Clavering (who had for that purpose been sent up to the house by her mother) arrived with a servant carrying a waiter of pine-apples, sugar and Madeira.

Madame Franchimeau stopped in the midst of her tears, and exclaimed—"Ah! *des ananas—mon*

\* Old Court.

† Bluntness, roughness.

‡ Customs of polite society.

§ A person of strong mind, superior mind.

|| Perfectly destroyed, plunged into an abyss of despair.

¶ My friend, my dear.

\*\* A little blunt—a little rough. It is his character.

*ami* (to her husband)—*maman*—*papa*—*voyez*—*voyez—les ananas*.\* Ah! my poorest Alphonse, great was his love for these—what you call them—apple de pine. He was just paring his apple de pine, when the detestable negroes rushed in and overset the table. Ah! *quel scène—une véritable tragédie!*†—*Pardonnez, Madame Colavering, I prefer a slice from the largest part of the fruit.*—Ah! my amiable Alphonse—his blood flew all over my robe, which was of spotted Japan muslin. I wore that day a long sash of a broad ribbon of the color of Aurore, fringed at both of its ends. When I was running away, he grasped it so hard that it came untied, and I left it in his hand.—May I beg the favor of some more sugar.—*Mon ami*, you always prefer the pine-apple bathed in Champagne."

"Yes," replied Franchimeau, "it does me no good, unless each slice is soaked in some wine of fine quality." But Mrs. Clavering acknowledging that she had no Champagne in the house, Franchimeau gruffly replied, that "he supposed Madeira might do."

Madame then continued her story and her pine-apple. "Ah! *mon bien-aimé Alphonse*,"‡ said she, "he had fourteen wounds—I will take another slice, if you please, Madame Colavering. There—there,—a little more sugar.—*Bien obligé*§—a little more still. *Maman, vous ne mangez pas de bon appetit.* Ah! *je comprends—vous voulez de la crème avec votre anana.*||—Madame Colavering, will you do mamma the favor to have some cream brought for her? and I shall not refuse some for myself. Ah! *mon Alphonse*—the object of my first grand passion! He exhibited in dying some contortions that were hideous—*absolument effroyable*¶—they are always present before my eyes—Madame Colavering, I would prefer those two under slices; they are the best penetrated with the sugar, and also well steeped in the *jus*."\*\*

The cream was procured, and the two Madames did it ample justice. Presently the youngest of the French ladies opened her eyes very wide, and exclaimed to her father, "*Mon cher papa, vous n'avez pas déjà fini.*"†† "My good friend, Madame Colavering, you know of course that my papa cannot eat much fruit, unless it is accompanied by some *biscuit*--for instance, the cake you call sponge."

"I was not aware of that," replied Mrs. Clavering.

"*Est il possible?*"‡‡ exclaimed the whole French family, looking at each other.

\* "Ah! pine-apples—my dear—(to her husband)—*mamma—papa—see—see—pine-apples!*"

† Ah! what a scene—a real tragedy!

‡ My beloved Alphonse.

§ Much obliged to you.

|| Mamma, you do not eat with a good appetite.—Ah! I understand—you wish for some cream with your pine-apple.

¶ Absolutely frightful.

\*\* Juice.

†† My dear papa, you have not finished already?

‡‡ Is it possible?

Mrs. Clavering then recollecting that there was some sponge-cake in the house, sent one of the children for it, and when it was brought, their French visitors all ate heartily of it; and she heard the *vieille maman*\* saying to the *vieux papa*,† "Eh, *mon ami*, ce petit collation vient fort a-propos, comme notre déjeuner était seulement un mauvais salade."

The collation over, Mrs. Clavering, by way of giving her guests an opportunity of saying something that would please Uncle Philip, patted old Neptune on the head, and asked them if they had ever seen a finer dog?

"I will show you a finer," replied Madame Franchimeau; "see, I have brought with me my interesting *Bijou*!"—and she called in an ugly little pug that had been scrambling about the cabin door ever since their arrival, and whose only qualification was that of painfully sitting up on his hind legs, and shaking his forepaws in the fashion that is called begging. His mistress, with much importunity, prevailed on him to perform this elegant feat, and she then rewarded him with a saucer-full of cream, sugar, and sponge-cake. He was waspish and snappish, and snarled at Jane Clavering when she attempted to play with him; upon which Neptune, with one blow of his huge fore-foot, brought the pug to the ground, and then stood motionless, looking up in Uncle Philip's face, with his paw on the neck of the sprawling animal, who kicked and yelped most piteously. This interference of the old Newfoundland gave great offence to the French family, who all exclaimed, "*Quelle horreur! Quelle abomination! En effet c'est trop!*"§

Uncle Philip could not help laughing; but Sam called off Neptune from *Bijou*, and set the fallen pug on his legs again, for which compassionate act he was complimented by the French ladies on his *bonté de cœur*,|| and honored at parting, with the title of *le doux Sammi*.¶

"I'll never return this visit," said Uncle Philip, after the French guests had taken their leave.

"Oh! but you must," replied Mrs. Clavering; "it was intended expressly for you—you must return it in common civility."

"But," persisted Uncle Philip, "I wish them to understand that I don't intend to treat them with common civility. A pack of selfish, ridiculous, impudent fools. No, no. I am not so prejudiced as to believe that all French people are as bad as these—many of them, no doubt, if we could only find where they are, may be quite as clever as the first lieutenant of that frigate; but,

\* Old mamma.

† Old papa.

‡ Eh! my dear, this little collation comes very seasonably, as our breakfast was nothing but a bad salad.

§ What horror! What abomination! It is really too much!

|| Goodness of heart.

¶ The mild Sammy—the gentle Sammy.



to their shame be it spoken, the best of them seldom visit America, and our country is overrun with ignorant, vulgar impostors, who, unable to get their bread at home, come here full of lies and pretensions, and to them and their quackery must our children be entrusted, in the hope of acquiring a smattering of French jabber, and at the risk of losing everything else."

"Don't you think Uncle Philip always talks best when he's in a passion?" observed Dick to Sam.

After Mrs. Claverling had returned to the house, Dick informed his uncle that a few days before, she had made a dinner for the whole French family; and Captain Kentledge congratulated himself and Sam on their not arriving sooner from their voyage. Dick had privately told his brother that the behavior of the guests, on this occasion, had not given much satisfaction. Mrs. Claverling, it seems, had hired to dress the dinner, a mulatto woman that professed great knowledge of French cookery, having lived at one of the best hotels of New York. But Monsieur Franchimeau had sneered at all the French dishes as soon as he tasted them, and pretended not to know their names or for what they were intended; Monsieur Ravigote had shrugged and sighed, and the ladies had declined touching them at all, dining entirely on what (as Dick expressed it) they called roast beef de mutton, and natural potatoes.\*

It was not only his regard for the children that made Mrs. Claverling's French mania a source of great annoyance to Uncle Philip, but he soon found that much of the domestic comfort of the family was destroyed by this unaccountable freak, as he considered it. Mrs. Claverling was not young enough to be a very apt scholar, and so much of her time was occupied by learning her very long lessons, and writing her very long exercises, that her household duties were neglected in consequence. As in a provincial town it is difficult to obtain servants who can go on well without considerable attention from the mistress, the house was not kept in as nice order as formerly; the meals were at irregular hours, and no longer well prepared; the children's comfort was forgotten, their pleasures were not thought of, and the little girls grieved that no sweetmeats were to be made that season; their mother telling them that she had now no time to attend to such things. The children's story-books were taken from them, because they were now to read nothing but *Telemaque*; they were stopped short in the midst of their talk, and told to *parlez Français*.† Even the parrots heard so much of it that in a short time they prated nothing but French.

Uncle Philip had put his positive veto on Sam's going to French school, and he insisted that little Anne had become pale and thin since she had

been a pupil of the Franchimeaus. Mrs. Claverling, to pacify him, consented to withdraw the child from school; but only on condition that she was every day to receive a lesson at home from old Mr. Ravigote.

Anne Claverling was but five years old. As yet no taste for French "had dawned upon her soul," and very little for English; her mind being constantly occupied with her doll, and other playthings. Monsieur Ravigote, with all the excitability of his nation, was, in the main, a very good-natured man, and was really anxious for the improvement of his pupil. But all was in vain. Little Anne never knew her lessons, and had as yet acquired no other French phrase than "*Oui, Monsieur*."‡

Every morning Mr. Ravigote came with a face drest in smiles, and earnest hope that his pupil was going that day to give him what he called "one grand satisfaction;" but the result was always the same.

One morning as Uncle Philip sat reading the newspaper, and holding little Anne on his knee, while she drest her doll, Mr. Ravigote came in, bowing and smiling as usual, and after saluting Captain Kentledge, he said to the little child, "Well, my dear little friend, *ma gentille Annette*,† I see by the look of your countenance that I shall have one grand satisfaction with you this day. Application is painted on your visage, and docility also. Is there not, *ma chère*?"‡

"*Oui, Monsieur*," replied the little Anne.

"*J'en suis ravi* § Now, *ma chère, commençons — commençons tout de suite*."||

Little Anne slowly descended from her uncle's knee, carefully put away her doll and folded up her doll's clothes, and then made a tedious search for her book.

"*Eh! bien, commençons*"—said Mr. Ravigote, "you move without any rapidity."

"*Oui, Monsieur*," responded little Anne, who, after she had taken her seat in a low chair beside Mr. Ravigote, was a long time getting into a comfortable position, and at last settled herself to her satisfaction by crossing her feet, leaning back as far as she could go, and hooking one finger in her coral necklace that she might pull at it all the time.

"*Eh! bien, ma chère*; we will first have the lessons without the book," said Mr. Ravigote, commencing with the vocabulary. "Tell me the names of all the months of the year—for instance, January."

"*Janvier*," answered the pupil, promptly.

"Ah! very well, very well, indeed, *ma chère*—for once, you know the first word of your lesson. Ah! to-day I have, indeed, great hope of you. Come now, February."

"*Fevrier*," said little Anne.

\* The vulgar French think that the English term for all sorts of roasted meat is *rosbif*—thus *rosbif de mouton*—*rosbif de porc*. Potatoes plainly boiled with the skins on are called, in France, *—pommes de terre au naturel*.

† Speak French.

\* Yes, sir.

† My pretty Annette.

‡ My dear.

§ I am delighted at it.

|| Now, my dear, let us begin—let us begin immediately.

"Excellent! excellent! you know the second word too—and now, then, March."

"Marsh."

"Ah! no, no—but I am old; perhaps I did not rightly hear. Repeat, *ma chère enfant*,\* repeat."

"Marsh," cried little Anne in a very loud voice.

"Ah! you are wrong; but I will pardon you—you have said two words right. *Mars, machère, Mars* is the French for March the month. Come now, April."

"Aprile."

"Aprile! there is no such word as Aprile—*Avril*. And now tell me, what is May?"

"*Mai*."

"Excellent! excellent! capital! *magnifique*! you said that word *parfaitement bien*.† Now let us proceed—June."

"June."

"Ah! no, no—*Juin, ma chère, Juin*—but I will excuse you. Now, tell me July."

Little Anne could make no answer.

"Ah! I fear—I begin to fear you. Are you not growing bad?"

"*Oui, Monsieur*," said little Anne.

"Come then; I will tell you this once—*Juillet* is the French for July. Now, tell me what is August?"

"*Augoost*."

"*Augoost! Augoost!* there is no such a word. Why, you are very bad, indeed—*Août, Août, Août*."

The manner in which Mr. Ravigote vociferated this rather uncouth word, roused Uncle Philip from his newspaper and his rocking-chair, and mistaking it for a howl of pain, he started up and exclaimed, "Hullo!" Mr. Ravigote turned round in amazement, and Uncle Philip continued, "Hey, what's the matter? Has anything hurt you? I thought I heard a howl."

"Dear uncle," said little Anne, "Mr. Ravigote is not howling; he is only saying August in French."

Uncle Philip bit his lip and resumed his paper. Mr. Ravigote proceeded, "September?" and his pupil repeated in a breath, as if she was afraid to stop an instant lest she should forget—

"*Septembre, Octobre, Novembre, Décembre*."

"Ah! very well; very well, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Ravigote; "you have said these four words *comme il faut*;‡ but it must be confessed they are not much difficult."

He then proceeded with the remainder of her vocabulary lesson; but in vain—not another word did she say that had the least affinity to the right one. "Ah!" said he, "*je suis au désespoir*;§ I much expected of you this day, but you have overtumbled all my hopes. *Je suis abîmé*."||

\* My dear child.

† Perfectly well.

‡ Properly.

§ I am in despair.

|| "I am thrown in an abyss of grief" is perhaps nearest the meaning of this very French expression.

"*Oui, Monsieur*," said little Anne.

"You are one *mauvais sujet*,\*\* pursued the teacher, beginning to lose his patience; "punishment is all that you merit. *Mais allons, essayons encore*."†

Just at that moment the string of little Anne's beads (at which she had been pulling during the whole lesson) broke suddenly in two, and the beads began to shower down, a few into her lap, but most of them on the floor.

"*Oh! quel dommage!*"‡ exclaimed Mr. Ravigote; "*Mais n'importe, laissez les*,§ and continue your lesson."

But poor Mr. Ravigote found it impossible to make the little girl pay the slightest attention to him while her beads were scattered on the floor; and his only alternative was to stoop down and help her to pick them up. Uncle Philip raised his eyes from the paper, and said, "Never mind the beads, my dear; finish the lesson, and I will buy you a new coral necklace to-morrow, and a much prettier one than that."

Little Anne instantly rose from the floor, and whisking into her chair, prepared to resume her lesson with alacrity.

"*Eh! bien*," said the teacher, "now we will start off again, and read the inside of a book. Come, here is the fable of the fox and the grapes. These are the fables that we read during the *ancien régime*; there are none so good now."

Mr. Ravigote then proceeded to read with her, translating as he went on, and making her repeat after him—"A fox of Normandy, (some say of Gascony.) &c. &c. Now, my dear, you must try this day and make a copy of the nasal sounds as you hear them from me. It is in these sounds that you are always the very worst. The nasal sounds are the soul and the life of French speaking."

The teacher bent over the book, and little Anne followed his pronunciation more closely than she had ever done before: he exclaiming at every sentence, "Very well—very well, indeed, my dear. To-day you have the nasal sounds, *comme une ange*."||

But on turning round to pat her head, he perceived that *gentille Annette* was holding her nose between her thumb and finger, and that it was in this way only she had managed to give him satisfaction with the nasal sounds. He started back aghast, exclaiming—

"*Ah! quelle friponnerie! la petite coquine! Voici un grand acte de fourberie et de méchanceté!*"¶ So young and so depraved—ah! I fear, I much fear, she will grow up a rogue—a cheat—perhaps

\* Bad person—bad child.

† But come, let us try again.

‡ Oh! what a pity!

§ But no matter—let them alone.

|| Like an angel.

¶ Ah! what roguery—the little jade. What an instance of imposture and wickedness.

a thief. *Je suis glacé d'horreur! Je tremble! Je frissonne!*"\*

"I'll tell you what," said Uncle Philip, laying down his newspaper, "you need neither tremble nor frisson, nor get yourself into any horror about it. The child 's only a girl of five years old, and I've no notion that the little tricks, that all children are apt to play at times, are proofs of natural wickedness, or signs that they will grow up bad men and women. But to cut the matter short, the girl is too little to learn French. She is not old enough either to understand it, or to remember it, and you see it's impossible for her to give her mind to it. So from this time, I say, she shall learn no more French till she is grown up, and desires it herself. (*Little Anne gave a skip half way to the ceiling.*) You shall be paid for her quarter all the same, and I'll pay you myself on the spot. So you need never come again."

Mr. Ravigote was now from head to foot all one smile; and bowing with his hands on his heart, he, at Uncle Philip's desire, mentioned the sum due for a quarter's attempt at instruction. Uncle Philip immediately took the money out of his pocket-book, saying, "There,—there is a dollar over; but you may keep it yourself: I want no change. I suppose my niece, Kitty Clavering, will not be pleased at my sending you off; but she will have to get over it, for I'll see that child tormented no longer."

Mr. Ravigote thought in his own mind that the torment had been much greater to him than to the child; but he was so full of gratitude, that he magnanimously offered to take the blame on himself, and represent to Mrs. Clavering that it was his own proposal to give up Mademoiselle Annette, as her organ of French was not yet developed.

"No, no," said Uncle Philip, "I am always fair and above-board. I want nobody to shift the blame from my shoulders to their own. Whatever I do, I'll stand by manfully. I only hope that you'll never again attempt to teach French to babies."

Mr. Ravigote took leave with many thanks, and on turning to bid his adieu to the little girl, he found that she had already vanished from the parlor, and was riding about the green on the back of old Neptune.

\* I am frozen with horror!—I tremble!—I shiver!

When Uncle Philip told Mrs. Clavering of his dismissal of Mr. Ravigote, she was so deeply vexed, that she thought it most prudent to say nothing, lest she should be induced to say too much.

A few days after this event, Madame Franchimeau sent an invitation, written in French, for Mrs. Clavering, and "Monsieur Philippe" to pass the evening at her house, and partake of a *petit souper*,\* bringing with them *le doux Sammy*, and *la belle Fanchette*.† This supper was to celebrate the birth-day of her niece, Mademoiselle Robertine, who had just arrived from New York, and was to spend a few weeks at Corinth.

Uncle Philip had never yet been prevailed on to enter the French house, as he called it; and on this occasion he stoutly declared off, saying that he had no desire to see any more of their foolery, and that he hated the thoughts of a French supper. "My friend, Tom Logbook," said he, "who commands the packet *Louis Quatorze*, and understands French, told me of a supper to which he was invited the first time he was at Havre, and of the dishes he was expected to eat, and I shall take care never to put myself in the way of such ridiculous trash. Why, he told me there was wooden-leg soup, and bagpipes of mutton, and rabbits in spectacles, and pullets in silk stockings, and potatoes in shirts.‡ Answer me now, are such things fit for Christians to eat?"

For a long time Mrs. Clavering tried in vain to prevail on Uncle Philip to accept of the invitation. At last Dick suggested a new persuasive. "Mother," said he, "I have no doubt Uncle Philip would go to the French supper, if you will let us all have a holiday from school for a week."

"That's a good thought, Dick," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Yes, I think I would. Well, on these terms I will go, and eat trash. I suppose I shall live through it. But remember now, this is the first and last and only time I will ever enter a French house."

\* A little supper.

† The gentle Sammy and the lovely Fanchette.

‡ *Soupe à la jambe de bois—musettes de mouton—lapons en lorgnettes—poulardes en bas de soie—pommes de terre en chemise.* See Ude, &c.

(To be continued.)

## A LEAF FROM MY CASE BOOK.

BY AMASA KINNE, M. D.

ABOUT midnight, of a chilly, but not unpleasant November night, I was summoned to the door—no very uncommon thing in a physician's experience—by an earnest knock. It was our landlord, Mr. Clark.

"A man at my house," said he, in a manner which showed his haste, and at the same time his anxiety, for he was a kind man, "is in a fit, or something of the kind. Hearing a heavy fall in his bedroom, I hastened in, and found him lying senseless upon the floor."

I was there in a few minutes, for the tavern was only a few rods from my door. In a neat little chamber, and upon a clean bed, where, apparently, the attendants had but just laid him, was a young, thick-set and very muscular man, in a state of perfect stupor. Running my eye and hand over him, I quickly perceived, that it was no fit that was on him; the symptoms were rather those of concussion; and on examining his head, I found upon the top of it, near the anterior fontanelle, the mark of a very heavy blow. This injury the man could not have inflicted with his own hands, neither could it have been caused simply by his stumbling in the dark, and striking his head against something; and immediately, the horrible suspicion entered my mind, that there had been foul play. These conclusions I intimated to Mr. Clark.

"It is very possible," replied he; "I put up several traveling characters last night, who are bad enough, without a doubt; if one may judge from their looks. But this must be seen to. Derrick," continued he, turning with professional promptness to his barkeeper, "do you lock the door again, where the doctor came in, and let no one go out on any pretence. And if any one is already missing, we will make pursuit, as soon as it can be ascertained who it is."

Away went Derrick; and, taking up the light, away went the tavernkeeper also, to look into the chambers of the persons suspected. Meanwhile, the remedies, usually applied in such cases, had been resorted to; and after a time, the suffering man began to show signs of returning consciousness. Slowly, and with difficulty, the light of reason found its way again into his darkened mind, and brightened up his countenance with an expression of a little more intelligence. Opening his eyes, and looking about with a bewildered air, he said languidly,

"Where am I?—Oh! what a horrid dream!" And at that moment seeing Mr. Clark's daughter enter the room, he inquired, "Is that you, sister Grace?"—and then, as if aware of his mistake,

he added in another tone, "Ah, I thought I was at home.—Oh, I begin to see!—but there's something the matter with my head! Oh, how it does ache!"

I have noticed, that sick people will oftentimes recognize a physician, in a company where all are like strangers. The patient seemed to recognize me; and speaking now quite rationally, asked what had happened to him.

"You are much hurt," replied I; "you have, in some way, received a heavy blow upon the head; but you are not yet well enough to tell how it happened, are you?"

"Yes, I think I am," said he, "O yes, I recollect it all now—I have been *robbed*! The money has troubled me ever since I received it. It was for B. H. & Co. of P— street. I have been expecting to lose it; and when I came into this house last night, and saw those whiskered fellows talking together in the corner there, and making signs to one another, I felt positive they meant to get at me before morning, if they could. I could not leave the house, for that would only be making myself an easy prey. My best course seemed to be to *appear* to mind nothing about them, and if they made an attempt upon me, to meet them as well as I could. So calling for lodgings, I placed my bank notes under the pillow, and laying my head upon it, determined to keep awake and be on my guard. In this resolution I persevered some time; but, being much fatigued with hard riding, I at length grew sleepy; and as the house became still, lost myself entirely. How long I slept, I do not know; but when I awoke, every sound was hushed, in the most perfect silence. 'Now,' thought I, 'is the very time! I am not robbed yet, any how;' and slipping my hand under the pillow, I felt the bundle. But yet I did not feel safe. 'Perhaps,' I thought, 'they may be in the chamber now;' and straining my eyes open, I tried to penetrate the gloom. I could see nothing distinctly; but near the foot of the bed, there was *something*—it looked dark; it might be a man, and I endeavored to force my eyesight through the intervening darkness, and make it out. As I gazed, my eye detected a faint streak of a different color. It was a knife in the villain's hand, I had not a doubt of it—and it was a long one. And now, my eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, I could see the fellow as plain as day. He moved—the knife waved in his hand—and he seemed on the point of coming to the head of the bed, to accomplish his hellish errand. I felt that the crisis had come. And I thought of Robert Bruce's words in the song—'Do! or die!'

My breath came thick and hard ; and my heart bumped against the walls of its tenement with a noise, like the flails of two threshers. I wonder he did not hear it. But it did not bump from fear ; it was beating up recruits ! In an even scuffle, I would not have cared a fig for him ; but there was that horrid knife ! I saw that my only chance of success against him was for me to deal the first blow, and to make that blow effectual. And I made up my mind, to leap upon him from the bed, and either bear him to the floor, and do him up, or perish in the struggle. I was lying partly on my side. Slowly, and cautiously, I drew my feet up under me ; and holding the bedclothes against my breast, as a kind of shield, I sprang right at his throat with all the force I could bring to bear. But the rest is all a blank. I have no recollection of what happened after that, until I found myself lying here upon the bed again."

During the progress of the man's narrative, my suspicions of foul play began to give way ; and in their place, came emotions inexpressibly ludicrous. It was plain that his imagination was in a highly excited state ; and I more than suspected that this wayward faculty has misled him ; and

that instead of attacking a robber, he had been trying to knock his own brains out against the wall. The injury upon his head was precisely such as he would be likely to receive upon this supposition. The money had not been touched.

Mr. Clark reported, "that his folks were all right." And on further examination, a garment was found, which, in the confusion incident to such a scene, had been thrown aside and disregarded ; and which, it was now recollected, had been left hanging against the wall at the foot of the bed. *The corner of a white handkerchief was hanging from its pocket.* And thus the mystery of the "apparition with a knife in its hand," was explained.

"I can't help feeling sorry for the fellow," said Mr. Clark, as I parted from him at the door ; "but if folks will make battering rams of their own carcasses, and knock their brains out against my plank walls, I don't see how I can help it."

"If it had not been for the intervention of the friendly coat," I replied, "the fellow would have broken his head, and no mistake ; but whether he could have dashed any *brains* out of it, may, perhaps, be a matter of some doubt."

## TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.

[Thoughts on leaving a beautiful village in Connecticut, after parting with a young lady who had accompanied the presentation of a flower with the above interpretation of its language.]

MAIDEN! through thy silken lashes,  
Mirror'd in those azure eyes,  
Vivid thought, electric flashes,  
Like the lightning of the skies:—  
Yet my heart a rock should prove,  
Since thou art "too young to love."

Lo! thy long and loving tresses—  
Peerless, proud and perfect girl!—  
Lavish of their warm caresses,  
Lie in many an ambush curl  
O'er a form that should not move,  
Since thou art "too young to love."

True, thy cheek, with burning blushes,  
Tempt me like the ripen'd fruit ;  
True, that lip with feeling flushes—  
Breathing rapture—such as lute  
Never with its music wove—  
Still thou art "too young to love."

Though to stir my soul to madness,  
Swells that round, luxuriant form ;  
Though we join in mingling gladness  
As each heart beats wild and warm,—  
Mine to thee may never rove,  
While thou art "too young to love."

Ever quick to know my meaning,  
Eager for my ev'ry word—  
E'en a thought I labor'd screening,  
Lillie's spirit-hearing heard :  
That wild thought afar she drove,  
Sighing, "I'm too young to love."

Lo! the sparks, all brightly flashing,  
From the boat's red furnace come ;  
All the night the wild waves dashing,  
Yield a pathway to my home :  
There I will my guilt reprove,  
Glad thou wert "too young to love."

Ev'ry new-born flame I'll smother,  
Till its sickly glare shall fade,  
For I fondly love another—  
She a bright and blue-eyed maid :  
Change! would ye my heart behave?  
Change for one "too young to love?"

Still that flower I'll fondly cherish  
In the warm retreat of thought,  
For it bade my passion perish  
When a seraph's frown were naught :  
Brave but briefly feeling strove,  
Knowing thee "too young to love."

Love! thou art a grove entangled  
Bright with fruit-encumber'd vines:  
Passion! thou a wood where, mangled,  
Many a bleeding victim pines:  
I, the wood, and Lill, the grove,  
Fled—because "too young to love."

Be it thus! and God preserve her  
From a guilty passion's flame,  
Let her seek a purer fervor  
Than my wayward wishes claim—  
Guardian vestals from above,  
Breathe her words—"too young too love."

## A YANKEE FARMER'S WINTER EVENING;

SHOWING HOW SALLY FRENCH "SET HER CAP" FOR HIM, AND OLD MR. FRENCH SET A TRAP FOR HIM.

BY SEBA SMITH, THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR OF "MAJOR DOWNING'S LETTERS."

OLD Mr. French, Jacob French—not his twin brother, whose name was Richard, sat before the fire, looking straight into it. His wife stood by the table in the middle of the floor washing up the supper dishes, which his two oldest "gals," Sarah and Elizabeth, commonly called in the family Sal and Betts, were wiping with dry cloths, and setting back on the shelves. Mrs. French was a neat housewife—I'll say that for her, as for any in New England; and I take occasion to allude to her habits, in regard to her dishes, for the good of those who may seem to need the benefit of her example. She was not satisfied with giving them a "swash in dirty water" that would leave them dirtier than when they were put into it. She first washed them thoroughly with a clean cloth in a tub of clean hot water; then she passed them through a second tub of clean hot water, and went over them again with a clean fresh cloth. She then handed them over to the "gals," who, with dry clothes, very clean and very white, gave them the last polishing touch. There was no mistake about Mrs. French's dishes; they would turn no man's stomach, however fastidious he might be.

"Such niceness and particularity of course required time, and it argues nothing against the efficiency and smartness of Mrs. French as a housewife, to admit that it was good fifteen minutes from the time the operation commenced till the whole was completed. As I said before that old Mr. French sat before the fire, looking straight into it, so I say now, although the fifteen minutes are out and the last cup is shining in its place on the shelf. Nor am I willing to have it regarded as an argument against the intellectuality of old Mr. French, that he sat thus for fifteen minutes without saying a word. He was a man of few words. But when he did speak, he *meant* something—which is more than a great many people do who talk a great deal.

"Sal," said the old gentleman, without raising his eyes from the fire, "my tobacco board."

This was a little board about six inches by twelve, on which he cut his tobacco for his pipe, having a hole through the upper end, by which it was hung on a nail against the wall, and a little box at the lower end which held the tobacco.

Sally brought the article to her father, and the old gentleman took a large jack-knife from his deep waistcoat pocket, and a small piece of fig tobacco from the box, and proceeded by a sort of

mechanical motion to mince the one with the other into very small bits, till he had sufficient for a clever smoke.

"Sal, my pipe," slowly articulated Mr. French, still looking into the fire.

The pipe was hanging by the bowl in a little piece of board nailed above the mantel-piece, in which an oblique mortise was cut just wide enough to admit the stem. Sally handed down the pipe, and the old gentleman proceeded "to load her," as he usually termed it. The pipe had a large bowl, but a short stem—in fact, the stem was by measurement just three inches. All Mr. French's pipes were just the same length. If he bought a handsome new pipe a foot long, he always immediately broke it down to three inches. The reason of this rule was, that three inches, horizontally, carries the bowl just one inch beyond the end of his nose; and the proximity in cold weather afforded a very agreeable warmth to that exposed organ, and in all weather it enabled Mr. French to save much of the delicious odor of the weed, which otherwise would have been a total loss.

Having "loaded her," he put the stem to his mouth and drew his breath through it—and blew his breath through it, two or three times, with decided force and emphasis, to see "if she would breathe free." The proof being satisfactory, he continued his conversation as follows:

"Sal, a coal."

Sally took the tongs and selected a nice little bright coal from the fire, and handed it to the old gentleman, who applied it to the bowl of his pipe, and drew several rapid and smart puffs through it, till a fine wavy curl of smoke began to roll from his mouth.

"Sal, my hat and staff," said the old gentleman, rising from his chair and standing six feet high.

The staff, which was standing behind the door, and the hat, which was hanging above it on a wooden peg, were brought and put into his hands. Mr. French, having placed the crown of the one upon the crown of his head, and the foot of the other by the side of his foot, dropped his conversation, and began to move silently toward the door. But he had not proceeded above half way across the room, before he was brought to a full stand by an exclamation from Mrs. French.

"Now, Mr. French," said that excellent, thrifty and careful housewife, "you aint a goin'

to be so imprudent as to go out this evening without your great coat; you'll ketch your death a cold; you don't know how cold it's growd since dark."

"Only over to neighbor Gray's," said Mr. French, taking another step towards the door.

"Well, now I insist upon it, Mr. French: you aint a goin' out this evening without your great coat; I don't want to have to keep dosing you up with a cold all the time—now, jest as Thanksgiving and Christmas is coming on."

Mr. French paused again, and turned half way round. If he was not prudent in anything else, he was prudent in one thing, he never stopped to dispute with his wife. He had two modes of avoiding that ugly difficulty; one was, to surrender the point at once, and the other, to retreat rapidly out of hearing. The former expedient was adopted on this occasion, for he again renewed his conversation with as much liveliness, and a little more authority than before.

"Sal, my great-coat."

"Sally, hand your father's great-coat," said Mrs. French, with the satisfied air of a woman who has her own way.

"Sal, my great-coat," deliberately repeated Mr. French, choosing to have it understood that the garment was brought by his own order. Sally brought the coat. It was a heavy garment of homespun wool, and a drab color. Mr. French threw it over his shoulders in the manner of a cloak, letting the sleeves hang loose by his side.

"There now, Mr. French, you are not goin' out so; put the great-coat on so it will do you some good," said Mrs. French, stepping up to help execute her own order; "and besides, it looks so—you wouldn't ketch Cap'n Gray to go out with a great coat looking that way," continued the lady, as she held the sleeves for Mr. French to put his arms through.

The old gentleman submitted like a child, without the least sign of resistance, to have his arms as well as his body cased in the outer garment. The cut of the coat was much like that of a long straight meal bag, and being an excellent fit for the long, slim body of Mr. French, extending down within two inches of his shoes, the whole figure might be taken as a very tolerable model of a substantial gate-post. The coat being on, and carefully buttoned by Mrs. French from the chin downwards, something more than a yard and a half, the old gentleman, with pipe in mouth and staff in hand, left the house, and puffed his way along for a quarter of a mile, to the residence of Captain Gray.

"Walk in," said the strong voice of Captain Gray, in reply to the rap at the door. "Ah! Mr. French, good evening—glad to see ye; I was just thinking, a moment before you knocked, I wished you would drop in a little while, and have a sociable smoke this evening. Debby, set a chair for Mr. French."

"The arm-chair, Debby," said Mrs. Gray, as the child ran to obey the order.

The arm-chair was placed before a large blazing wood-fire, which was roaring up the chimney like a young cataract.

"You must take off your great-coat, Mr. French," said Mrs. Gray, "or you won't feel it when you go out."

The old gentleman slowly unbuttoned the coat, and Mrs. Gray helped him off with the sleeves, and Debby took it, and laid it away, and put back the hat and staff; and presently the tall form of the visitor was comfortably seated in the large arm-chair by the side of Captain Gray. He had not yet uttered a word since he came into the house, but now, drawing his pipe from his mouth, and blowing out a long puff of smoke, and looking straight into the fire, he delivered one of those sententious speeches, so full of pith and meaning, which gave a peculiar stamp to his character.

"Cold night," said the old gentleman, returning the pipe to his mouth, and rubbing his hands together.

This was a sufficient opening for Captain Gray, to talk half an hour. Indeed, he was so much the counterpart of old Mr. French, that he could talk half an hour upon anything. He had been a farmer in early life, and then for several years followed the sea, in which time he had risen to the command of a sloop coaster—and now, with the honorable title of captain, and a few hundred dollars in his pocket, had retired again to a farm. Luckily he had pitched on a farm adjoining that of old Mr. French, for he being a great talker, while Mr. French was a capital listener—they set their horses very well together, were fond of each other's society, could borrow and lend without difficulty, and never quarreled. Before the captain had fairly launched out upon the sea of conversation, some half dozen young folks, who were sitting round the fire, when old Mr. French came in, had unaccountably disappeared. The truth was, the arrival of the old gentleman was in an instant hailed by the young folks as a joyful signal for a gathering at Mr. French's, and the wink having passed another round among them, they slipped out, one after another, and were all flying up the road "like a stream of chalk."

"Yes, pretty cold night," said the captain, in reply to the above discourse of farmer French, "but nothing at all, a mere circumstance, to what I've seen it sometimes at this time of year, coming on the coast, when a nor'-wester was whistling down upon us, heavy enough to tear young mountains up by the roots, and the spray was flying over us mast high, and every drop that touched the rigging froze, till an inch rope was as big round as my arm, and the bowsprit increased to the size of a back-log, and when you couldn't speak so as to be understood, unless you turned your mouth to the leeward, and used short words,—for the first end of a long word

would be froze stiff before you could get the last syllable out,—that's what I call cold weather, neighbor French," said the captain, rising to light his pipe, which he had been rather mechanically filling during the foregoing remarks.

"Yes, that's cold weather," said Mr. French, looking steadily into the fire; and, as if in some degree inspired by the eloquence of the captain, he added a remarkable continuation of his discourse as follows: "Bad time for cows, always dry up amazingly in such cold weather."

"Dry up?" said the captain, "why, in such weather as I've seen, coming on the coast this time of year, a cow would all dry up in fifteen minutes, so there would be nothing left of her but a lump of ice. Why, neighbor French, the time I was speaking of, the upper side of a cod's head froze as hard as a horn while the cook was frying the under side over a hot fire. That's what I call cold weather."

"Yes, that's cold weather," said Mr. French.

"Why, neighbor," resumed the captain, "the time I was speaking of, when the blow was a little over, we fell in with another sloop, that was laying in to rather strange condition, and we hailed her, but got no answer. We could see one man standing at the helm, and we hailed again, but got no answer. Then we down boat, and went aboard; and there was a sight to be remembered, neighbor—a sight to be remembered. The man standing at the helm was froze stone dead, and hard as a solid column of ice. We cut away round the cabin door, for the spray had froze several inches thick; and when we got into the cabin, there was the captain and mate, froze to death, sitting by the table where they had been eating dinner. The mate had a piece of frozen potatoe in his mouth, and the captain had a piece of meat on his fork, which he still held in his hand. The cook we found in the caboose-house, with his feet poked into the stove and burnt to a coal, and the rest of his body froze as hard as a stone. That's what I call cold weather."

"Yes, that's cold weather," said old Mr. French, without turning his head or his eyes to the right or left.

"That was cold weather worth talking about," said Captain Gray, going to the fire to put a new coal into his pipe, which had nearly gone out during his speech about cold weather.

"Yes, that's cold weather worth talking about," said old Mr. French, with rather more than his usual emphasis.

Here Captain Gray began to call over the roll of his children—"Jerusha!" no answer; "John!" no answer; "Thomas—Debby—George!" no answer.

"Why, what has become of all these boys and gals?" said Captain Gray impatiently; "seems to me they are out of the way mighty quick."

"I don't think there is one of them in the house," said Mrs. Gray; "I guess they are every one of them over at Mr. French's by this time.

What do you want, Mr. Gray? for I guess I shall have to wait upon you myself."

"Why, I wanted a mug of cider," said the captain; "I can't have a comfortable smoke without a mug of cider before me."

"O, well, I can help you to that," said Mrs. Gray; so away she went to the cellar, and brought in a large mug of cider, and set it upon the nicely swept hearth before the fire. Then she went out again, and soon returned with a dish of large red apples in one hand, and a dish of large yellow apples in the other hand, and set them down, one on each side of the mug.

"Ah, that looks something like it, neighbor French," said the captain.

"Yes, that looks something like it," said the old gentleman, slightly changing the angle of his vision from the fire to the mug.

"A comfortable smoke" of an hour long now followed, during which the captain told with much spirit some of his long sea stories, while Mr. French responded at suitable intervals, in short pithy sentences, generally repeating the last words of the captain. After getting down into the second mug of cider pretty well towards the bottom, however, the old gentleman's tongue was observed to be a little loosened, and his ideas to flow with somewhat accelerated motion; so that he gave the captain considerable valuable information respecting the number of loads of wood he had piled up in his door yard, the condition of his cattle, barn, cellar, &c.

But all this while quite a different scene was passing at the farm-house of old Mr. French. The young folks of the two families together numbered a good round baker's dozen, and when they were all gathered in one room, round a bright blazing fire, it is not to be wondered at, that there were some strong ebullitions of fun and frolic among them.

"Gals, what are you giggling about, up in that corner there?" said Mrs. French to a knot of them, who were huddled together on one side of the wide fire-place.

"Oh, nothing in particular, mother," said Sally, and then they all burst out into a laugh again.

"So much laughing isn't for nothin'," said the old lady; "you've got some mischief going on, and I must know what 'tis. What have you got in that bundle, Sally?" And she moved toward the group to enter upon an examination. At that the girls ran into an adjoining bed-room, shutting the door after them, and laughing loud and merrily.

"I know what 'tis," said little Peter French, about ten years old, who had been sitting quietly in the corner and watching the movements.

"Well, what is it?" said Mrs. French.

"Now, Pete," said Sally, looking out of the bed-room door, "if you tell, I'll box your ears."

"Yes, he may tell," said Mrs. French, "and you sha'n't touch him!"



"Yes, I will tell," said little Peter, "and you sha'n't touch me, mother says you sha'n't. And he began to stretch open his mouth with—"Sal's a going to set"—but before he proceeded farther, Sally ran and put her hand over his mouth, and stopt his utterance. Here two or three of the larger boys interfered, and pulled Sally away, calling upon Peter to know what it was that "Sal was going to set."

Peter being relieved, again called out aloud—"Sal's going to set her cap for the schoolmaster to-night."

At this, the boys gave a shout, the girls giggled, and Mrs. French turned away and shook her sides in silence.

"How do you know she's going to set her cap for the schoolmaster?" said John Gray.

"'Cause I seen it, and heard her tell Jerusha so," said Peter.

"You seen it?" said John; "well, what sort of a thing is it?"

"Oh, it's a great cap big enough to ketch a cow in."

"What is it, a night cap?"

"Well, it's made jest like a nightcap, only it's such a great large thing."

"What is it made of?"

"A sheet, I b'leeve," said Peter; and here the dialogue was broken off by a general laugh.

"There, Sally," said Jerusha Gray, "the cat's out of the bag; it's no use for us to try to keep it to ourselves any longer."

"If the cat's out of the bag," said John, "the schoolmaster isn't in it yet, and I should like to know how you are going to get him in."

The matter being broached to the whole company, a general explanation now followed. Mr. Jones, the schoolmaster of the district, boarded at Mr. French's, and quite "a spat" had occurred that morning between Sally and him, about a certain lady "setting her cap" for the schoolmaster. Sally contended that it was a gone case with Mr. Jones, for whoever that lady set her cap for, would surely be caught. Mr. Jones spurned at the idea, and retorted that he was not to be caught by anybody's cap, not even Sally's, though she might set it for him twenty years. For this personal fling at Sally, she determined to have some good-humored personal revenge; and therefore had planned to set a cap for him that night, not figuratively, but in fact, a *bona fide* cap, and catch him in it, as pigeons are caught in a net. For this purpose, she had taken a sheet, and run it up in the form of a cap, put strings two yards in length at the ears, and trimmed it off with several enormous large bows. The article was now brought forward and exhibited to the company amid shouts of mirth. "Well, it's a very nice cap," said John Gray, "but it puzzles me to know how you are going to catch him in it."

"I can tell you," says Sally, "how I'm going to do it. The master is coming home at eight o'clock, this evening; and I'm going to take my

stand in the dark entry, near the parlor door, and have the cap open and all ready in my hands, and as he opens the parlor door to come in, I'll just step softly behind him, and throw it over his head. So if you will just be quiet about it, you shall all see the schoolmaster caught in a cap."

The joke pleased them all so well, they were anxious to see it carried out, and were ready to give any aid they could. All other sports were dropped, and all ideas were absorbed in the one idea of "catching the master." It was now drawing towards eight o'clock, and Sally, with cap in hand, took her station in the dark entry. It was not long before the well-known step of Mr. Jones was heard at the front door. He opened the outer door, and closed it after him, and then the inner door, and closed it after him, and walked along through the dark entry or hall, near the parlor door, where he deposited his hat and cloak on a table. As he opened the parlor door and beheld a large circle seated round the fire, he addressed them with—"good evening, ladies and —;" the word gentlemen, which was intended as the close of the sentence, was smothered beneath the enormous cap, which Sally, stepping up behind him, had suddenly thrown over his head. It almost entirely covered him. The master commenced a furious struggle to uncase himself, while a roar of laughter arose from the whole company that fairly shook the house.

Mr. Jones had good sense enough to join in the laugh, after he had gained his liberty, and the candor to acknowledge that Sally had fairly caught him, by setting her cap for him. But at the same time, he in his turn now resolved to have a little good-humored revenge. After sitting down and chatting a half hour, and eating an apple all round. Mr. Jones rose and said he was sorry to leave such good company, but he was obliged to go over as far as neighbor Barker's to return some books, which he had promised to take home this evening. Sally cautioned him to beware of Abigail Barker's cap, for she knew it had been set for him; and as he had been caught in one cap, he might be in another. Mr. Jones thanked her, and thought he should be able to take care of himself pretty well in future, and then retired upstairs to his room to prepare for his visit.

Here Mr. Jones set about executing the little piece of revenge, which he had already planned. Taking a suit of his clothes, coat, vest and pantaloons, he buttoned them up, and fastened them together, and stuffed them out with pillows and other articles, to the common size of a man, then affixing something upon the shoulders of a suitable size to represent the head, and fastening a pair of stuffed stockings to the lower extremities for feet, he carried the figure quietly and carefully into Sally's sleeping chamber, and laid it upon her bed. To help out the illusion, he placed a hat upon a little table that stood at the head of the bed near the window, and then quietly departed on his errand over to Mr. Barker's.

About nine o'clock, while Captain Gray and old Mr. French were keeping up their acquaintance with the third mug of cider, and had got as far as the captain's fifth voyage, George Gray, the third son, came rushing into the house alone, panting for breath, and his eyes rolling with wildness.

"Why, George, what's the matter?" said Captain Gray; "is anybody hurt?"

"Has the old horse got loose in the barn?" said old Mr. French; for he had rather an unruly old horse, which sometimes broke loose and kicked about furiously among the cattle.

"Some of the children are hurt, aint they?" said Mrs. Gray.

By this time, George recovered breath enough to begin to speak. "Miss French wants Mr. French to come right home, and father to come along with him."

"Couldn't you and the boys drive the old horse into his place?" said Mr. French.

"'Tisn't that," said George.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Gray.

"There's a man in Sally's bed-room," said George, still looking very wild.

"A man in Sal's bed-room?" said old Mr. French, starting to his feet like a boy; "what's he there arter, George? hey! what's he there arter?"

"Don't know," said George; "he's there, laying on the bed asleep, or drunk, or dead, or something another."

Old Mr. French for a moment seemed to lose his self-possession, and dashed his pipe into the fire-place—a thing which he had never been known to do before in his life. Then stepping as though he had renewed his age some twenty years, he caught his hat and staff, not stopping for his great-coat, and started for home. Captain Gray followed immediately after, with a loaded pistol in his hand, which he had always been careful to keep in good order and well loaded ever since the time he thought he was chased by a pirate at sea. Close behind Captain Gray came Mrs. Gray, with a blanket thrown over her head, and George, still puffing and breathing hard from his homeward run, followed close behind his mother.

On their arrival at Mr. French's, they found the house in a remarkable state of stillness, for Mrs. French was a woman of great presence of mind, as well as steadiness and firmness of nerve. As soon as it had been hinted to her, that a man was in Sally's bed-room, by one of the girls, who, in passing up stairs, happened to glance in at the door, which was partially open, Mrs. French had ordered them all to be hushed and quiet. After listening a minute or two and hearing no sound, she crept carefully in her stocking feet up to the head of the stairs. Still she heard no sound. She had given direction to the boys to stand at the foot of the stairs, and again she moved along with the stillness of a ghost, and

approached the door of the bed-room. The door was open a few inches, so that she could see across the bed and table to the window. There was a bright moon outside, which, though not shining directly upon the window, made it sufficiently light in the bed-room to render objects quite visible. She plainly saw a man's hat on the table, and there, sure enough, too, was a man with his clothes on, lying on the bed. Who, or what he was, or what was his object, she took but little time to consider. The door had an iron hook and staple on the outer side, and Mrs. French, with that presence of mind which showed her to be one of a thousand, slowly drew the door to, without the slightest noise, and fastened it with the hook. Then creeping noiselessly down stairs, she immediately sent George for help.

"Where is the rascal?" said old Mr. French, as he entered the door; "is he in Sal's room yet?"

"Hush, hush," said Mrs. French, in a very loud whisper, "if he's asleep you may wake him up."

"He's asleep, then, is he?" said old Mr. French.

"Well, I don't know whether he's asleep, or dead, or making believe sleep," said Mrs. French; "or whether he's a robber, or what he is; but I'm sure he can't be there for any good."

"Any good?" said old Mr. French, "I'll larn him better than to get into the wrong tie-up again, I'll promise him. But are you sure he is there yet?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. French, "I hooked the door and fastened him in, and he's laid as still as a mouse ever since."

"But are you sure a man was in there, when you fastened the door?" said Captain Gray.

"Jest as sure as I'm alive," said Mrs. French; "I saw him as plain, as I see you now, laying on the bed as still as a dead man, and his hat was laying on the table. And Betty saw him too, before I did."

After some further consultation, it was resolutely determined to organize their forces in the most efficient manner they could, and proceed to storm the chamber, and take the man, dead or alive.

"But I think," said Captain Gray, "I better stand outside with my pistol, for when he comes to find the door besieged, he'll very likely jump out of the window."

"No, no," said old Mr. French, "I can fix it better than that; we must have you with your pistol at the door. I'll set my spring-pole and cord under the window; and if he jumps out, and it doesn't string him right up by the heels, as straight as a rabbit, why, then let him go, that's all."

So out Mr. French went, with one of the boys to help him, and set his spring-pole under the window. This was a stout, elastic pole, fifteen or twenty feet long, having a long rope with a

noose fastened at one end, used for catching bears, wildcats, racoons, &c., in the woods. The large end of the pole was fastened under the sill of the house, so as to stand nearly upright, and then the top was bent down to the ground, and there fastened with some little ketch-work, like that used in setting a trap. The noose of the rope was then spread out under the window, and some boards so placed, that if the man jumped from the window upon them, it would remove the ketch that held the pole, which would suddenly spring up, drawing the noose round the man's legs, and hold him up by the heels dangling in the air.

This capital contrivance being arranged, much to the satisfaction of old Mr. French, the party proceeded to organize their forces for besieging the chamber door. Captain Gray took the lead with loaded pistol in hand. Old Mr. French had a musket, but no ammunition. The old gentleman, whose ideas on the occasion had acquired a wonderful sharpness, said he could frighten the fellow with the muzzle, and then fight him with the butt-end. John Gray took an axe, and the other boys armed themselves with fire-pokers, clubs and hand-pikes. Mrs. French and Mrs. Gray, and Sally and Jerusha, stood behind and held the candles. When they got to the door, Captain Gray said it was best for Mr. French to hail the fellow through the key-hole, and see what he had to say for himself, and whether he would give up at once, and cry for quarter. Accordingly the old gentleman, before the door was unfastened, ventured up to the key-hole, and began to reconnoitre. First he looked through.

"Ah, there he is," said the old man, "stretched out on the bed, and there's his hat on the table. The rascal! I wish I had hold of him; I'd larn him not to go into the wrong tie-up."

Then he put his mouth to the key-hole, and began a parley; at the same time, giving a rap upon the door.

"Who's in here? hullo! who's in here? I say!" No answer. "A pretty rascal you are to be here in our Sal's bed-room. Who are ye? I say; what are ye arter?" No answer. "You needn't make b'leeve asleep, nor dead, for you've got to come out, dead or alive. You needn't think to get away out of the window, for we shall overtake you."

This last remark is believed to have been made by the old gentleman for the express purpose of inducing the fellow to jump out of the window into the old man's favorite trap.

"Mr. French, let me have a word or two with him," said Captain Gray; "I'll make him start, if he's got any life in him."

The captain, having put his mouth to the key-hole, gave him the full volume of his trumpet voice.

"Hullo there! you rebel, you tory, you scoundrel! what do you mean by getting into folks'

houses in this way? It's no use for you to make any resistance; if you do, you are a dead man in a minute. I've got a loaded pistol here in my hand, that wouldn't miss fire once in a thousand times; and if you show the least resistance, I'll blow your brains out like a squirrel's. What say, do you give up?" No answer. "Here's a dozen of us here—enough to eat you up in two minutes. What say, you thief, you robber, do you give up?" No answer.

"I guess he don't meant to speak," says Mrs. French; "he means to stand it out that he's asleep or drunk, I guess."

"I'm afraid the man's dead," said Mrs. Gray.

"Well, I guess," said Captain Gray, "we may as well open the door, and come to the brush at once. Come, all hands stand ready now; I've seen the wake of a pirate's craft afore to-day. John, you take your axe and stand that side of the door, and I'll stand this side with my pistol, and let the rest back us up."

With that each man and each boy clasped his weapon with desperate energy; and the women held the candles so tight that they fairly trembled in their hands; and Captain Gray carefully unhooked the door, and opened it about an inch and peeped in. All was still as death. He opened it another inch, and took a wider view. Still the man was lying motionless as a corpse upon the bed. Slowly he pushed the door wide open. A thousand thoughts rushed through the minds of the silent spectators, while Captain Gray, holding his pistol in readiness to fire, moved carefully but boldly up to the bed-side, followed by John with the axe close at his heels.

"What say now, old fellow?" said the captain; "do you give up?" No answer.

The captain put his hands upon the shoulder in order to pull him over to bring his face to the light. The figure rolled over as light as a bundle of straw, turning up a round, white, cloth face.

"Is he dead?" said Mrs. Gray, standing on tip-toe, and looking over the shoulders of half a dozen others.

"If he isn't, it is time he was," said the captain, half in anger and half bursting with laughter, at the same instant discharging his pistol at the head of his unconscious victim. The report was followed by a dreadful shriek from the whole company outside of the door, and the next instant the captain hurled the man of cloth and feathers into the midst of them. Some screamed, some laughed, some ran, some fell, some almost fainted. In short, for a minute or two there was a decided hubbub. After the first excitement was over, a spirit of inquiry began to prevail.

"What does this scrape all mean?" said Captain Gray.

"Yes, what does this scrape all mean?" said old Mr. French.

"It must be some of master Jones' duins," said Sally, "for them's his clothes."

"Well," said Captain Gray, "I think master Jones better be attending to his ciphering, a plaguy sight."

"Yes," said old Mr. French, "I think master Jones better be attending to his ciphering, a plaguy sight."

At that moment the outer door opened, and

Mr. Jones came in, and seeing them all up-stairs with the lights, he walked up.

"Oh, master Jones, you plague, you," said Sally, "how *could* you cut up such a caper?"

"Well, Sally," said master Jones, "I think you and I are about even, and if you'll quit now, I will."

## "QUISQUE FABER SUAE FORTUNAE."

BY CHARLES W. WEBSTER.

No trammell'd bound, no miser-met'd space  
Is fixed by man, to circumscribe his race  
With narrower span, than Nature's God has run  
From pole to pole, from dawn to setting sun.  
No law, agrarian in its mien, to curb  
Amassing wealth, man's efforts to disturb;  
No fell decree enslaves him to his hearth,  
Forbidding research 'midst the zones of earth;  
No human edict to arrest the tread  
Of genius, striding to her glory-bed.

Where home is laden with promotive gems,  
And rare the perils, save when law condemns,  
There buoyant Nature cheers th' aspiring soul  
With plaudits to the guerdon and the goal.  
Nerved by the fervor that a struggle gives,  
The hero essays, earns a name, and lives—  
Lives in the verdict of abiding friends,  
As up the alpine peak of life he bends,  
And all the warbling streams of Heaven's fount  
Regale his efforts, as he scales the mount.

When mother-land is barren in her means  
To feed Ambition's soul, earth proffers scenes  
In other climes: and he who will may try  
To woo dame Fortune 'neath a foreign sky.  
The spirits, loathing fetters and restraint,  
Are free to seek and find their "patron saint"—  
To shun the Turk or despot, whom they hate,  
For grateful refuge, in some freer state.  
Bless'd tribute! guaranteed to erring man,  
To think, to feel, to execute, to plan;  
To traverse Earth—to study mysteries, even  
Beyond his ken, far in the depths of Heaven.

"Who seeks shall find," once uttered the Most High—  
A hope will not produce, nor will a sigh;  
The sluggard, breathing sighs and hopes, with pain  
Begins, endures and ends his life in vain.  
The spirit-mind, that schemes a mighty deed,  
Weds not hope's luring phantoms for the meed,  
But with a Spartan's energy assumes  
His task—and toiling, wins triumphal plumes.  
Kind Nature, in her sapience and love  
To foster genius and true merit prove,  
Exacts an effort meted to the plan,  
To fire the spirit of the inner man;  
And this relaxed, bequeaths mishap and rout!  
Bereft of conquest and the victor's shout!

'Tis well! the trophies worth a hopeful thought,  
Are worth the clash of arms, by which they're bought,  
And honors gained, without the strife that tries  
Men's souls, are vain, for there true honor lies.

Some minds, enfeebled by the frequent sight  
Of brilliants, sparkling in the dome of night,  
And by oft glancing with a reckless eye  
On blazing Phœbus, day-king of the sky,  
Forget the energy that gave them birth,  
Forget their splendor, and forget their worth.  
So sees the wary, with his vigil ken,  
Proud deeds developed by the sagest men,  
Which, grown familiar, cease to lure the mind  
Of vaunting mortals, to their virtues blind.  
No less intrinsic are the gems of art  
When fools o'erlook them in life's bustling mart;  
No fainter halo orbs the statesman's brow  
When envious knaves traduce his fame, I trow;  
The victor-chief incurs not jeer and jest  
Because, perchance, the foe gainsays his crest;  
The laurels, pluck'd in fields of classic lore,  
Are blighted not by bile from envy's store;  
No! spirits brave, embarked in honor's cause,  
Receive their meed of greetings and applause.  
And treasured deeds, of all the great and good,  
Are by true genius prized and understood.

While heirs of kingdoms, capp'd with ornate crowns  
Of fickle tenure, suffer "ups and downs,"  
The lone, obscure and delving orphan-heir  
Of struggles up the cliffs of life, and there,  
High on the ramparts of enduring fame,  
Unfurls his banner and unrolls his name—  
The first, by chance and birth acquiring state  
With quivering pulse, implore the smiles of fate,  
And, dreading perils which insurgents breed,  
Each omen note and each alarm heed;  
Lest some fell champion, thirsting for renown,  
Dethrone the sovereign and usurp the crown.  
Not so the last, though sprung from gentler blood,  
The purple current keeps its wonted flood,  
And little daunted, by convulsive throes  
In state and finance, heeded not his foes,  
To sully or eclipse a name so ripe  
With radiant honors of eventful life—  
He finds repose amidst the tempest's rage—  
In soul a monarch and in mind a sage!

## THE TREASURY.

### TO MY MOTHER FROM THE APENNINES.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

'Tis midnight the lone mountain on,  
The east is flecked with cloudy bars,  
And gliding through them one by one,  
The moon walks up her path of stars—  
The light upon her placid brow  
Received from fountains unseen now.

And happiness is mine to-night,  
Thus springing from an unseen fount;  
And breast and brain are warm with light,  
With midnight round me on the mount—  
Its rays, like thine, fair Dian, flow  
From far that western star below.

Dear mother! in thy love I live—  
The life thou gav'st flows yet for thee;  
And, sun-like, thou hast power to give  
Life to the earth, air, sea, for me!  
Though wandering, as this moon above,  
I'm dark without thy constant love.

### MONTE CAVO.

BY MRS. BUTLER.

• • • • •  
STILL we went up the Via Triumphalis, under chest-nut boughs of freshest green, delicate branches of pale yellow laburnums, drooping over on the banks on either side, wrought like a thick carpet with wild thyme and countless blossoms of every lovely shape and color, and under our feet the great smooth broad stones, that the Roman consuls and their trains had marched over, going to sacrifice on assuming their office, to the great temple of the Alban mountain. In the full tide of these heroic memories, my mind was suddenly recalled to the Christian Republic to which, if it is but wise and virtuous, God seems to have appointed the greatest empire of the earth in the coming centuries. A turn in the road shut out Rome and Albano, and Castel Gandolfo and the volcanic lakes, while the wood-screen through which we looked, showed a bold, lonely sweep of forest scenery, mountain side rolling down upon mountain side, all clothed with waving woods; great bare and desolate patches all scarred with stumps of noble felled trees; the black mounds of the charcoal burners, sending their blue and silver smoke up against the hill sides in exquisite wreaths of grace and brightness; the dark purple ridges beyond, the clear brilliance of the sky, and for once utter loneliness; no sight of human habitation, village, monastery, palace or wayside chapel—it was really like America; and as I gazed at it from the heart of this land of great past things, (Italy,) how deeply my spirit was stirred with the thoughts of the probable fortunes of that land of futurity, that land without memory, that land of hope.

I cannot express the solemnity and emotion with which all that I see in these countries of Europe im-

presses me with regard to America. Here, on these great hearths heaped with the ashes of many civilizations—here, where one national existence after another has been kindled, burned brightly and been extinguished—here, where the fine Etruscan vase was ground out beneath the iron heel of Rome—here, where the deluge of northern barbarism swept the degenerate Roman empire down—here, where the huge conception of spiritual dominion took body in that great church supremacy, which is vanishing like the ghost of a giant before the breath of almighty Truth, the immortal, universal conqueror of the later days of the earth—here, amid these stupendous memories and thoughts, how often do I muse upon the wonderful world beyond the Atlantic! Dowered with a natural wealth unparalleled; the latest born of time; peopled by the descendants of the finest and wisest nation now on earth; not led through doubtful twilight ages of barbarous savageness and feudal semi-civilization, but born like Pallas from the head of Jove, inheriting the knowledge of all previous times; endowed with the experience of all former nations; whose heroic age boasts of but one victory, the victory of Freedom—but of one demigod, Washington.

Oh! if wisdom and virtue should yet by times govern the counsels of that people; if the consciousness of their unexampled position, betokening a ministry of importance in the world, should ever appear to them in all its most majestic significance; if the spirit of that nation should ever fit the gigantic material proportions and incalculable physical resources of their country, then, indeed, a glorious Christian commonwealth may arise, and that kingdom of God, for whose coming all Christ's followers daily pray, begin to manifest itself in the holy national existence of a people who have made Christianity a government.

How much these speculations on the possible glorious future destinies of that wonderful country are darkened by the mean and miserable manifestations of the present spirit of its people, I can hardly say—*my perception of the one is equal to my anticipation of the other.* And when I remember the God-gifted earth and sky, the huge expanse of territory, the variety of climate and soil and produce, the free and noble theory of government, the free and wholesome action of the spirits of men, the marvelous rapidity of progress, the portentous mental and physical activity at work among all these mighty elements—admiration and astonishment, disgust, dismay, and fear and hope alternate in my mind, till all resolves itself into an earnest prayer that God will save that people from becoming, by the light of their own great gifts and greater promises, the despair instead of the hope of the world.

We have selected the above from the new work of Mrs. Butler, "A Year of Consolation," as a favorable specimen of her style of writing and her sentiments towards this country. She seems to have somewhat modified her former opinions, though the old English leaven of "disgust" will work a little. But we ought to like much of this extract, as she has done us the honor to incorporate some of the ideas we had embodied in words

years ago. The coincidence of thought in regard to "Pallas from the head of Jove" and our own,

"Like Wisdom from the Thunderer's brow,"

is very striking.

#### PRIZE POEM.\*

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

SPIRIT of Memory,

Thou that hast garnered up the joys and tears,  
And all the human spoil of buried years,  
We bow to thee!

O, lift thy veil, and bid the Past appear!  
'Tis gathering, slowly gathering on my sight:  
Those dark old woods, where Death and Night  
Held their companionship, were here;  
Here, where the Muses' temple stands,  
Rung the fierce yell of savage bands;  
And, save that withering cry,  
Or glimpse of savage warrior's flight,  
Like the red meteor's flashing light,  
That meets, yet mocks the eye—  
Save these, the waters and the wood  
Stretched in unbroken solitude:—  
Lone, fearful, desolate and sad the scene,  
For here the Dove of Peace had never been,  
Brooding o'er human hearts, till hope was given,  
And the rude child of earth became the glorious heir  
of heaven!

A sail! a sail! o'er yonder wave  
A freighted bark is sweeping on!  
Land of the learned, the proud, the brave,  
Mourn'st thou no treasure gone?  
Thou Island-Empire—forth from thee,  
Like Wisdom from the Thunderer's brow,  
Sprung the bright form of Liberty;  
And high-souled men have joined her train,  
Nor fagot's blaze, nor dungeon's chain,  
Can their firm purpose bow;—

They would have held the guarded pass,  
Or shared thy doom, Leonidas,  
Had faith and duty cheered them on:  
They come! that Pilgrim Band—they come!  
This lone land is their chosen home,

And this broad world is won!  
These were our Fathers—men of souls sublime,  
Whose deeds are graven on the scroll of Time,  
And there, while mind shall struggle to be free,  
Or truth teach wisdom, will the record be.

Slowly, as spreads the green of earth  
O'er the receding ocean's bed—  
Dim as the distant stars come forth—  
Uncertain as a vision fled  
Has been the Old World's toiling race,  
Ere she could give a nation place.

Come hither ye who countless ages scan,  
Searching the doubtful course of social man,  
Come, learn that Freedom mocks Time's slow career,  
Seizes his hoard and showers his treasures here;  
But spurns his errors, hallowed e'er so long  
By seer or sage, in sermon or in song:

And ye who would the deathless spirit bind.  
Come hither, and its unshorn strength be taught;  
Nor, till ye calm the wave and curb the wind,  
Prescribe a limit to the realm of thought!

#### LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

THE letters of this lady have secured her a place in literature not much less elevated than that niche in history which she has won by heroism and conjugal attachment. Rachel Wriothesley was the second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton. In 1667, when widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, a son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was the senior of her second husband by five years, and it is said that her amiable and prudent character was the means of reclaiming him from youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His subsequent political career is known to every reader of English history. If ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, that man was Lord William Russell. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon leaves him unsullied, for the ambassador distinctly mentions him and Lord Hollis as two who would not accept bribes. When brought to trial (July, 1683) under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis. His lady stepped forth to undertake this office, to the admiration of all present. After the condemnation of her husband, she personally implored his pardon, without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, remarked, "The bitterness of death is now past!" Her ladyship died in 1723, at the age of eighty-seven. Fifty years afterwards appeared that collection of her letters which gives her a name in our literary history.

#### TO DR. FITZWILLIAM—ON HER SORROW.

WOBORNE ABBEY, 27th Nov., 1655.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concerns; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for—not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be; but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigor of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void

\* Written for the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston. Spoken at the Tremont Theatre, Sept. 17, 1890.

of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy; that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity: doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him. All relish is now gone; I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God—not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see. In the meantime, I endeavor to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say with the man in the Gospel—"I believe, help thou my unbelief."

#### TO THE EARL OF GALWAY—ON FRIENDSHIP.

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a

sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say many years of pure, and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyment as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected—on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words—

"All we know they do above,  
Is that they sing and that they love."

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

## LILIAN GRAY.

BY ISABELLA LELAND.

List to the sound of the funeral bell!  
For whom doth it toll to-day?  
Another bright angel liveth in Heaven:  
Earth had a bright one less last even—  
The fair young Lilian Gray.

There lieth the form of a gentle one,  
In a lonely and dim-lit room;  
The lovely Lilian resteth here—  
She waiteth the coming of the bier  
That shall carry her to the tomb.

Her snowy hands on her still heart rest,  
And in quiet sleep she seemeth;  
And a smile is hovering even now  
Upon her young yet lofty brow,  
Like a slumberer that dreameth.

One bendeth above that lifeless form,  
And he groaneth heavily;  
Hot tears of sorrow are on his cheek,  
Anguish that accents fail to speak:  
For a dear one mourneth he.

He may list no more to her words of love,  
For those lips are seal'd now;  
He may not look in her earnest eyes,  
For their jetty fringes never rise,  
And cold is her spotless brow.

He stoopeth to press that brow again—  
Why shuddereth he so much?  
His cheek grows pale, his frame is thrilled,  
His very life-blood seemeth chilled  
By that last, that icy touch!

Fair Lilian Gray hath found her home,  
In the church-yard lieth she;  
And there above her early tomb,  
A fair white rose is now in bloom,  
The earliest on the tree.

The church bells merrily peal to-day,  
And the summer's sun is bright;  
A bride and her train at the altar stand—  
'Tis the fairest maiden among the band  
They will hail as bride to-night.

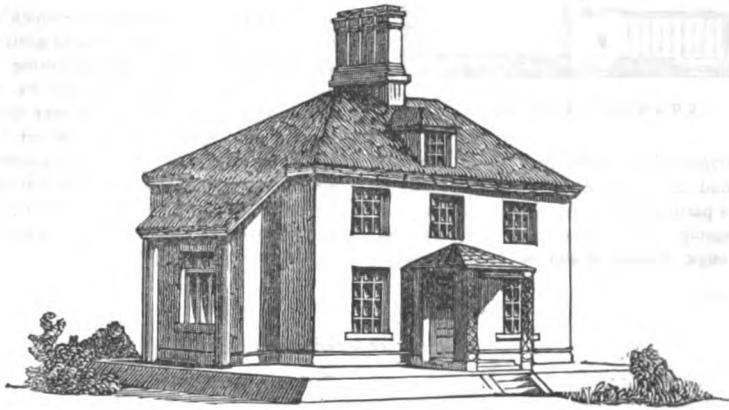
Oh, merrily sound the marriage bells,  
Yet they sadden this heart of mine,  
For they mind me of a summer's morn  
When a death-knell through the breeze was borne—  
Sweet Lilian, it was thine!

Since I gazed on thy lovely face in death,  
A twelvemonth hath passed away;  
But when I think of the lonely fate  
Of him thou didst leave all desolate,  
It seemeth but yesterday.

Sweet Lilian—can he ever forget  
The love of his early youth?  
He must remember thy noble mind,  
The impulse of thy heart so kind,  
And thy ever unwavering truth.

Loved Lilian! Look to the old church door—  
For the bridal train make way:  
The bride by her costly veil is hid,  
But the bridegroom whom she this morn hath wed,  
Is he that mourned Lilian Gray.

## MODEL COTTAGES.



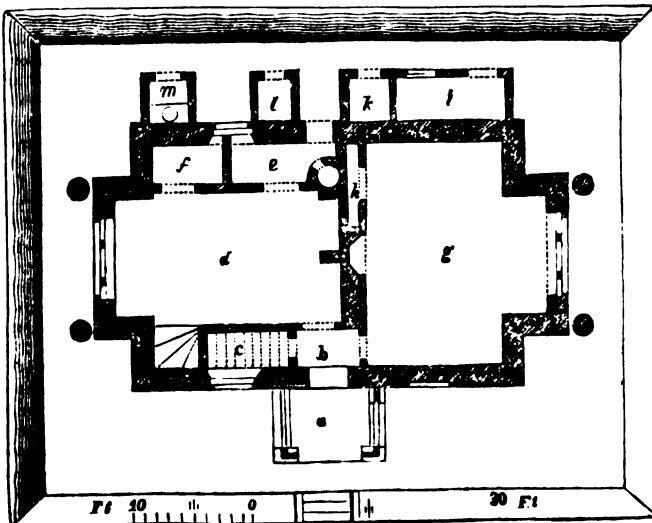
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

*A Dwelling two stories high, with four rooms and various conveniences.*

*Accommodation.*—From a porch *a*, the door enters into a lobby *b*, whence there is a closet *c*, under the staircase. There are a kitchen *d*, back kitchen *e*, pantry *f*, parlor *g*, closet cupboard *h*,

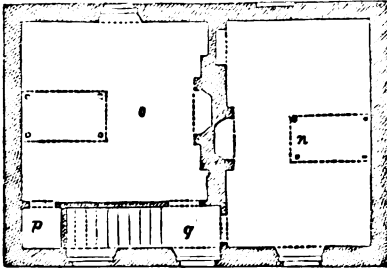
root cellar *i*, place for fuel *k*, dust hole *l*, and privy *m*.

The chamber floor contains two good bed rooms *n* and *o*, with a closet *p*, and a landing to the stairs *q*. The garret, which is entered by a trap door from this landing, is in one large room, lighted by a dormer window.



GROUND PLAN.





CHAMBER FLOOR.

*Construction.*—The walls may be of rammed earth, of mud, or of rubble stone, with the exceptions of the partitions, and the walls which may be of clay nogging. Where labor is high, walls of brick on edge, hollow, would be equally cheap,

and preferable on account of their neatness and durability. The roof is shown thatched, and without guttering, which, however, may be added, in which case it should be of wood or of cast iron, with an exterior moulding. In general, thatched roofs should either project so far as to protect the wall and windows, and also a space of two feet broad to serve as a passage, and thus render a gutter unnecessary; or they should have two or three feet at the eaves tiled or slated, in which latter case a much cheaper and neater form of guttering may be adopted. One reason why guttering is objectionable to all thatched roofs is, that by the continual decay of the thatch they are very apt to become choked up. A large, clumsy gutter is, no doubt, less liable to this than a smaller gutter, such as is suitable for a thatched roof with slated eaves; but both will be found to require continual attention, and, after every violent shower, to be apt to choke up the descending pipe.

## RESIGNATION.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS

She was a meek and gentle-hearted girl,  
With eyes of azure 'neath their white lids shining,  
As once within a lily's pearly cup  
Blue-bosomed violets I saw reclining.  
Her voice was like a mournful strain of love,  
At which we smile and weep with changeable seeming,  
While o'er her cheek sweet thoughts their tracery made,  
In fleeting blushes bright as Fancy's dreaming.

Her mouth was like a rose-bud, hiding pearls;  
Her hair, as sun-bathed cloud, was softly golden;  
And her slight form, in its unstudied grace,  
Seemed like some fairy sprite of visions olden.  
Her robes were always white, without a gem—  
To seek by *them* to make her charms the rarer.  
Were vain as with our feeble skill to paint  
The tulip's radiant vase, to show it fairer.

And then her soul, within its breathing shrine,  
Seemed Love reposing in the arms of Beauty,  
Watching the spirit-flowers of hope expand,  
Or thrilling, angel-like, at each new duty.  
She was no votary 'mid Fashion's throng.  
In the voluptuous waltz all languid gliding,  
Where, with flushed cheek and bosom slightly veiled,  
The child of Pleasure mocks at Wisdom's chiding.

She to the lowly vale where Sorrow pined,  
Brought smiling, sweet relief and heavenly blessing;  
And warmed the lonely, widowed mother's heart.  
Folding her laughing babe with mild caressing.  
The very ploughman, rough and rude to most,  
Softened his voice when'er he heard her greeting.  
And with bared brow and meek, respectful gaze,  
Seemed to grow gentler from the transient meeting.

Yet was she ever pensive, for to her  
Earth had no power to wake its best emotion,  
For she had loved, as only such *can* love,  
One who was worthy of her pure devotion.  
Already had the blissful day been named,  
And Hope lay dreaming upon Fancy's bosom,  
But, ah! stern Death, remorseless, watched the scene,  
And froze with icy breath each bridal blossom!

She did not pray to die, though dark and drear  
Seemed all life's future to her speechless sorrow,  
But humbly bending to the will of God,  
Looked all serenely to a better morrow.  
A morrow not of earth, but distant far  
In that blest world where love shall fear no parting—  
The *only* world, perchance, without a grave,  
World without pain or sin, or tear-drop starting.

And often when the silvery vesper light  
Made all the landscape like a fairy vision,  
Her listening soul, entranced, heard a voice  
Sweeter than breath of fabled harp Elysian.  
And rapt Imagination's eager eye  
Saw a tall form in robes of dazzling glory,  
With brow resplendent as with sunny rays,  
And beaming glance that shamed a poet's story.

Then did her raptured heart this truth discern,  
That Love doth pass *beyond* Death's gloomy portal.  
And with clear gaze and knowledge ever right,  
Doth watch and guard us with a power immortal.  
And so, with patient resignation sweet,  
She put aside all useless, vain dejection,  
And sought to soothe the sick, relieve the poor,  
And teach the outcasts words of home's affection—  
Praying to God for grace to do His will,  
Knowing her lover's thought approved her still.





GILLEY'S PARIS FASHIONS AMERICANISED.

# THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. L. MILNER, ESQ.

EXPRESSLY FOR AND SUNG BY MR. T. B. JOHNSTON,

AT THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM, WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. JOSEPHINE RUSSELL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone."

JOHN PEERYBINGLE in the "*Cricket on the Hearth*."

MODERATO  
MAESTOSO.

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'MODERATO MAESTOSO.' and the dynamics are marked 'ff' (fortissimo). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

'Tis true, no more can come the hours of pleasure, When heart met heart with rapturous de - -

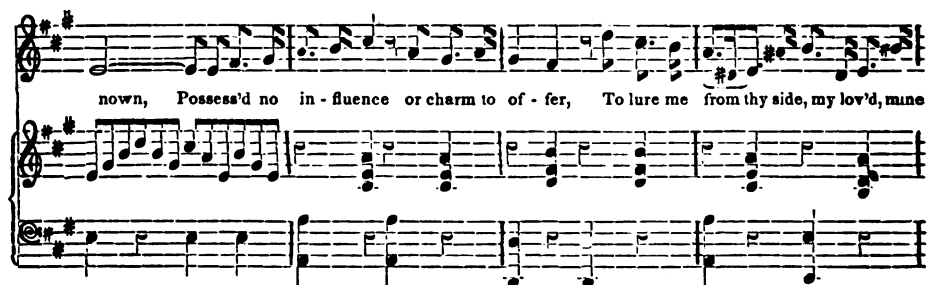
The third system of musical notation, featuring the first line of lyrics. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

light, To give back throb for throb, in joyous measure, And all of life was love, and bliss, and

The fourth system of musical notation, featuring the second line of lyrics. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.



light: When to my soul the world, wealth's glit'ring coffer, Honor and station, glo - - ry and re - -



noun, Possess'd no in - fluence or charm to of - fer, To lure me from thy side, my lov'd, mine



own. Possess'd no influence or charm to of - fer to lure me from thy side, my lov'd, mine



own. Possess'd no influence or charm to of - fer to lure me from thy side, my lov'd, mine own. 8va---



8va. .... loco. 8va. loco.  
1st and 2d times. 3d time.



Alas! that humble home, so fondly cherish'd,  
Is desolate and sad. My treasured bliss,  
Thy love, which made life exquisite, has perish'd,  
Can anguish know a keener sting than this?  
No clock can strike for me the hour departed,  
Or give me back the peace that once I knew,  
But wearily and sad, and broken-hearted,  
I mourn my life's best light in losing you.

But hark! The cricket on the hearth is swelling  
Its simple notes of music on mine ear!

They strike upon my heart-chorde, and are telling,  
In tender melody, sweet words of cheer.  
They speak of love—of constancy unshaken—  
Of faith as bright and spotless as the sun.  
Blissful the hopes those gentle tones awaken!  
I feel their power—thou art—thou art mine own!

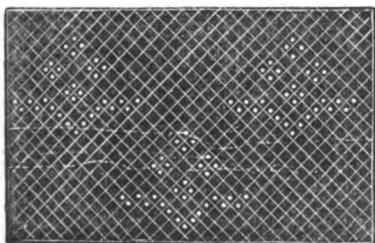
N. B. Previous to the words "But hark," in the third verse, an imitation of the cricket can be introduced with great effect.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

### AN ELEGANT NETTED PURSE WITH STEEL BEADS.

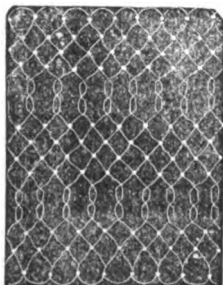
This will require four skeins of the finest netting silk, and a mesh No. 3, with very small steel beads. The ends of the foundation are joined,—the purse being netted round.

Net four plain rows before the pattern commences. There are six sprigs of beads in the round, five stitches between each, as in the following engraving.



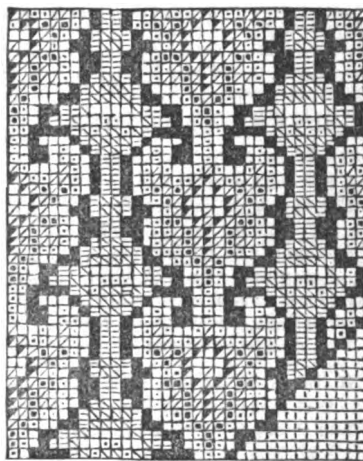
In the first half of the purse there will be seven rows of these sprigs. The pattern is then reversed, to form the other end—the points of the sprigs meeting each other. The opening of the purse commences with the fifth row of the pattern. The pattern is much more graceful in the netting than can be represented on the diamonds of the engraving.

### PLAIN OPEN NETTING. OR FILET À BAGUETTE.



Commence with three or four rows of plain netting; then one row of loop stitches, made by putting the silk twice round the mesh. Repeat from the three rows of plain netting.

### WORKED SLIPPERS.



Penelope canvas is best; it should be very fine. For the shape of the slippers, the canvas may be given to the shoemaker, for him to trace the outline in ink; or he may cut a pattern in paper, from which it can be drawn, or traced with dark-colored cotton.

It may be worked in either tent or cross stitch, but cross stitch on very fine canvas looks the richest.

In this, and all canvas, it is necessary to be very careful in fastening on, for, if the fresh needleful is begun with only a knot, the knot is very apt to work through to the right side after a time; it is, therefore, best to run under a few stitches at the back before beginning, or else to pass the needle through the knot after doing the first half stitch. The fastening off must also be carefully attended to.

Without the worker can work very evenly (in which case it may be done on the hand), hem the canvas and stretch it in an embroidery frame.

It is, perhaps, the best way to trace out the pattern by putting in all the darkest shade of geranium first.

When the slippers are worked, the appearance may be improved by stretching and damping. Nail the canvas out, quite tight, on a board, with the wrong side upwards, and damp the back of the work. Let it dry thoroughly before it is removed from the board.

The same pattern on coarser canvas is very pretty for ottomans, stools, or chair cushions.

## PHONETIC LITERATURE.

We briefly noticed in our last number some of the works lately published by Dr. Comstock, the champion of a new mode of orthography, and the originator, we believe, of "A System of Vocal Gymnastics." We are not sufficiently instructed in these novelties of knowledge to decide on their merits; but if there are real advantages to be obtained, we hope they will be successful. A "Perfect Alphabet" is certainly to be desired, and, as our readers will doubtless be gratified to see one claiming that high distinction, we give this "Phonetic Alphabet," and also a poem in the new letters and orthography.

# A Perfect Alphabet of the English Language,

BY ANDREW COMSTOCK, M.D.

In the following Table there is a character for each of the 36 elementary sounds of the English Language. For the sake of brevity, there are also 6 compound letters, each to be used, in particular instances, to represent two elementary sounds.

THE 38 SIMPLE LETTERS.																									
13 Vowels.					14 Subvowels.					9 Aspirates.															
E e	a	ale	B b	bow	P p	pit	A a	T t	tin	C c	shade	F f	s	sin	K k	kite	S s	fame	Θ θ	thin	H h	hut	Q q	what	
Q o	o	all	J j	azure	D d	day	T t	tin	C c	shade	F f	s	sin	K k	kite	S s	fame	Θ θ	thin	H h	hut	Q q	what		
A a	a	an	G g	gay	D d	day	J j	azure	D d	day	F f	s	sin	K k	kite	S s	fame	Θ θ	thin	H h	hut	Q q	what		
X x	e	eve	Z z	zelo	G g	gay	V v	vine	F f	s	sin	Δ δ	then	L l	light	R r	roll	M m	met	N n	no	song	W w	wo	yoke
I i	i	idle	Δ δ	then	L l	light	R r	roll	M m	met	N n	no	song	W w	wo	yoke	Φ φ	out							
I i	i	in	Ω ω	old	Ξ ξ	lose	Λ λ	tube	U u	up	U u	fall	Φ φ	out											
Ω ω	old	Ξ ξ	lose	Λ λ	tube	U u	up	U u	fall	Φ φ	out														
U u	up	U u	fall	Φ φ	out																				
Φ φ	out																								

THE 6 COMPOUND LETTERS.					
α α	oil	Δ δ	job	U u	each
ε ε	air	ξ ξ	tugs	X x	oaks

Ω SPØR MI FLØURZ!

Ω spør mi flgurz ! ðe brúful,  
 Fær ðáðren ov ðx urð,  
 Fær ðe luk up sœ gretful  
 Tæ ðank mx for ðer burð ;  
 And gausli ðe on mx smil,  
 And qispur wurdz ov blis ;  
 And ðen sœ veru frx from gil,  
 Skers sit for wurdiz lik ðis—  
 Ω spør mi flgurz !

Ω spor ðem! for I'v nurret ðem  
 Wið tendurnes and kór,  
 And cxided from ðs rúðles storm,  
 And from ðs éla or;  
 And ðe xpe ðe fevurð cœn,  
 Wið mæzik swxt and lœ,  
 Hurd œnla bi ðe rapærxð xrx  
 Ðæt *flœral* langwið nœ—  
 Ω spor mi flœurz!

Ω spør ðem! for ðe'r gjenurus;  
 Æ ne'ur xpe wið het,  
 Nor wend ðe hart ðat luvz ðem mœst,  
 Wið fxljz ov angret.  
 Μιχαηλs ðat engelz strod ðem hxr,  
 Ts ðr ðis hœm ov ðeð,  
 And giv a fœrtest ov ðe skiz,  
 Qen wx anhel ðor bræð—  
 Ω spør mi flœur!

Ω spær ðem! for ðe'r delikat,  
 And nxd a hand ov kær  
 Tø wxd, and wotur, and transplant,  
 And tempur stil ðx or;  
 Sæ tren ðem in a frendli we,  
 Lik ðunx ov mortal kind;  
 I ðxm swxt flqurx *imortal* ðunx!  
 ðær ødur iz ðær mind—  
 Ω spær mi flqurx!

**M. L. O.**

## O SPARE MY FLOWERS!

O spare my flowers! the beautiful,  
Fair children of the earth,  
For they look up so gratefully,  
To thank me for their birth;  
And joyously they on me smile,  
And whisper words of bliss;  
And then so very free from guile,  
Scarce fit for worlds like this—  
O spare my flowers!

O spare them! for I've nourished them  
With tenderness and care,  
And shielded from the ruthless storm,  
And from the chilly air;  
And they repay the favors shown,  
With music sweet and low,  
Heard only by the raptured ears  
That *floral* language know—  
O spare my flowers!

O spare them! for they're generous;  
They ne'er repay with hate,  
Nor wound the heart that loves them most,  
With feelings of ingrate.  
Methinks that *angels* strewed them here,  
To cheer this home of death,  
And give a foretaste of the skies,  
When we inhale their breath—  
O spare my flowers!

O spare them! for they're delicate,  
And need a hand of care  
To weed, and water, and transplant,  
And temper still the air;  
So train them in a friendly way,  
Like things of mortal kind;  
I deem sweet flowers *immortal* things!  
Their odor is their mind—  
O spare my flowers!

**M. L. O.**

## THE FINE ARTS.

WITH the rapidly progressive advances towards perfection, which are perceptible in many of the departments of the Fine Arts, and the gratifying results arising therefrom: it is a matter of surprise that more attention has not been paid to the nature of the material by our artists, who are employed in designing for the useful and effective art of Wood Engraving. An art which is capable of producing the most brilliant and decided effects of light and shade, and from its peculiar adaptation to facility of printing, is fast becoming one of the most popular mediums of embellishment. The softness and beauty of the aerial perspective in engravings upon copperplate or steel can never be rivaled by those upon wood, yet for strength and power of effect, for great depth of *chiaro oscuro*, it possesses high qualifications, and would, but for the etching style of many of our designers, produce pictures more pleasing to those who are fond of evenness of finish and truth to nature.

In copperplate engraving, from the peculiar nature of the material used, it is necessary to "cross-hatch" the lines, in order to produce the depth of tone requisite for the desired effect, and, therefore, cannot be dispensed with; but in wood engraving "cross-hatching" is not requisite; the depth of black required can be produced without it, and its use is a perversion of the means which are at the disposal of the designer. The same is the case with etchings, the depth of shade in the backgrounds and over the picture could only be produced by crossing the lines, and as etchers were compelled to use them, they did so. That style of embellishment, through the superior execution of Cruikshanks, Seymour, Phiz, and Leech, has been very popular of late years, which popularity may perhaps afford a key to the style of our designers of the present day, who are induced by it to an imitation which deprives the art of wood engraving of its chief beauty. No gentleman of taste, we opine,

would consider himself flattered by a representation of his parlor, in which the background was embellished with an imitation of the web spinning vagaries of assiduous spiders; nor would any one of correct taste wish to see a picture made to represent in effect the one produced by Vulcan when he encompassed the guilty lovers with his wiry net. Yet we see these effects constantly introduced.

Our designers do not seem to understand the nature of the effects that can be produced upon wood; they have apparently no desire to preserve for that material that peculiarity of effect which belongs to it. They prefer rather to imitate the etching style of copper, and produce unnatural pictures, than to give them that smoothness which can be produced upon wood, and no other material. W. Harvey, who ranks as the best designer upon wood, perhaps in the world, and who was a pupil of both Haydon, the painter, and Bewick, the pioneer of the present excellence of wood engraving, very seldom used the cross lines in his backgrounds. It is true, he illustrated a History of Wines in the "cross-hatching" style, proof impressions of which cuts we have before us, but he abandoned it as unsuited to the material. S. Williams also, who was the first to give to this branch of the arts, that exclusiveness of effect so peculiar to it, has given to the world some magnificent specimens of his skill as an engraver. An instance nearer home can be cited in the marginal illustrations of "Harper's Illustrated Bible," engraved by the best wood engraver we have in the country, the effects in all of the backgrounds of which are produced without crossing the lines. Let our designers leave cross-hatched backgrounds to the etcher, and give to wood its legitimate effects; and the lovers of that style of embellishment will be charmed with the change, and be enabled to have a correct appreciation of the beauties of engravings upon wood.

C. T. H.

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## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth nor power,  
Can give the heart a cheerful hour  
When health is lost.—Gay.

Grace was in all her steps.—Milton.

DAILY exercise in the open air is absolutely indispensable to health and beauty. American ladies are not good walkers, simply because they do not practice walking. Many confine themselves at home during the long winters, keeping close in their heated rooms. Of course, debility ensues, nervousness and loss of all bloom as well as sprightliness. The eye becomes dull, the step feeble or loitering, and when such inanimate beings go abroad, they appear to see nothing and care for nothing except to finish their task of walking and reach home.

How different from this is the practice of the blooming, healthful Englishwoman—but we will let a physician speak on this point.

"The striking contrast between English ladies, opposed to the French and American, and, in fact, nearly all other ladies in the world, is owing to out-door exercise taken daily—scarcely any weather prevents it. Should the weather be very inclement, exercise is taken within doors. In stormy weather, the Queen of England daily takes exercise, by riding or walking in covered buildings, or terraces, &c., never omitting exercise any day of the year for herself or children. The ladies of England usually enjoy brilliant health. The very greatness of England is intimately connected with the out-door exercise of their females—for a fine race of healthy children is impossible when the mothers are effeminate and take no exercise, or but little. In our country, many ladies exercise and go out in summer and in the beautiful weather of autumn, that in this country is unsurpassed by any, and so gather a few roses on their cheeks, but the cold, bad weather of our late autumn usually

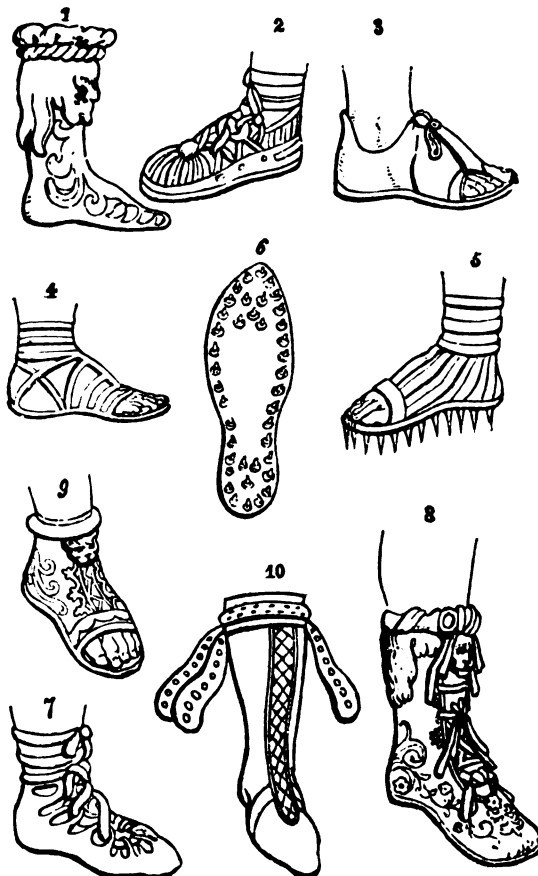


drives them in, not often to be seen out again until spring. No health can be supported under this want of exercise. Every lady should go out every day. Should the weather by its inclemency forbid it, then she should walk or exercise on a balcony open to the air, should this be at her command—walking one or two hours. Exercise should be taken to the point of considerable fatigue. It is better to ride or walk in the open air, in the country or city, where the eye is refreshed and the mind delighted, than to walk in a room without these. It is also vastly better to walk and take exercise in company than alone. It is better for health not to be solitary. But—either with or without society—take exercise. Gardening and tending flowers is a pleasant and engaging exercise to some. Jumping the rope is a very pleasant exercise both for symmetry and health. Dancing is the king and queen of in-door exercise; it is suitable for all classes, all ages, both sexes. It is a most elegant and most exhilarating exercise. It is one of the most ancient and one of the most salutary. I do not speak of it as a dissipation, but as an exhilarating and valuable exercise. Among the exercises, it is second to none. It is extremely suitable for the sedentary, for invalids and for consumptives. I have known one of the worst cases of consumption I ever saw cured by dancing alone, practiced daily for many months. The cure was permanent and complete."

Ladies cannot walk gracefully or with pleasure to themselves unless they have handsome feet and easy shoes. It is impossible to imitate the heroine of Milton while the toes are covered with corns and squeezed into an ill-fitting shoe that makes every step like the penance of dried peas. We are glad, therefore, to find this subject treated scientifically, as it is in a work\* lately published, and shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to lay before our readers the gist of the information concerning our sex. Before doing this, however, we will let them have a peep at the fashions of the republicans of the Old World, whose tread shook the earth till all nations were humbled at their feet. The Roman ladies must have been perfect in health and beauty to have been mothers of such men. We shall see, from this engraving, that with the ancient Romans the coverings for the feet assumed their most elegant forms, yet in no instance does the comfort of the wearer appear to have been sacrificed or the natural play of the foot interfered with—that was reserved for the "march-of-intellect" days, as though people could not be allowed the freedom of heads and feet at the same time. But here is the picture

No. 1 is a side view of the cothurnus or boot of the highest kind, reaching to the knee and fitting the leg as

\* See "The Book of the Feet."



closely as possible; it was made of skin, dyed purple or some gay color, and the head and paws of the animal were allowed to hang around the boot as ornaments. These were worn by the patricians. *Figure 2* delineates the shoe or sandal worn by the people of ancient Rome. *Fig. 3* is another fashion, where the toes were entirely uncovered. None but those who had served in the office of edile were allowed to wear red shoes. *Fig. 4* is the usual sandal of the Roman soldier, but when on rugged marches or about to attack a hill fort, they wore a sandal shod with iron spikes, like *fig. 5*: at other times the soles were covered with nails, as at *fig. 6*, and the shoe itself to which this sole was attached is *fig. 7*. The boot was an insignia of rank and office, and a specimen of these may be seen in *figs. 8 and 9*. The Dacians wore a laced boot, *fig. 10*. No drawing is here given of the shoes for females, but as the Emperor Aurelian forbade men to wear red, yellow, white or green shoes, permitting them to be worn by women only, we conclude that the Roman ladies did not lack pretty as well as comfortable coverings for their feet.

Leaving the old Romans and their easy sandals, we turn to the present time, with its cramping fashions, and will quote from the work in question.

"That any form of boot or shoe should have interfered with the beauty of the human foot and its elastic tread, is much to be lamented. The sculptures of antiquity all show great symmetry and beauty of form, whether in the male or female foot: the plump, rounded, and truly natural shape of the feet of the Venus de Medici, has excited the admiration of every one who ever looked at that beautiful statue.

"Poets in all ages have been lavish in their praises of the 'human foot divine,' and a volume of extracts might be made on the poetry of the feet. Ben Jonson describes a lover whose affection for his mistress was so great that he—

"—— would adore the shoe,  
And slipper was left off, and kiss it too."

And again—

"And where she went the flowers took thickest root,  
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot."

"Butler, too, has the same springing up of flowers in his Hudibras—

"Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The primrose and the violet."

"In an anonymous volume of poems printed in 1653, the writer being cotemporary with Butler, we find the following beautiful sentiment—

"How her feet tempt; how soft and light she treads,  
Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds:  
Yet from their sweet green pillows every where,  
They start and gaze about to see my fair."

"Very beautiful also is the following, from one of our old poets. The words are given entire in Wilson's 'Cheerful Ayres for three Voices.' Who could do any harm to so beautiful a part of the human frame?

"Doe not feare to put thy feet  
Naked in the river sweet;  
Think not newt, nor leech, nor toade,  
Will bite thy foot where thou hast trode."

"These pretty allusions to pretty feet might be multiplied to a great extent; they will, however, suffice to

show the homage paid by all true poets to these useful and beautiful members.

"I come now to the more practical part of the subject, and will, to the best of my ability, say a few words to the ladies respecting boots and shoes of the present day. I am of opinion that the best coverings for the feet are boots; not only do they look neat and tidy, but the general and gradual support they give all over the feet and ankles, induces strength and gives tone to the veins and muscles. Shoes, on the contrary, and especially long-quartered ones, require a great effort from the muscles to be kept on, and this, when long applied, tires and weakens. The lace and button boots usually worn need not be described; they are very good and suitable to most feet, and, if cut well and lasted properly, generally give comfort and satisfaction. The trouble, however, of lacing and unlacing, the tag coming off, the button breaking or the shank hurting, the holes soon wearing out, and many other little annoyances, have all been experienced as *bored* by thousands who have worn that kind of boot.

"About ten years since I first thought of an elastic boot, that might possibly remedy in a great measure all these minor evils, and combine many advantages never possessed by any former boot. My first experiments were a failure, as the manufacture of elastic materials was not so perfect as it is at the present period, and the necessary elasticity could not be gained in any material I could meet with. The difficulty was to get an India-rubber web so elastic that the boot would go on and off, and yet not so soft and yielding as that it would not return again to its original form—my object being not only

"That these rude men may utterly  
Marvel, with they sit so plain,  
How they come on and off again,"

but that they should 'sit plain' and 'fit fetously' as well after they were on.

"After several experiments in wire and India-rubber, I succeeded in getting the exact elasticity required, and subsequent improvements in materials and workmanship, have combined to make the elastic boot the most perfect thing of its kind.



"I am indebted to the Countess of Blessington and Lady Charlotte Bacon for some of the earliest hints and suggestions for its improvement; also to Mrs. S. C. Hall, the Baroness de Calabrella, and other ladies of literary fame, who were among the first to patronize the invention. One of my earliest customers, a lady of great originality of thought and expression, first induced me to make it an article of universal sale, by saying—'These boots are the comfort of my life: if you were only to give them a sounding name—if you like, call them *lasy boots* and turn it into *Greek*—all the world will buy them, and you'll make your fortune.'

"For many years I have scarcely made any other kind of boots but the elastic—but I have not made a fortune. I am happy, however, if in any way I have con-

tributed to the comfort of my fellow-creatures or been instrumental in affording employment to my own countrymen.

"Her majesty has been pleased to honor the invention with the most marked and continued patronage. It has been my privilege for some years to make boots of this kind for her majesty, and no one who reads the court circular or is acquainted with her majesty's habits of walking and exercise in the open air, can doubt the superior claims of the elastic over every other kind of boots. It has been well remarked—'the road to health is a footpath.'

"The materials for making ladies' boots have been various—the best, of course, have been those which combine strength with a thin, delicate texture. For strong double or cork sole boots, cloth, kerseymer or cashmere—for single sole, summer or dress boots, silk, satin, and an improved prunella with a twilled silk back, is best.

"The leather best adapted for ladies' boots is morocco or goat-skin, which, when properly dressed, is sufficiently strong and durable—kid being the skin of the young goat, is naturally finer and more delicate; the enamel or varnish leather, commonly called *patent*, is also very suitable, and being made of calf-skin, is strong. For the little toecaps and golasches of ladies boots it answers admirably, and as it requires no cleaning, always looks well, and the upper part of the boot is kept clean and tidy.

"*Stockings, washing the feet, &c.*—Much more of comfort to the feet depends on the stockings than people are aware of; nothing can be worse than a stocking too large or too small—the more common case is its largeness; and when I see a cotton or thread stocking tucked under at the toe, and by the perspiration of the foot and the tread become quite hard and compact, a hard ridge of a seam pressing on the toes, which show the marks produced by the pressure all over the surface, I wonder how persons can expect comfort. The best stockings for general wear are those made of lamb's wool, vicon a and Shetland knit. Persons, however, who do not use much exercise may indulge in a silk stocking; ladies will not only find this the most elegant of all coverings for the feet, but at the same time far more comfortable than either cotton or linen. If the best silk is considered too expensive, then a thick spun silk is a good substitute. Let the feet be bathed at least three times a week in tepid or cold water."

And now, having shown the benefits of walking and the best fashions and materials for shoes, &c., we trust our readers will immediately put in practice these hints on the attainment of health and beauty. The preservation of these even to old age are to a great degree within our own power. American girls, even Mrs. Trollope admits, are "almost always pretty," but they fade early in consequence of not taking proper care of themselves.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"THERE is seldom anything more delusive than the tranquillity which men, harassed by business, are apt to imagine in the family circle. They see everything outwardly smooth—no sighs, no complaints; or, if there is an occasional cloud, they are too little acquainted with the different shades of character, even of those most nearly connected with them, to be aware of it. And as it is in the short intervals they are allowed to pass with those they love, so they imagine it must be always. They think that where the strife of the world is not heard, there every other strife must be excluded;—and yet, in that orderly household, in that cheerful society, there is fought, hour by hour, the great battle of good and evil, as constantly, as vigorously, with as many hopes and fears, and alternations of victory and defeat, as when men meet in the senate-house, or the market—or mingle in the most crowded haunts of their fellow beings."

So writes an author, whose perception of character seems to have been acquired by patient observation, and the justness of whose remarks the universal heart of woman will corroborate. "The Battle of Life" is going on everywhere around us, and in our own hearts and homes: none are exempt from the conflict; and the true wisdom is to be so prepared that we can do, each one of us, our own part truly, faithfully, and nobly. For this the mind must be disciplined as well as cultivated; and the feelings must be kept in subordination to duty. Did you ever know a romantic lady, who read only novels, or a fashionable one, whose whole thought was given to dress, who was happy in her home, and made her home the place of happiness for her family? It is in reference to this needed discipline of mind and heart

that we think attention to the character of the books read by ladies is so very essential. They cannot learn wisdom by mingling with the world, and yet they require as much as the other sex to guide their way. In looking over the list already named, we find a deficiency in some important departments and this month shall name a few of those authors, whose works are a guide in mental and moral science in the

COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES.—As the moral should, in our sex assuredly, always have preeminence, we will begin with "Abercrombie's Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and "Dymond's Essays on the Principles of Morality," or "Whewell's Elements of Morality." "Combe's Phrenology," and also his "Constitution of Man," should be studied;—and "Dentley's Philosophy of Mystery" will free the mind from many wild and extravagant fancies. The "Essays" of Bacon and Locke (in one volume), furnish thoughts of inestimable value; Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," and Alison's "On Taste," may have been studied at school; if not, these should be carefully read. There is also a book, "Brigham on Mental Excitement and Cultivation," we would commend to our readers; and another work—"Self-Formation; or, the History of an Individual Mind," lately reprinted here from the London edition, that will richly repay a careful perusal.

The "Natural Sciences" are not always, indeed, very rarely made studies, by young ladies, but the histories of these, if read attentively, will give much interesting and useful information, and furnish the mother topics of important and amusing conversation with her children. Books on these subjects are now

prepared for the popular mind; and some of these are very interesting, as well as useful; such as "Bell's Mechanism of the Hand,"—Euler's "Letters on Natural Philosophy;" Olmstead's "Letters on Astronomy;" Combe's "Principles of Physiology;" "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons;" Lee's "Elements of Geology;" and "Vegetable Substances used as the Food of Man." Many other books may be read advantageously; and Mudie's "Guide to the Observation of Nature" should be one of the first; it teaches not only how to observe, but what is more necessary often, it awakens the faculty or taste for observation that may have lain dormant in the mind. When this is aroused, works on all the subjects of Natural history will be sought; and, in our age, and country of books, may be easily found.

We have named reading sufficient for the month; our next list will comprise chiefly those written by ladies.

The following beautiful lines are from Metastasio's *Artaserse*. We would be obliged to any of our fair correspondents for a translation, the best of which we will publish.

L'onda del mar divisa  
Bagna la valle e'l monte;  
Va passeggera  
In fume,  
Va prigionera  
In fonte,  
Mormora sempre e geme,  
Fin che non torna al mar:  
Al mar dov' ella nacque,  
Dove acquistò gli umori,  
Dove da' lunghi errori  
Spera di riposar.

#### LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

THANK you, friend Godey, for having noticed my suggestion! I think that any of your readers will be pleased to hear an occasional expression one from another upon their common dish of dainties. And although that expression may be humble, if it be honest, and given in kindness, it will not be all ungrateful to your contributors, unless I mistake their natures. To be sure, they are paid for the offerings which they bring, both in cash received at your hands, and in coronals which the delicate fingers of newspaper-printers twine for them, from branches that wave on Parnassus; yet a gentle word now and then spoken by a reader, methinks, must give their gold a richer gilding, and make their garlands greener.

"Course of Reading for Ladies"—I am glad to see this in your Book, Mr. Godey; and, Mrs. Hale. (I suppose,) your remarks upon it appear to me to be very nearly of the right sort. Especially do I like the idea expressed by yourself, and the "pious English writer," that light, fanciful reading is the kind for the young. It is an idea that has hardly ever been adventured, I believe; but certainly it has its foundation in reason, else there is no reason in giving light food to nourish the infant body. The tender mind as well, requires soft nourishment.

Then, first in the "Course of Reading for Ladies," and gentlemen, too, I think, should come pleasantly written, not immoral stories, and poems of fancy, and humor. I venture to assert it as my opinion that their place is before even that of the Bible. Through their genial influence the intellect would become expanded and the affections stirred—thus fitting it for a better understanding, and a more loving reception of its truths. Such does the Lady's Book present, which is well; but not such alone, which is well again. No, Mr. Godey, you are the organ of no "one-idea junto," as the politicians say, but the

representative instead of a very accommodating fraternity. You talk most pleasantly to the girls and boys—you utter sweet accents to hearts that have just strained their strings, waiting to murmur musically to the first sighings of love—the old and care-burdened you change to merry youths again—to the utilitarian you furnish matter to be mixed with the matter of his mind—for the spirit that, borne down by the dull atmosphere which earth's creatures have exhaled, is yearning towards the dreamy clime, you breathe a spirit that aids its flight. In short, my dear sir, you give us a most excellent family magazine—and I recommend that if there chance to be in any family a current three dollar bank note for which can be found no use, it be forthwith forwarded to Publishers' Hall, No. 101 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in exchange for that same.

"Mr. Dewlittle"—that is to say, H. Hastings Weld,—"how do ye dew!" In truth, I am gratified to meet with your amusing, but really sensible, stories in "Godey." I remember with pleasure, and thankfully, The Saturday Evening Post during your editorship of it. May other Ephraims be so lucky as to have you tell their fortunes; and "may I be there to hear."

Mr. Paulding, too, with whom I first became acquainted in "Graham."—I am glad to see you one of our contributors. The matter you give us is now and then a little heavy withal; but this is an evidence that it is something besides water—I don't believe it will have all evaporated in the next age.

Arthur, Herbert, Simms, Tuckerman, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Gould, Miss Leslie, old friends and pleasant, I bid you welcome. May beams from the Sun of Heaven fall within your hearts—may rays from out those hearts radiate to us yet more abundantly!—By the way, Mr. Godey, I am pleased to see a portrait of Mrs. Ellet; and I think you would do well to give portraits and biographies of all your permanent contributors. To my mind, "Graham" lost its principal attraction when its series was discontinued.

Cuyler, Kirkland, Miss Gardiner, Miss Pratt, Grace Greenwood, and many another, unknown to me before I knew "Godey," a year ago—yet none the less friends!—welcome also. Cuyler and Kirkland, your sayings echo like strokes upon a sound oak; but I'm a little inclined to find fault with you both, and that—because you don't "say" half enough. You should each of you furnish us with an occasional essay or critique. There are touches of beauty of very nearly the true composition for poetry in your "Pleurs," and your "Vesper Chime," Miss Gardiner—so, Miss Pratt, are there in your "Last Words to the Dead." To express the character of such things as "My First Hunting and Fishing," nothing is needed other than its author's name, (is it a real or only a magazine name?)—it could come from no other source than a *Graceful Greenwood*—a sugar-maple of second growth in the leafy time of May.

Mr. John Ross Dix, there is a mingling of the humorous and the thoughtful in your "Saturday Evening," which causes it to drip to the very centre chamber of the heart. Are you the author of the Pen and Ink Sketches and "Etchings in England," which have appeared in The Boston Atlas? If so, it seems to me that you ought to etch for us.—Don't you think, Mr. Godey, that your Book would be improved with a Foreign Correspondence, such as the Pen and Ink Sketcher could furnish, if he pleased, something of a kind with that upon journalism in Paris, being given by The Saturday Courier?

"Our Artists"—who are you? One that sees with the vision, and speaks with the voice of an oracle; whether president of a college, or a peddler of tin tea spoons, and wooden nutmegs. Your papers, aside from their merit as biographies, are most valuable for the ideas which

they give upon Literature and Art. They are genuine. They bear the government stamp—perhaps I am wrong in thus declaring. I correct myself so far as to say that they are of what should be the government stamp. You talk of poetry like a poet, and like a true critic—which you are, a comprehensive one, such as Miss Fuller speaks of, who, with a soul all wrapped in the glory of “Indian Summers,” and “Italian Skies,” can yet look forth upon the calmer, colder world, and see beauty for the sake of others having eyes less spiritual than his own. Mr Godey, in my estimation, “Our Artists” thus far, is the best thing that you have given for the year. I hope there is enough of the same to last during a year to come.

Mr. Poe—the idea touching the subject of plagiarism, which you have expressed in your “opinions” of Aldrich, is mine also. “What the poet admires *does* become a portion of his own soul,” whether he find it in a book by a brother, or father poet, or in the volume of nature. “His imagination can only combine,” and his productions, however much of originality they may seem to possess, will be but reproductions. Fortunate for him if he reproduce from the Genius who has written the poetry of the “Flying Spheres”—I like your division of intellect, mind, or whatever it may be, into imagination, fancy, fantasy, and humor. Properly attended to it will save a good deal of misconception. From among your poems, I select “The Raven” as a specimen of the fanciful in its general tone, though occasionally pretty closely verging upon the fantastical, and though in many parts it breathes the pure imagination. Among the others are “The Lake—To,—” “The Valley of Unrest,” “The Sleeper,” which I should put down as especially imaginative. The first mentioned strikes me the most favorably of any of your youthful pieces, considering its length. “The Sleeper” inspires me beyond almost any thing I have ever read. It seems the very breathing of a soul from out the ethereal world. But I shouldn’t much sooner think of telling wherein lies its beauty, than of telling in what consists that of ocean murmurs, or of the sighing of the wind among pine leaves: or of “the last quiver of a bell that fades into the air with a

subsiding swell, and dies, we know not where.” There is beauty, to me, in these. Indeed, it appears to me that in the sad, the dreamy, the vague, the far-away-seeming—as if just passing the confines of earth to lose itself in Heaven—it appears to me that in such alone can be found the beauty with which the true poetry has to do. I think it must be this kind of beauty which you refer to when you say that the sole object of the poem is the creation of beauty. I like this definition of poetry the best of any I have ever seen; still I think it not just the one we ought to have. It is too broad. It cannot be generally comprehended—or, better, it comprehends too much, regarded by the intellect of the multitude. They would lay claim to the divine title on the production of mere earthly beauty, that of an elegantly fitting coat, or a pretty doll. It seems not to comprehend enough, looked at with the mind’s eye of Mr. Lowell. (Biographical notice of yourself in “Graham,” in which he disagrees with you somewhat, and tells something about the Temple of the God of Song being equally accessible from every side, &c.) If he understood it as I think you intended it to be understood, he would find all embraced that he would be willing to call poetry. Whatever has power to stir the soul, (not the intellect, nor the passion)—whether it be a song or a prayer, or the whispering of spirits in a sea-shell—is pure beauty. This beauty is the essence in poetry—it is the quintessence of religion. Therefore “ye are my witnesses,” ye, the poets—witnesses, that there is something of me besides this clay which is but part of the gross earth that we tread upon—witnesses, that I have a nature fairer and finer, kindred with the natures away in a far-off, beautiful land.

You, friend Poe, are the chief of those witnesses—Lowell and T. Buchanan Read. I regard as the next best. A benison on you—and may many a benison, in the shape of a poem, from each of you be upon me!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted:—“To my Friend”—“The Character and Destiny of Rachel, and her Descendants”—“Sunset on the Sea”—“Sadness.”

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

T. B. PETERSON has published at his Establishment, No. 95 Chestnut street, the following works:

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN A. MURREL, the Great Western Land Pirate—with twenty-two elegant and spirited engravings. A very exciting narrative. Price 25 cents.

NORTH AMERICAN SCENERY, No. 6—containing 4 engravings of views beautifully got up, and well edited by John Keese, Esq. Price 25 cents.

THE ARCHITECT, No. 8—A Series of Original Designs for Domestic and Ornamental Cottages—connected with Landscape Gardening. A superior work. Price 50 cents.

THE COUNT OF MORION; or, *Woman's Revenge*—translated from the French of Frederick Soulie.

THE DOWERLESS; or, *The Last Will*—A novel by Madam Charles Reybaud. Price 25 cents.—This lady stands very high amongst the Literati of France, and the present work is of a very interesting character.

NEUROPATHY; or, The True Principles of the Art of Healing the Sick. Being an explanation of the action of galvanism, electricity, and magnetism, in the cure of

disease. By Frederick Hollick, M. D. Paper cover, price 25 cents.

OUTLINES OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY—by Frederick Hollick, M. D.

HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN—from the time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VII. Composed from the original documents of the archives of the Supreme Council, and from those of subordinate Tribunals of the Holy Office. By D. Juan Antonio Lorente, formerly secretary of the Inquisition. One volume, octavo, 208 pages—Half cloth, 50 cents; paper cover 37½ cents.

LIEBIG'S AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; or, *Chemistry in its application to Agriculture and Physiology*. By Justus Liebig, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen, etc. etc., one volume, octavo, paper cover, price 25 cents.

LIEBIG'S ANIMAL CHEMISTRY; or, *Organic Chemistry*, in its application to Physiology and Pathology. By Professor Justus Liebig. One volume, octavo, paper cover, price 25 cents.

An edition of Professor Liebig's two works, *Agricultural*

tural and Animal Chemistry, is also issued, neatly bound together, in one large volume, octavo, price 62½ cents.

**FLIRTATION, A STORY OF THE HEART.** By Lady Charlotte Bury, author of "The Divorced," etc. etc. This work should be read by every unmarried person in the land. The awful consequences of flirting are here vividly portrayed. One volume, octavo, paper cover, price 25 cents.

**THE DIVORCED; Founded on Facts in Real Life.** By Lady Charlotte Bury, author of "Flirtation," etc. etc. It is decidedly one of the most useful works, as a lesson to the young, ever issued from the press. One volume, octavo, paper cover, price 25 cents.

**ABBEY OF INNISMOYLE.** A story of another century. By the author of "Father Clement," cloth, 37½ cents; paper cover, 25 cents.

**A NARRATIVE OF THE INIQUITIES AND BARBARITIES PRACTISED AT ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.** By Raffaele Ciocci, formerly a Benedictine and Cistercian Monk. With an American Introductory Notice. Price 25 cents.

**SPIRITUAL DIRECTION, AND AURICULAR CONFESSION:** their history, theory and consequences. Being a translation of "Du Pretre, De la Femme, De la Famille." By M. Michelet. Price 37½ cents—cloth, 50 cents.

**FATHER CLEMENT, A ROMAN CATHOLIC STORY.** By the author of "Abbey of Innismoyle," "The Decision." Paper cover, price 25 cents.

**DE CORMENIN'S HISTORY OF THE POPES—THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE POPES OF ROME.**—from the earliest period to the present time—including *The History of Saints, Martyrs, Fathers of the Church, Religious Orders, Cardinals, Inquisitions, Schisms, and the Great Reformers.* By Louis Marie De Cormenin. Translated from the French; and embellished with sixteen superbly colored engravings of Pope, Cardinals, etc. in full costume. Making two large octavo volumes, of five hundred pages each, handsomely bound. Price five dollars—An edition is also issued—the whole bound in one volume, without the engravings—price three dollars.

Any of the above works, neatly bound in paper covers, can be sent by mail to any part of the United States at a trifling expense for postage.

**NEW ILLUSTRATED JOSEPHUS.** Part 1. Harper & Brothers. The Messrs. Harper have commenced the publication of this very useful work in a form that will give satisfaction to everybody; fine, white paper; a clear beautiful type and splendid embellishments. This number contains five engravings.

**THE INHERITANCE.** Parts 1 and 2. By Miss S. Ferrier. Harper & Brothers. When we say that this novel is only second to Marriage, noticed in our last, we accord it high praise. It is a very pleasant work.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** No. 24. Harpers & Brothers. This number contains seven engravings, among which are three heads of Charles I. by Vandyke. The letter press brings the History down to the time of Charles I. We think there never has been a more correct and beautiful edition of the History of England published.

All of the above can be had of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner Fourth and Chestnut street.

**WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS.** By Headley. Baker & Scribner, New York. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. This we think by far the best book yet written on this never tiring subject. Mr. Headley has entered upon the task with a feeling that the subject would naturally inspire, and that inspiration is shown upon every page. Every family should have it, and every person should read it. The work is well printed, and beautifully got up.

**TALES FOR THE RICH AND POOR.** Baker & Scribner, New York. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. A very agreeable little work, and well suited at the present time to the meridian of England and Ireland.

**THE LOVER'S PILGRIMAGE, AND A TRIAL OF AFFECTION.**—by Mrs. Silver. Freeman & Bolles, Boston. We have not for a long time perused a book with the same satisfaction, that we experienced in reading this little volume. It is a perfect gem.

**CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.** Zieber & Co., Nos. 13 & 14, Philadelphia. This work increases in interest as it progresses. It treats of all subjects in a clear and explanatory manner. The illustrations are well designed and executed.

**THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK.**—by W. A. Titmarsh. Berford & Co., New York. Who is there that does not remember "The Yellow Plush Correspondence" by Mr. Titmarsh? The present work is in a different vein, giving the lights and shades of Irish life—the grave, the gay, domestic and scenic; the gay, however, predominating. It is full of ripe Irish fun—quite equal to Lever or Lover. It abounds with engravings. Berford & Co. have made a great hit in their initial publication. Peterson, 95 Chestnut st., has it for sale.

**THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.**—by Douglas Jerrold. Burgess, Stringer & Co., New York. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. This is a powerfully written work, somewhat in the Dumas and Sue vein. We expected a great book from Jerrold, when we saw this work announced, and we have not been disappointed—notwithstanding one of its titles, the work is chastely written. The comparison between these two extremes of life in London, is admirably given. The style is dramatic; and we suppose, ere this, it is on the boards of most of the minor theatres in London. The book, however, has one defect—it rivets the attention too much, for when once commenced, you must conclude it before laying it aside.

**GEORGE; OR, THE PLANTER OF THE ISLE OF FRANCE.**—by Alexander Dumas. Burgess, Stringer & Co., New York. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. This is a Tale of the land and sea, and we find the author quite as much at home on the latter as the former. The work possesses all the absorbing interest of Dumas, and we do not find any falling off, either in incident or narrative, that we would suppose must naturally follow the wear and tear of mind of one that writes so much,—on the contrary, every succeeding work by Dumas seems to increase in interest. How this gentleman finds time to write, travel, attend to law-suits, and manage a theatre—this last enough to occupy any person twenty out of the twenty-four hours—is a secret that we long to be possessed of.

**MACHBETH TRAVESTIE—THE INVISIBLE PRINCE—HIS LAST LEGS—THE DEAD SHOT—THE LOAN OF A LOVER—HOW TO PAY THE RENT—BOOTS AT THE SWAN—THE IRISH ATTORNEY:** are the titles of seven numbers of the Minor-Drama, just received from the publishers, Messrs. Berford & Co., No. 2 Astor House, New York. They are prettily printed, and have all the stage-business, cast of characters, costumes, &c. Each number, also, contains an engraving. S. G. Sherman, Hart's Building, is the Philadelphia agent.

**MODERN STANDARD DRAMA,** edited by Epes Sargent, Esq. Berford & Co., 2 Astor House, New York. We have received from the enterprising publishers vols. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 of this work, elegantly bound. This is the finest edition of plays ever produced in this country. The best Modern Dramas are all comprised in this edition, also the best of the ancient ones. When we mention such plays as "Richelieu," "King of the Commons,"

"*Virginius*," "*The Hunchback*," "*Love's Sacrifice*," "*Money*," "*The Lady of Lyons*," "*Fazio*," "*Ion*," "*The Wife*," "*Feudal Times*," etc. our readers will perceive that great taste and judgment have been displayed by the editor, than whom no person can be more competent for the task. Why do we not have the editor's own beautiful play of "*Velasco*?" Berlioz & Co. have been but a short time in business in New York, but we predict for them an eminent stand among the publishers of that city.

**PORTRAIT OF GENERAL TAYLOR.** Colored. Life size. T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut st. We have received the above from the publisher with the certificate of several officers who have served under him, vouching for the correctness of the likeness. We can only say that it is a beautiful picture, and is sold at the remarkably low price of one dollar.

**TAYLOR AND HIS GENERALS.** Cheap edition. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. With portrait of General Taylor, &c. This work contains a very good history of this popular general, with some account of Generals Scott, Worth, Wool and Twiggs, with portraits—also a full account of the various actions of their divisions in Mexico up to the present time. Price only 25 cents.

**A GRAMMATICAL CORRECTOR, or Vocabulary of the Common Errors of Speech.** E. H. Butler & Co. A very useful book, being a collection of nearly two thousand barbarisms, cant phrases, misapplication of terms, &c., peculiar to the different states of the Union—the whole explained and corrected by Seth T. Hurd.

**THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE—***or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Servant.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. No. 4. Carey & Hart. It is one of the greatest comforts in life to have such a work to read. It is really the drollest book of the season, and is a perfect antidote to the megrims. Would that we could have it all at once.

**KITTY'S RELATIONS, AND OTHER PENCIL SKETCHES.** By Miss E. Leslie. Carey & Hart. The accomplished Miss Leslie has given in book form several of those delightful stories which have from time to time appeared in the *Lady's Book*. They have lost none of the interest which attended their first appearance.

**THE ORATORS OF FRANCE.** Baker & Scribner, New York. This work has been translated by a member of the New York Bar from the French of Viscount de Cormerrin, from the fourteenth Paris edition. It contains six portraits on steel of Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon, Lamartine, Guizot and Thiers. It contains also an *Essay on the Rise of the French Revolution and the orators of the Girondists*, by J. T. Headley, the whole edited by G. H. Colton, with notes and biographical addenda. We have found this a very interesting volume, well translated and ably edited. The portraits are well engraved, but we do not find Mirabeau so ugly a man as we have been induced to think him. Zieber & Co. have it for sale.

**TEETH, THEIR STRUCTURE, DISEASES AND TREATMENT—***illustrated by numerous Engravings.* Fowler & Wells, New York—Stokes & Brothers, 28 and 29 Arcade, Philadelphia. This work, by Mr. John Burdell, Dentist, of N. York, contains much useful information for parents as well as for professional men, and is offered for sale at the very low price of 12½ cents.

Extract of a letter, dated

"BRANDYWINE SPRINGS, June 21, 1847.

"Three brief hours from Philadelphia, Delaware ward, and you are introduced to the prettiest and sweetest watering-place in the world. When you get there you will find it so like home, that but for the flowers and

birds and fountains, you would scarcely know any difference. I have been a sojourner here for a week. Oh, how lovely and fresh and beautiful everything looks! The nicest care has been observed in improving the grounds—new walks have been made, trees neatly trimmed, fountains put in complete order, shrubbery largely increased, and every precaution taken that can insure enjoyment to the visitors. I do not know of a prettier resort for a couple of weeks, especially for those who have children. The country for miles around is strikingly picturesque. I go to the house-top daily to scan the matchless landscape which nature in a lavish moment has spread out. Come down for a week, if only to have a romp with the dear children, who go about in troops, and whose merry laughter will take the weight of years from your shoulders. Come—wholesome food, mountain air, intelligent society, beautiful walks, music, dancing and song, may all be found here." \* \* \*

We give in this number the music and poetry of the "*Cricket on the Hearth*," by our friend and cotemporary, Samuel D. Patterson, Esq. We originally published the words—our subscribers will now be gratified by receiving the music. We are indebted to J. G. Osbourne, of the Music Saloon, South Third street, for the privilege of publishing it.

We have received requests from several of our exchanges to send them duplicate March and April numbers. We would with pleasure send them those numbers, but such has been the demand for the *Book* this year that we are entirely out of early numbers. This is at once a regret and a pleasure—the former, because we cannot complete the files of our respected cotemporaries, and a pleasure because of the evidence of the continued success of our work.

Professor J. H. Ingraham, of Boston, in a late sketch for the *Thursday Messenger*, pays the following compliment to our Philadelphia ladies:—

"The dress of the ladies is very rich—more rich than glazing with colors. One can tell a Philadelphia lady anywhere by the perfect taste—that art which conceals art—that agreeable harmony that pervades her whole costume, from the ribbon of her hat to the color of her glove or gaiter boot. The same tone is kept through all."

**GILBERT'S CELEBRATED PIANOFORTES, WITH COLEMAN'S ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT IMPROVED.**—We were much gratified by a visit to the rooms of Mr. Edward R. Johnston, No. 100 Chestnut street, by listening to the tones of these delightful instruments. They can be played simply as a piano or as a piano with the attachment, or as the Æolian alone, a variety which no other instruments have. They are as easily kept in tune as a simple piano. The cabinet work is beautiful, and they are sold at \$350 and upwards, according to the finish. The agent has in his possession testimonials from all parts of the Union, and he refers to the following gentlemen in this city—Messrs Cornelius & Co.; Mr. Terry, Summer street; Mr. McDowell, Eleventh street above Vine; Mr. Foster, 211 Spruce street, and Mr. Sloanaker, 135 north Twelfth street. Mr. Johnston will be pleased to see all persons at his rooms who are willing to give the instruments a trial.

Our friend Major Noah, of the "*New York Times*," seems to have his doubts about the sex of Grace Greenwood. We assure the worthy Major that we have seen *THE LADY*, and a beautiful specimen of nature's handiwork she is—as agreeable as she is beautiful. She is not married as reported.

One of the most amusing stories we have lately read is *A Sketch from Real Life*.







# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1847.

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### PURITY.

(See Plate.)

"Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God."—ST. MATTHEW.

"THE Pure!" and who shall claim  
This heart for heaven refined?  
Come with the wreath of Fame—  
Come with the Hero's name—  
Come with the gold of Ind!

What matters such display  
When Life's vain show is passed?

Seek gems in ocean's spray—  
Warmth in the comet's ray—  
Health in the desert's blast:

But ne'er in dreamings wild  
Believe thy sins forgiven,  
Till like a loving child,  
Breathing thoughts undefiled,  
Thou giv'st thy heart to heaven.

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### TO WIS— IN A REVERIE.

BY MAX.

SWEET boy! whose gem-like, midnight eye,  
With fond, bewildering beauty gleams,  
Say, what bright vision, proud and high,  
Beguiled thee to the land of dreams?

Few summers on thy brow have beamed,  
And in their wake have left no care;  
Nor sickly thought that brow has seamed,  
Nor vice has left a pallor there.

Then whither strays thy wandering soul?  
Is't like the moon-enchanted sea,  
Heaving to the unblest control  
Of darkly prescient misery?

Or 'mid fierce ocean's surging foam,  
Dost wing thy arrowy mental flight—  
Thy cherished, dear ideal home,  
The tempest-wave and stormy fight?

Or far away in Fame's bright realm,  
Dost speed thy eager, restless mind,  
Unheeding of the griefs that whelm  
The denizens of that cold clime?

Or, wearied of all earthly ties,  
Does thy young, yearning spirit long  
To flee to yon green paradise  
Of fadeless flowers and sweetest song?

Perchance thy soul, dear brother mine,  
Has sought with me a kindred range,  
And lovingly doth intertwine  
With mine, in mystic union strange.

Remove the tiny hand that veils  
The tell-tale features of that face,  
Ere pensive thought thy blushing pales,  
And robs thee of youth's rosy grace.

Go join the gleesome, merry throng,  
And let thy sweet-voiced laughter ring,  
Swell Hope's outgushing siren-song,  
Thy life will not be always spring.

Careless of Time's ordeal-fire,  
Now drain youth's chalice of its joy,  
Let Pleasure sweep her starry lyre,  
Twin-brother, dark-eyed, cherished boy.

## UNCLE PHILIP.

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Concluded from page 52.]

AFTER tea, the party set out for Monsieur Franchimeau's, and were ushered into the front parlor, which was fitted up in a manner that exhibited a strange *mélange* of slovenliness and pretension. There was neither carpet nor matting, and the floor was by no means in the nicest order; but there were three very large looking-glasses, the plates being all more or less cracked, and the frames sadly tarnished. The chairs were of two different sorts, and of very ungenteel appearance; but there was a kind of Grecian sofa, or lounge, with a gilt frame much defaced, and a red damask cover, much soiled; and in the centre of the room stood a *fauteuil*\* covered with blue moireen, the hair poking out in tufts through the alits. The windows were decorated with showy curtains of coarse pink muslin and marvelously coarse white muslin; the drapery suspended from two gilt arrows, one of which had lost its point, and the other had parted with its feather. The hearth was filled with rubbish, such as old pens, curl-papers, and bits of rag; but the mantelpiece was adorned with vases of artificial flowers under glass bells, and two elegant chocolate cups of French china.

The walls were hung with a dozen bad lithographic prints, tastefully suspended by bows of gauze ribbon. Among these specimens of the worst style of the modern French school, was a Cupid and Psyche, with a background that was the most prominent part of the picture, every leaf of every tree on the distant mountains being distinctly defined and smoothly finished. The clouds seemed unwilling to stay behind the hills, but had come so boldly forward and looked so like masses of stone, that there was much apparent danger of their falling on the heads of the lovers and crushing them to atoms. Psyche was an immensely tall, narrow woman, of a certain age, and remarkably strong features; and Cupid was a slender young man of nineteen or twenty, about seven feet high, with long tresses descending to his waist.

Another print represented a huge muscular woman, with large coarse features distorted into the stare and grin of a maniac, an enormous lyre in her hand, a cloud of hair flying in one direction, and a volume of drapery exhibiting its streaky folds in another; while she is running to the edge of a precipice, as if pursued by a mad bull, and plunging forward with one foot in the air, and her arms extended above her head. This

\* Easy chair.

was Sappho on the rock of Leucate. These two prints Mr. Franchimeau (who professed connoisseurship, and always talked when pictures were the subject—that is, French pictures,) pointed out to his visitors as magnificent emanations of the Fine Arts. "The coarse arts, rather," murmured Uncle Philip.

The guests were received with much suavity by the French ladies and the *vieux* papa; and were introduced separately by Madame Franchimeau to three little black-haired girls, with surprisingly yellow faces, who were designated by the mother as "*mon aimable Lulu, ma mignonne Mimi, and ma petite ange Gogo.*"\* Uncle Philip wondered what were the real names of these children.

After this, Madame Franchimeau left the room for a moment, and returned leading in a very pretty young girl, whom she introduced as her *très chère niece, Mademoiselle Robertine*,† orphan daughter of a brother of her respectable Alphonse.

Robertine had a neat French figure, a handsome French face, and a profusion of hair arranged precisely in the newest style of the wax figures that decorate the windows of the most fashionable *coiffeurs*.‡ She was dressed in a thin white muslin, with a short black silk apron, embroidered at the corners with flowers in colors. Mr. Franchimeau resigned to her his chair beside Uncle Philip, to whom (while her aunt and the Ravigotes were chattering and shrugging to Mrs. Clavering) she addressed herself with considerable fluency and in good English. People who have known but little of the world and of the best tone of society, are apt, on being introduced to new acquaintances, to talk to them at once of their profession, or in reference to it; and Robertine questioned Uncle Philip about his ships and his voyages, and took occasion to tell him that she had always admired the character of a sailor, and still more that of a captain; that she thought the brown tinge given by the sea air a great improvement to a fine manly countenance; that fair-complexioned people were her utter aversion, and that a gentleman was never in his best looks till he had attained the age of forty, or indeed of forty-five.

"Then I am long past the age of good looks,"

\* My lovely Lulu, my darling Mimi, and my little angel Gogo.

† Her beloved niece, Miss Robertine.

‡ Hair-dressers.

said Uncle Philip, "for I was sixty-two the sixth of last June."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Robertine. "I had no idea that Captain Kentledge could have been more than forty-three or forty-four at the utmost. But gentlemen who have good health and amiable dispositions, never seem to grow old. I have known some who were absolutely charming even at seventy."

"Pshaw!" said Uncle Philip, half aside.

Robertine, who had been tutored by her aunt Franchimeau, ran on with a tirade of compliments and innuendoes, so glaring as to defeat their own purpose. Sam, who sat opposite, and was a shrewd lad, saw in a moment her design, and could not forbear at times casting significant looks towards his uncle. The old captain perfectly comprehended the meaning of those looks, and perceived that Mademoiselle Robertine was spreading her net for him. Determining not to be caught, he received all her smiles with a contracted brow; replied only in monosyllables; and, as she proceeded, shut his teeth firmly together, closed his lips tightly, pressed his clenched hands against the sides of his chair, and sat bolt upright; resolved on answering her no more.

About nine o'clock, the door of the back parlor was thrown open by the little mulatto girl, and Madame Franchimeau was seen seated at the head of the supper table. Mr. Franchimeau led in Mrs. Clavering; Mr. Ravigote took Fanny; Madame Ravigote gave her hand to Sam, and Robertine, of course, fell to the lot of Uncle Philip, who touched with a very ill grace the fingers that she smilingly extended to him.

In the centre of the supper table was a salad decorated with roses, and surrounded by four candles. The chief dish contained *blanquettes* of veal; and the other viands were a *fricandeau* of calves' ears; a *purée* of pigs' tails; a *ragout* of sheep's feet, and another of chickens' pinions interspersed with claws; there was a dish of turnips with mustard, another of cabbage with cheese, a bread omelet, a plate of poached eggs, a plate of sugar-plums, and a dish of hashed fish, which Madame Franchimeau called a *farce*.

As soon as they were seated, Robertine took a rose from the salad, and with a look of considerable sentiment, presented it to Uncle Philip, who received it with a silent frown, and took an opportunity of dropping it on the floor, when Sam slyly set his foot on it and crushed it flat. The young lady then mixed a glass of *eau sucrée*\* for the old gentleman, saying very sweet things all the time; but the beverage was as little to his taste as the Hebe that prepared it.

The French children were all at table, and the youngest girl looking somewhat unwell, and leaving her food on her plate, caused Mrs. Clavering to make a remark on her want of appetite.

"N'importe,"† said Madame Franchimeau;

\* Sugar and water.

† No matter.

"she is not affumished; she did eat very hearty at her tea; she had sheanoot for her tea."

"Chestnuts!" exclaimed Mrs. Clavering.

"Oh, yes; we have them at times. N'importe, my little Gogo; cease your supper, you will have the better appetite for your breakfast. You shall have an apple for your breakfast—a large, big apple. Monsieur Philippe, permit me to help you to some of this fish; you will find it a most excellent *farce*:\* I have preserved it from corruption by a process of vinegar and salt, and some charcoal. Madame Colavering, I will show you that mode of restoring fish when it begins to putrify: a great chemist taught it to my assassinated Alphonse."

Uncle Philip pushed away his plate with unequivocal signs of disgust, and moved back his chair, determined not to taste another mouthful while he stayed in the house. Suspicious of everything, he even declined Robertine's solicitations to take a glass of *liqueur* which she poured out for him, and which she assured him was genuine *parfait amour*.† During supper, she had talked to him, in a low voice, of the great superiority of the American nation when compared with the French; and regretted the frivolity and *inconsequence* of the French character; but assured him that when French ladies had the honor of marrying American gentlemen, they always lost that inconsequence, and acquired much depth and force.

After supper, Mr. Franchimeau, who, notwithstanding his taciturnity and *brasquerie*, was what Uncle Philip called a Jack of all trades, sat down to an old out-of-tune piano, that stood in one of the recesses of the back parlor, and played an insipid air of "Paul at the tomb of Virginia," singing with a hoarse stentorian voice half-a-dozen namby-pamby stanzas, lengthening out or contracting some of the words, and mis-pronouncing others to suit the measure and the rhyme. This song, however, seemed to produce great effect on the French part of his audience, who sighed, started, and exclaimed—"Ah! quels sont touchans, ces sentimens sublimes!"‡

"Ma chere amie," continued Madame Franchimeau, pressing the hand of Mrs. Clavering, "*permettre que je pleure un peu le triste destin de l'innocence et de la vertu—malheureux Paul—malheureuse Virginie*;"§ and she really seemed to shed tears.

Uncle Philip could no longer restrain himself, but he started from his chair and paced the room in evident discomposure at the folly and affectation that surrounded him; his contempt for all

\* Farce, in French cookery, signifies chopped meat, fish, poultry, well seasoned and mixed with other ingredients.

† Perfect love.

‡ Ah! how touching are these sublime sentiments.

§ My dear friend permit me to weep a little for the sad fate of innocence and virtue—unfortunate Paul—hapless Virginia.

men that played on pianos being much heightened by the absurd appearance of the huge black-whiskered, shock-headed Monsieur Franchimeau, with his long frock-coat hanging down all over the music-stool. Robertine declined playing, alleging that she had none of her own music with her; and she privately told Uncle Philip that she had lost all relish for French songs, and that she was very desirous of learning some of the national airs of America—for instance, the Tars of Columbia. But still Uncle Philip's heart was iron-bound, and he deigned no other reply than, "I don't believe they'll suit you."

A dance was then proposed by Madame Ravigote, and Robertine, "nothing daunted," challenged Uncle Philip to lead off with her; but, completely out of patience, he turned on his heel and walked away without vouchsafing an answer. Robertine then applied to Sam, but with no better success, for as yet he had not learned that accomplishment, and she was finally obliged to dance with old Mr. Ravigote, while Madame Franchimeau took out her mother; Fanny danced with the lovely Lulu, and Mimi and Gogo with each other; Mr. Franchimeau playing cotillions for them.

Uncle Philip thought in his own mind that the dancing was the best part of the evening's entertainment, and old Madame Ravigote was certainly the best of the dancers; though none of the family were deficient in a talent which seems indigenous to the whole French nation.

The cotillions were succeeded by cream of tartar lemonade, and a plate of sugar-plums unfolded in French mottoes, from which Robertine selected the most amatory and presented them to Uncle Philip, who regularly made a point of giving them all back to her in silence, determined not to retain a single one, lest she might suppose he acknowledged the application.

The old gentleman was very tired of the visit, and glad enough when Mrs. Clavering proposed departing. And all the way home his infatuated niece talked to him in raptures of the elegance of French people, and the vast difference between them and the Americans.

"There is indeed a difference," said Uncle Philip, too much fatigued to argue the point that night.

Next morning, after they had adjourned to the cabin, Sam addressed the old gentleman with, "Well, Uncle Philip, I wish you joy of the conquest you made last evening of the pretty French girl, Miss Robertine."

"A conquest of *her*," replied Uncle Philip, indignantly; "the report of my dollars has made the conquest. I am not yet old enough to be taken in by such barefaced manœuvring. No, no; I am not yet in my dotage; and I heartily despise a young girl that is willing to sell herself to a man old enough to be her father."

"I am glad you do," observed Sam; "I have often heard my mother say that such matches

never fail to turn out badly, and to make both husband and wife miserable. We all think she talks very sensibly on this subject."

"No doubt," said Uncle Philip.

"I really wonder," pursued Sam, "that a French woman should venture to make love to you."

"Love!" exclaimed Uncle Philip; "I tell you there's no love in the case. I am not such a fool as to believe that a pretty young girl could fall in love with an old fellow like *me*. No, no; all she wants is that I should die as soon as possible and leave her a rich widow: but she will find her mistake; she shall see that all her sweet looks and sweet speeches will have no effect on me but to make me hate her. She might as well attempt to soften marble by dropping honey on it."

"You'll be not only marble, but granite also, won't you, Uncle Philip?" said Sam.

"That I will, my boy," said the old gentleman; "and now let's talk of something else."

After this, no persuasion could induce Uncle Philip to repeat his visit to the Franchimeaus; and when any of that family came to Mrs. Clavering's, he always left the room in a few minutes, particularly if they were accompanied by Robertine. In short, he now almost lived in his cabin, laying strict injunctions on Mrs. Clavering not to bring thither any of the French.

One morning, while he was busy there with Sam, Dick and Neptune, the boys, happening to look out, saw Robertine listlessly rambling on the bank of the river, and entirely alone. There was every appearance of a shower coming up. "I suppose," said Dick, "Miss Robertine intends going to our house; and if she does not make haste, she will be caught in the rain. There, now, she is looking up at the clouds. See, see—she is coming this way as fast as she can."

"Confound her impudence!" said Uncle Philip; "is she going to ferret me out of my cabin? Sam, shut that door."

"Shall I place the great chest against it?" said Sam.

"Pho—no," replied the old gentleman. "With all her assurance, she'll scarcely venture to break in by force. I would not for a thousand dollars that she should get a footing here."

Presently a knock was heard at the door.

"There she is," said Dick.

"Let us take no notice," said Sam.

"After all," said Uncle Philip, "she's a woman; and a woman must not be exposed to the rain, when a man can give her a shelter. We must let her in; nothing else can be done with her."

Upon this, Sam opened the door; and Robertine, with many apologies for her intrusion, expressed her fear of being caught in the rain, and begged permission to wait there till the shower was over.

"I was quite lost in a reverie," said she, "as

I wandered on the shore of the river. Retired walks are now best suited to my feelings. When the heart has received a deep impression, nothing is more delicious than to sigh in secret."

"Fudge!" muttered Uncle Philip between his teeth.

"Uncle Philip says fudge," whispered Dick to Sam.

"I'm glad of it," whispered Sam to Dick.

Uncle Philip handed Robertine a chair, and she received this commonplace civility with as much evident delight as if he had proffered her "the plain gold ring."

"Sam," said the old gentleman, "run to the house as fast as you can, and bring an umbrella, and then see Miss Robertine home."

"That I will, uncle," said Sam, with alacrity.

Robertine then began to admire the drawings on the wall, and said—"Apparently, these are all ships that Captain Kentledge has taken in battle?"

"No," replied Uncle Philip, "I never took any ship in battle; I always belonged to the merchant service."

Robertine was now at fault; but soon recovering herself, she continued—"No doubt if you *had* been in battle, you *would* have taken ships; for victory always crowns the brave, and my opinion is, that all Americans are brave of course; particularly if they are gentlemen of the sea."

"And have plenty of cash," Uncle Philip could not avoid saying.

Robertine colored to the eyes; and Uncle Philip checked himself, seeing that he had been too severe upon her. "I must not forget that she is a woman," thought he; "while she stays, I will try to be civil to her."

But Robertine was too thoroughly resolved on carrying her point to be easily daunted; and, in half a minute, she said with a smile—"I see that Captain Kentledge will always have his jest. Wit is one of the attributes of his profession."

Her admiration of the ships not having produced much effect, Robertine next betook herself to admiring the dog Neptune, who was lying at his master's feet, and she gracefully knelt beside him and patted his head, saying—"What a magnificent animal! The most splendid dog I ever saw! What a grand and imposing figure! How sensible and expressive is his face!"

Dick found it difficult to suppress an involuntary giggle, for it struck him that Robertine must have heard the remark which was very current through the village, of Neptune's face having a great resemblance to Uncle Philip's own.

Where is the man that, being "the fortunate possessor of a Newfoundland dog," can hear his praises without emotion? Uncle Philip's ice began to thaw. All the blandishments that Robertine had lavished on himself, caused no other effect than disgust; but the moment she appeared to like his dog, his granite heart began to soften, and he felt a disposition to like *her* in return. He

cast a glance towards Robertine as she caressed old Neptune, and he thought her so pretty that the glance was succeeded by a gaze. He put out his hand to raise her from her kneeling attitude, and actually placed a chair for her beside his own. Robertine thought herself in Paradise, for she saw that her last arrow had struck the mark. Uncle Philip's stubborn tongue was now completely loosened, and he entered into an eloquent detail of the numerous excellencies of the noble animal, and related a story of his life having been saved by Neptune during a shipwreck.

To all this did Robertine "most seriously incline." She listened with breathless interest, was startled, terrified, anxious, delighted, and always in the right place; and when the story was finished, she pronounced Newfoundland dogs the best of all created animals, and Neptune the best of all Newfoundland dogs.

Just then Sam arrived with the umbrella.

"Sam," said Uncle Philip, "you may give me the umbrella; I will see Miss Robertine home myself. But I think she had better wait till the rain is over."

This last proposal Robertine thought it most prudent to decline, fearing that if she staid till the rain ceased, Uncle Philip might no longer think it necessary to escort her home. Accordingly the old gentleman gave her his arm, and walked off with her under the umbrella. As soon as they were gone, Sam and Dick laughed out, and compared notes.

In the afternoon, after spending a considerable time at his toilet, Uncle Philip, without saying anything to the family, told one of the servants that he should not drink tea at home, and sallied off in the direction of Franchimeau's. He did not return till ten o'clock, and then went straight to bed without entering the sitting-room. The truth was, that when he conveyed Robertine home in the morning, he could not resist her invitation into the house; and he sat there long enough for Madame Ravigote (who, in frightful *dishabille*, was darning stockings in the parlor,) to see that things wore a promising aspect. The old lady went to the school-room door, and called out Madame Franchimeau to inform her of the favorable change in the state of affairs: and it was decided that *le vieux Philippe* (as they called him behind the scenes, for none of them, except Robertine, could say Kentledge,) should be invited to tea, that the young lady might have an immediate opportunity of following up the success of the morning.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, Uncle Philip disappeared again, and was seen no more till dinner-time. When he came in, he took his seat at the table without saying a word, and there was something unusually queer in his look, and embarrassed in all his motions; and the children thought that he did not seem at all like himself. Little Anne, who sat always at his right hand,

• Old Philip.

leaned back in her chair and looked behind him, and then suddenly exclaimed—"Why, Uncle Philip has had his queue cut off!"

There was a general movement of surprise. Uncle Philip reddened, hesitated, and at last said, in a confused manner, "that he had for a long time thought his queue rather troublesome, and that he had recently been told that it made him look ten years older than he really was; and, therefore, he had stopped at the barber's, on his way home, and got rid of it."

Mrs. Clavering had never admired the queue; but she thought the loss of it, just at this juncture, looked particularly ominous.

In the afternoon she received a visit from her friend Mrs. Slimbridge, who was scarcely seated when she commenced with—"Well, Mrs. Clavering, I understand you are shortly to have a new aunt, and I have come to congratulate you on the joyful occasion."

"A new aunt?" said Mrs. Clavering; "I am really at a loss to understand your meaning!" looking, however, as if she understood it perfectly.

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Slimbridge, "it can be no news to *you* that Captain Kentledge is going to be married to Madame Franchimeau's niece, Mademoiselle Robertine. He was seen, yesterday morning, walking with her under the same umbrella!"

"Well, and what of that?" interrupted Mrs. Clavering, fretfully; "does a gentleman never hold an umbrella over a lady's head unless he intends to marry her?"

"Oh, as yet they do," replied Mrs. Slimbridge, "but I know not how much longer even that piece of civility will be continued—gentlemen are now so much afraid of committing themselves. But seriously, his seeing her home in the rain is not the most important part of the story. He drank tea at Franchimeau's last evening, and paid a long visit at the house this morning; and Emilie, their mulatto girl, told Mrs. Pinxton's Mary, and my Phillis had it direct from *her*, that she overheard Miss Robertine persuading Captain Kentledge to have his queue cut off. The good gentleman, it seems, held out for a long time, but at last consented to lose it. However, I do not vouch for the truth of that part of the statement. Old seafaring men are so partial to their hair, and it is a point on which they are so obstinate, that I scarcely think Miss Robertine would have ventured so far."

"Some young girls have boldness enough for anything," said Mrs. Clavering, with a toss of the head, and knowing in her own mind that the queue was really off.

"Well," continued Mrs. Slimbridge, "the story is all over town that it is quite a settled thing; and, as I said, I have hastened to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! For what?" said Mrs. Clavering with much asperity.

"Why," returned Mrs. Slimbridge, "you know these French people are your bosom friends, and of course you must rejoice in the prospect of a nearer connection with them. To be sure, it would be rather more gratifying if Miss Robertine was in a somewhat higher walk of life. You know it is whispered that she is only a mantua-maker's girl, and that the dear friend whom Madame Franchimeau talks about, as having adopted her beloved Robertine, (though she takes care never to mention the name of that dear friend,) is in reality no other than the celebrated Madame Gigot, in whose dress-making establishment Mademoiselle is hired to work."

"Horrible!" was Mrs. Clavering's involuntary exclamation; but recovering herself, she continued—"But I can assure you, Mrs. Slimbridge, that I am perfectly convinced there is not a word of truth in the whole story. Captain Kentledge has certainly his peculiarities, but he is a man of too much sense to marry a young wife; and besides, his regard for my children is so great, that I am convinced it is his firm intention to live single for their sakes, that he may leave them the whole of his property. He thinks too much of the family to allow his money to go out of it."

"All that may be," answered Mrs. Slimbridge; "but when an old man falls in love with a young girl, his regard for his own relations generally melts away like snow before the fire. I think you had better speak to Captain Kentledge on the subject. I advise you, as a friend, to do so, unless you conclude that opposition may only render him the more determined. Certainly one would not like to lose so much money out of the family without making a little struggle to retain it. However, I must now take my leave. As a friend, I advise you to speak to Captain Kentledge."

"I can assure you," replied Mrs. Clavering, as she accompanied her guest to the door, "this silly report gives me not the slightest uneasiness, as it is too absurd to merit one serious thought. I shall dismiss it from my mind with silent contempt. To mention it to Captain Kentledge would be really too ridiculous."

As soon as she had got rid of her visitor, Mrs. Clavering hastily threw on her calash, and repaired at a brisk pace to Uncle Philip's cabin. She found him at his desk, busily employed in writing out for Robertine the words of "America, Commerce and Freedom." She made a pretext for sending away Sam, and told Uncle Philip that she wished some private conversation with him. The old gentleman colored, laid down his pen, and began to sit very uneasily on his chair, guessing what was to come.

Mrs. Clavering then, without further hesitation, acquainted him with all she had heard, and asked him if it could possibly be true that he had any intention of marrying Robertine.

"I don't know but I shall," said Uncle Philip.

"You really shock me!" exclaimed Mrs. Clavering.

"What is there so shocking," replied the old gentleman, "in my liking a pretty girl—ay, and in making her my wife, too, if I think proper? But that's as it may be—I have not yet made her the offer."

Mrs. Clavering breathed again. "Really, Uncle Philip," said she, "I thought you had more sense, and knew more of the world. Can you not see at once that all she wants is your money? It is impossible she could have any other inducement."

"I thank you for your compliment," said Uncle Philip, pulling up his shirt collar and taking a glance at the looking-glass.

"Is the man an absolute fool?" thought Mrs. Clavering: "what can have got into him?" Then raising her voice, she exclaimed—"Is this, then, the end of all your aversion to the French?"

"Then you should not have put the French in my way," said Uncle Philip: "it is all your own fault; and if I *should* play the fool, you have nobody to thank but yourself. Why did you make me go to that supper?"

"Why, indeed!" replied Mrs. Clavering, with a sigh: "but knowing how much you disliked foreigners and all their ways, such an idea as your falling in love with a French girl never for a moment entered my mind. But I can tell you one thing that will effectually put all thoughts of Miss Robertine out of your head."

"What is that?" said Uncle Philip, starting and changing color.

"When I tell you that she is a mantua-maker," pursued Mrs. Clavering, "and in the employ of Madame Gigot of New York, you, of course, can never again think of her as a wife."

"And why not?" said Uncle Philip, recovering himself—"why should not a mantua-maker be thought of as a wife? If that's all you have to say against her, it only makes me like her the better. I honor the girl for engaging in a business that procures her a decent living, and prevents her from being burdensome to her friends. Don't you know that a man can always raise his wife to his own level? It is only a woman that sinks by marrying beneath her; as I used to tell you when you fell in love with the players, the first winter you spent in New York."

"I deny the players—I deny them altogether," said Mrs. Clavering with much warmth: "all I admired was their spangled jackets and their caps and feathers, and I had some curiosity to see how they looked off the stage, and therefore was always glad when I met any of them in the street."

"Well, well," replied Uncle Philip, "let the players pass; I was only joking."

"And even if it were true," resumed Mrs. Clavering, "that I had particularly admired one or two of the most distinguished performers, I was then but a mere child, and there is a great difference between playing the fool at sixteen and at sixty."

"I don't see the folly," said Uncle Philip, "of

marrying a pretty young girl, who is so devotedly attached to me that she cannot possibly help showing it continually."

"Robertine attached to *you*!" retorted Mrs. Clavering. "And can you really believe such an absurdity?"

"I thank you again for the compliment," replied Uncle Philip: "but I know that such things *have been*, strange as they may appear to you. I believe I have all my life undervalued myself; and this young lady has opened my eyes."

"Blinded them, rather," said Mrs. Clavering. "But for your own sake, let me advise you to give up this girl. No marriage, where there is so great a disparity of years, ever did or could, or ever will or can, turn out well—and so you will find to your sorrow."

"I rather think I shall try the experiment," said Uncle Philip. "If I am convinced that Miss Robertine has really a sincere regard for me, I shall certainly make her Mrs. Kentledge—so I must tell you candidly that you need not say another word to me on the subject."

He resumed his writing, and Mrs. Clavering, after pausing a few moments, saw the inutility of urging anything further, and walked slowly and sadly back to the house. The children's quarters at school had nearly expired, and she delighted them all with the information that, finding they had not made as much progress in French as she had expected, and having reason to believe that the plan of learning everything through the medium of that language was not a good one, she had determined that after this week they should quit Monsieur and Madame Franchimeau, and return to Mr. Fulmer and Miss Hickman. She ceased visiting the French family, who, conscious that they would now be unwelcome guests, did not approach Mrs. Clavering's house. But Uncle Philip regularly spent every evening with Robertine; and Mrs. Clavering did not presume openly to oppose what she now perceived to be his fixed intention; but she indulged herself in frequent innuendoes against everything French, which the old gentleman was ashamed to controvert, knowing how very recently he had been in the practice of annoying his niece by the vehement expression of his own prejudices against that singular people; and he could not help acknowledging to himself that though he liked Robertine, all the rest of her family were still fools. That the Franchimeaus and Ravigotes were ridiculous, vulgar pretenders, Mrs. Clavering was no longer slow in discovering; but she was so unjust as to consider them fair specimens of their nation, and to turn the tables so completely as to aver that nothing French was endurable. She even silenced the parrots whenever they said, "*Parlons toujours François*."

One morning Uncle Philip was surprised in his cabin by the sudden appearance of a very tall, very slender young Frenchman, dressed in the



extreme of dandyism; his long, thin face was of deadly whiteness, but his cheeks were tinted with rouge; he had large black eyes, and eyebrows arched up to a point; his immense whiskers were reddish, and met under his chin; but his hair was black, and arranged with great skill and care according to the latest fashion, and filling the apartment with the perfume of attar of roses.

Immediately on entering, he strode up to Uncle Philip, and extending a hand whose fingers were decorated with half-a-dozen showy rings, presented to him a highly-scented rose-colored card, which announced him as "Monsieur Achille Simagré de Lantiponne, of Paris."

"Well, sir," said Uncle Philip, "and I am Captain Philip Kentledge, once of Salem, Massachusetts, and now of Corinth, New York."

"*Oui, je le sais*,"\* replied the Frenchman, in a loud shrill voice, and with a frown that was meant to be terrific—"*Oui, perfide—traître—presque scelerat—tremblez! Je vous connois—tremblez, tremblez je vous dit! Moi, c'est moi qui vous parle!*"†

"What's all this for?" said Uncle Philip, looking amazed.

"*Imbecil*," muttered Monsieur de Lantiponne; "*il ne comprend pas le François*! Eh, bien; I will then address you (*roturier comme vous êtes*) in perfect English, and very cool. How did you dare to have the temerity to rob from me the young miss, my *fiancée*, very soon my bride. Next month I should have conducted her up to the front of the altar. I had just taken four apartments in the Broadway—two for the exercise of my profession of artist in hair, and merchant of perfumes and all good smells; and two up the staircase, where Mademoiselle Robertine would pursue her dresses and her bonnets. United together we should have made a large fortune. My father was a part of the noblesse of France, but we lost all our nobleness by the revolution. 'Virtue, though unfortunate, is always respectable;' that sentiment was inscribed above the door of my mamma's shop in the Palais Royal."

"Well," said Uncle Philip, "and what next?"

"What next, *coquin*?"‡ continued the Frenchman, grinding his teeth—"Listen and die. Yesterday I received from her this letter, infolding a ring of my hair which once I had platted for her. Now I will overwhelm you with shame and repentance by reading to you this fatal letter, translating it into perfect English. *Ah! comme il est difficile d'étouffer mes émotions! N'importe, il faut un grand effort.*"§

"Take a chair," said Uncle Philip, who was

\* Yes, I know it.

† Yes, perfidious man—traitor—almost rascal—tremble. I know you—tremble, tremble. I tell you—I—it is I that am speaking to you.

‡ Idiot—he does not understand French.

§ Plebeian as you are

|| Knave.

¶ Ah! how difficult it is to stifle my emotions. No matter, I must make a great effort.

curious to know how all this would end, "when people are in great trouble they had better be seated."

"*Ecoutez*,"\* said Lantiponne; "hear this letter." He then commenced the epistle, first reading audibly a sentence in French, and then construing it into English:—

CORINTH, ———.

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND—

Destiny has decreed the separation of two hearts that should have been disunited by death alone, and has brought me acquainted with an old man who, since the moment of our introduction, has never ceased to persecute me with the language of love. In vain did I fly from him—forever did he present himself before me with the most audacious perseverance. My aunt (and what affectionate niece can possibly disobey the commands of her father's sister-in-law?) has ordered me to accept him; and I must now, like a mournful dove, be sacrificed on the altar of Flutus. His name is Captain Kentledge, but we generally call him Old Philip—sometimes the Triton, and sometimes Sinbad, for he is a sailor, and very rich. He is a stranger both to elegance and sentiment; of an exterior perfectly revolting; and his manners are distinguished by a species of brutality. It is impossible for me to regard him without horror. But duty is the first consideration of a niece, and though the detestable Philip knows that my heart is devoted to my amiable Achille, he takes a savage pleasure in urging me to name the day of our marriage. Compassionate me, my ever dear Lantiponne. I know it will be long before the wounds of our faithful hearts are cicatrized.

I return you the little ring (so simple and so touching) that you made me of your hair. But I will keep forever the gold essence-bottle and the silver tooth-pick, as emblems of your tenderness. I shall often bathe them with my tears.

Adieu, my dear friend—my long-beloved Lantiponne. As Philip Kentledge is very bald, I shall, when we are married, compel him to wear a wig, and I will take care that he buys it of you. Likewise, we shall get all our perfumery at your shop.

The inconsolable

ROBERTINE.

There are moments when my affliction is so great, that I think seriously of charcoal. If you find it impossible to survive the loss of your Robertine, that is the mode of death which you will undoubtedly select, as being most generally approved in Paris. For my own part, reason has triumphed, and I think it more heroic to live and to suffer.

Uncle Philip listened to this letter with all the indignation it was calculated to excite. But Sam and Dick were so diverted that they could not refrain from laughing all the time; and towards the

\* Listen.

conclusion, the old gentleman caught the contagion, and laughed also.

"*Ah! sclerat—monstre—ogre!*"\* exclaimed Lantiponne—"do you make your amusement of my sorrows? Render me, on this spot, the satisfaction due to a gentleman. It is for that I am come. Behold—here I offer you two pistoles—make your selection. Choose one this moment, or you die."

"Sam," said Uncle Philip, "hand me that stick."

"Which one, uncle?" exclaimed Sam—"the hickory or the maple?"

"The hickory," replied Uncle Philip.

And as soon as he got it into his hand, he advanced towards the Frenchman, who drew back, but still extended the pistols, saying—"I will shoot off both—instantly I will present fire!"

"Present fire if you dare," said Uncle Philip, brandishing his stick.

Monsieur Simagrée de Lantiponne lowered his pistols and walked backward towards the door, which was suddenly thrown open from without, so as nearly to push him down, and Robertine entered, followed by Madame Franchimeau. At the sight of Lantiponne, both ladies exclaimed—"Ah! *perfile! traître!*" and a scene of violent recrimination took place in French—Madame Franchimeau declaring that she had never influenced her niece to give up her first lover for "Monsieur Philippe," but that the whole plan had originated with Robertine herself. Lantiponne, in deprecating the inconstancy of his mistress, complained bitterly of the useless expense he had incurred in hiring four rooms, when two would have sufficed, had he known in time that she intended to jilt him. Robertine reproached him with his dishonorable conduct in betraying her confidence and showing her letter to the very person who, above all others, ought not to have seen it; and she deeply regretted having been from home with her aunt and uncle when Lantiponne came to their house immediately on his arrival at Corinth, and before he had sought an interview with Captain Kentledge. He had seen only the old Ravigotes, who were so impolitic as to give him a direction to Uncle Philip's cabin, as soon as he inquired where his rival was to be found.

The altercation was so loud and so violent, that Uncle Philip finally demanded silence in the startling and authoritative tone to which he had accustomed himself when issuing his orders on ship-board; putting his hands before his mouth and hallooing through them as substitutes for a speaking trumpet. He was not so ungallant as to say that in reality the lady had made the first advances, but he addressed his audience in the following words:—

"I tell you what, my friends, here's a great noise to little purpose, and much shrugging, and stamping, and flourishing of hands, that might as

\* *Ah! villain—monster—ogre.*

well be let alone. As for me, take notice, that I am quite out of the question, and after this day I'll have nothing more to do with any of you. I'm thankful to this young fellow for having opened my eyes; though I can't approve of his showing me his sweetheart's letter. He has saved me from the greatest act of folly an old man can commit, that of marrying a young girl. I shall take care not to make a jackass of myself another time."

Sam and Dick exchanged looks of congratulation.

"Now," continued Uncle Philip, "if, after all this, the young barber-man is still willing to take the girl, I know not what better either of them can do than to get married off-hand. I shall not feel quite satisfied till I have seen the ceremony myself, so let it take place immediately. I happen to have a hundred dollar bill in my pocket-book, so I'll give it to them for a wedding present. Come, I'm waiting for an answer."

Madame Franchimeau and the young couple all hesitated.

"Uncle," whispered Sam, "they have just been quarreling violently—how can you expect them to get over it so soon, and be married directly?"

"Pho!" replied Uncle Philip, "an't they French?"

There was a pause of some moments. At last Robertine put on her best smile, and said in French to Lantiponne—"My estimable friend, pardon the errors of a young and simple heart, which has never for a moment ceased to love you."

"What candor!" exclaimed Lantiponne—"what adorable frankness! Charming Robertine!"—kissing her hand—"more dear to me than ever."

The aunt, though much displeased at Robertine for missing Uncle Philip, thought it best that the affair should go off with as good a grace as possible, and she exclaimed, while she wiped tears of vexation from her eyes—"How sweet to witness this re-union!"

"Boys," said Uncle Philip, "which of you will run for Squire Van Tackemfast? To prevent all future risks, we'll have the marriage here on the spot, and Miss Robertine shall return to New York to-day as Madame"—he had to consult the young Frenchman's card—"as Madame Achille Simagrée de Lantiponne."

Both boys instantly set off for the magistrate, but as Sam ran fastest, Dick gave up the chase, and turned to the house, where he startled his mother by exclaiming—"Make haste—make haste down to the cabin—there's to be marrying there directly."

"Shocking!" cried Mrs. Clavering, throwing away her sewing. "Is Uncle Philip really going to play the madman? Can there be no way of saving him?"

"He is saved," replied Dick; "he has just

been saved by a French barber, Miss Robertine's old sweetheart; and so Uncle Philip is going to have them married out of the way, as soon as possible. I suppose he is determined that Miss Robertine shall not have the least chance of making another dead set at him. Sam is gone for Squire Van Tackemfast."

"But the cabin is no place for a wedding," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Why," replied Dick, "Uncle Philip seems determined not to quit the cabin till all danger is over. Dear mother, make haste, or Miss Robertine may yet win him back again."

Mrs. Clavering hastily changed her cap, and ordered a servant to follow with cake and wine; and on their way to the cabin Dick gave her an account of all that had passed. In a few minutes Sam arrived, accompanied by Squire Van Tackemfast, with whom Captain Kentledge exchanged a few explanatory words. There was no time for any further preparation. Uncle Philip instantly put the hand of Robertine into that of her lover. The young couple stood up before the magistrate, who merely uttered a few words, but which were sufficient in law to unite them forever—"In the name of the commonwealth, I pronounce you man and wife." This was the whole of the ceremony; the magistrate writing a certificate which was duly signed by all present.

"Now," said Uncle Philip, looking at his watch and addressing Lantiponne, "the steamboat will soon be along, and if you are going down to the city to-day, you will have little enough time to make your preparations."

The bride and groom curtsied and bowed grace-

fully, and departed with Madame Franchimeau, whose last words were—"What a surprise for Monsieur Franchimeau, and also for papa and mamma and my little darlings!"

When they were all fairly off, Mrs. Clavering felt as if relieved from the weight of a mountain; and she could not quit the cabin till she had had a long discussion with Uncle Philip on the recent events.

In about an hour, the steamboat passed along, going close in shore to get all the advantage of the tide; and Robertine, who stood on the deck leaning on her husband's arm, smiled and waved her handkerchief to Uncle Philip.

To conclude—it was not long before the old gentleman prevailed on Mrs. Clavering and her family to remove with him to a house of his own at Salem, a plan which had been in agitation for the last year; and in due time the boys commenced their apprenticeships, Sam to the captain of an Indiaman, and Dick to a ship-builder. Both succeeded well; and have since become eminent in their respective professions.

Uncle Philip looks not much older than when he first allowed himself to be smitten with Miss Robertine; but he has never since fallen into a similar snare. He has made his will, and divided his whole property between Mrs. Clavering and her children, with the exception of some legacies to old sailors.

The Simagrée de Lantiponnes have a large establishment in Broadway.

The Franchimeaus and their system soon got out of favor at Corinth, and they have ever since been going the rounds of new villages.

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

THERE is one little quiet spot,

A purling stream beside,  
Scarce twenty paces from the cot  
Where my dear Mother died.

'Tis many years since then—but still  
The cot, and grave, and sloping hill,  
The bounding brook, and dancing rill  
Are there—I think of them until  
Sad musings make my blood run chill,  
And tears my weeping eyes do fill,  
And grief subdues my pride.

I sought that place when autumn skies  
Wept o'er a fading world—  
When eve, with twice ten thousand dyes,  
Its starry wings unfurled—  
And mem'ry back my thoughts had flung,  
When I in years and hope was young,  
When from that tender Mother's tongue  
The voice of music sweetly rung,  
While to her sleeping babe she sung  
As to her breast it fondly clung,  
Ere death at her was hurled.

'Tis many leagues away—but yet

My childhood's home I see—  
Ah! truly, I can ne'er forget  
The spot so dear to me!  
For, calmly there I laid to rest  
The truest, fondest, kindest, best  
Of mothers, who had oft caress'd  
Her reckless child upon her breast—  
My father!—he, the ocean's crest  
Which rolls along the darken'd West,  
Beats o'er him wild and free.

That grave with grass is overgrown—  
The brook and dancing rill  
To me has each a plaintive moan  
Whilst rushing down the hill:  
That cot, the place where I was born,  
Stands lonely, desolate, forlorn:  
The blooming fields of waving corn,  
Of all their beauties rudely shorn,  
Look meekly up and seem to mourn—  
Whilst through the glen the hunter's horn  
Is echoed loud and shrill!

## OUR ARTISTS.—NO. X.

### MALBONE.

OF late years few places of summer resort in the country have proved more attractive than Newport, R. I., and its natural scenery and climate amply justify the preference which fashion has accorded. English visitors find something in the air like that of the Isle of Wight, and its saline humidity, besides refreshing the languid frame in the sultry months, proves singularly efficacious to a large class of invalids, and has so favorable an influence upon the complexion that the place has been long celebrated for the beauty of its women. The sportsman and lover of the picturesque find there more than ordinary gratification. The latter cannot fail to remember with pleasure the scene presented on fine summer evenings at those favorite spots, named "Purgatory," "Paradise," and especially the "Glen." The deep valley so called is as sweet a bit of inland scenery in its way as the country affords. In the afternoon, when the lateral sunshine plays through the surrounding foliage, the old mill and clear stream form an admirable study for the landscape painter. A foreign artist, who allowed us a short time since to inspect the contents of his portfolio, confirmed these impressions by the number of beautiful sketches of cliffs, inlets and ledges of rock which he had gleaned in the vicinity as material for compositions. Nor is Newport destitute of interesting associations. The ancient tower, about which so much speculative wisdom has been exercised, now lives in the polished numbers of Longfellow, having suggested the theme of his best poem. A synagogue and cemetery, that are kept in perfect order, according to the testamentary provision of a wealthy Israelite, though utterly abandoned, are striking memorials of the now extinct band of Jews who once lived and worshiped there; while a granite shaft rising from amid the funeral tablets of many generations in the old burying-ground, indicates to the stranger where the remains of the gallant Perry repose.

It is easy to imagine how desirable a residence the town must have been to a man of contemplative habits before the capricious tide of fashion disturbed its wonted quietude. Like many places on our eastern border, it became prosperous at the time commerce with the West Indies was at its height, and with the decay of that profitable branch of traffic its activity decreased, and a sort of sleepy-hollow tranquillity settled upon the inhabitants. Perhaps the great charm of Newport is its famous beach. To watch the waves when lashed into fury by the storm, or as they come

only to break into gay sparkles upon the warm sands, is a pastime of which no lover of the beautiful can weary. The briny coolness of the air and the deep monotone of the lapsing waters have in them something impressive to the most thoughtless. Dr. Channing, in the beautiful address he preached at the dedication of a church in Newport, attributes the most salutary impressions of his early life to meditations on this very spot. The best hours of his youth were those passed in the solitude of the Redwood Library, where sometimes for whole days his reading was uninterrupted by a single visitor; and the musings in which he indulged in his lonely walks along the strand. At the distance of many years he thus vividly recalls his communion with the mysteries of nature. The symphonies of the everlasting sea, as they rose upon his youthful ear, dwelt like a perpetual anthem in his soul, and essentially sustained its consistent elevation. Another child of genius haunted this shore, whose fame was recalled during the last summer by the circumstance of one of its trophies being offered for sale by his family. Few works of art of the kind have enjoyed so wide a reputation as Malbone's "Hours," and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to behold it when it was announced in Newport that the gem would be raffled for. We are happy to record the fact that the successful competitor generously returned the picture to those to whom it was endeared by the most tender remembrances and whom necessity alone compelled to part with it. Thus they realized a handsome sum, and still retained the precious legacy. This lovely work was executed by Malbone during his studious visit to London. It represents the Hours in the shape of three beautiful females in the act of moving in a circle, the one immediately in front being the Present, and her companions, the Past and Future. The grace of the design it is not easy to describe. The sweet expression of the faces and the delicacy of the coloring are inimitable. A more charming emblem of Time we have never seen, excepting Guido's celebrated picture. Instead of a grim old man with a scythe, we have three fair girls. They are emphatically the "rosy hours," such as poetry chronicles and love inspires, redolent of hope and overflowing with promise. It was impossible to dwell upon the work, and trace the eloquent traits of a sensitive and gifted mind, without reverting to the brief yet memorable life of him who haunted the adjacent beach while a child, in search of colored pebbles, from which to make paint and design little pictures to hang round the necks of the

prettiest girls in school. In later years, Malbone made frequent excursions in the neighborhood with his friend Allston, who has left the warmest testimony to his generosity and intelligence. His predilection for art was at first discouraged at home, and there was certainly but little around him to suggest any method of imitating the visible beauty so familiar to his childhood. He received the hint at last from the scenic effects of a theatre. These excited his boyish curiosity, and when the process was discovered, he found no difficulty in crudely trying an experiment for himself. The result was, that the intervals of his school occupations were devoted to scene-painting, to the great advantage of the manager, the wonder of his relatives, and his own perfect delight. This was a singular introduction to the department of art in which he was chiefly gifted. The broadest effects obtained by the coarsest expedients would seem but an inadequate initiation to the delicate touches of miniature, and practice in wielding the white-wash brush, one would suppose, might unfit the hand for a camel's hair pencil. Malbone appears, however, to have passed from one to the other with wonderful facility; for while yet a youth, finding no scope in his native town, he went to Providence, and in a brief period, took his family by surprise in achieving quite a local reputation as a miniature painter. Of his ultimate success in the art he had never felt the slightest distrust, confidently predicting to his jeering companions, from the first, his own future eminence. From this period it was pursued with consistent ardor and steadily progressive success. Malbone possessed a beautiful equanimity of soul, and manners of rare amenity. In the cultivated society of Charleston he found immediate recognition and sympathy, and in all the principal cities of his native land are scattered the cherished tokens of his genial labors, associated with the most pleasing memories of his gentle and wise companionship.

In the department of art he selected, excellence is comparatively rare and mediocrity insufferable. Malbone has best illustrated it in this country, and the most judicious critics abroad and at home unite in awarding the palm to his mature labors. His social tendencies never interfered with the assiduous exercise of his vocation, nor did suc-

cess for a moment blind him to the claims of affection or the behests of duty. He was a discriminating cultivator of music and poetry. Sedentary life early deranged the springs of a naturally elastic constitution, and when he at length yielded his fascinating pursuit, and returned to the scenes of his boyhood to idle away the summer in recruiting his exhausted strength, it proved too late. A southern climate was recommended, and he embarked for Jamaica. As all hope of recovery vanished, the desire to realize the eastern benediction and die among his kindred, grew strong, and he rallied his feeble energies for a homeward voyage, but died in May, 1807, at the age of thirty-two, after reaching Savannah, two days after his passage had been taken for the north.

There is no more common error than to estimate literature and art by the tangible space they fill. The point to which genuine taste is legitimately directed is quality. The world has had quite sufficient of merely voluminous authors and artists whose chief merit is their elaborate designs. A few masterly lyrics, the offspring of a felicitous and perhaps never-recurring mood, float upon the daily tide of life, while hundreds of ponderous epics are moored in stagnant obscurity. There are brief yet significant melodies that haunt the memory after every trace of long scientific compositions has vanished. A scimeter may do as much execution as a battle-axe. Some poet has said that "gentleness is power;" the same is true of refinement in art. It is the peculiar charm of miniatures that they are usually sacred to affection, treasured in the casket and not exposed on the wall. If as trophies of art they are less widely known, they are more deeply cherished. When wrought with great delicacy and truth, they are invaluable, and may be as characteristic as more ostentatious productions. What a perfect lyric is in poetry, the miniature is in painting. The unity of the design and the complete and exquisite finish of the execution, make it as truly the offspring of genius. It is art concentrated and etherealized; and when hallowed by the associations of love, the witness of secret tears, the talisman that opens the flood-gates of memory or kindles the torch of hope, a miniature is often the one priceless gem among the jewels of fortune.

## WOMAN'S HEART.

BY PAULINE.

As the vine to the arbor doth cling,  
Or knit in the lattice's bower—  
Or its branches around the oak-tree fling  
With strange mysterious power—  
So clings to the loved one woman's heart,  
Oh! weak as the tender vine—  
So knits in her bosom passion's dart,  
Or flings o'er her bitter crime:

Then blame her not if the cheek be wan,  
Which once wore the bloom of youth,  
Or the eye which sparkled bright be calm—  
They are emblems of her truth:  
For better the eye should calmly beam,  
And tell of a heavenly flame,  
And the cheek grow pale, than brighter seem  
'Neath the conscious blush of shame.

## LITERARY IMITATIONS.—NO. II.

BY S. M. S.

How pitiable is the character of an inferior critic, laying claims to the most comprehensive knowledge and the profoundest acumen! Incased in a mail garb of thick-woven vanity, he bids defiance to those established and acknowledged canons of criticism which have ever been the only standard of right and wrong by which an author's work should be judged and himself censured or praised. All the hellebore of the Ægean Anticyra, plucked while dewy under the waxing moon, would result ineffectually in curing the madness of such. And yet, harrowing as this pack are to the mind of a generous author, the injudicious silence of readers has sometimes sanctioned their weak and offensive garrulity against the writings of those infinitely their superiors in every quality essential to the really intellectual. We are here reminded of an instance of this species of critical writing, which we present for the consideration of the reader.

In a review of Seba Smith's "Powhatan," published two or three years since in a popular magazine of our country, it was alleged that the poem—at least one portion of it—was wofully deficient in originality, on which allegation, as is usual, plagiarism was predicated. The line said to be stolen, and which represents the interchange of fierce glances between an Indian warrior and his foe, was—

"The Werowance looked stern at me,  
And I looked stern at him."

The words from which these lines were appropriated by the author, were, urged the reviewer, the following, from a vulgar song—

"An old crow sat on a hickory limb,  
He winked at me and I winked at him."

What but a mind thoroughly devoid of generous impulses, could stoop to such littleness?

Milton has been accused of borrowing from the Italians—for it is asserted that the epithet "*im-browned*," which he uses in *Paradise Lost*, is the "*Fa l'imbruno*" of Ariosto and Tasso. Thomson, too, is open to the same accusation, for in his "*Summer*" may be found—

"With quickened step  
Brown night retires."

What puerility! Learned critics will dispute for days upon the pedigree of a single word, and shiver their well-worn lances even on a suspicious-looking syllable. I can imagine such critic-

lings hurling their anathemas against an ignorant son of the Emerald Isle, when speaking of brushing the flies from him on a warm day, as having stolen the idea expressed in those words from the *Iliad* of Homer. *Pudor! Pudor!*

We have before us a copy of the *Religio Medici*, edited by Mr. Peace, to which are appended what he has deemed proper to call "*Resemblant Passages from Cowper's Task*." For the amusement of those who have compared the coincident passages, and for the purpose of showing how perfectly puerile are sometimes the conceptions of those who step aside from the path of a mere editor to wander in the highways toiled over by a genuine reviewer, we quote the first three parallel passages:—

"There is no church whose every part so squares unto my conscience as this church of England, to whose faith I am a sworn subject."—*Relig. Med.*

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
My country!"—*Task*.

In the one passage the prominent idea is a church with its well-regulated ceremonials, in the other a nation with its many errors—ideas so really opposite, that a mind the most tortuous in its ratiocination, would hardly be pardonable in determining the one to be suggested by the other.

Again—

"That there was a deluge once seems not to me so great a miracle as that there is not one always."—*Relig. Med.*

"What prodigies can power divine perform  
More grand than it produces year by year?"—*Task*

Will some senior wrangler do us the favor to point out the resemblance? Verily, we might exclaim, as the poet does in view of the mighty labor in rescending from Hades to the cave of the Sibyl—"Hoc opus, hic labor est."

Again—

"Since I have understood the occurrences of the world, and know in what counterfeit shapes and deceitful vizards times present represent on the stage things past, I do believe them little more than things to come."—*Relig. Med.*

"Some write a narrative of wars and feats  
Of heroes little known, and call the rant  
An history."

Thus much with respect to the editor of the *Religio Medici*. We presume not, in presenting the accompanying parallel passages, to lay claim

to that Argus-eyed power which can so satisfactorily summon into its presence a word or a sentence and brand it with illegitimacy of birth. How appropriately may we remind the reader, in view of this editorial assumption, of the well-known line of the poet Martial—

"Ne crepidam sutor —"

In the following passages there is an actual resemblance, and yet Sir Thomas Browne would rather have severed his right arm from his body than stoop to a theft from Horace or any other writer. The principal and only idea in each is the same—an expression of contempt for the fickleness of the popular will.

"Odi profanum vulgum, et arceo."—*Horace*, B. 3, C. 1.

"I despise the profane multitude, and keep them at a distance."—*Translation*.

"If there be any among the common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue and religion, the multitude."—*Religio Medici*.

Again—

"Raro magni errores nisi ex magnis ingeniis prodire."—*Petrarch*.

"Great errors seldom arise except from great geniuses."—*Translation*.

"Small and creeping things are the products of creeping souls."—*Relig. Med.*

Dr. Young, in the Night Thoughts, has a similar idea—

"—— great objects make  
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge."

Again—

"Vive memor lethi."—*Persius*.

"Live mindful of death."—*Translation*.

"Be like a neighbor unto the grave, and think there is but little to come."—*Christian Morals*.

A hypercritical mind might accuse both Persius and Browne of plagiarism, for the frailty of man, his precariousness of life-tenure, form a prominent part of the writings of Solomon.

Again—

"Consider well the mystery of thy ownself. The compendium of all thou studiost is near thee, even within thyself, being the epitome of the world."—*Baxter*, quoted by *Mason*.

What a remarkable resemblance there is between this quotation and the following from Browne—

"We carry with us the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature which he that studies, wisely learns in a compendium what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume."—*Relig. Med.*

If Mr. Peace designates the passages from Cowper, which we have given above, as imitations, what will he call these sentences from Browne himself?

Again—

"Τε: γὰρ μυρία εἰσὶν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πολυβοτείρη  
ἀθάνατοι Ζηνὸς θυλακίης θηπτῶν ἀνδράπων,  
ἥερα ἰσοσάμιοι, πάντα θοιτῶντες ἐπ' αἶαν."  
*Hesiod's Works and Days*.

"For thrice ten thousand wait upon our earth;  
Jove's everlasting guards for mortal men,  
Who roam the world concealed in robes of air."

*Translation*.

Dr. Taylor Lewis accuses Milton of imitating this passage when he wrote—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,  
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."  
*Paradise Lost*.

But if Milton can with justice be accused of imitating Hesiod, then also must Browne be, for he says—

"I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons have their tutelary and guardian angels—that for angels God created no new world, and therefore they are everywhere, where is his essence: and that as ministering spirits they do and are willing to fulfil the will of God in these lower and subliminary affairs of man."—*Relig. Med.*

If Milton and Browne have imitated Hesiod, simply because a similarity or even identity of ideas is discovered, then we assert that Hesiod himself is not to be credited with this as an original idea, since he may have imitated the sacred writer—

"—— ὅτι διμερίζον Ὁ Ὑψίστος ἐθνη, ὡς διέσπασεν  
νύκτος Ἀδάμ, ἵστησιν ὁρία ἐθνῶν κατὰ ἀριθμὸν ἈΓΓΕΛΩΝ  
ΘΕΟΥ."—*Septuagint. Deut. xxxii., 8*.

"When the Most High divided the nations, when He dispersed the sons of Adam, He established the boundaries of the nations according to the number of the angels of God."—*Translation*.

How far either of the three writers first quoted has imitated, let the intelligent and candid reader judge.

Again—

"—— his glistening armor made  
A little glooming light, much like a shade."  
*Fairie Queen*.

This passage Leigh Hunt, in his "Imagination and Fancy," asserts to be the original of the following from Milton—

"Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

If Imagination be that faculty by which objects are endowed with qualities not inherently their own, assuredly Leigh Hunt may be styled an *imaginative* writer.

Again—

"Oh, thou soft-natured death—thou art joint twin  
To sweetest slumber!"—*Vittoria Corombona.*

"—— Why, he but sleeps;  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed."

*Cymbeline.*

"—— in fine, so like death, I dare not trust myself to  
it (sleep) without my prayers and a half adieu unto the  
world."—*Relig. Med.*

Again—there is a remarkable similarity between  
the following passages from Jeremy Taylor  
and from Mrs. Hemans—

"Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer,  
and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents  
our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I  
seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards,  
singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and  
climb above the clouds, but the poor bird was beaten  
back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his  
motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more  
at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the  
liberation and frequent weightings of its wings, till the  
little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay  
till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous  
flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music  
and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes  
through the air about his ministries here below."—*Taylor's Return of Prayers.*

"Far on the wings of intellect astray,  
That strive not, Father, to thy heavenly seat,  
They move, but mount not; and the tempests beat  
Still on their plumes. O source of mental day!  
Chase from before my spirit's track the array  
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care  
In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,  
And veil the opening of the starry way,  
Which brightens unto thee."

*Hemans' Sonnets—Prayer.*

The subject of each passage is Prayer. The one  
represents anger having the same effect upon the  
arising of prayer as the tempest has upon the  
upward flight of the lark. The other describes  
prayer ascending on the "wings of intellect,"  
and beaten backward and downward by the tempests,  
inasmuch as it was upborne on an improper  
vehicle. And yet, did not Mrs. Hemans imitate  
Jeremy Taylor? We reply—No. What proof  
can be adduced in favor of the assertion that Mrs.  
Hemans has imitated—ay, other than the mere  
resemblance? We deny that such similarity  
yields the slightest proof, since numerous resem-  
blant passages might be produced where most  
probably it was impossible for the person accused  
of imitation to have a knowledge of the existence  
of such similar passage. In our last article we  
furnished a quotation of this kind, and present  
one or two now in addition.

Solomon wrote—

"Wealth maketh many friends."—*Proverbs, c. 10.*

Horace—

"Fidemque amicos  
Det genus et formam, regina pecunia donat."

*Epistola 6.*

Again—Dido, when about to commit suicide,  
is made to exclaim by the poet—

"—— cursum peregi"—*Æneid 2.*

I have finished my course.—*Translation.*

The apostle Paul, when about to die, in view  
of the labors he had passed through, and in an-  
ticipation of a glorious cessation therefrom in the  
eternal home of the good, exclaimed, exultingly—

"—— τὸν δρόμον τετέλεκα."—*II. Tim. c. 4.*

I have finished my course.—*Translation.*

Will Mr. Peace, *et id omne genus*, accuse Paul  
of imitating Virgil's Dido? If not, let no one  
presume to brand a resemblance as a plagiarism.

In defining Wisdom, Dr. Young says—

"Right ends and means make wisdom."

*Night Thoughts.*

Fergus, in describing the same power, asks—

"For in what does wisdom consist but in choosing  
right ends, and in employing proper means for the ac-  
complishment of those ends?"—*Natural Theology.*

For the amusement of the reader, we must  
again quote from the "Imagination and Fancy"  
of Leigh Hunt. The criticism which accompa-  
nies the following passage from a tragedy by Fen-  
ton, is a noble specimen of analytic writing:—

"Marianne, with superior charms,  
Triumphs o'er reason: in her look she bears  
A paradise of ever-blooming sweets;  
Fair as the first idea beauty prints  
In her young lover's soul; a winning grace  
Guides every gesture, and obsequious love  
Attends on all her steps."—*Marianne.*

Now for the criticism:—"Triumphing o'er  
reason' is an old acquaintance of everybody's.  
'Paradise in her look' is from the Italian poets  
through Dryden. 'Fair as the first idea' is from  
Milton spoilt. 'Winning grace' and 'steps' from  
Milton and Tibullus, both spoilt. Whenever  
beauties are stolen by such a writer, they are sure  
to be spoilt." How the head or the heart of  
Leigh Hunt could permit him to pen such a pa-  
ragraph, is to us utterly incomprehensible.

Shelley says—

"See where the child of heaven, with winged feet,  
Runs down the slanted sunbeam of the dawn"  
*Prometheus Unbound.*

Moore describes his spirit as—

"Swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light."—*Paradise and Peri.*

Again—

"How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugged and embraced by the trumpet wind."

*Merchant of Venice*



"Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Of his red eye-ball. Yesterday, his name  
Was mighty on the earth. To-day—'tis what?  
The meteor of the night of distant years  
That flashed unnoticed——."—*Kirke White's Time*.  
*Gray.*

"Self-flattered, inexperienced, high in hope,  
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,  
We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend."  
*Night Thoughts.*

"Youth enters gayly on the sea of life, and fondly  
dreams each wind and star his friend."—*Zimmerman's Solitude.*

Here are four passages from as many popular authors, all containing precisely the same idea. Will any one accuse three of them of plagiarism?—imitation it cannot be. To our mind, it is utterly impossible to conceive how three standard writers should have perpetrated a theft from the same passage. In what ridiculous positions the theories of some clever personages place themselves!

Again—

"Αἰκᾶ δίκαι σιδηρον  
Και πυρ, και καλη τις ουσια."  
*Anacreon, Ode 3.*

"One being beautiful can subdue both flame and steel."—*Translation.*

"—— let conquerors boast  
Their fields of fame—he who in virtue arms  
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,  
Who feels her brightness yet defies her thrall,  
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all."  
*Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

The following is from Shelley—

"Ay! to-day  
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, and the glare  
That flashed desolation, strong the arm  
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes!  
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died  
In ages past—that gaze, a transient flash  
On which the midnight closed——."—*Queen Mab.*

"The warrior's arm  
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;  
Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze  
Of his red eye-ball. Yesterday, his name  
Was mighty on the earth. To-day—'tis what?  
The meteor of the night of distant years  
That flashed unnoticed——."—*Kirke White's Time.*

"It laid its pallid hand  
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form  
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim."  
*Prentice's Closing Year.*

Here have we three more passages so closely resembling each other that the author of each might claim the other two as his own without an allegation of insanity; and yet we believe them to be merely resemblances.

Again—

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—*Proverbs, c. 22.*

"Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée."—*French Proverb.*

"A good name is better than a girdle of gold."—*Translation.*

Again—

"Tout le monde se plaint de sa mémoire, et personne ne plaint de sa jugement."—*Rochefoucault.*

"Every man complains of his memory, but no one complains of his judgment."—*Translation.*

"Why is it that we so constantly hear men complaining of their memory, but not of their judgment?"—*Lacon.*

Byron, addressing the ocean, says—

"Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."  
*Childe Harold.*

Mrs. Hemans, also speaking of the ocean, says—

"—— but glorious nature here  
Maintains unchanged her own sublime career."  
*Death of Conradin.*

## TO MY WIFE.

BY ISAAC MOISE.

THE moon is rising from the sea,  
The waves are dashing on our lee,  
The dew is falling from above—  
Farewell to thee, my wife! my love!

The moon is silv'ring with its light  
The ocean-foam—so pure, so bright;  
The stars are sparkling from above—  
Farewell, my wife! my only love!

The moon is rising now on high—  
I gaze upon her, and I sigh;

Her mellow light shines from above,  
On all on earth I fondly love.

The moon is waning while I write—  
An envious cloud obscures her light;  
No longer shines she from above—  
Farewell, my wife! my only love!

The moon has sunk beneath the wave,  
Like those we love sink to the grave;  
Now darkness dwells around, above—  
Farewell! farewell! my only love!

*Written while on my passage to France.*

## EDITORS' CORRESPONDENCE.

*Steamer Formosa, Alabama River, }*  
*March 26, 1847. }*

It was a bright and cheery afternoon as we left Mobile on the 25th: the evening came on with a still and tranquil beauty, and as the sun hastened to its close, we commenced our trip up the Alabama for Montgomery. The noble stream was calm as a lake, and only disturbed by the splashing of our wheels, while the loud laughing voices of the crew alone broke the surrounding stillness of the hour. On leaving the city, the river for some distance flows through meadows, that do not yet fulfill the promise ahead, but increases in interest the farther you ascend. It is navigable to *Wetumpka*, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, but in a direct line, not over half that space; and at that point receives its constituent branches, the *Coosa* and the *Tallapoosa*, which take their origin in the Alleghany mountains. This stream, like all others in the state, flows over deep beds excavated from the horizontal strata, and at this season of the spring floods will rise fifty and sixty feet above low water level, creating a general overflow and great destruction to bridges, forests and plantations. To-day I notice the half of an immense bridge lying "high and dry," in a cotton field, which had been carried there in a solid body by a great inundation from the upper regions of Georgia. When "the water is low," navigation is often suspended for six or seven months at a time.

Yesterday evening was beautiful — the last notes of the birds — the sun slowly sinking in his own pure element — the fragrance of the wild flowers, now in early bloom, filled the heart with a deep and mysterious sympathy for nature's works. We had, too, a lovely night, and a bright, full spring moon shedding a rich light over the whole scene; the most calm silence reigned, interrupted only by the noise of our high-pressure boat, and its echoing reverberations, as she steadily pursues her nightly course, or the clear tones of her bell, while she notifies the approach to some of the numerous landings.

Nothing can be more picturesque and wild, than most of the scenery we are constantly beholding on every side. The margin of the stream is universally covered with a forest's growth, and now clothed in the gay verdure of the vernal season, and checkered with the gaudy tints of the blossoming wild-plumb, the ash, dog-wood, buck-eye, and the honey-suckle, the whole displaying to the view every variety of brilliant coloring. Occasionally a log-cottage is seen, or a settlement surrounded by gardens and orchards,

while new openings and cultivated spots show that man has fixed his abode there; also each succeeding turn of the river varies, without diminishing the richness and the variety of the pleasing prospect. Bluff rises upon bluff, as we sail by, and the solitary island or the castellated steep, like the dreams of ambition suddenly appear, swell in pride, and then dimly fade away.

Often do we stop to land passengers, and for supplies of wood, when we have an opportunity for more careful observation. Here and there amidst the thicket, the white and pink laurel with its dotted cups hang their rich clusters forth, while from some clayey clefts the vine in graceful festoons peeps luxuriantly out. Some of these bluffs present a most bold and romantic aspect, rising abruptly from the water, and rearing their summits several hundred feet. That at Claiborne must be five hundred feet high, and so steep as to make the ascent to the town by an uninterrupted flight of nearly three hundred steps; goods are drawn up on an inclined plane and railway.

The profusion of the water-oak, a magnificent tree and an evergreen, the cedar and magnolia, will prevent this charming region, even at the most dreary season, from appearing cold or gloomy. Besides which, there are the holly with its shining leaves and scarlet berries; the southern pine, with its straight and lofty columns and massy foliage; then last, but not the least, the prodigal *mistletoe* clinging in clustering bunches, always alive, to every old and grotesque tree, but especially to the oak, and forming a kind of natural drapery to every scene. Frequently, upon a clay formation, are the banks of the Alabama based — hard, and of a dark gray color, and admirably calculated for the formation of innumerable water rills. These form the greatest variety and number of natural cascades I have ever seen, dancing as they tumble from twenty to forty feet, and spreading their silver sheet and rainbow spray in every direction. What enchanting pictures would they present for your excellent monthly! Often do I gaze upon them! And the mosses of those cool, sequestered retreats! and the rich enamplings of ferns and of violets! I cannot describe their magnificence. What pen can?

"Moses it were a sin to tread upon."

Thus hath the author of the "Isle of Palms" written of them, whose soul nature imbued with some of her finest poetry. Such jewelry, in colors so brilliant, and in forms so diversified, never did the hand of the artificer attempt or

fashion! Volumes might be written about them: but the splendor of their diamond frost-work, or congealed dew-drops, "rivaling Cleopatra's earrings," must be left untold.

The most striking feature to my mind, however, of the Alabama, is the endless groups of the cotton, poplar, and other splendid trees, in every possible shade of greenness, that adorn its long and serpentine course. I have seen them beautifully reflected upon the surface of the water by the clear light of the early morning, like sylvan temples—the work of no human hands; again beneath the gorgeous and evanescent sun-set, the whole tinged with the crimson flush of that departing hour, have I watched them: but at no moment do they assume so impressive a character, as at the mystic reign of twilight—while the last rays of the departed day alone contrast with the outlines of these indistinct masses, and when the wearied birds, wheeling and hovering above them, at last alight for rest in their dark and sheltering branches.

These regions of peace and tranquillity—now the abodes of civilized life—were only a few years ago the special haunts of the wild and roving

Indians, who, from the entangled cane-brakes or ragged cliffs, sounded their deadly war-whoop. Nor are these solitary shores without their tales of daring adventures, battles, and of death. It is not our duty to notice them, but rather the fairer works and beauties of nature as she comes forth from the hand of the Great Creator. Since "the Indian war," that title to the soil was extinguished, and the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws, have all been removed to the West. An immense immigration to the state then set in, and from a population of only ten thousand in the year 1810, it has now increased to over half a million. In 1817 Alabama was set off from Mississippi; and in 1819 admitted into the sister states of the Union.

I wanted to add something about the buds, the blossoms, and the birds of this vernal region—they are charming—but I have not time. As subjects for study, we have nothing equal to them: here is "THE BOOK" to peruse, which is written without mortal pen! The revolution of every sun and the coming of every breeze bring some new accession of life to the vegetable or animal world.

G. P. D.

## OUR HOME.

BY JULIA PALMER.

It is not a palace, or castle hall,  
With marble floor and ivied wall,  
And ancient parks of grand old trees,  
Waving proudly in the breeze:  
Oh, no! our home is an humble spot—  
The passer-by might mark it not;  
But there dwells Love—  
Sweet Love!

The lowly roof is thick with moss,  
And vines of roses wind across  
The little porch;  
And there, in sweet, glad summer-time,  
When all the flowers are in their prime,  
A little blue-bird builds her nest—  
She *knows* she is a welcome guest,  
For there dwells Love—  
Sweet Love!

The rooms within are low and small;  
One single picture decks the wall—  
Our mother's form;  
I've watched it when the sun went down,  
And the golden clouds grew dusk and brown;  
I've fancied that the placid face,  
Where lin'ring love has left its trace,  
Has smiled on me;  
It looked all love—  
Sweet love!

There's a little garden just below,  
Where hyacinths and daisies grow,  
And the bright anemone;  
And a gentle river rolls along,  
And sings a happy, gladd'ning song;  
There grows the sweet forget-me-not—  
It tells a story to my heart  
Of love—sweet love!

And farther down there stands a willow,  
And at its foot white pebbles lie;  
Once when the storm-wind heaved the billow,  
And dashed the white surf madly high,  
Our father died—we heard his cry—  
It was the death-cry:  
Then came that weary, dismal morrow—  
We buried him, in bitter sorrow,  
Beneath that willow tree:  
He lies just there.

And when we sit in quiet even,  
And watch the flowers upon his grave,  
We know that we shall meet in heaven,  
Remembering Him who died to save—  
We bless His name;  
We love each other all the more,  
Because our father went before,  
To praise the God whom we adore,  
Who is all love—  
Rich love!

## THE TREASURY.

### THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

In the hour of twilight shadows  
The Puritan looked out—  
He thought of the "bloody Salvages"  
That lurked all round about;  
Of Wituwawmet's pictured knife  
And Pecksuot's whooping shout—  
For the baby's flesh was tender,  
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin  
Too bare for the hungry rat,  
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,  
And bald enough of that;  
The hole that served for casement  
Was glazed with an ancient hat,  
And the ice was gently thawing  
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape  
His eyes went to and fro,  
The trees all clad in icicles,  
The streams that did not flow.  
A sudden thought flashed o'er him—  
A dream of long ago—  
He smote his leathern jerkin,  
And murmured "Even so!

"Come hither, God-be-glorified,  
And sit upon my knee:  
Behold the dream unfolding  
Whereof I spake to thee  
By the winter's hearth in Leyden,  
And on the stormy sea.  
True is the dream's beginning—  
So may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest  
Our scattered remnant cast,  
A screen of shivering branches  
Between them and the blast:  
The snow was falling round them,  
The dying fell as fast—  
I looked to see them perish,  
When, lo! the vision passed.

"Again my eyes were opened,  
The feeble had waxed strong,  
The babes had grown to sturdy men,  
The remnant was a throng;  
By shadowed lake and winding stream,  
And all the shores along,  
The howling demons quaked to hear  
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept—the village fathers,  
By river, lake and shore,  
When far adown the steep of time  
The vision rose once more:  
I saw along the winter snow  
A spectral column pour,

And high above their broken ranks  
A tattered flag they bore.

"Their leader rode before them,  
Of bearing calm and high,  
The light of Heaven's own kindling  
Throned in his awful eye:  
These were a nation's champions  
Her dread appeal to try—  
'God for the right!' I faltered,  
And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more—the strife was ended,  
The solemn issue tried,  
The Lord of Hosts his mighty arm  
Had helped our Israel's side:  
Gray stone and grassy hillock  
Told where her martyrs died,  
And peace was in the borders  
Of victory's chosen bride.

"A crash—as when some swollen cloud  
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!  
With side to side and spar to spar,  
Whose smoking decks are these?  
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,  
Thou mistress of the seas—  
But what is she whose streaming bars  
Roll out before the breeze?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,  
Whose thunders strive to quell  
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips  
That pealed the Armada's knell!  
The mist was cleared—a wreath of stars  
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,  
And wavering from its haughty peak,  
The cross of England fell!

"Oh, trembling Faith! though dark the morn,  
A heavenly torch is thine;  
While feeblier races melt away  
And paler orbs decline,  
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray  
Along thy pathway shine,  
To light the chosen tribe that sought  
This western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on,  
It crowns with flaming towers  
The icy capes of Labrador,  
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers!'  
It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
That parts the northern showery,  
From eastern rock to sunset wave  
The continent is ours!"

He ceased—the grim old Puritan—  
Then softly bent to cheer  
The pilgrim-child whose wasting face  
Was meekly turned to hear;  
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,  
To brush the manly tear  
From cheeks that never changed in wo  
And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,  
His resting-place unknown;  
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,  
The dust was o'er him strown:  
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf  
Along the sod were blown,  
His mound has melted into earth,  
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,  
The memory of the dead,  
Long as the pale anemone  
Springs where their tears were shed;  
Or raining in the summer's wind  
In flakes of burning red,  
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves  
The turf where once they bled!

Yes, when the frowning bulwarks  
That guard this holy strand  
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge  
In beds of sparkling sand;  
While in the waste of ocean  
One hoary rock shall stand,  
Be this its latest legend—  
*Here was the Pilgrim's Land!*

#### A TRUE HEROINE.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed to the jail of North Yarmouth for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighborhood of Yarmouth who was most deeply moved by it. This was Sarah Martin, a poor dress-maker—a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-laborer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother, so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him." She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid, modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited

permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

There has been published an interesting account of Mrs. Fry's first entry into the female ward of Newgate. Locked up with viragos, amongst whom the turnkeys had warned her that her purse, her watch, and even her life would be in danger, "she addressed them with dignity, power and gentleness," and soon awed them into compliance with a code of regulations which there was a committee of ladies ready to aid her in carrying into execution. All this was very admirable, and, in its results, has been most beneficial. But Mrs. Fry was a woman of education, and had something of the dignified bearing of a person accustomed to move in the higher walks of life; she was also a practiced speaker in the meetings of the religious community of which she was a member, and was supported by influential and well-tutored assistants. Sarah Martin's position was the reverse of this in every respect. "My father," she says, "was a village tradesman. I was born in June, 1791—an only child, deprived of my parents at an early age, and brought up under the care of a widowed grandmother," a poor woman of the name of Bonnet, and by trade a glover, at Caister. Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and, after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick ward in the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding the labors of Mrs. Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more nearly heroic, in the conduct of her humbler sister. Of Mrs. Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drunk deep into the spirit of that book, "which ever tells," she says, "of mercy," and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears, and thanked me!" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life. If she had been rudely repelled, even her fortitude might have given way. But the messenger of mercy is ever welcome to those who feel their guilt, and the more guilty the more welcome, if the glad tidings be but kindly proclaimed. "I read to her," she adds, "the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke," the story of the malefactor, who, although suffering justly by man's judgment, found mercy from the Saviour.

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labors. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners, but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labor interfered

with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, \* \* \* to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday, and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; \* \* \* but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby clothes; and having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. \* \* \* By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. \* \* \* The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock, (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase,) soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment, above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew gray cotton shirts, or even patchwork, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the chess-player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The chess-player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline, moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment,

and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit, and, considering the time and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshiper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself." These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"*Sunday, November 29, 1835.*—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled. A female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

Sarah Martin is here brought before us in a new character. Hitherto we have seen her pursuing, energetically and successfully, certain definite practical ends of plain and obvious utility. She now claims our attention as a moral teacher. From the commencement of her Sunday labors, which began probably in 1820, or shortly afterwards, up to 1832, she read printed sermons; from that time to 1837, she wrote her own sermons; from 1837 to the termination of her labors in 1843, "I was enabled," she says, "by the help of God, to address the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the Holy Scriptures." We were curious to know what kind of addresses a person so intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of criminals would think it right to deliver to such an audience, and have been kindly permitted to peruse her unpublished notes of various sermons delivered by her in the year 1835. They have certainly surprised us.

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the pro-

cise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended—and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number. The cold, labored eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor, uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation:—pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steinboat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; bores, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a work-house, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness.

Judging from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to this strange auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points. I. The inseparable connection between sin and sorrow; the great fact, that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery "doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue," and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. II. Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connection between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seemed to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly, but if approached, or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it was not in their power to gratify, and that unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy only because He is immutably good, and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. III. Her third point was to lead her auditors to the ever open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible eloquence, to invite, entreat and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of his own sinless, happy nature to all who came to Him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by his own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they should be kept secretly from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head, a way of escape was pointed out, and, in the midst of their sin and shame,

they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace and happiness. There is reason to believe that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm hearted sincerity, were eminently successful. The respect and attention which would not have been yielded to a preacher who had endeavored to excite alarm by the enforcement of religious terrors, were willingly conceded to an instructor who sought to win them to a love of purity, by considerations which, without being directly personal, flowed naturally out of a knowledge of their feelings. The papers we have seen are, for the most part, mere skeletons or rough notes of sermons, and their entire publication would not be desirable; but in any more extended biography, a few extracts from them might be very usefully introduced.

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of between two and three hundred pounds. She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and, from that time, devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in a week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and eventually almost entirely disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labors, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions—and was actual destitution of ordinary necessaries to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words:—"In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whosoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants by bestowing upon them very limited means of support—as in the case of Naomi and Ruth, of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah—and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord in thus administering to others."

Noble woman! A faith so firm and so disinterested might have removed mountains—a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah

Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them, converting that which, without her, would have been at best a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows:—"Any who could not read I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable, always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use,' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and large books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more were supplied with larger books."

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favor of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course would only be followed by the prisoners' doing less and not doing it well." The ascendancy she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watched, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood!—and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succor the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labors at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the workhouse, and afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen whilst Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be

more especially her pupils. Every countenance was riveted upon her; and as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and more especially by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction impressed a poetical character upon her own style and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there—for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counselor as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the workhouse or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labors were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick, active manner, communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was preeminent. Odd pieces of woolen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connection with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands." There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners—notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long beyond the period of their imprisonment—with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other moneys committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labors. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

During all this time she went on living upon her bare pittance, in a state of most absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied many of her necessities by occasional presents, but unless it was especially provided, "This is not for your charities, but for your own exclusive use and comfort," whatever was sent to her was given away to persons more destitute than herself. In this way she was



furnished with clothes, and occasional presents were sent to her of bread, cheese, eggs, fruit, and other necessaries of a simple kind.

In the winter of 1842 her health began to fail, and it was with pain and difficulty that she continued, day by day, up to the 17th April, 1843, to visit the jail, "the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure." From that day she was confined to her apartments by a painful disease, accompanied by extreme bodily weakness. But nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a solitary chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose and peace and love," when speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty—

"————— I seem to lie  
So near the heavenly portals bright,  
I catch the streaming rays that fly  
From eternity's own light!"

At such a time she resumed the exercise of a talent for the writing of sacred poetry, which had been early developed, and had even been occasionally exercised in the midst of the occupations of her busy life.

Sarah Martin struggled against disease for many months, suffering intense agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. A few minutes before her death she begged for more of the opiate to still the racking torture. The nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. She, clapping her hands together, exclaimed—"Thank God! thank God!" and never spake more. This was on the 15th October, 1843. She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the churchyard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues. The Yarmouth corporation ought to erect a

tablet to her memory, either in the jail or in the chancel of the church of St. Nicholas, in which she taught her class of factory girls. Her services and the debt of gratitude which the whole town owes to her will not be forgotten, although no marble tell the tale—but such a monument, if erected by the corporation, would relieve them from the suspicion that they were as ignorant of the moral worth as they were of the money value of such labors as Sarah Martin's. Since her death the corporation has been compelled to appoint both a jail chaplain and a schoolmaster.

**PAST AND PRESENT.**—We build upon the ruins of our buried joys, as the Italians have built over the ruins of Herculaneum. The lava of time encrusts the scenes that have gone by, and upon it we raise for ourselves new homes, new friends, new hopes, new means of enjoyment. Yet it is not therefore that all which has been has ceased to be. Beneath the brightness of the present hour the city of the past lies hid, and still in silence and solitude, or even at intervals in the business of life, will memory descend into the quiet world to wander again through the deserted streets, amid the homes of the absent and the dead.

**THE HIGHEST MOTIVE.**—What a difference between studying for fame or money, or even to please your friends, and studying because God has given you certain powers and willed that you should cultivate them!

**NOTHING IS LOST.**—All that is in the designs of God is great. Know one thing that should be the rule of your soul—*Nothing is lost*. Though your name and the form of your works disappear, though you labor *without a name*, your work will not be lost. The Divine balance is mathematics itself, and in the crucible of the Divine Chemist all the atoms are counted at their exact value.

## THE WHITE CASCADE.

BY J. R. ORTON.

LAKE ERIE was still, and it seemed to the eye  
By the fairies for revel all lighted and drest;  
For the round moon and stars, that illumined the sky  
Like gems set in crystal, emblazoned its breast

As our boat slowly glided through azure and light,  
The senses were wrapt in a fanciful trance:  
And we hardly could tell if we floated that night  
Through shadowy worlds or the starry expanse.

But a murmur of waters, the music of air,  
Like the sigh of a harp-string, the breathing of love,  
Changed the current of fancy to forms no less fair,  
The deep shady shore and the cascade above.

I often had seen it and loved it before,  
As a spot where the weary might rest from his woes;  
And dream that the toils of this sojourn were o'er,  
As he gazed on the beauty of nature's repose.

The calm lake was 'neath us, the bright sky above,  
Before us a forest, a green wood of song;  
Whence the whippowil's plaint and the moan of the dove,  
With the hum of a streamlet, came sighing along.

And that brook, with its wavelets and silvery curls,  
As it reached the rough slope of the rock-breasted steep,  
White, swan-like, a torrent of brilliants and pearls,  
All snowy and sparkling, rushed into the deep.

And there was the beech-tree, beneath whose retreat  
I sometimes had whispered to calm melancholy,  
And wept o'er the days of my childhood, replete  
With joys time had crushed as the offspring of folly.

And there was the green peak with foliage o'erhanging,  
All wild jutting over the cascade below,  
On which I had sat as the forest birds sang,  
And heard faintly o'er Presque Isle the slow yo-heaven-ho.

And then I would think of my home far away,  
And of her, though in distance, so dear to me still,  
And watch the pale shadows succeeding the day,  
And the moon's first reflection on tree-top and hill.

When our hearts burst to life from the brambles inwove,  
And the tired mind is sick of the world's giddy roll,  
How sweet to retire to some spot that we love,  
And find in calm nature the friend of the soul

## THE PATRIOT COUSINS.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"LYDIA, Cousin Lydia," called the sweet voice of a girl of sixteen, who stood at the foot of a staircase, "do come down and sit with me, for it is growing dark, and I feel so melancholy all alone."

As she stood listening a minute to ascertain if she were heard, a profusion of silky ringlets of a dark chestnut color fell back from her upraised face, leaving her snowy forehead and temples bare, while her lips, bright as the red coral when fresh from the wave, were slightly parted so as to half reveal the upper row of a set of teeth perfectly even and of dazzling whiteness.

A door was opened, and the words, "I will be with you in one minute, Alice," were heard in reply to her request.

Alice returned to the parlor, and running her fingers lightly over the keys of a harpichord, commenced singing the old ballad of Chevy Chase, in a voice full of low, sweet melody, and of that thrilling pathos which showed that her heart was burthened with a feeling—some might have called it a presentiment of coming sorrow—which can find no more appropriate mode of utterance than in melancholy music. She was just concluding the stanza,

"Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three;  
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase  
Under the greenwood tree."

when the door opened and Lydia Rennie entered. Though equally beautiful, she presented in every respect a decided contrast to her cousin, Alice Dale. Of her mother, who was a sister of Mr. Dale, the parent of Alice, she retained only a faint remembrance. Her father, who had been dead only a few years, was a descendant of the Pilgrims, and being a strict and zealous Puritan, had prohibited her from indulging in what he deemed the vanities of dress and those amusements with which the affluent and princely Mr. Dale delighted to gratify his daughter, who had, like Lydia, been deprived of her mother in early childhood.

Lydia was taller than Alice, and the subdued colors, and in every respect severe simplicity of her dress, might in her case have been considered an advantage, as it failed to draw the attention from a form perfect in symmetry and grace.

Her black hair, smooth and glossy as a bird's plumage, and so long and abundant that had it been suffered to flow unconfined, would have fallen round her like a veil, was meekly parted

over her forehead and then compressed into a single rich and heavy braid, which, gathered into a circular form, was confined at the back part of her finely-shaped head. Over this superb head-dress provided by nature, she wore a little close cap, but of a texture so fine and transparent that the border which rested lightly on her brow did not conceal the delicate tracery of the azure veins.

"How many homes must have been made desolate," said she, as if replying to the words of the ballad.

As she spoke, Alice turned round, with the tears weighing heavily upon her long eyelashes, and dimming the blue brilliance of her large, full eyes.

"It makes me think, Lydia," said she, "of this dreadful war, which, though it seemed to me so heroic and inspiring when I heard of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, appears, now it approaches our own homes, as hideous as it does cruel."

She was silent a few moments, and then looking earnestly into the dark, beaming eyes of Lydia, said—"Your brother—do you think that he will join the army?"

"I can have no doubt but that he will," replied her cousin; "nor would I prevent him had I the power—neither would you, dear Alice."

"But my father, Lydia—you know that his heart is with his fatherland, and if Randolph joins the colonists he will consider him a traitor to his king and banish him from his roof."

She now approached a window, where Lydia was seated on one of the high-backed carved chairs, so massy as to be scarcely a moveable, and looked forth into the gathering gloom. The lingering twilight, while it threw into dark relief the roofs and steeples of the city of Norfolk, situated at no great distance, cast faint gleams of brightness upon the Elizabeth river and the fine basin which forms the harbor of the city. The young moon, alternately revealed and hidden by the rich foliage of some maples, as their boughs swayed to the freshening breeze, had brightened from pearl to silver; and the beautiful star close by its side, which at first seemed sunk far down in the blue depths of the air, had now come forth and glittered like a "jewel on an Ethiop's brow," when Alice again spoke.

"It is night," said she, "and yet neither father nor Randolph has come home. I am afraid something has happened to them."

"Here is Neptune," said Lydia, as a large and

beautiful water-spaniel bounded towards the window, "and my brother cannot be far distant."

The dog having announced his master's approach, returned and accommodated his pace to that of a horse, which, being white, they could now and then discern through the trees which shaded the lawn in front of the house.

Alice being assured that Randolph was coming, darted away from the window to a mahogany table, of a circular form, that stood in the centre of the apartment, covered with a fine damask cloth, and commenced arranging some small porcelain cups and saucers upon a salver of chased silver. She had just completed her task, when a tall, noble-looking youth, bearing a strong resemblance to Lydia Rennie, entered the apartment. He was in military costume, and the flush of excitement was on his cheeks. The dark eyes of Lydia Rennie sparkled with enthusiasm as she remarked the dress of her brother, but the tears started into Alice Dale's, as, laying her hand on the sleeve of his coat, she said—"Randolph, why is this?"

"Why, my dear Alice," said he, "I hoped to give you pleasure rather than pain. I know you do not wish me to look idly on while my companions are struggling for liberty."

"No, I do not," she replied; "but my father—he will never suffer you again to enter his doors."

"I am afraid he will not, Alice; and for some time I suffered myself to vacillate between what I felt to be my duty and the fear of incurring his displeasure—not on my own account, but yours."

"Do you leave us immediately?" asked his sister.

"I shall probably leave you soon," he replied, "as the company I have joined hold themselves in readiness to march at any moment."

"If you had only waited till you were twenty-one," said Alice, "my father's right to control your actions would have ceased, and his resentment might have been less bitter."

"You deceive yourself, dearest Alice," he replied; "it would not have deprived it of one particle of bitterness—and as the colonies are not striving for conquest, but national existence, it appeared to me as criminal to any longer hesitate to join the contest, even though in so doing I might possibly be obliged to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart."

"You have done right, my brother," said Lydia. "The time has arrived when a true patriot can neither doubt nor hesitate."

"Hark!" said Alice; "I hear the sound of horse's feet—my father is coming."

They all listened a moment, and found that she was not mistaken.

"You must go, Randolph," said Alice. "After what you have done you must not meet my father; and though the table is spread for supper, you cannot share our meal."

As she spoke, she opened a door for him opposite to the one by which her father would enter.

"My brother," said Lydia, taking one of his hands and pressing it in both of hers, "remember, if our father were alive, he too would gird on his sword in the cause of freedom. May the God of battles be with you, and in Him be your trust, and you will neither falter nor faint."

"I cannot now speak as Lydia does," said the tearful Alice, "but——"

She could say no more, and covering her face with her hands, strove to stifle her sobs. He drew her towards him, pressed his lips upon her forehead, and then hastened from the room, for the steps of Mr. Dale were heard at the threshold.

Alice, with a strong effort to subdue her emotion, opened the door to admit her father, while Lydia, who had resumed her station at the open window, bent her eyes in anxious perusal upon his countenance. His mouth, firm and even stern in its expression when in repose, relaxed into a smile of singular sweetness as his eye fell on the lovely form of Alice, but the ray glancing from a golden arrow in its flight could not have been more transient, and his countenance darkened to more than its usual gloom, when, anxious to know if he had yet learned that Randolph had joined the army, she inquired, in as careless a tone as she could assume, if he brought any news.

"Yes, news enough," returned he; "Randolph Rennie has, in defiance of my known wishes, joined the rebels. As it is a disagreeable subject, and one I shall not care to recur to hereafter, I may as well say to you now that all intercourse between you from this time must cease. Whatever romantic and childish feelings of attachment you may imagine you entertain for him, must be cherished no longer, for never shall daughter of mine be connected with one who has proved a traitor to his lawful sovereign. I have been to blame, I know," added he, as he saw the distress of Alice, who had sunk pale and trembling upon a chair, "for permitting the son of a Puritan to dwell beneath my roof; but for the sake of a sister who was very dear to me, I have suffered him as well as Lydia, whom I strongly suspect of being tainted——"

Here his words were arrested by the deprecating look which Alice cast from him towards her cousin, whose presence—she having been sitting in a remote part of the room—he had not noticed.

Lydia Rennie, who had from the moment she first heard that blood had been shed in the cause of liberty, felt sure that her brother would never endure to look idly on, had been gradually nerving herself for the present crisis. The anger which she knew that her uncle, as a firm royalist, would entertain towards Randolph, she thought it not unlikely would be extended to her, and the lips of her small, firm mouth were slightly com-

pressed, though her brow remained perfectly calm and serene, as his eye, following the direction of his daughter's, rested upon her countenance. But though she could control her features, she could not prevent a vivid blush from breaking over her cheeks when she heard her brother spoken of as a traitor, which still continued to burn and glow with an intensity which imparted a dazzling brilliancy to her beauty.

"I knew not that you were present, Lydia," said he, "or I should not have given such free expression to my just indignation against your brother, as the feelings which consecrate the ties binding such near kindred should be respected. Though my doors are closed against him, you are at liberty to still remain as the companion of my daughter."

"Am I to understand," said Lydia, "that you prohibit all intercourse between my brother and me if I remain in your family?"

"By no means. It would be assuming an unwarrantable authority to attempt to rupture the ties that unite a brother and sister. It is enough for me to prevent any new ones from being formed between my daughter and one who has forgotten his allegiance to his lawful king. One thing, however, I do prohibit, and that is any attempt on your part to fan the flame of his misguided enthusiasm—neither let this unhappy rebellion be the theme of conversation between you and Alice."

Alice watched her cousin's kindling eye, who more than once felt tempted to say that she preferred to seek another home, where there would be no danger of her inadvertently overstepping the prescribed barrier, but the appealing look of the soft blue eyes of Alice, moist with tears, which were turned towards her, checked this prouder impulse, and she meekly replied that she would, if possible, refrain from the interdicted topic.

Early the ensuing morning Lydia received from her brother the subjoined billet.

"I shall for a few days remain comparatively near you, my dear sister, as the company to which I belong has received orders to join the provincial troops, whose duty it is to defend the lower country against the predatory force of regulars commanded by Lord Dunmore, and also to assist in the relief of Norfolk. I know that in your present situation you will be subjected to much that is unpleasant, but for the sake of Alice, continue if possible where you are, and overlook what you might otherwise resent. I cannot but think that something will yet occur to overcome our uncle's prejudices, and convince him that America has rights that ought not to be sacrificed to the rapacity of her stern parent."

In this was enclosed a short letter to Alice, which, besides those protestations of attachment natural for a young and ardent lover, contained one sentence which caused her much agitation and anxiety. This was a request to meet him

the next day about sunset at a particular spot which he designated, and as a motive to the requested interview, he observed that a battle was daily expected between the Americans and the British, after which it would be uncertain where the company to which he belonged would be stationed. While the duty and obedience she owed her father made her one moment resolve to deny her lover's request, the next brought with it thoughts of the anticipated battle, and she could not bring herself to deny him what might prove their last interview. This reflection, as might naturally be supposed, when the hour to meet Randolph came, outweighed the colder ones which prompted her to the course which she knew would meet the approbation of her father. She even forbore to inform Lydia of her intention, lest, should the secret of their meeting transpire, she might draw upon her a share of her father's anger, which might be harder to appease and involve more serious consequences than that she might incur herself.

The balmy September day was near its close, when, throwing over her shoulders a light silk scarf, she slipped into the garden, where, lest she should be seen and excite observation by an appearance of haste, she walked leisurely along a path which terminated in a thick shrubbery. She now increased her speed, and soon found herself on the brow of one of the clustering hills that sheltered a green and lovely glen, where she was to meet Randolph. The braided roots of oaks and beeches gave firmness to the abrupt slope of the hills, which rose like walls of emerald round this wild and flowery nest. She had somewhat anticipated the time named by Randolph, who was as yet nowhere in sight. One less accustomed to roam in the woods and among the hills might have hesitated to descend the steep and winding path without assistance, but there was not a mossy crag nor a foot of level turf that was not as familiar to Alice as her own hearthstone, and with light, bounding steps, scarcely availing herself of the wild vines and shrubs that offered themselves to her grasp, she soon reached the bottom of the glen. It was only at mid-day that the sunbeams stole through the leafy shade of the oaks and beeches, and fell like a shower of fairy gold upon the green moss, and threw sparks of silver over the tiny wreaths of foam, which a brook, as it went by with its low, sweet song, hung upon the sedge and bending spray. Now dim and unbroken shadows lay brooding upon the heart of this quiet glen, and the low murmur of the brook stole upward and mingled with the cool rustling of the trees and of the luxuriant vines, which, loaded with heavy clusters of the purple grape, hung in rich festoons from the bending branches and fell trailing along the sides of the green precipice. A giant elm, nursed into the fullest luxuriance by the moist soil it loved, had thrown across the brook its large twisted roots, which, overgrown by the rich green turf,

fringed with those golden-hued flowers that hang trembling on their stems like pendent jewels and love to press close to the water's edge, formed a seat scarcely less gorgeous than the embroidered cushions of her own boudoir. The glen was to her the dearest spot on the earth, for it was here that she and her cousins used to play together in childhood, here that Randolph first ventured to speak to her of a love deeper and more fervent than that which bound them together as cousins, and where, it might be, she was destined to part with him forever. She had seated herself on the turf that covered the roots of the old elm, and as this last sad thought was gathering strength, she turned to a small opening of the hills, through which was revealed a portion of the sunset sky, bright as a sea of molten gold and unbroken by a single cloud. Even the splendor of the sky seemed to her a mockery when her heart was so sad, and she turned away from a scene which at another time she would have contemplated with delight.

"Alice," said a beloved and musical voice—and looking upwards, she beheld Randolph on the brow of the ledgy and almost perpendicular descent opposite. The next moment he had swung himself over the edge, and rapidly letting himself down by grasping the wild saplings which here and there had found root in the broken and rocky soil, he was soon at her side. The idea of their stolen meeting sent a vivid blush to the cheeks of Alice as she held out to him her hand, which he received with sentiments to which the incidents of the last twenty-four hours had imparted a depth and fervor which can only find a home in the innermost and holiest sanctuary of the heart.

"It was not, dear Alice," said he, "expressly for the happiness of again seeing you that I have sought this interview, but to tell you of something I have heard, which, I must confess, great as the confidence I feel in your attachment, has caused me much uneasiness. A British officer who has seen you and admires your beauty, intends to apply to your father for leave to pay you his addresses."

"And could you for a moment suppose that I would listen to them?" said Alice, somewhat indignantly.

"No," replied Randolph, "not of your own free will, though the officer—who, I think, holds the rank of a captain—possesses superior personal advantages, and, it is said, belongs to a family of wealth and distinction. It is your father I fear. If he commands you to listen to him, will you have the courage to disobey?"

"I should not have the courage to disobey any reasonable command," she replied, "but in the case you speak of, no good parent will even wish to enforce obedience. Though I will never marry without my father's consent, I will never be compelled to marry a person I dislike; and be assured, Randolph, that my father is not one of

those who would jeopardize the happiness of an only child by pressing his authority to such undue limits."

"I think he is not," replied Randolph, "except for the gratification of his political prejudices, which to him wear the aspect of loyalty, and will, I am afraid, blind him even to the claims of affection." He then added, somewhat playfully—"You are about to be assailed with temptation—this letter will show you that I am not wholly free."

As he spoke he took a letter from his pocket, which he unfolded and desired her to read. To her surprise, she found that it was written by her father. It bore the date of the day preceding, and its tone was at once conciliatory and earnest. Its object was to dissuade him from taking an active part with the rebels, as he styled them, in the struggle between Britain and her colonies, and in return for his forbearance he would reward him with the hand of his daughter.

"You see," said he, when Alice had finished reading the letter, "that he does not ask me to take part with the British—he only requires me not to join in opposing them; and you see, too, the tempting reward which he offers to induce my compliance."

"Which, if you did comply," said Alice, "could never be yours. I have reflected more upon the subject within the last twenty-four hours than I have ever done before; which causes it to appear in a different light, making that seem criminal now which before appeared only as venial."

"I knew," said Randolph, with enthusiasm, "that you were capable of viewing it thus. With such sentiments I can trust you, even with a British officer at your feet."

"Do you think my father is aware of his intention?" said Alice.

"I think not; but as he is—as I have ascertained—the son of a friend whom I have often heard him mention, he will undoubtedly be inclined to give him a favorable answer."

"The twilight shadows are deepening," said Alice, sadly, "and I must now return or I shall be missed. I shall come to this spot every day, for we have both loved it more than any other ever since I can remember. God bless you, Randolph!" and as she spoke, she held out to him one of her hands, while with the other she covered her face to conceal her tears, which the thought that this might be their last parting made her vainly strive to repress.

Covering the hand thus resigned to him with kisses, a few whispered words, such as would naturally flow from the lips of a lover who was in daily expectation of meeting the foe in mortal combat, were breathed into her ear, and then they parted.

Alice drew her scarf over her head in such a manner as to conceal her face as she hurried homewards, for she caught a glimpse of the splendid uniform of a British officer through the

trees, who had just turned into the avenue leading to the house. After gaining her chamber, she had barely time to arrange her hair, discomposed by her hasty walk, when her father sent to request her presence in the drawing-room, that he might, he said, have the pleasure of introducing her to Captain Merton, the son of an old and esteemed friend. Lydia Rennie was already there, and her dress—perhaps from the contrast afforded by the showy uniform of the British officer—seemed to exhibit a more severe simplicity than usual.

The fair skin, blue eyes and light-colored hair of Captain Merton might have led to the supposition that he was of pure Saxon origin—and, in truth, his family felt proud of being able to show that they claimed no kindred with those who derived their descent from the haughty Normans. His almost effeminate delicacy of complexion was, however, more than atoned for by his remarkably noble and handsome features, that wore that frank and open expression which seldom fails to inspire confidence. Scarcely an hour had passed before Alice felt assured that it would only be necessary to confess to him her attachment to Randolph Rennie, to prevent him from taking undue advantage of any encouragement which he might receive from her father as regarded herself. Before his departure, she even began to think that she should have no occasion for any confession, if such an inference might be drawn from the manner in which he perused the face of Lydia when he imagined himself unobserved.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, as Alice and Lydia sat together busy with their needles, Mr. Dale entered the apartment dressed in the uniform of a British officer. It was the first intimation they had received of his intention to take an active part in opposing the Americans. At this moment the report of a single cannon was borne by on the morning breeze. They knew then that the anticipated battle was about to commence. Alice sprung towards her father and threw herself into his arms.

"Do not leave us, my father," said she—and as she spoke, the thunder of the distant artillery again came to their ears.

"I have pledged myself to bear a part in this day's work," he replied, "and it is time I was on the ground. God bless you, Alice, and you too, my niece. I hope to be with you again in a few hours."

As he spoke, he put aside the curls from his daughter's pale cheek, gave her a parting kiss, and immediately withdrew.

In the silence of their chamber the cousins listened to the booming of the cannon, and beheld afar off the clouds of smoke that hovered over the battle field.

"How dreadful," said Alice, "for my father and Randolph to meet as foes!" and the heroic sentiments which sustained her when she parted from her lover gave way before the terrible pic-

ture which this thought presented to her imagination.

It was not thus with Lydia. Though at times her face was as pale as the snowy folds of her lawn kerchief, and though there was an expression of intense anxiety in her dark eyes, no tear dimmed their brilliancy, while occasionally such a glow of enthusiasm lit up her whole countenance as made it easy to imagine, that had her physical strength equaled the energy of her mind, she would hardly have shrunk—had not custom imposed its restraints upon her sex—from lending her personal aid in the struggle for liberty. It was not till the roar of the battle had ceased, and the cloud of smoke that hovered over the scene began to roll away, like the folds of a torn banner when gathered round its staff, that the woman's weakness asserted its claims, causing her tears to fall like rain-drops among the tangled masses of curls which were spread over her arms and lap, as the weeping Alice, kneeling at her feet, hid her face in her bosom.

It was not long before they beheld an American soldier hastening towards the house, and ran to meet him.

"What tidings?" inquired Lydia.

"The red-coats are repulsed," he replied, "and I have been sent to tell you that you must make preparation to receive Randolph Rennie, who is wounded."

"Dangerously?" inquired Lydia.

"Yes, dangerously," replied the soldier, "though his wound, which is in the side, it is hoped will not prove mortal. The blow was from one of our own soldiers, and intended for a red-coat, whose life he saved by throwing himself before him and receiving it himself."

"It was your Uncle Dale whom he saved," said a young American officer, addressing Lydia, and who had come up in season to hear what the soldier had been saying.

At this moment Mr. Dale was seen riding rapidly towards the house. A flush of indignation passed over the cheeks of the young officer at sight of his scarlet uniform, and both he and the soldier turned abruptly away to avoid meeting him.

"Lydia," said Mr. Dale, throwing himself from his horse, and speaking in an agitated voice, "I owe my life to your brother, who will soon be here. He is badly wounded, but the surgeon says there is hope. Let us go in and prepare for his accommodation."

"Will you not have your own wound attended to?" said Mr. Dale's black servant, pointing to the sleeve of his coat, the scarlet hue of which was in several places deepened to crimson by stains of blood.

"It is nothing," replied Mr. Dale. "I had forgotten it."

In a few minutes afterwards, several American soldiers were seen approaching, bearing Randolph Rennie on a litter. His own room was opened

for him, and his uncle lent his personal aid in arranging everything necessary for his comfort. After being placed on the bed, he smiled as he met the eyes of Alice and Lydia regarding him with an anxiety which they could not disguise, and assured them that he was nearly free from pain, and that he felt persuaded—some, he said, might call it a presentiment—that he should get well.

Although near the commencement of the war, Mr. Dale never again bore arms against the colonists. Neither did he oppose his nephew's return to the American army, when his wound became healed and his health re-established. He even two years afterwards gave the hand of his daughter, with every appearance of satisfaction, to this rebel nephew. Captain Merton was present at the wedding, soon after which he resigned his commission and returned to England. In a

letter which Randolph Rennie received from him soon afterwards, he said—"The moment hostilities cease I shall return to America, for I will confess—what you have doubtless already suspected—that your sister has my happiness in her keeping. Even she—little rebel that she is—would not wish me to raise my arm against my native land; but I assure her that neither will I ever raise it against hers, defended as it is by a fraternal band, who, though I once deemed them rebels, appear to me now in every respect worthy of the holy name of patriots, and are destined, I doubt not, to achieve the liberty for which they are so bravely contending."

Randolph read this letter to his sister, and the blush which suffused her cheeks as she listened, was deemed by him and Alice as auspicious to Captain Merton's hopes.

## THE PINE.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

'Tis the lonely hour of midnight, hour solemn, deep and still,  
But the sweeping, panting night-wind wakes its dirges on the hill;  
Solemnly its notes are falling, like a funeral anthem, slow,  
Back the rosy hours recalling that were wasted long ago:  
And the lamps of ether glisten faintly, dimly on my head,  
While I vainly, idly listen for Time's distant, feathery tread;  
But a deep and ghastly river, without shore and without bound,  
Glideth onward and forever without music, without sound;  
And the moon across my pillow throws a faint and ghostly line,  
While I listen to the moanings of the melancholy pine.  
Then sweet fancies come upon me of the saintly ones of old;  
I behold the dear departed with their locks of snow and gold;  
Half I hear their downy footsteps lift their echoes from the floor,  
As the sainted, the true-hearted tread the halls of life once more;  
I behold their round lips parting, half I hear their panting breath,  
And the heaven is bright above them and the earth is green beneath;  
Forms of more than mortal beauty, bards and patriarchal seers,  
They whose actions rust forgotten in the footsteps of the Years—  
They who, ere their noon of glory, passed from love's sequestered vale,

And whose scarce re-echoed story is as a remembered tale—  
From the gloomy oaken forest comes the owl's muttered whine,  
And I listen to the moanings of the melancholy pine.  
Then in solemn, slow procession, from the ceiling starting forth,  
All in golden panorama pass the nations of the earth:  
First the bustling European, crowded commerce, busy art,  
With their thousand queenly cities into life exultant start;  
Swift among his glitt'ring larches which no summer breezes stir,  
Born to scale the reeling iceberg, flies the daring Laplander;  
By his thousand blooming islands rolls the Turk in glorious ease,  
And his gorgeous sails are flapping in the oriental breeze;  
O'er his frozen steppes the Tartar, like a monarch, rushes by,  
And Aurora flames above him in the streaming northern sky;  
I behold the stately Indian stand amid his viny glades,  
And the white man's footstep presses hard upon his lessening shades;  
I behold the sickle flashing where the wigwam rose of yore,  
And I hear the church bell tolling where the winds the death yell bore;  
I behold my native village looming purple through the trees,  
And I hear a shout of laughter swinging on the lonesome breeze:—  
Thus the footsteps of the Ages whisper to this heart of mine,  
While I listen to the moanings of the melancholy pine.

## LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

BY MRS. H. SEELY TOTTEN.

TURBACO, April 30, 1847.

THIS is the Indian village of which Humboldt, in his "Travels in South America," speaks with such raptures, and to which, he says, after a lapse of more than thirty years, and after having visited the banks of the Obi and the confines of Chinese Zungaria, his "imagination constantly reverts with pleasure." To the naturalist Turbaco presents a large and interesting field, I doubt not—for immense forests surround it; birds of all colors and with every variety of note are seen on every tree; rich flowers, peculiar leaves and novel fruits adorn the shrubs and bushes, while brilliant butterflies, little bright-eyed lizards, a multitude of creeping things, immense grasshoppers, and swarms of golden-winged flies and bugs keep up a constant hum and buzz, and form a fitting chorus for the song of the canary, the cooing of the dove, and the chirp and whistle of various other inhabitants of the shady woods. These are the attractions for such as Humboldt; but to the mere looker-on at the surface of things, the person who cannot ramble forth amidst the thick, tangled undergrowth of the forests to seek for reptiles, birds or beasts, this village presents little of interest; and any one coming to it, having formed his expectations according to the great traveler's scale, must be disappointed. True, the mornings and evenings are deliciously cool; there are clear springs to bathe in, and a number of pleasant walks to romantic waterfalls or rudely cultivated *rosas*; but there is very little society for a person of education and refinement, and one must be content to mingle with the descendants of the negro and the Indian races, asking no questions for conscience sake.

A desire to see something of rustic life in this republic, together with the necessity there is in all warm countries, that one should once in a while try a change of air in order to preserve health, were the inducements that led us to this place some two or three months since, where we expect to remain until the heavy rains drive us again to the Pie de la Popa. Our journey from Carthagena, though a very short one, was full of novelty to me. There being no wagon roads in New Grenada, our baggage, and such housekeeping articles as were absolutely necessary to render our stay comfortable, were conveyed on donkeys, while we ourselves came on horseback. At either side of the pannier of the little donkey was suspended a trunk or wooden box, enclosed in a *muchila* (a bag made of rope netted together

very firmly), and around and about these were tied bundles, baskets, blankets, mats, cooking utensils, legs and sides of cot bedsteads, pillows, some articles of chinaware, together with various other indispensables too numerous to mention—and on the top of all sat one of the servants or guides. I believe I have before mentioned the manner in which the natives sit with feet crossed over the donkey's neck, and a sharp-pointed stick in hand, with which they prick and urge on the patient animal. Thus mounted were the members of our household, all attired in their Sunday's best, and all happy at leaving behind them the dusty, confined streets and extreme heat of the city. The dress of the Indian washerwoman, as she sat ensconced between two immense *bateas* (the shallow tubs that the negroes make out of the trunk of some large tree by scooping it out), and surrounded by the implements of her profession, attracted my attention; and for the benefit of the lovers of novel costumes and latest fashions, I will describe it. Over a snow-white chemise, that was ornamented around the neck and sleeves by a narrow stripe of scarlet-colored calico, was tied her *pollera* or skirt, the narrow flounce of which hung gracefully over her donkey's neck; her long black hair was neatly plaited, and fell about her broad shoulders and straight back; a straw hat was jauntily set on one side of her head, and a pair of gaudy gold ear-rings, together with a string of blue glass beads, to which was attached a little cross, with the addition of a pair of *chancletas* (slip-shod shoes), and a very bright yellow handkerchief around her neck, composed her riding costume entire, and made her a woman of considerable consequence—in her own estimation at least. The cook, the nurse, &c., each sported some gay calico, while the men were content with their *osnburg* pants and shirts—the latter, of course, hanging over the former, according to the prevailing fashion of the country. The advanced party, composed of the donkey equestrians, and numbering some eight or nine persons, were dispatched an hour or two before we set off, nor did we overtake them until near Ternero. Ternero, which, being translated, means *Calf*—or, to give it a more euphonious name, *Calfville*—is situated on a most barren, desolate-looking hill-side, and consists of perhaps a dozen of miserable mud hovels, without windows, thatched with palms and surrounded by filth, some of them so low that I cannot imagine how a person can stand



erect in them. About them were a wretched-looking set of negroes, the younger ones in a state of complete "nudity," and the elders but half clothed; pigs abounded, and a raw-boned donkey was here and there seen seeking for food about the doors of this romantically-named village. One would pass Ternero by without a thought were it not that this is the only place on the road between Turbaco and Carthagena, a distance of fourteen miles, where a single habitation is to be seen (if we except the two houses at Cayman,) and that here is the commencement of a famous carriage-road that government is making for the public good. Upon it the prisoners, with a heavy chain and ring upon the leg, are compelled to work; and I could not but sigh to think of the sufferings the poor creatures must endure, toiling all day in the sun thus shackled. Here punishment is not graduated according to the offence, and the unhappy wretch who has committed some slight fault has to undergo the same degradation, the same punishment as the highway robber and the man who has been guilty of manslaughter. That criminals should be obliged to work is in this country a salutary arrangement, for idleness being the prominent characteristic of the people, labor is certainly a punishment; but that it should be inflicted indiscriminately is not wise. But the Ternero road is being made and has been making for more than two years past, and yet not more has been done than would occupy an equal number of men in the United States for certainly not over a month. That it should ever have been undertaken is a wonder, truly, and says much for the spirit and enterprise of the Colombians. Native operatives under foreign guidance do well, but where directors and workmen are both of this enervating clime, little can be expected.

Leaving Ternero and riding upon the side of the new road, which resembles in a measure the roof of a house, we passed through groves of the *caña brava* or bamboo, along narrow paths, and at length reached Turbaco, shortly after the *oracion* or evening hour of prayer had rung. Arrived at the cottage that we were to inhabit, we found a neat but small parlor, paved with marble and nicely whitewashed; at either side a small chamber; and, answering to our back buildings at home, a large *comedor* or paved and thatched shed, under which breakfast and dinner are taken. Kitchen, servants' rooms, &c., were in a yard, where were growing cocoanut, orange and lime trees. Soon we began to search for the furniture of this snuggerly, and at length were enabled to find four large wooden arm-chairs, with seats and backs of leather, upon which were engraved the initials of the owner's name; three common Windsor chairs that could not stand alone, but were ranged along the wall to "save appearances;" two very ordinary tables, some pantry furniture, and one looking-glass. These, together with the few things we had brought with us, con-

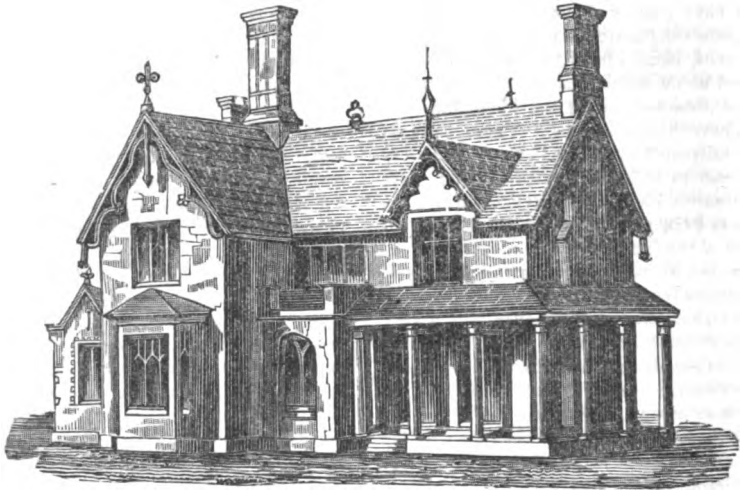
stituted the sum total; and forthwith we set to work to regulate and clean them, all being full of dust and considerably worm-eaten. In the chambers we made ottomans of our trunks, substituted calabashes for wash-basins, put up ropes upon which to string our clothes; in lieu of bureaus and wardrobes, stowed all we could into baskets and boxes; spread down mats upon the ground floors, put up white curtains to the grated windows, and soon looked quite comfortable and felt at home. In the parlor, the four chairs, two tables and some pictures were added to and improved by covering the tables, scattering some books upon them, hanging up a hammock, and repairing the broken chairs so that they could stand alone, if they would not do to be sat upon. Our domestic arrangements thus completed, we sallied forth to view the village, which is situated on a hill, and is about twelve hundred feet above the level of the ocean—consequently we have cool mornings and evenings, and not unfrequently find it necessary to sleep under a blanket. The mid-day sun, however, beams with great power upon Turbaco, and from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon the heat exceeds even that of Carthagena, the thermometer frequently rising above 90°. In none of these southern countries is the ground covered with grass as at home, nor are trees allowed to grow in the streets, for fear of attracting more than the usual quantum of those tormentors, the mosketoes—so that one is completely exposed to the heat, and the eye suffers from the intense glare of the sun upon the bare earth. Back of the house in which we reside is a most extensive and charming landscape, reminding me of some of the beautiful views from the mountains in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, except that here are wanting those evidences of cultivation that everywhere meet the eye in that rich land. Few and far apart are seen the little *rosas* or small farms, upon which is usually a rude hut scarcely better than a cow-house. About four leagues off lies the town of Arjonu, whose whitewashed church is visible to the naked eye. Here stands a gigantic tree towering above its neighbors; there hangs a light mist upon the mountain side; far off a heavy cloud is pouring its contents upon the valley beneath, and distant thunder is heard; while just at our side are several fine trees in full blossom, the whole atmosphere laden with their sweet perfume. In the morning, before the sun has risen, this scene is peculiarly imposing. A vast sea seems to be bounded by the distant mountains, while the tops of the hills resemble little islands, and a tree standing alone in the midst of these imaginary waters, looks like a becalmed vessel. At other times I have been reminded of a winter scene, when the evergreens contrasted so beautifully with the pure white snow. Even our little boy, after more than two years' absence from the United States, exclaimed, upon seeing the mist-covered valley for the first time—"The snow!

the snow!" Humboldt tells us of a view he enjoyed, from the terrace surrounding his residence, of the colossal mountains of the "Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta," part of which was covered with perennial snow. From no part of Turbaco are these mountains now visible—and I have strained my eye in vain to discover anything that might resemble them. True, terraced houses are no more hereabouts; wars and several extensive fires have destroyed the beauty of the village, and one-story cottages, built of bamboo and thatched with palm, are all that remain—but I have heard of no great changes in the natural world, and presume that as the mountains now are they have been for ages. These cottages have generally mud floors, and are, with few exceptions, miserable-looking affairs, being mere sheds, and rarely clean. The style of furnishing, too, is poor, even among the higher class of society; and a hammock, one dirt-begrimed common table, the drinking apparatus, consisting of a *tenaja* (large earthenware jar), and drinking cups of the same material, together with a very few chairs, covered with hides, the "hairy side out," constitute all the furniture requisite for a well set off sala. Among the poorer people, the walls to lean against, the floors to sit upon, the *olla* to cook *sancocho* in, an earthen dish to fry *plantains* in, the *batea* to bathe the baby and to wash the *olla* and earthen dish in, and a rope stretched from side to side of the apartment to hang the scanty wardrobe on, comprise the good man's all of "*muebles*," and render him the envy of some yet poorer being to whom a still smaller portion of this world's goods has fallen. Happy he who has his bedstead in one corner of his palace! These bedsteads are made of unbarked sticks driven into the ground, which make a foundation upon which other sticks are tied to form the sides, while the *sacking* is composed of perhaps a *softer* kind of sticks, a number of which, being laid close together, form the delicious resting-place for the contented mind of the wearied owner of this luxury. How people can sleep with comfort upon the bare floor in this country I cannot imagine, for the cienpie, centipede and scorpion abound in all parts, and their sting is painful and considered very dangerous. Twice, while living at the Pie de la Popa, I was bitten by the former reptile, and for a few hours suffered considerable pain, the part swelling with much inflammation. Here, a few nights since, I was awakened by something crawling upon my arm, and upon searching the bed, found a centipede, of some four or five inches long, snugly

laid up in the folds of the sheet. However, I have been peculiarly favored by the attentions and visits of these ugly centipedes—for it is unusual to encounter so many as I have, and many persons have lived for twenty years here and have never once been bitten. Humboldt's account of the snakes chasing the rats in the houses and pursuing the bats upon the roofs, gave me quite a horror of Turbaco; and had not I been assured by persons who had resided here, and my own countrymen visitors to it, that such was not the case, nothing would have induced me to venture upon passing a few months in such an infested neighborhood. In my daily rambles through the woods, over rocks and among brambles, along water courses and in deep dells, I have not seen a single snake, nor within doors have I met with or even heard a solitary rat. So much for the mighty changes that have taken place in the last thirty years. People tell me that it sometimes happens, during the rainy season, when vegetation is rank, a snake will find its way into a house, but upon being noticed it will quickly retreat—nor do they ever attempt to defend themselves even when attacked. Bats are numerous here as in the city and at the Popa, but with a mosquito net over the bed nothing is to be feared, and they can revel and sport about the room at pleasure, while we sleep in safety. Many accounts have been given me of their blood-letting propensities; but no fears are felt for the consequences when the foot is attacked, death only ensuing when they fix upon the nose. These phlebotomists are doubtless vampires, but in this country the generic term *murciésgulo* is applied to all. Humboldt never was a housekeeper in Turbaco, for if so, he would have told us of the cockroaches, so big that they look like one of ours seen through a magnifying glass, and so many that every cupboard, shelf and box is full of them. The armies of ants, too, escaped his notice, sweeping pathways through the woods and yards, creeping about the walls, traveling upon one's neck and hands, getting into milk-pots, ruining the sweetmeats, killing trees, and causing the downfall of fences. Comejens, moths and other little insects are never idle for a moment upon the woodwork of houses, and clothes and bed-linen are sometimes destroyed by them in one night's time. Such are some of the plagues of the tropics—but knowing that they exist, all that is necessary is to guard against them as much as possible, patiently bearing the bite of the mosquitoes and *xegens*, and remembering the consolatory proverb of there being nothing perfect in this world.

## MODEL COTTAGES.

Fig. 1.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

*A Cottage in the old English style. By John Robertson, Esq., Architect.*

The elevation is shown in Fig. 1; the ground-plan in Fig. 2, and the bed-room floor in Fig. 3.

*Description.*—This cottage is about to be built for a gentleman with a small family. The ground to be attached to it is chiefly level throughout, with the exception of a raised bank near the adjoining property, which would have been the best site for the intended building; but the proprietor objected to this situation, lest at a future period his neighbor should erect anything near the cottage that might give annoyance or appear disagreeable. It was not likely that this would be the case, but its bare possibility led the proprietor and architect to adopt a situation at the opposite extremity of the ground, near the public road. The first object in choosing this latter site, was to select the highest and driest spot, and that whence the most extensive and best view could be obtained from the window, as well as to secure the greatest seeming extent of pleasure-gardens when the ground should be properly laid out.

The entrance-porch was originally in the garden front, in the situation of the ante-room (Fig. 2), and the approach swept round the east end of the building from the public road behind; but here again the proprietor suggested that, while the chief front was to the south, and consequently facing the pleasure-grounds, he should like the

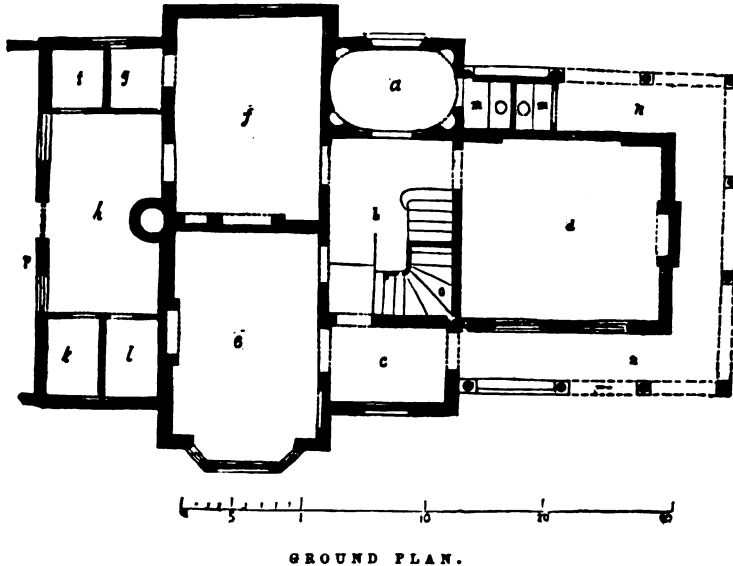
entrance-porch to be behind, or to the north, as it would, he thought, give the family in his absence a feeling of greater security in so lonely a spot, by having the entrance to the public road. The plan was, therefore, altered to suit these views, and is here presented in its amended form.

The building is to stand about fifteen or sixteen yards from the road, and is to be approached by a covered way to the entrance, from which no view will be had on either side. This arrangement is intended to carry out the idea that, however ill-chosen or unsatisfactory the situation may appear to a visitor on his first entrance, yet, when taken to the sitting-room windows, or to the lawn in front, he would be rather surprised, and ready to give up his first impressions as to the inappropriateness of the site.

The family at present being small, the two servants kept are to occupy one of the up-stairs bed-rooms; but, should the family become larger, it is intended to raise the wing containing the wash-house, &c., and make two bed-rooms over for the servants.

*Accommodation.*—Fig. 2 is the ground-plan, in which *a* is the entrance-porch, which is to be finished by a covered roof, and to have Gothic niches in the angles for statues, &c. From this we pass to the hall and stair-case, *b*, by a Venetian door, the upper part of which is glazed with stained glass; thence to a small ante-room, *c*, from which there is a door to the covered terrace,

Fig. 2.



*a.* From the hall we enter the dining-room, *d*, the two windows of which are to be brought down to the floor, and to open like French casements, so as to admit of easy access to the terrace when the ante-room is occupied. From the hall we likewise enter the drawing-room, *e*, which has a door to the ante-room; also the kitchen, *f*. The kitchen door from the hall is finished on the stair-case side in the same manner as the doors of the principal rooms. This door will only be occasionally used as an entrance from the porch to the kitchen, as there is a back entrance through the yard and wash-house for servants, &c. From the kitchen there is a coal-closet, *g*; back-kitchen or wash-house, with copper, *h*; place for cleaning knives, &c., *i*; larder, *k*; store-closet or pantry, *l*. There are two water-closets, *m, m*, both under cover, one entering from the porch, and the other from the terrace. Under the principal stairs is a flight of steps, *o*, shut in by a door, descending to the wine and beer-cellars, &c., which are underneath the dining-room and terrace, and are lighted from grated openings in the paved flooring of the latter. Behind the wash-house, at *p*, there is a kitchen yard, hid by shrubbery in front, which contains the undressed meat larder, coal-shed, wood-house, privy, well, drying ground, &c.

Fig. 3 is the plan of the chamber floor, in which *q* and *r* show the landing and stairs; *s*, balcony over the ante-room, entered from the stair-case window; *t*, principal bed-room; *u*, second bed-room; *v*, third bed-room; *w*, linen closet; *x*, lobby.

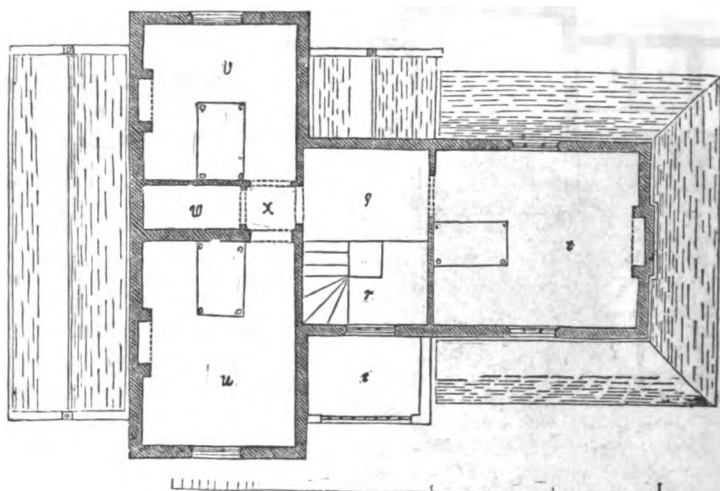
Fig. 1 is a perspective view of the south and east fronts.

A few other apartments and conveniences

might have been introduced in this design, did the amount to be expended and the size of the family warrant it; but, this not being the case, the architect's endeavor was to make the most of the means allowed him, and to produce a comfortable little habitation for a gentleman of limited income. His instructions were to design "a neat cottage in Gothic style, with a covered terrace, that should contain two sitting-rooms and three bed-rooms, with other conveniences, and the estimate not to exceed from \$3,250 to \$3,500." How far he has succeeded, he leaves the reader to judge.

*Specification.*—The foundations are to be eighteen inches thick, with proper footings, and the walls to be carried up of fourteen inch brick-work; the best gray stocks to be used externally, and to be picked of a uniform color for the fronts, and finished with a neat, straight joint. The openings all round, and chimneys, to be faced with cement in imitation of stone. The roof of the terrace to be supported by rustic limbs of trees, having the bark left on, and placed on stone plinths, with wooden caps, frieze and cornice. The pendants and finials to gables to be of oak, and the verges to be finished with moulded boards, and ornamental hangings of one and a half inch well-seasoned deal, painted in imitation of oak. The bow window to be finished above the level of the sill with wood painted in imitation of oak, and covered with lead. The roof to be covered with slates laid on five-eighth inch deal boarding, with proper lead flashings to chimney shafts. The ridges and valleys to be covered with lead. The windows to be splayed and finished with mullions and transoms. The balcony to have an ornamental

Fig. 3.



CHAMBER FLOOR.

iron railing in front. The flues to be ten inches by twelve inches, except that of the kitchen, which is to be twelve inches by fourteen inches. The terrace wall, above the surface, to be bounded by a stone plinth, and the door-steps and steps from the terrace to the garden to be of York stone. The bearing timbers to be of the best Dantzic-on-Memel fir, with oak sleepers for the ground-floor, and oak lintels over the openings, &c. The windows to be glazed with the best second crown glass.

The interior to be finished with the best well-

seasoned yellow deal, in a plain but subst anti manner, and all the door panels, mouldings, room cornices, chimney-pieces, and other finishing characteristic of style, to be of a Gothic description. The stairs to have an ornamental Gothic railing or balustrade, and boarded in from the string to the floor. The upper part of the door from the hall to the ante-room to be glazed with stained glass. The whole of the wood-work externally to be painted in imitation of oak.

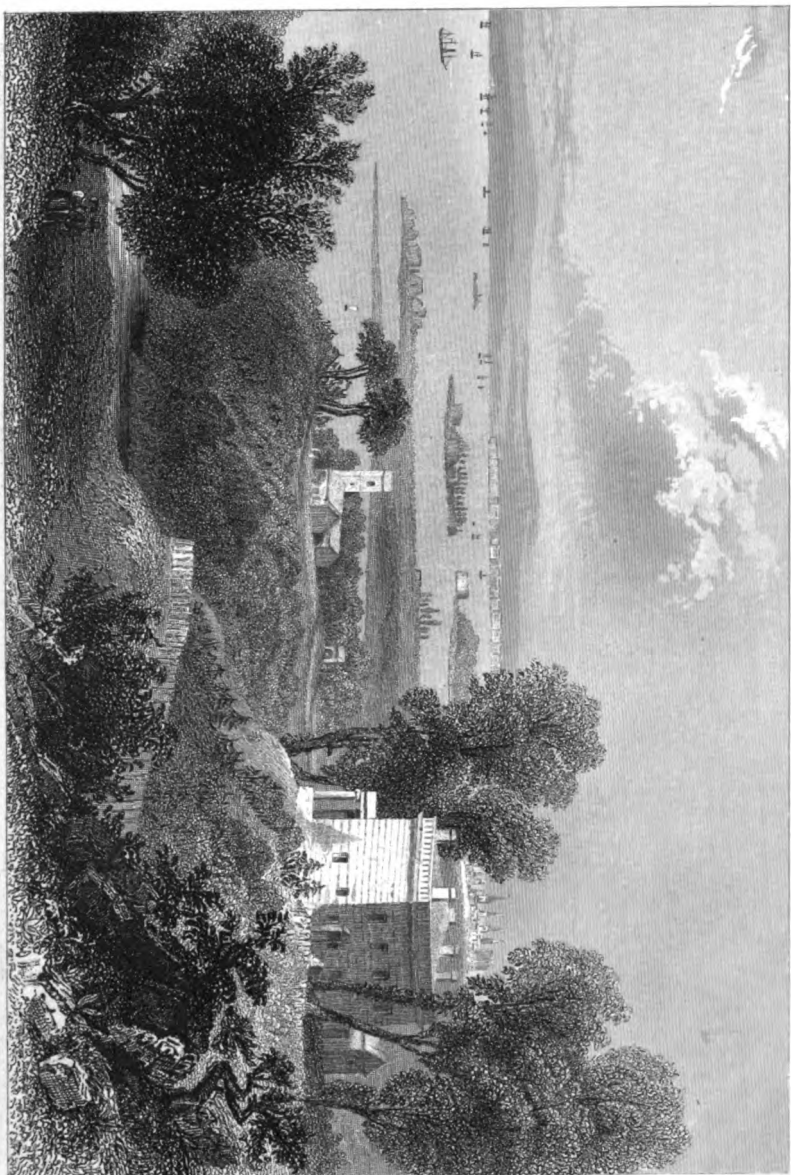
*Estimate*, including the out-offices, &c., about \$3,350.

## TO A PORTRAIT OF MISS LESLIE.

BY M. ELIZABETH WENTWORTH.

By the spirit's pure revealing,  
Written on thy radiant brow—  
By the smile serenely stealing  
O'er thy placid features now—  
By the lips so sweetly parted  
In the deep repose of thought—  
By the true and loving hearted,  
With thy stronger nature wrought—  
By thy scenes that, from my childhood,  
Linked my yearning heart to thine—  
By the scenes from bower or wildwood,  
Gorgeous hall or humble shrine—  
By thy name on household altars—  
By thy place beside the hearth—  
By the mind that never falters—  
By that mind's mysterious birth,—

Gentle lady, thou hast bound me,  
With a strong and winning spell,  
Spell affection threw around thee,—  
Help me, heaven, to guard it well!  
Though on altars high as holy,  
Stands thy name with laurel wreathed,  
Yet from the true heart, if lowly,  
Take the love sincerely breathed:  
And if ever thou art pining,  
With the laurels on thy brow,  
Or around thee see declining  
Leaves that weave thy garland now—  
Think thee of my love unspoken,  
Humble though its incense be,  
And, though other ties are broken,  
Think one true heart beats for thee.



BAY OF NEW YORK.

*Engraved by J. H. B. from a drawing by J. H. B.*



## THE FINISHING SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY PENNY PATCH, OF VIRGINIA.

### PART I.

MISS ALMIRA JOHNSON was a tall lady—a lean lady—a high capped lady—a precise lady—a wonderfully clever lady—and Miss Almira Johnson was also a celebrated school-mistress, known far and near, and revered and held in awe by all. To say that Miss Almira Johnson was a single lady—and from good reasons had chosen to remain so—would be to place her on a level with the scores of unmarried female teachers, with which our country abounds, and would give but a faint idea to the reader of this lady's experience in all matters concerning the sex generally. But when I say that Miss Almira's maiden heart had gone through a vast deal more than most *married* ladies' hearts, I only repeat what Miss A. herself, with many ominous looks, said daily to her young ladies, and indeed to all who came within her reach. We will recur to this eventful period of the lady's life, and relate it, as she was wont to tell it to her listening pupils, as an earnest of what they themselves must expect to encounter when entangled amid "the pain, the agony, the doubt," of the noblest of passions.

A way down in some dark unknown county, which Miss Almira chooses to leave blank, for fear her listeners might hunt him out, there lived a man—and oh! *such* a man! with romantic nose, eyes, mouth, and teeth, who, chancing to meet the lovely Almira in a woody glen, falls over head and ears in love with her upon first sight, and proceeds immediately to get down upon his knees, soiling his pants in the mud and mire in a most extravagant manner, and forthwith offers up his love at her immaculate shrine. The blushing Almira bids him rise, accompanied by a soft and gentle "Ah! do," whose magic is, of course, irresistible. He arises, walks with her home, proposes to father and mother, who reject his overtures with disdain, calling him "the crazy gentleman."

This sends a barbed arrow to the lovely Almira's young heart, and so deeply wounds her delicate sensibilities, that she forsakes father, mother, sister, brother, and goes off—not with her ardent lover—ah, no! she could *not* do that, for in her folly she was wise—but to teach school—and in a manner take up her cross, and make it the business of her life to guard young ladies against young gentlemen.

Thus, the heroine of this adventure would, in fitful mood of tender confidence, relate her simple tale of woe, thereby bringing out as fine a moral as one need have to ponder and meditate upon,

and thereby enlisting the sympathies, and the forbearance, and admiration, and love, of mankind, for one, who had, unfortunately, loved "not wisely but too well." For the date of this episode in her history, the preceptress generally referred them to a period as remote and obscure as the dwelling of her hero. Miss Almira never failing to conclude this romantic hinge, on which turned her future life, by assuring the listening damsels, that this thing occurred during the tender years of her indiscreet youth—and that during her *present youth* of discretion, she had made it a point to refuse all suitors, however ardent, or to use her own expressive words, however "enthused."

To see Miss Almira's hopeful pupils in her immediate presence, one would fancy that they, like her former beau, loved her to distraction. They were so very affectionate, so emulous to do her slightest bidding, calling her, as she herself had taught them to call her, "Aunt Ally," or "Sweet Miss Ally," or by her favorite epithet, "our own charming Ally." But when the gay sunbeams of that lady's presence disappeared with her, a visible darkness came over her satellites. "The old soul's in fine spirits to-day," says one—"Hot cakes for supper now, certain," says another—"Crazy man's interesting history over hot cakes, for seasoning," says a third—"With author's last additions and corrections," says a fourth. "Hush! here she comes:" buzz—buzz—buzz—are the only sounds now heard, the pupils suddenly becoming so studious that even their "charming Ally's" entrance is unheeded.

Miss A. Johnson, from step to step, had risen from the humble situation of assistant in a common day school, to principal in a fashionable boarding school, in the growing town of Clifton. A young lady, in this section of country, could never venture to hold up her head, who had not received her last polish at this select seminary. The patronage of the rich and influential had enabled the principal to spare no expense in procuring valuable assistants. A native Frenchman taught her young ladies to speak and write French with fluency and ease. Dancing masters, music masters, Latin, Greek, and Italian masters, ladies who taught the airs and graces, ladies who taught the lower branches, and wise experimenting gentlemen, who came daily to dislocate Miss Johnson's valuable and costly apparatus. Thus, the young ideas of her pupils were taught to shoot in all possible directions, and to indulge in scientific research amid the "Heavens, the earth, and the waters under the earth," and if they were not



learned in everything it was *not* Miss Almira's fault certainly. Among the most interesting pupils, at this far-famed seminary, was one who would carry off the palm of beauty anywhere. Virginia Bellenger was an orphan girl, of great wealth, but who, poor thing, had been sadly neglected by both guardian and friends: although many of the young ladies complained unceasingly of the bad fare, the poor fires, and hard thumps, received at this establishment, poor Jinny was never heard to murmur; she took all these meekly and thankfully, being much kinder treatment than she had ever received before. The sweet girl was full of life, and innocent glee—never seeing things darkly through her bright eyes—never complaining, never wounding the most delicate feelings, and yet ever as full of pranks and tricks, and frolic and fun, as a lamb on a summer's day.

Virginia Bellenger was a pretty blond, with the fairest face, the rosiest cheek, the brightest curls, the clearest laugh, the lightest step, and the most beautifully rounded form. She possessed fine talents too—was very quick, and really charming in light conversation; but if there was anything she hated on earth it was a book. She would *not* study, Miss Almira could not make her study; she had tried every punishment in her category without the slightest effect. She had locked poor Jinny up in a dungeon, and called upon wild beasts and evil spirits to devour her there; but the girl's face *would* come out of the darkness more bright and cheerful than ever. She once made her spend a whole day in a dim cellar, where, according to Jinny's account, she had feasted like a princess. She told her classmates that while in the cellar she regaled on sugar-plums and brandied peaches, and all kinds of nice things, which were ranged on the shelves in great jars. This, though, the young ladies feigned not to believe, for they never suspected that Miss Almira kept such things. Poor Jinny was put to bed early one morning, for not knowing a knotty Bible lesson. At night, when the preceptress opened the door, expecting to find her naughty pupil in tears of repentance for her misconduct, what was her surprise to find her sitting at a window, in high chat with several old ladies in the street, with whom she had scraped a temporary acquaintance! In short, our young friend Jinny was of so elastic and buoyant a temperament that nothing could bend her, and after many futile attempts, of an extraordinary break-down nature, Miss Almira gave her out as incorrigible, and let her go her own way. This young creature possessed a very fastidious and refined taste for music, dancing, singing, drawing, and all those light frivolous "airy nothings," for which Miss Almira had no respect, being ignorant of them herself. But, horrible to relate! in moral philosophy, astronomy, geometry, algebra, and chemistry, Jinny was a dunce, and actually fell asleep in her classes! In her person she was always neat and tidy, sometimes jaunty, or as Miss Almira said, "horribly Frenchified." She

must have been "Frenchified" in more things than dress, for, according to Monsieur Guizot's report, she said her French lessons beautifully; was an ornament to her class, and a shame to her elders.

"How is Miss Bellenger progressing in her French, monsieur?" inquired Miss Almira, bending her tall form to enter the door of the French school-room.

"Magnifique! ma'mselle," exclaimed the gentleman, rising and offering Miss Almira a seat, with the most winning grace. "Ma'm'selle Virginie est une écolière *très* belle et *très* jolie," continued Monsier, looking at the beautiful girl, and speaking in an unknown tongue to Miss Almira.

"I am truly glad to hear you say so," replied that lady, walking across the room, having judged more from Monsieur's gestures than his words, what he had said. "Make out her report, if you please—I send her circular to her guardian to-day.

"Tres bien, Mademoiselle, je suis à votre service," and Monsier smiled admiringly on the tall preceptress, and gracefully bowed out that stately lady, with her shrewd questions.

At 10 o'clock the French room bell rang. Mademoiselle Bellenger must go to M. Guizot immediately. Accordingly, Jinny, laden with a formidable pile of books, obeyed the summons. Now, gentle reader, here is a specimen of the young lady's French lessons, which she had the credit of repeating so beautifully. There was a jointed screen, which partitioned off Monsier and his pupil from the room—Jinny with her pile of books, enters the enclosure made by the screen.

"How is my pretty pupil, to-day?"

"Very well," replied the girl, emphasizing the first word.

"Better since yesterday?"

"Infinitely."

"Eh bien, toujours couleur de rose; Je suis heureux! Je suis content!" said the teacher in an under tone, bending over the blushing girl, and taking her small hand—"When shall we meet again?"

"This evening, when Miss Ally goes to the baker's, and the girls are out walking."

"Where, mon chere?"

"Here," said the girl.

Monsieur puts Jinny down as perfect in his reports, and rings his bell again. One by one the trembling young ladies repeat their lessons, and none of them ever said that Monsieur was not a hard taskmaster.

This Monsieur Antonie Guizot was a splendid fellow—too young and too handsome for a teacher, Miss Almira said; but then he was always so polite—had such nice morning compliments for her, and such irresistibly tender "*bon soirs*" for her, frequently brought her a choice bouquet in the morning when he came, and was always so ready and willing to take charge of herself and scholars, to concerts or pic-nics, or indeed everywhere—

so Miss Almira wisely concluded that she might seek further, and never find a better, and so Monsieur Guizot remained.

## PART II.

The new session at this "*finishing*" seminary for young ladies had just commenced, and of course Miss Almira's rules were more strict; her tasks longer; her keen eye more vigilant, which has been a custom with schools from time immemorial.

On Monday Miss Almira gave her scholars a few sums of the most puzzling nature to work out, while she superintended some little classes in the next room. The dutiful young ladies, with their heads leaning on their hands, ciphered away with might and main. Our friend Jinny was among these unfortunates; she too had a hard sum to do; and with her slate, completely hid by her long curls, she seemed intently obeying commands. At an unexpected moment Miss Almira returned, and quickly approached Virginia.

"Miss Bellenger, your slate, if you please." No answer from the lips under the waving veil of curls. Miss Almira, somewhat offended, pushed aside the tangled tresses, and to her surprise found the long lashes laying placidly on the rosy cheek, a few dimples playing around the faultless mouth, plainly showing that Jinny was off on a dreaming excursion, and was enjoying her ramble quite pleasantly. All this our preceptress could have forgiven—Virginia being a favorite—and moreover, it was a long summer's day, and Miss Almira felt drowsy herself, but she could not forgive the sum she had left on her slate. No! no! no! What figures were there? alas! alas! There stood Miss Almira, sketched to the life—her wrinkled visage, her skinny arm, her peaked cap, her ogling spectacles, her sharp chin, her screwed up mouth—faithfully portrayed.

There stood Miss Almira up to her knees in water, and her gentle lover, on whom she loved to dwell even now, in pensive reverie—was represented by the wicked girl, as a creature half horse half alligator. Jinny had him down upon his knees in a mud puddle; his mouth crammed full of the sharpest looking teeth; his visage distorted, while he seemed to be cavorting, and kicking up dirt like mud, before his adorable Dulcinea. After viewing this rough sketch to her satisfaction, Miss Almira rudely shook the unconscious sleeper, who soon awoke to all the horrors of her condition. The preceptress, when offended, was a lady of few words and decided actions. She took the rosy culprit in hand—placed a tall dunce's cap upon her head, and lifted her upon a high stool in the centre of the room. Again Monsieur Guizot's bell rung, and summoned Miss Bellenger; she did not obey orders as promptly as usual; what was the matter? he naturally thrust his head in Miss Almira's

room to see. There he saw his "*écolière très joli*" perched upon a high stool—her long hair pushed under a towering fool's cap, and her sweet face bedewed with tears. Jinny stood sobbing and wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Bah! what do I see?" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"You see, sir," responded Miss Almira, "a young lady, lost to all sense of the respect due to her superiors. A young lady, sir, who is the pest of my school; who will neither study herself nor permit those around her to study in peace, and who is now receiving her just punishment."

"*Une bête*," said Monsieur, striking his forehead—then recollecting himself, he said, "Eh bien, Ma'm'selle Johnson, vous êtes right—mais mon pauvre enfant—must say de Française; I cannot go before she say dat; I mark her one long lesson—très bien—she must say dat; she behave outré, mais; she must say de Française, Ma'm'selle."

"Go! Miss Bellenger—go to Monsieur—and then return here."

Poor Jinny with much difficulty endeavored to dismount from her elevated stool; in a moment Monsieur had gracefully helped her down—Miss Almira frowned—but Monsieur looked very ferocious and severe upon his pupil, and Miss Almira secretly hoped that she would not know her lesson, and that he would also punish her. Monsieur Guizot angrily strode to the screen, followed by Jinny, and the tall fool's cap.

Here he repeated some odd sounding French to her, wiped away her tears—bid her cheer up—pressed her hand—in which he left a billet—gave her "*perfect*" again, and withdrew to his lodgings, leaving poor Jinny somewhat reconciled to her high standing in the school-room.

Composition day! Oh, this was a terrible day to the young ladies. It was the custom on Fridays to assemble all the teachers and scholars in Miss Johnson's room, where that lady presided at a tall desk, and read out the compositions of her pupils. All business was suspended when the important hour arrived for the "readings," and many trembling forms awaited the criticism of the assembled talent on their writing.

Miss Almira sat in stately grandeur before her awful desk—a huge pile of papers of all sizes and shapes lay before her, and many anxious faces looked up to her. She first read for their edification the composition of a very little girl, named Mary Baker, which was her first attempt.

Miss Almira had told her to write about a dog, thinking it a very familiar subject for a new beginner. Little Mary had strictly obeyed her, and written out a glowing account of a dog, running thus:—

### "THE DOG.

"A dog is an animal that has got 2 ears 2 eyes 1 nose and 1 mouth and 4 legs and his tail hangs down behind.—MARY JANE BAKER."

The girls giggled, but the teacher rebuked them with a frown.

"Very well for a new beginner, little Mary; write about a pussy-cat next time, my dear," said Miss Almira, encouragingly.

She might have informed little Mary that her piece, already written, would apply to almost any quadruped with which she chose to head it; but she did not. Little Mary modestly walked up to the desk, and took the little bit of paper on which her first essay was written. Miss Almira bade her take good care of it, and show it to papa and mamma when they came, which delighted little Mary Baker very much. The next composition was written by a larger girl, whom Miss Almira was in the habit of punishing, even more severely than she did poor Jinny, and was headed "*A Troublesome Animal*," and went on to say, at some length, that there was an animal, she would not say *where*, who was very mean and aggravating to somebody, she would not say *who*; and if this animal could be caught and choked, and packed up and sent to never, it would be the greatest blessing to suffering humanity.

Now this plainly described Miss Almira; but that lady feigned not to see herself as others saw her, and quietly took up another paper, written in a strange zig-zag hand, very difficult to read. Miss Almira wiped her spectacles, and spelled the words over several times; at last she arrived at the conclusion that the strange title was

#### "A RECEIPT FOR A BURN."

"Take some molasses and pour it into something and set it on some coals and put some lard in it and let it stew and then take it off and put some mutton suet in it and some oil and put it on some cotton and tie it on."

"Well," exclaimed Miss Almira, "this is something quite refreshing. Who wrote this?"

"Jane Yate," was the reply.

"Well, Jane Yate, where *did* you get this valuable recipe?"

"Miss Ally, please ma'm, I didn't know what to write—so I told mother I didn't know what to write, and so mother she told me."

"Very well, Miss; this is not your composition, then, it is your mother's. You must write for yourself next time.

"Come, Jinny, where is yours? I do not see it here."

"Here it is," said Jinny, blushing, and handing up a piece of paper.

Miss Almira opened it and read:—

#### "THE ORPHAN GIRL."

"The world is bright to the orphan girl  
Who has no friend, no home,  
And the good sun shines on the orphan's path  
Wherever she may roam.

"But the good sun shines on all alike,  
The world is bright to all;  
Shall a father's words, and a mother's tear,  
On the orphan *never* fall?"

This simple little piece of poetry, so like poor Jinny, moved some of her friends to tears. Even Miss Almira felt rebuked for her severity to one so gentle, so rudely cast out upon the unfeeling world.

"You can do very well when you choose, Virginia," said the lady, "and it is a pity for one who *can* write so well when she will, to be wasting her time in making horrible figures on slates, and wearing a dunce's cap."

"I am very sorry for behaving so, dear Aunt Ally," said Virginia, sweetly.

"Well, we are good friends, then, once more, my dear. Now, do not forget this, and go at your tricks again Monday morning."

After the "reading" was over the girls were at liberty. Mr. Guizot had neglected to mark Virginia's lesson, he said, and kept her a long time behind the screen.

Now it came to pass that Miss Almira Johnson began to open her eyes, and began to be wide awake. A stray letter from Monsieur to his pupil accidentally fell into her hands, from which she gathered that Monsieur Guizot was no Monsieur Guizot after all. She learned that Monsieur was Miss Bellenger's cousin, Fred. Hadly, who had followed her all the way from New Orleans. She learned, moreover, that Jinny's guardian had refused to let Fred. marry her, and that the ardent lover had determined, in spite of guardians, or argus-eyed assistants, to carry off his beautiful prize; and before Miss Johnson could turn about and put her veto upon the whole proceeding, the happy couple had left their adieus for her, and were off to Washington.

Of course Miss Almira put off in great haste for the capital. Having arrived at Gadsby's, she was met by the smiling Jinny, who demurely expressed her regret that dear Aunt Ally did not come in time to see her married.

Miss Bellenger's immense estate, which was destined by her guardian for his only son, is now in Fred. Hadly's hands, and he is the happiest of men, while little Jinny is the sweetest, the merriest, the drollest of wives.

And thus ends the great lesson, which Miss Almira Johnson taught her pupil, at her celebrated "*Finishing Seminary for Young Ladies*."

## THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

BY H. E. G.

THERE'S a nameless grave on Erie's shore,  
Mid the forest shadows deep,  
Where an Indian maid was borne of yore,  
In her bridal robes to sleep.

Not a stone nor cross points out the spot,  
But the ivy round it creeps,  
And the clinging grape a bower hath wrought  
Where the young Elweenah sleeps.

The pride of a warrior tribe she grew;  
Her eye was the flash of dawn;  
Her step was light as the falling dew  
And fleet as the bounding fawn.

And a mighty chieftain sought her hand,  
But her glance was turned away,  
And heedless still of her sire's command,  
Her calm lip answered "Nay."

Then the spirit of wrath on the chieftain's brow  
His terrible wings outspread—  
"We will teach that haughty crest to bow  
Ere the morrow wanes," he said.

"There's a pale-faced hunter, faint and fair,  
Like a worm at your bosom's core;  
We will bring the curls of his sunny hair  
To hang at your wigwam door:

"But we'll leave behind his eyes of blue  
And his cheek of the summer rose,  
For Kishwullah's aim is swift and true,  
And venom'd the dart he throws."

Elweenah in silence her wampum wove,  
But her heart with woe ran o'er,  
For the dream of the pale-faced hunter's love  
Lay deep at her bosom's core.

And calm though the chieftain's glance she met,  
She trembled the while she heard,  
For she knew that never in idle threat  
Had been breathed Kishwullah's word.

Then up she rose with her eye's dark flash,  
And her cheek of burning flame—  
"I will yield," she said, "to my father's wish—  
Kishwullah my troth may claim.

"But I'll build the altar where I wed,  
And choose for my own array,  
And those who will follow the path I tread  
Shall see me a bride to-day."

She twined her hair with the nightshade's leaves  
And the pearls of the white cohosh,  
And blended the wreaths that the ivy weaves  
With the bright lobelia's flush.

From the raven's plumes was her mantle drest,  
And a shaft on her breast was lain,  
And down through the forest aisles she prest,  
With the wondering bridal train,

To the side of a stream whose wild cascade  
O'er the beetling rocks was hurled,  
And gracefully flecked with light and shade  
The white mists upward curled.

Afar in the midst a single stone  
On the tottering verge was seen,  
With the scattered drift-wood round it thrown,  
And a mossy tuft of green.

Away from the flower-strewn bank she sprung;  
On a ragged point that shot  
From the waves, her foot a moment hung—  
She had gained the point she sought:

And stood with the waters wild between  
Her form and the stricken train,  
Where nothing that lives before had been  
And nothing shall be again.

"Come on, for my bridal shrine I choose  
On this trembling rock to rear,  
Where my lips may breathe their holiest vows  
In the white Manitou's ear.

"I bowed to the foam-god\* long ago  
At the gleaming fountain's side,  
And here, where my heart's first faith I owe,  
Kishwullah, receive thy bride.

"My foot is firm and my eye is clear—  
And thou of the warrior's fame  
And the spirit that never has quailed to fear,  
Canst follow the path I came.

"Ha! ha! thy name no more with dread  
Shall the white-lipped foe repeat;  
Thou hast shrunk from the track of a timid maid,  
And fearest thy bride to meet.

"But for me a stronger arm is spread  
Far down in the boiling tide;  
Of the sheeted foam is my nuptial bed—  
Manitou, receive thy bride."

She was gone from the frail and trembling verge  
To the gloomy gulf below,  
And the waters sang her a mournful dirge,  
And the woods caught up their woe.

They gathered her form when morning rose,  
From the white sands where it lay,  
And bearing her here to her last repose,  
They turned in their gloom away.

\* It is customary among various Indian tribes for each individual to choose for himself at an early age some deity to worship.

## NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

### ART-UNIONS.



THESE popular institutions, so manifestly in accordance with the spirit of the age in which we live, are springing into existence in various parts of the country, and promise to be as useful in the dissemination of a correct taste for the Fine Arts as

they are in encouragement to artists. The distribution of works of art—especially paintings and engravings—throughout the length and breadth of the land, cannot but be beneficial to all parties:—to the painter, as a direct incentive to the cultivation of high aims and noble purposes:—to the engraver, as affording a broad field for the exercise of his best powers on large and elaborate works—powers, till now, chiefly confined to the narrow pages of an annual, or the multitudinous *mezzotintery* of the fashionable magazines:—and to the subscribing patron, as placing within easy reach of the most limited purse the choicest productions of the easel or the burin.

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Cincinnati have each their ART-UNION SOCIETY—differing in some respects in their internal organization, but based upon substantially the same general principles, and animated by a common object:—and it is to be hoped they may all meet with that encouragement and appreciation that the country is so well able to bestow. To New York must be awarded the honor of the first successful society for the distribution of works of art by lot—though the plan was borrowed mainly from that of the Art-Union of London—and its success has been as signal as its means are ample. This association was the first to procure elaborate line engravings of sufficient size for framing, and to its efforts we are indebted for the production of such exquisite plates as the “*FARMERS’ NOONING*,” by *Alfred Jones*, after *Mount*, and the “*SPARKING*,” by the same engraver, after *Edmonds*, not to mention the “*SIR WALTER RALPH RALPH PARTING WITH HIS WIFE*,”

by *Burt*, after the fine picture by *Leutze*, which will be given to the subscribers for 1846. In a report of its transaction for 1846 we find it stated that “THE AMERICAN ART-UNION was incorporated by the legislature of New York in 1840, for the promotion of the Fine Arts in the United States. Each subscriber of five dollars becomes a member of the Art-Union for one year. The money thus obtained is applied—first, to the production of a large and costly Engraving, from an original picture by an American Artist, of which engraving every member receives a copy; and, next, to the purchase of original paintings, by native or resident artists, which are publicly distributed by lot among the members at the annual meeting in December. Thus, for the sum of FIVE DOLLARS, every subscriber is certain of receiving an engraving (worth alone the amount of his subscription), and the chance of obtaining a fine original painting. The number of subscribers the past year was FOUR THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN, giving an income of more than \$22,250. The number of paintings distributed was ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX.”

THE ART-UNION OF PHILADELPHIA differs in one important particular from that of New York, as will be seen by the following from their “circular,” which says: “The plan of the Association may be briefly explained. The payment of five dollars constitutes membership. The funds are appropriated—first, towards procuring an elegant Engraving, of which each member will be entitled to a copy—the residue will be divided into various sums, and allotted to the members for the purchase of pictures by American Artists, selected from any accredited exhibition in the Union.”

Thus we see that the fortunate subscriber to whom one of these “sums” is distributed, instead of receiving only such picture as may fall to his share, as heretofore, may take his certificate in his pocket and select for himself a picture, drawing or work of art, according to his own taste, and in any gallery or exhibition in any part of the country; and, when we reflect that the tastes of men differ in regard to pictures almost as widely as in regard to wives, this cannot but strike every one as a manifest improvement. In addition to this, the patron and painter are brought into more intimate relations; and it must necessarily be that the acquaintance thus formed will be often for the lasting benefit of each.

The engraving to be furnished to the subscribers for the present year is from *Leutze’s* magnificent painting of “*JOHN KNOX BEFORE MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS*,” and will undoubtedly be one of the finest ever executed in this country. The print is to be 21 by 15½ inches, engraved by *John Sartain*, in a mixed mezzotint and line manner, and we are sure that accomplished artist will spare no pains to render full justice to the noble painting, and to furnish a work of art that will add to his own well-earned reputation and the satisfaction of the subscribers. To John Towne, Esq., the Society is greatly indebted for the gratuitous loan of so valuable a picture, and one that reflects so much honor on the fine genius of the creator of the “*NORTHMEN*.”

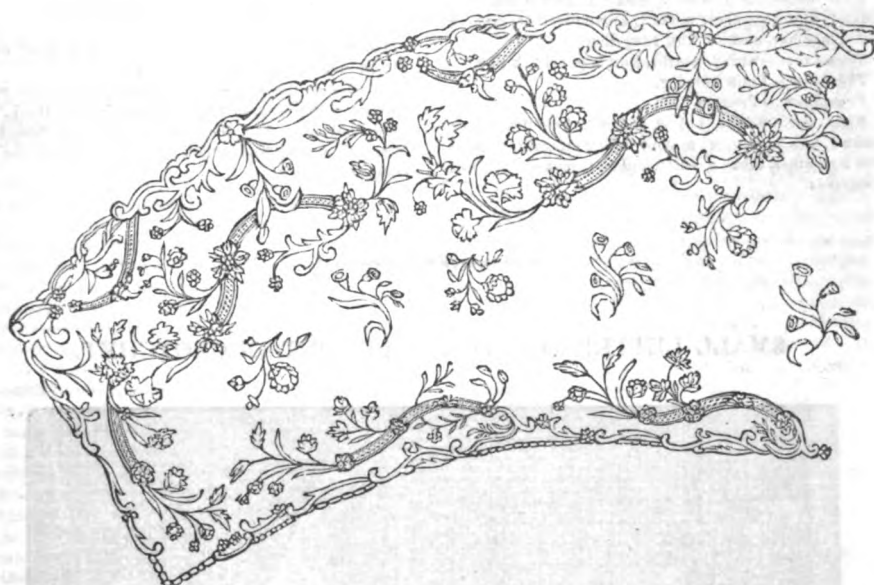
Of the ART-UNION OF BALTIMORE we had intended to say a few words in the present connection; but their circular has been mislaid, and we must await a more

favorable opportunity to give that and the Cincinnati Society the notice they deserve. To the common object of these "Unions" we give our most heartfelt sympathy; and we cannot but hope that through their united exertions "the period will soon arrive," (to quote from the N. Y. Transactions,) "when fine engravings and beautiful paintings and sculptures will abound in every portion of the country, mingling their perpetual teach-

ings with the lessons of domestic instruction, and shedding their mild and refining light upon the pleasures of social intercourse, and what is now sometimes but the selfish scramble for gain or the parsimonious hoardings of avarice will, under the benign influence of cultivated taste, become the generous pursuit of the means to adorn and dignify human nature, and multiply the graceful and salutary enjoyments of civilized life."

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

### KNITTED LACE COLLAR—HALF THE PATTERN.



PAISLEY LAID THREAD, NO. 34; OR BOAR'S HEAD COTTON, NO. 36.—NEEDLES NO. 18.—CAST ON NINETEEN STITCHES.

*First row.*—Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over the knitted, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

*Second row.*—Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, pearl 9, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

*Third row.*—Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

*Fourth row.*—The same as the second.

*Fifth row.*—Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 5, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over the knitted, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

*Sixth row.*—The same as the second.

*Seventh row.*—The same as the fifth.

*Eighth row.*—The same as the second.

*Ninth row.*—Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

*Tenth row.*—The same as the second.

*Eleventh row.*—Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

*Twelfth row.*—Same as the second.

*Thirteenth row.*—Same as the third.

*Fourteenth row.*—Same as the second.

*Fifteenth row.*—Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

*Sixteenth row.*—Same as the second.

*Seventeenth row.*—Same as the fifteenth.

*Eighteenth row.*—Same as the second.

*Nineteenth row.*—Same as the ninth.

*Twentieth row.*—Same as the second.

*Twenty-first row.*—Same as the eleventh.

*Twenty-second row.*—Same as the second.

Commence again at the third row.

Fourteen patterns will be required for the collar.

## LACE FOR THE COLLAR.



SAME NEEDLES AND COTTON.—CAST ON THIRTEEN STITCHES.

*First row.*—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 2, knit 2 together, make 2, knit 2 together.

*Second row.*—Knit 2, pearl 1, knit 2, pearl 1, knit 9.

*Third row.*—Plain knitting.

*Fourth row.*—Pearled.

*Fifth row.*—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 2, knit 2 together, make 2, knit 2 together, make 2, and knit 2 together.

*Sixth row.*—Knit 2, Pearl 1, knit 2, pearl 1, knit 2, pearl 1, knit 9.

*Seventh row.*—Plain knitting.

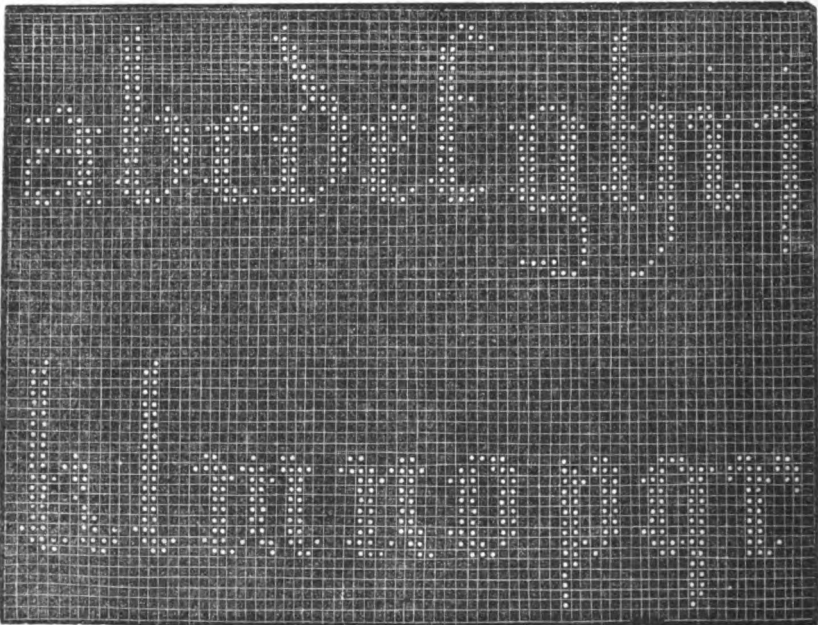
*Eighth row.*—Cast off 5, pearl the remainder.

Commence again at the first row.

The band at the top of the neck to be knitted as directed in all the other square collars.

We derive the above from an excellent little work entitled, "The Knitted Lace Collar Receipt Book," arranged by Mrs. G. J. Baynes, (published by Simpkins, Marshall & Co.,) and which well deserves all the patronage it enjoys.

## SMALL LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET IN CROTCHET.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

"I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,  
Nor lend like influence from its lucent seat;  
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,  
Free from that solemn vice of greatness, pride;  
I meant each softened virtue there should meet,  
Fit in that softer bosom to reside:  
Only a (heavenward and instructed) soul  
I purposed her, that should, with even powers,  
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control  
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

WHETHER if this soul of woman were to receive the same instruction as has been allotted to man, she would devote her "own free hours" to the abstruse and more ambitious studies hitherto pursued exclusively by the stronger sex, we shall never probably know. Certain it is that she has as yet never burdened the world with books.

In England, where woman has written most and best, she did not begin to enter the lists of literature till the seventeenth century. We have only, then, two hundred years to look over in order to select the best works for our readers. Still we do not intend to confine our list strictly to books written by women—we shall also include some concerning them.

One triumph, however, is certain for our sex—the writings of woman have been, with scarcely an exception, of the purest moral tendency. She has not won, and probably never will win the highest honors of science and learning, but her appearance in the scholar's field has greatly purified the language and elevated the tone of general literature.

As the magnolia displays its magnificence of foliage and flowers, while its unseen aroma is its most distinctive and precious quality, so the human mind develops talents like foliage and genius more resplendent than flowers—and yet the sweet feeling of piety that pervades and sanctifies the whole, while it is never obtruded, is the only incense of the soul that is meet for heaven.

In short, woman's intellectual mission is rather to inspire than to execute. Her station in the republic of letters is of high import to morals and religion; the better the world becomes the more will her genius be esteemed and exerted. There will never be a female counterpart of Shakespeare, but if the spiritual life, "hidden in Christ," is ever adequately unfolded and described in literature, it will most probably be done by a woman. And this leads us to name first, in our

COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES—the "Life of Madame Guyon," lately published; and as we find but few female writers of France to commend, we may as well name them here:—the greatest is Madame de Staël, the most amusing, Madame de Sevigné—these we alluded to in our June number. The noble sentiments and example of Madame Roland entitle her writings to a warm place in the heart of our sex; the "Study of the Life of Women," by Madame Necker de Saussure, is a valuable work, and the "Queens of France," by Mrs. Bush, would be an interesting companion for the works of the French ladies. We prefer, however, the writings of English women, and will begin with one of the earliest

authors. Lady Rachel Russell—her "Letters" are treasures of true love and heavenly piety. Very different are the "Letters" of the witty and brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—still these should be read, if only to teach the lesson of the insufficiency of genius to make a woman happy or esteemed. The writings of Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Chapone are generally known in our country, and Mrs. Hannah More seems like a dear old friend to every American lady—we hardly need commend her writings. Mrs. Anne Grant is less known, but her "American Lady" should give her a home in our hearts, and her "Letters from the Mountains" and "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders," are very interesting works. Her poems are not equal to her prose.

Of the English female novelists, Miss Edgeworth undoubtedly deserves the highest rank—her works are all worth reading, and those on "Education" deserve their great popularity. The Miss Porters wrote many novels—the best and the only ones we can really commend, are "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs"—the first is much the better work, and deserves to keep its place as a standard novel. Sir Walter Scott took, it is said, his first idea of his historical novels from "Thaddeus of Warsaw." Miss Ferrier and Miss Austen are charming writers; their novels awaken and interest the best feelings of the heart—all may be read, not only with pleasure but profit. We think that "Inheritance," by the first named, and "Pride and Prejudice," by the last, are their best. Of a like character is Miss Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie;" and in these interesting domestic novels may also be classed Mrs. Brunton's works and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Marion;" her "Sketches of Irish Character" should also be read. Of the present active female writers, Mrs. Gore bears off the palm—she has uncommon talents; her works are interesting, and yet we never could heartily like them. The spirit of the fashionable London world is her guiding genius. We hope our lovely young American ladies will not model themselves after her patterns. Miss Mitford's writings are all unexceptionable, and her prose works delightful—"Our Village" particularly.

There is another class of writers—who sometimes choose fiction as the medium of their moral and religious views. Their works are intended to be good, of course, and sometimes the interest of the story is sacrificed to the particular aim of the writer; nevertheless, the wide popularity these books have gained show the mighty power of imagination when devoted to the cause of improvement. Among these writers the late "Charlotte Elizabeth" holds a distinguished place; then Mrs. Fry's books are all good and quiet; Mrs. Ellis' a little too prolix, but sensible; and Mary Howitt's very agreeable.

Of the female poets, Mrs. Hemans is first in all hearts, as Miss Baillie would be in all heads—if her works were read. Miss Jewsbury has left some beautiful fragments, both in prose and verse, of one of the brightest geniuses our sex has ever boasted. Miss Landon's poems are sparkling and full of sentiment, but often exaggerated. A few of her soul effusions will stock the vocabulary and album of a very young lady. We do not think her



a safe guide for the budding imagination, though she has written some sweet pieces. Mrs. Norton's poems are undoubtedly the most artistic of any present female writer, and if to write—passionately (or egotistically)—as men write, be the chiefest excellence, she excels; but we better love the high-souled devotion to humanity shown in the poems of the learned and gifted, and loving-minded Miss Elizabeth Barrett.

**HEROINES.**—What female heart but has sighed for an opportunity of being heroic!—not like the valiant Joan, perhaps, but to do something that would win the love and praise of the world they live in. And it is so difficult to find anything to do—it is thought—unless, Cherubina like, they plunge into a sea of absurdities, and keep not only themselves but every one around them in water cold or hot, that young ladies, and older ones, too, seem to consider exertion hopeless. Let all who really wish to be worthy of fame, or, what is a far higher sentiment, would employ their talents rightly because it is their duty, read the story of Miss Surah Martin, inserted in this number. "Above all Greek, above all Roman fame," will now forever stand her humble name—a glorious example to her sex, a light to guide, we hope and trust, many of our lovely countrywomen in the right way of happiness—namely, striving to do good to the poor and ignorant.

#### HOW TO GOVERN CHILDREN.

"Unknown depths there are in children's minds," said Margaret; "I have a clear remembrance of some in my own."

"Then cherish them," replied Mr. Sutherland; "they will teach you more than any books. What we want is the history of a child's mind, not from theories, but facts. We cannot see into the minds of the children about us; and, in general, we never begin to think what our own were till we are so old as to have forgotten. Your age is just the one for making observations on education."

"But I suppose you have a theory like the rest of the world?" said Margaret.

"I have, to a certain extent—not like the bed of Procrustes, upon which every mind is to be stretched."

"And the fundamental principle is what?"

"That a child must be ruled by sight—which is not a very wise or deep-sounding one, is it?"

"I don't know—but it is not what I should have expected from you."

"There is nothing new in it," said Mr. Sutherland; "it is merely the old maxim of example before precept; there is nothing to which it may not apply."

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The following articles are accepted:—"A Sketch"—"A Song"—"Life's Philosophy"—"The Streamlet's Teaching"—"The Lament of the Motherless"—"Memory and Hope"—"To my Flowers"—and "To the Memory ———."

We have received three translations of the Italian poem in our last; they will appear in our next number—we have not room this month.

We shall be pleased to hear soon from Aunt Magwire. Cannot some of our writers furnish us with humorous articles? They are much better reading for hot weather than the usual run of stories.

A. E. W. is informed that we have not a copy of the Lady's Book on hand from the commencement. We have advertised both here and in New York for a complete set, but holders won't sell.

Miss H. W. is thanked, and the receipt sent shows that we consider the amount sufficient to constitute her a life subscriber.

M. E. P. cannot "feel hurt" at the dunning page in our last number, as she will perceive that we had a paragraph of thanks to paying subscribers. Those who are indebted and still continue to live unremitting, after such an appeal as we then made, will never die.

The receipt of \$25 from L. B. M. is acknowledged, and appropriated agreeably to request.

### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

**A HISTORY OF ROME,** from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus, A. D. 192. By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F. R. S. E. Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This is a work of very great importance to the rising generation, since it is intended to furnish schools with the real instead of the fictitious history of Rome. Niebuhr, Arnold and others have performed this office for scholars. Their books are found in large libraries. Dr. Schmitz has brought the history of Rome, stripped of its old legendary nonsense, within the reach of academies and schools. He deserves the thanks of the friends of education. For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

**NOTES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTH WESTERN TERRITORY.** By John Burnet. Messrs. Appletons. This is an excellent book, full of new and very important information respecting the early history of the western country. It is written by a gentleman of high standing and character in the west, and the materials are derived from personal recollection and authentic documents. It will be recognized as a work of first rate authority by all who know anything of the author's opportunities and abilities. The work fills 500 large two.

pages, and embraces the whole history of the Northwest from the Revolution to the present time. It is for sale by George S. Appleton, No. 144 Chestnut street, Philad.

**THE BOY'S SUMMER BOOK.** Harper & Brothers, New York. Lindsay & Blackiston, Philad. A pretty little volume, and, as its name indicates, intended for the instruction and amusement of youth, for which it is well designed. It is by Thomas Miller, author of the "Beauties of the Country," "Rural Sketches," etc., and contains thirty-six illustrations. It is such books as this that should be put into the hands of our children. They give their minds a healthful tone.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** Nos. 25 and 26. Same publishers. Time of Charles I. continued. This work continues to be conducted in the same spirit that characterized the earlier numbers.

**DOMBEY AND SON.** Nos. 9 and 10. Illustrated edition. Lea & Blanchard. Excellent numbers; the best, we think, that have yet appeared. They contain some strange developments of character. This is decidedly the best edition published. The engravings always accompany the letter press.

**MODERN PAINTING.** By a Graduate of Oxford. First American from the third London edition. Wiley

& Putnam, N. York. J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This work is divided into six sections, each section being subdivided into chapters. Section 1 is "Of the nature of the ideas conveyable by art;" section 2, "Of Truth;" section 3, "Of Truth of Skies;" section 4, "Of Truth of Earth;" section 5, "Of Truth of Water;" section 6, "Of Truth of Vegetation." This is a powerfully-written book, and shows an extensive acquaintance with the works of the ancient and modern masters. Whoever may be its author, he has evidently studied well his subject. He gives advice and critiques with the mind of a master. His praise is equally strong. Witness the following—"A single dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinity of foliage than the niggling of Hobbins could have rendered his canvas if he had worked on it till doomsday." The work is admirably put before the public—a better specimen we have never seen from the New York press. It reflects great credit upon Messrs. Wiley & Putnam.

THE ALPHABETICAL DRAWING BOOK and Pictorial Natural History of Quadrupeds. By Graphite. Same publishers. This neat little work contains twenty-six chroma lith engravings, and independent of the merit of the plates as models to copy from, it contains a very good description of each animal. The youth using this work will, at the same time that he is learning to draw, be gradually led into a knowledge of Natural History.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE STAEL AND OF MADAME ROLAND. By Mrs. L. Maria Child. C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. The history of two celebrated women written by one of their own sex. This is as it should be, as women can more easily understand and appreciate the nice shades in the character of their sex than men, and Mrs. Child has shown by her efforts in the present instance her capability for the task. The work contains a portrait of Madame de Staël, and forms No. 13 of Francis & Co.'s Cabinet Library of Choice Prose and Poetry.

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY; or, *The Brother's Revenge*. By A. J. Herr. W. H. Graham, New York. T. B. Peterson, 93 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Mr. Herr, in this tale of the Revolution, has made a very favorable impression upon the public. If it is his first effort, he bids fair to attain a position among the tale writers of the day.

OSULLIVAN'S LOVE, *a Legend of Edenmore—and the History of Paddy Go Easy and his wife Nancy*. By William Carleton, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. Mr. Carleton is one of those writers who can call smiles or tears from his readers at pleasure. "The Poor Student," in the Traits and Stories, is one of his most affecting and beautiful stories. The one we are now noticing will puzzle most of the readers who undertake—as is usual—to guess at the dénouement. They will be mistaken. It must be read through before it can be got at, and richly will it repay a perusal.

THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE. By Charles Lever. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. Glorious Lever! he might have rested his fame upon Charles O'Malley, but here we have another of his quaint and delightful stories—rich and racy, serious and comical, still-life and adventurous, rollicking and frolicking by sea and land—nothing can come amiss—yet with all his fun, he is a moral lever.

MEXICO AND HER MILITARY CHIEFTAINS. By Fay Robinson, Esq. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. Mr. Robinson is well calculated to be the author of this work. He has spent many years of his life among the Mexicans, has been acquainted with some of

the persons of whom he has written, is an excellent linguist and a good scholar. The book contains twelve engravings, most of them portraits. The following, among others, are treated of in this work—Iturbide, Santa Anna, Farias, Bustamante, Paredes, Almonte, Arista, Ampudia, &c.

CHARLES LINN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Emily Chubbuck. L. Colby & Co., 122 Nassau street, New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. A very agreeable little book, and well calculated to inculcate good morals into the youths of both sexes.

NEW ILLUSTRATED JOSEPHUS. Part 2. New translation by Rev. R. Trail, D. D. Harper & Brothers, New York. Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Chestnut & Fourth streets, Philadelphia. This number is embellished with nine engravings. It is a superb edition, and contains notes explanatory, essays, &c., by Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Ongar.

LIFE AND RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF MADAME DE LA MOTTE GUYON. Same publishers—New York and Philadelphia. This entertaining work, by Thomas C. Upham, Esq., contains, besides the life of Madame Guyon, an account of the personal history and religious opinions of the great Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, with portraits of both. Mr. Upham, the author of the work, is Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, in Bowdoin College. Madame Guyon's religious opinions were of a peculiar nature. She belonged to an order entitled Quietism. She was twice imprisoned for her belief, and with her death the order ceased. Fenelon himself wrote in its favor—but he will be better remembered by *Les Aventures de Télémaque* than by any of his other writings. It is a very entertaining and instructive work.

JULIUS CÆSAR, CLASSICAL SERIES. By Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. Lea & Blanchard. This work is well calculated to adorn "the classical section of Chambers' educational course." The editors are well known as gentlemen of great ability—the former is Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and the latter Professor of the University and Member of the Royal Academy, Berlin. By such books as these the study of the classics is made pleasant and easy.

THE PIG—a Treatise on the Breeds, Management, Feeding, and Medical Treatment of Swine—with directions for salting pork and curing hams. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. It is only necessary to say that this work is from the pen of William Youatt, V. S., author of "The Horse," "Cattle," "Sheep," "The Dog," editor of the "Complete Grazier," &c. It is illustrated with engravings drawn from life, by William Harvey, Esq.

THE GARDENER AND COMPLETE FLORIST. W. H. Graham, New York. T. B. Peterson, 93 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This is a very instructive book—the rules are plainly laid down, and a careful study of them will enable in time every man to be his own gardener.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE—a Practical Treatise on the Lungs to prove Consumption a manageable disease, containing the Causes, Cure and Prevention of Consumption. By J. S. Rose, M. D. Same publishers. Of this work we can form no opinion—the reader must judge for himself.

THE MONK'S REVENGE; OR, THE SECRET ENEMY—a Tale of the Later Crusades. By Samuel Spring. Williams & Brothers, 24 Ann street, N. York. T. B. Peterson, 93 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. A very spirited and engaging book, full of mysteries, secret doors and diabolical revenges—in fine, quite of the Uodolphian order of romance.

LANDING OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

**UNDER GEN. SCOTT ON THE BEACH AT VERA CRUZ.** Drawn on the spot by Lieut. Charles Crillon Barton, U. S. N. Lithographed by Duval, and for sale by Peterson, 9c Chestnut street, Philadelphia. A very spirited drawing and illustrative of a great event. We have before seen some of Lieut. Barton's drawings;—he is an amateur artist of great merit.

**HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU—**with a *Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By Wm. H. Prescott, Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. Same publishers. This work of Mr. Prescott's is one of deep research. It commences with a description of the ancient civilization of the Peruvian race, followed by a history of the Conquest of Peru, written in that charming and magical style which is the character of Mr. Prescott's pen. The subject is one so full of romance, that even in the hands of a less skillful and learned author than Mr. Prescott, a good book would have been the result—but he has thrown such a charm over the whole history, that we know not which to admire most, the subject or the manner in which it is treated. As an American we are proud of Mr. Prescott. The work contains two portraits—one of Francisco Pizarro, the celebrated leader, and one of Pedro de la Gasca, the President of the Royal Audience and Priest Viceroy. It is a singular fact, that both Pizarro and Almagro were men of obscure birth; but the former was a man of great skill as a commander and possessed considerable political talent, both of which characters were sullied by his barbarity and perfidy. As this book is published simultaneously here and in London, we have the opinions of the British critics before us. They consider the Conquest of Peru superior to the previous works of Mr. Prescott, and award him high encomiums for the valuable addition which he has made to the stores of history in his "Preliminary view."

**THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.** Parts 1 and 2. C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. No. 1 of this work is illustrated by twenty large engravings and numerous wood cuts, and No. 2 nearly as many. They are printed with very clear type on very good paper, and altogether it is a very pretty edition.

**MINOR DRAMA—No. 12—**"*The Barrack Room.*" We have received this number from Belford & Co., New York, through the agent, S. G. Sherman, Hart's Buildings, Sixth street near Chestnut.

**THE DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY.** By W. Blanchard Jerrold, with illustrations by Phiz. Part 1. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. We are hardly able to pronounce an opinion of this work from a perusal of so small a portion of it, but it opens with spirit, and has considerable incident even in the first number. Mr. J. is brother to the famous Douglas Jerrold, and the English critics say he is not his inferior.

**THE PHONETIC MINSTREL.** Original Songs. No. 1. A. Comstock, M. D., 100 Arch street, Philadelphia. We published in our last number the phonetic alphabet, and also a poem from one of our contributors. The songs in this number are well selected.

**THE UNFORTUNATE MAID; OR, THE MISER'S FATE—**embracing the *Life and Adventures of Bob Norberry, an Irish reporter.* With numerous illustrations. By an Exile. W. H. Graham, New York. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. The best part of this book is the adventures of Bob Norberry, and that is full of original and rich fun.

**UNITED STATES ALMANAC FOR 1849.** Harper & Brothers, and Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a world in miniature, and contains many useful tables for merchants and others.

**RUSSELL—**a *Tale of the Reign of Charles the Second.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper & Brothers, N. York. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Another novel from the pen of this prolific author, and a good one it is. We consider it equal to his "Darnley" or "Henry Marten." James, whether he writes to order or not, always contrives to make a readable book. There is, however, always some one personage in his novels that is a counterpart to Flibbertigibbet, some small specimen of humanity that, like an actor of all work, contrives to make himself "generally useful."

**ARTHUR'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.** By T. S. Arthur. Elias Howe, Boston. J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. All Mr. Arthur's productions are intended to "point a moral." His magazine tales have all this end. But here is a work of advice, intended solely for young men, and we know no person so capable of the task as Mr. A. Such a work in England would run through a dozen editions. It will have a great sale here. Every young man should have a copy.

**THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED—**Parts 1 and 2—being a translation of Grandville's "*Les Fleurs Amées*," by N. Cleaveland—illustrated with steel engravings prettily colored. T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This work is well worth a notice if it were only for the beautifully-colored plates it contains, but it has other merits which commend it, as we do, to the public. Peterson will furnish it at twenty-five cents per number.

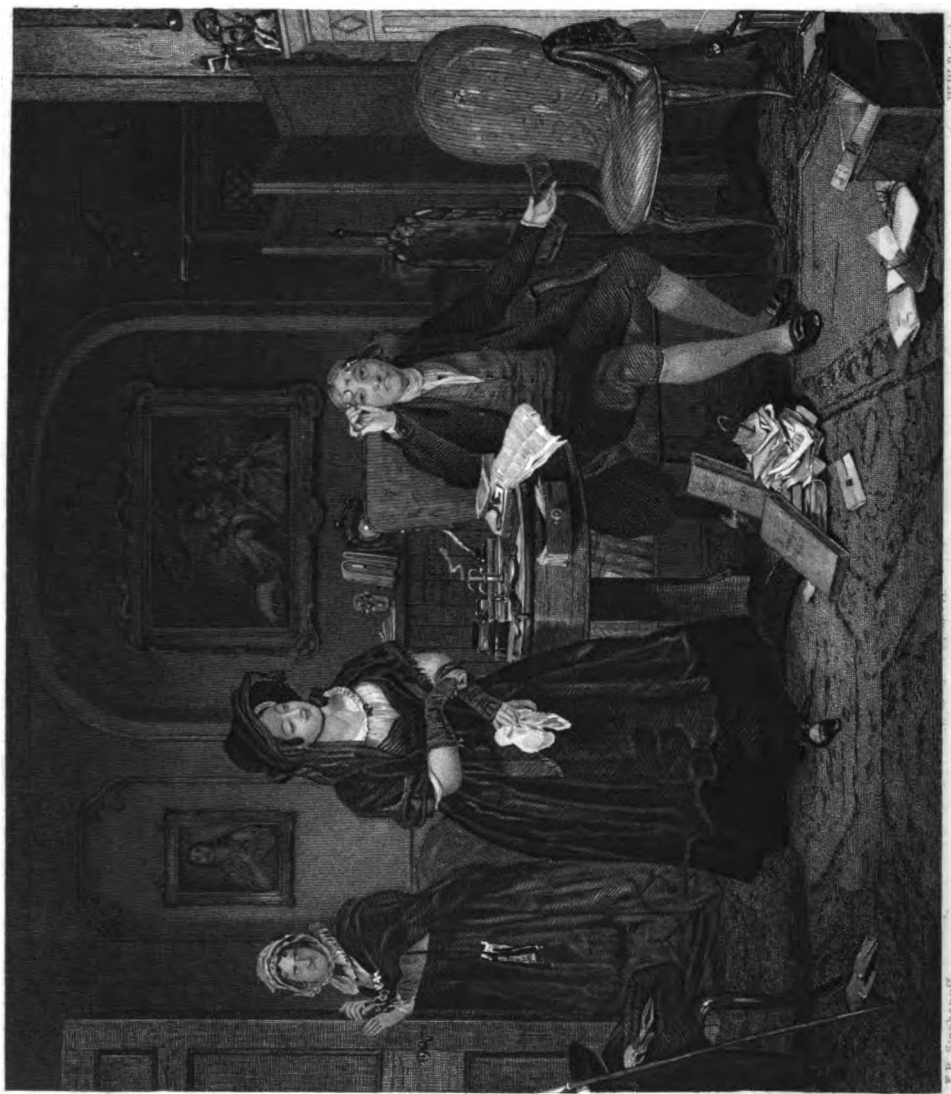
We have also received from the same publisher "*Life in London*," with illustrations; "*The Secret Tribunal*," by Dumas; "*The Three Guardsmen*," by the same author, translated by Park Benjamin—one of the best works of this prolific author, and ably rendered into English; "*Shakspeare and his Friends*," by the author of "*The Youth of Shakspeare*." An excellent work, in which the reader revels with the old poets and play-writers of that prolific time. We do not know a greater treat than the perusal of this novel. Also, No. 9 of "*The Architect. A Series of original designs for Cottages, Domestic and Ornamental, connected with Landscape and Gardening.*" Certainly the best work upon the subject ever published, and one which we have frequently commended.

At Peterson's may be obtained all the cheap publications of the day, and others of more worth. He will cheerfully send a catalogue to any person requesting it, postage paid.

To encourage talent of any kind is our aim. We now make this offer to our subscribers:—To those who can draw and will send in any views that may be in their neighborhood, such as churches, handsome cottages with grounds, any buildings of the Revolution, or any objects of interest, if the designs be good, we will have them engraved and will publish. We should like a drawing of the tomb of the mother of Washington, with a portion of the surrounding scenery. Will our fair friends bear this in mind?

We give no fashions this month, simply because no person, with the thermometer raging anywhere between 90 and 100, can think of anything but comfort in dress; therefore we shall say, that the prevailing costume at the time this Book was being prepared for the press, was a dress as loose as it could possibly be made—white at that, and sun-bonnet to match.





W. Wellwood

F. P. Stepanoff

husband was a barrister with a moderate practice, the income from which supported them comfortably. But their style of living was so different

"Did you ever meet her husband?"

"Me?"—speaking with surprise. "No, indeed. Do you suppose I would have met him?"



# GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1847.

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## ANSWERING THE ADVERTISEMENT

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(See Plate.)

MR. JAMES BARRINGTON, a London merchant who had given up business, lived in elegant retirement with his two daughters and a maiden sister. His wife had been dead many years. Arabella and Rosetta, the daughters, were thirteen and fifteen years of age, and Mr. Barrington, having seen cause to part with their governess, inserted in the *Times* newspaper an advertisement for a young lady competent to take charge of their education.

The mother of Arabella and Rosetta was the second wife of Mr. Barrington. His first wife had a sister named Henrietta, who had lived in his family for some years, when she married, somewhat against the wishes of her friends, and this gave cause, after the death of her sister, to an estrangement between her and the family of Mr. Barrington. This estrangement was mainly attributable to the interference of Mrs. Caroline Herbert, the elderly maiden sister of the merchant, who took every opportunity to prejudice the mind of her brother against the sister of his deceased wife.

The coldness with which Henrietta, or rather Mrs. Parish, was received at the house of Mr. Barrington, the few times that she called immediately subsequent to the death of her sister, determined her never to go there again.

Mr. Barrington noticed this, and several times spoke about it to Mrs. Herbert, who invariably met all allusions to Henrietta with words of disparagement. His second marriage made the separation between him and his first wife's sister complete.

Mrs. Parish was happy in her marriage. Her husband was a barrister with a moderate practice, the income from which supported them comfortably. But their style of living was so different

from that of Mr. Barrington, and the circle in which they moved so remote, that these causes, had none other existed, would have led to a very limited intercourse of the two families.

Mrs. Parish had three children, but only one of them, Margaret, a cheerful, fine, free-spirited, highly intelligent and well educated girl, lived to womanhood. The others died young. When Margaret was twenty years of age she had the misfortune to lose her father—a sad loss, indeed, for with his death the comfortable income upon which his family had lived was cut off.

Mr. Barrington was reading his newspaper one day about this time, when he said to his sister, looking up from it—"What was the name of Henrietta's husband?"

"Parish, I believe," replied Mrs. Herbert, in a tone of indifference.

"He was a barrister?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember his Christian name?"

"Edmund, I think."

"He's dead."

"Ah?" This was said very coldly.

"Yes; his death is announced to-day. Poor Henrietta! I wonder in what circumstances he has left her?"

"Comfortable enough, no doubt, for one of her tastes and habits," replied Mrs. Herbert, with ill-concealed dislike in her voice.

"I don't know, Caroline, that Henrietta was low in her tastes or habits. I should rather call her a woman of refinement."

"I don't think she showed much of it in her marriage."

"Did you ever meet her husband?"

"Me?"—speaking with surprise. "No, indeed. Do you suppose I would have met him?"



"Then what do you know of him?"

"Nothing at all—and what is more, don't want to know anything about him."

"As for that, Caroline," returned Mr. Barrington, slightly knitting his brows, "I am satisfied that you have met and felt honored with the acquaintance of men not possessing half his worth. I did not know him myself, but I am sure of one thing, that Henrietta never would have married a man whose tastes were not refined and whose principles were not good."

Mrs. Herbert met this remark with a gesture and an expression of impatience—seeing which, her brother dropped the subject.

Contempt of everything below a certain grade, as well as, perhaps, a more selfish and interested feeling, formed the groundwork of Mrs. Herbert's dislike towards Mrs. Parish. The announcement of her husband's death, and the interest for her thereby awakened in her brother's mind, in no way diminished this dislike and contempt. Two or three hundred pounds, besides his household furniture, was all that Mr. Parish left his family, and no very long time passed before his widow began to feel anxious about the future. By the end of a year but a single hundred pounds remained, and no means of obtaining even a very small income had yet been devised. Margaret, who was of a cheerful, confident disposition, and who possessed an uninterrupted flow of spirits, never would suffer her mother to sink into a desponding mood.

"There are only two of us, mother, and I am sure we will be able to take care of ourselves," she would say.

"But how, Margaret, how?" would always be asked.

The reply to this was never very satisfactory to either party. The "How?" was a posing question.

"Oh, I can do something," she would answer.

"But what can you do, Margaret?"

"Teach something or other—music, drawing, French or Italian."

But to this suggestion there was a positive shake of the head, and the reply—"I shall not think of such a thing."

"Others have to do it, mother—why may not I? For the ability I ought to be thankful, as well as be willing to use it."

"It's out of the question, Margaret."

And thus the debate would close, to be renewed again after a few days or a few weeks with no more satisfactory conclusion. As for herself, Mrs. Parish would have been perfectly willing to teach or do any other respectable thing for a living, but the idea of her daughter being compelled to assume the humble and wearying duties of a governess or instructor, could not be entertained for a moment.

Time steadily progressed, and as steadily went on the process of diminution, until Mrs. Parish finally saw herself reduced to the extremity of

parting with certain articles of jewelry and plate that could be disposed of without inconvenience. There was a sober reality about this, and a form of argument not to be resisted.

After having gone through the trial of selling sundry articles of jewelry, for which ten pounds were obtained, Mrs. Parish returned home and indulged heartily in the luxury of crying. Margaret understood the cause of this grief, and it determined her to seek for some kind of employment from which a certain income could be obtained. The folly of waiting any longer was too apparent.

Some hours afterwards, when her mother had grown calm, she said to her—"My mind is made up to endeavor to get employment as a governess."

"You must not think of it, Margaret," replied Mrs. Parish, quickly.

"It is plainly my duty to do so, mother; and from doing my duty I ought not to shrink. I have been looking over the newspaper to-day, and have cut out an advertisement of a situation that, if it can be obtained, will just suit me. Here it is"—and she read:—

"WANTED—a GOVERNESS for two young ladies. She must understand and be able to teach music, drawing, French, Spanish and Italian. No one need apply who is not respectably connected. Undoubted reference as to character and qualifications must be produced. Apply at No. ——— Place. To the right kind of a person a liberal salary will be given."

"Where is it?" asked Mrs. Parish, quickly.

"At No. ——— Place."

"It won't suit you, Margaret, I know it won't."

"And I am sure it will suit me exactly, if I am so fortunate as to secure the place."

"Don't think of applying there." Mrs. Parish spoke in an earnest, positive voice.

"I believe I am fully competent to give instruction in the branches required, and I think that in the matter of reference I shall find no difficulty. So far as respectable connections are concerned, I presume"—and Margaret put on a mischievous smile—"that I may claim a kind of accidental relationship of the Barringtons. If I should say that Mr. James Barrington was my uncle, that would be all-sufficient."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Margaret," said Mrs. Parish, with some warmth.

"Perhaps not," returned Margaret, still in a cheerful spirit. "But I know what I am going to do."

"What?"

"I am going to answer this advertisement in person."

"No—no—no—you musn't think of it."

A servant came to the door at the moment and announced an old friend of Mrs. Parish's as in

the parlor. Further conference on the subject was, therefore, at an end. The visitor had come to sit for the afternoon, and Margaret was therefore left to herself for a few hours. This time she used to good purpose, as we shall see. Not wishing to have any more conference with her mother on a subject upon which there seemed no present prospect of an agreement, and convinced that it was her duty to take immediate steps for the securing of some kind of employment, she was not long in making up her mind to go that very afternoon and answer the advertisement she had read.

Without letting any one know of her intention, she dressed herself and went out. Taking an omnibus, she rode to the neighborhood of ——— Place, and soon stood at a door, upon which, engraved on a silver plate, was the number she sought. The name of the owner of the house was nowhere displayed. A servant showed her into a back sitting-room, where she was soon visited by an elderly woman, whose air of stately dignity, and cold, almost severe countenance, did not impress her very favorably.

"I saw an advertisement for a governess to-day, which referred to this number."

The lady bowed formally, though not a feature relaxed. Her eyes, from the moment Margaret entered the room, had been fixed upon her with an earnest scrutiny.

"What is your name, Miss?" she asked.

"Margaret Parish."

There was a sudden change in the expression of that cold face, but why it had occurred or what it betokened, Margaret did not know.

"Are your parents living?"

"My mother is living."

"And sent you to make application for the place?"

"No, ma'am," speaking quickly, "I came at my own instance."

"I hardly think you are the person my brother wants," said Mrs. Herbert, after she had thought for a moment, and became satisfied that Margaret was not aware that she was in the house of Mr. Barrington.

"Why not?" asked Margaret.

"Because I do not think so," said Mrs. Herbert, rather haughtily.

Margaret was a girl of some spirit, and not easily turned aside from her purpose. She, therefore, replied with a dignity and self-possession that the other had not expected.

"Unless your brother have an opportunity of seeing those who apply for the situation, how is he to determine whether they will suit him or not? In regard to ability to do what is wished, I believe that I possess it; and so far as connections and references are concerned, I presume they will be found altogether satisfactory."

There was something in the spirit and manner of the young girl, whose eye did not once fall

beneath the piercing gaze, which was fixed upon her, that Mrs. Herbert could not well withstand.

"Come! I will show you up," she said, sharply, and led the way from the room up stairs into an apartment where an elderly gentleman sat at a table, on which lay books and papers.

"Here is a person who has called to see about the advertisement for a governess."

"Ah!" And Mr. Barrington turned his calm, but penetrating eyes upon Margaret, and regarded her young face for some moments. Then he said—

"Very well, Caroline," in a tone that she understood to mean, "you can retire," at the same time he pointed Margaret to a chair, and requested her to be seated.

Neither Mr. Barrington nor Margaret saw the angry, almost malignant look that was directed towards the latter by Mrs. Herbert, as she left the room.

"Have you ever lived out in the capacity of governess?" asked Mr. Barrington, as soon as they were alone.

"No, sir," returned Margaret. "The necessity for doing so has only existed for a short time."

"Do you think yourself qualified for the task you appear willing to enter upon?"

"I think I am, sir," was modestly replied.

"You are aware that references as to character and qualifications are required? I presume you are ready to give these?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you will name them I will write them down." And Mr. Barrington turned to the table and took up a pen.

Three or four individuals were named as references.

"These will do. And now, what are your family connections?" said Mr. Barrington. "These I deem of importance, as I am very particular about the person whom I appoint to the responsible station of governess to my daughters."

There was a pause, and then Margaret said—

"Do you know Mr. James Barrington?"

The merchant looked earnestly into the young lady's face for a moment.

"Yes, I know him," he then replied.

"He married my mother's sister," said Margaret, with a slight degree of hesitation in her voice, as if the reference were not altogether pleasant to her.

"What is your mother's name?"

"Parish."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir. He died nearly two years ago."

"Are you an only child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where does your mother live?"

Margaret gave the direction.

Mr. Barrington again looked into the face of the young applicant so earnestly, that her eyes fell to the floor.

"Your father left no property at his death?" he said.

"He only left a few hundred pounds."

"And that is all now gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Margaret."

"Very well, Margaret. I will consider your application, and let you hear from me in a day or two," said Mr. Barrington.

Margaret arose, courtesied, and moved across the room. At the door she lingered a few moments.

"Is there any hope of my obtaining the situation, sir?" she ventured to ask. "Do you give me any encouragement?"

"I cannot say anything just now," replied Mr. Barrington, kindly. "But I promise that you shall hear from me right early."

Margaret courtesied again, and retired.

She had only been gone a short time when Mrs. Herbert entered the room.

"Do you know who that girl is?" she said, with a frown upon her face.

"I do," replied Mr. Barrington.

"Isn't she a bold piece?"

"How?"

"Why, to reply to your advertisement. It's the greatest piece of assurance I ever heard of."

"I don't know why she hasn't as much right to reply to the advertisement as any one else."

"You don't think of engaging her?"

"Why not, if she be qualified?"

"The daughter of Henrietta!" and Mrs. Herbert drew herself up haughtily.

"She is none the worse in my eye for that. On the contrary, the fact is a strong recommendation."

"James!" said Mrs. Herbert, sharply, "I will never consent to her coming into the house."

"Are Arabella and Rosetta your children or mine?" calmly but significantly asked Mr. Barrington.

This was more than Mrs. Herbert could stand, and she swept out of the room angrily.

Margaret returned home, in doubt whether to feel encouraged or not by her reception. She liked the person she had seen very well, and when she recalled his peculiar manner, and the tone in which he spoke when he promised her that she should hear from him, and that right early, she was strongly inclined to believe that success would crown her application. What she had done was her own secret. She said nothing of it at home.

About eight o'clock that evening, as she sat reading to her mother, the street bell rung, and the servant in a few moments announced a visitor. It was a gentleman, who, without giving his name to the servant, passed in close behind him, and was in the room where the ladies sat almost as soon as announced. Margaret saw, with surprise, that it was the very gentleman to whom she had

applied that day for the situation of governess; but her surprise was still greater, and changed into blushing confusion, when she heard her mother address him as Mr. Barrington, and saw him eagerly grasp her hand, and express himself highly pleased at meeting her once more.

"And this is your daughter, I believe?" he said, turning to Margaret, whose face was like crimson, at the same time extending to her his hand.

"Yes, that is my daughter," replied Mrs. Parish. "My only living child."

The look that Mr. Barrington gave Margaret, re-assured her; and by an effort she overcame the confusion into which she had been thrown by his sudden appearance. Mr. Barrington sat for an hour making the most particular inquiries about the circumstances and prospects of Mrs. Parish; and also about the kind of education Margaret had received. He closed by stating that he was much in want of a governess for his two daughters, and that if Margaret were willing to undertake the charge of them, he would at once engage her at a salary of two hundred pounds per annum.

"I accept the offer," said Margaret, quickly, fearing lest some objection should be raised by her mother, "and accept it gladly."

"And what do you say, Henrietta?" asked Mr. Barrington. "Shall I have Margaret as the governess of my children. I promise you that she shall be treated with every kindness and consideration. And I am sure that my daughters will love her, and look up to her as an elder sister."

Mrs. Parish could only reply affirmatively.

"Let her come and see me to-morrow," said Mr. Barrington. "I will then introduce her to my daughters. After that I will see you again."

Margaret was silent for the present upon the subject of her call upon Mr. Barrington, and suffered her mother to express for more than twenty times her wonder how he should know where she lived, and why he should call so opportunely.

On the next morning Mr. Barrington informed his sister that he had engaged Margaret as the governess of his daughters, and that she was to call that day for the purpose of being introduced to them. At this Mrs. Herbert fell into a violent passion, and declared if that "low born creature" came into the house, she would have to leave it.

"As you please," was Mr. Barrington's cool reply. He was offended at this uncalled for interference, and spoke as he felt.

This was too much for the proud spirited sister, who left the house within an hour.

A few days afterwards Mr. Barrington called again upon the mother of Margaret, and offered her a handsome compensation to come and take his sister's place in the family. It needed no persuasion to induce her to accept this offer. Under her administration, a warmer sphere pervaded the whole family. The children of Mr. Barrington, instead of approaching her as they had done Mrs.

Herbert, with formal politeness, drew near with that abandonment of affection which a child displays towards its mother. And she was to them as faithful and loving as a mother. And Margaret was like an elder sister to Arabella and Rosetta. But her position as such, never caused her to abate a single effort as their instructress. In her duty to them, and to Mr. Barrington, she never failed. A few years only did this continue; then the young ladies needed her care no longer, and

she had to resign her place as governess in the family. But she still remained; neither the father nor daughters would listen a moment to any separation. She had become as one of them.

Not very long afterwards she became united in marriage to a gentleman of fortune, and took that place in society to which her virtues, her intelligence, and her accomplishments entitled her.

## THE STAR OF LOVE.

BY SAMUEL J. PIKE.

A YOUTH gazed earnestly upon the sky;  
The stars were gathering in the azure arch  
Of heaven, and shedding on the earth their showers  
Of light and beauty. Fairest of them all  
Shone Hesperus, sweet star of dewy eve.

To that alone the watcher turned his eye;  
For, as he pressed his lingering, parting kiss  
Upon the white brow of his lady-love,  
They plighted troth that, when the stellar host  
Began their nightly journey through the sky,  
They both would look upon one kindling orb,  
And each lift up a heart-prayer for the other  
Beloved and distant. Thus their souls should meet  
Before the mercy-seat. This was the hour  
Which Love had chosen for its spirit-tryst.  
And as the star which lovers worship most  
Was lavishing its beauty on the air,  
He knew a brighter eye than his was bent  
Upon its brilliancy, and that a breast,  
Unstained as falling snow, was heaving high  
With thoughts of him

And, looking up to heaven,  
He cried,—

Oh! glorious evening star,  
That in the gorgeous coronal of night  
Gleamest with thy unwaning golden light!

To those blue depths afar  
How doth my spirit yearn to mount and bring  
Unto thy brightness its poor offering!

The men of olden days  
Were wont, in piety of soul, to bow  
Before thee, rising as thou risest now,  
And chant thee hymns of praise,  
As, full of beauty from the vault of heaven,  
Thy mellow light fell down, thou Star of Even!

And lovers raise to thee  
Their fervent orisons, that thou wilt smile,  
In gentle kindness upon them, while,  
In that soft melody  
Which love inspires, to Beauty's ear they speak  
The words that bring the blood to Beauty's cheek.

Then at this twilight hour,  
When garish Day hath sought his ocean bed,

And pillowed on the lap of Night his head, †  
Thou lamp of Venus' bower,  
He who, enraptured, gazeth on thy beam,  
Craveth thy favor for his young love-dream.

My lady's glorious eye,  
Perchance tear-bathed for him who is away,  
Is on thee, as thy sun-enkindled ray  
Steals earthward from the sky;  
While from her trembling lip falleth the name  
Of him for whom she doth a blessing claim.

Oh! hast thou not some note  
Left of that song the stars together sang,  
When on Creation's morn Heaven's echoes rang?  
Hast thou not one to float,  
And bear unto her gladly listening ear  
The love-fraught message that I gave thee here?

Or pluck some jewel bright  
From the rich coronet upon thy brow,  
And deep within her beating bosom now  
In living letters write,  
Unfadingly, my vows of changeless love:  
Oh! Evening Star, be thou my carrier dove.

Tell her I miss the light  
Of her soft, loveliest eye—and on my brow,  
When care weighs heavily, I feel not now  
The pressure of her bright  
Rose-lip, as sweet to me as fountains be  
To pilgrims o'er the sands of Araby.

Tell her when gentle eve  
Spreads out her mantle o'er the earth,  
And this world's gilded gauds seem nothing worth,  
I sadly sit and grieve  
That Fate has torn me from the blissful rest  
Of innocence and beauty—her pure breast.

Tell her on wingéd feet  
The hours are hasting by; and, when a few  
More evenings shall have wept their tears of dew,  
That we again shall meet:  
And then, if thou wilt be my carrier dove,  
We will together bless thee, Star of Love!

# THE SOLDIER OF THE BRANDYWINE.

## AN EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY;

(See Plate.)

It was in a dark and stormy period of our struggle for independence, yet the sun shone out brightly, and all nature seemed to have donned unwonted loveliness to cheer the hearts, and chase away the despondency of the brave men, who had not hesitated to peril life and property, when a choice was to be made between liberty and subjection. Our ancestors were men wise in council, and prompt and energetic in action. They were aggrieved at the conduct of the mother country, and they had recourse to remonstrance, to petition, and to "conciliation"—they found remonstrances unnoticed, petitions treated with contempt, and conciliatory overtures answered with redoubled oppressions. They threw aside the pen that they might grasp the sword; they converted the paper into wadding for their muskets, and exchanged the council fire for the brighter glow of that which marked the place of military encampment. They willed it, and already they were free. But difficulties were yet to be overcome, the price of freedom was to be paid, in treasure, in toil, in blood. The tyrant who had driven them to arms, would resign only with a thousand vain efforts, the power he had so loved to abuse. Soon the ocean was whitened with the canvas of the transports, conveying the hireling soldiers of despotism to conflict with the iron warriors of liberty. The eighteen hundred Britons who fled in dismay beneath the deadly rain poured upon them from behind the rocks, the fences, and the houses, which lined the road from Concord to Cambridge, were first to learn how the iron sons of America could do battle for their homes and firesides, and for the liberty which they held more dear than either. At Bunker Hill the lesson was repeated, and though in subsequent times the numbers, appointments, and discipline, of their foes triumphed over native bravery, undisciplined, unarmed and naked, until the fate of the capital depended upon the doubtful chances of a single battle—though the sun of liberty appeared about to set in blood forever, there was still in the land a band of bold, unconquerable spirits, who felt themselves destined in the providence of God to lead their countrymen, amid the fury and horror of battle, to a glorious and happy termination of their struggles.

It was the tenth of September, in the year 1777. The sun had passed the meridian, and was slowly sinking in the west, when two lads might have been seen following his course with flashing eyes and fast beating hearts, conversing as they

went upon the condition of their country, and the probable success of their own youthful plans. The spot where we are first introduced to them lies in what is now called Springfield township, Delaware county, some four or five miles north of the town of Chester. They are pursuing an almost unfrequented country road, and the wary looks they cast on every hand, might lead an ordinary observer to suppose them a couple of truant schoolboys, flying in dread of the birch in the hands of some village Solon. Their extreme youth, also, might lend color to the supposition, but the attempt at soldierly uniform exhibited in their clothing, the fantastic device in the cap of the younger, the animated eyes, and above all their firm and martial tread, bespeak a greatness of purpose which might do honor to veteran soldiers. As they proceed on their way they come to a crossing, where, leaning against the finger board, a man, clad in a curious half military costume, awaits their coming. A terrier dog, ever the traveler's companion, is standing near to, and in front of his master; his erect head and extended ears showing the just sense he entertains of the important station he has assumed, that of his master's guardian. At the approach of the boys, he looks into his master's eyes, and then, finding no expression of distrust there, slowly steps aside, and allows them to join company.

"Good morrow, my fine fellows," said the stranger, in a voice slightly marked by a foreign accent; "I am happy to meet you; I have lost my way, and would gladly know whither these roads lead."

"This leads to Chester," said the elder of the boys, with soldier-like brevity.

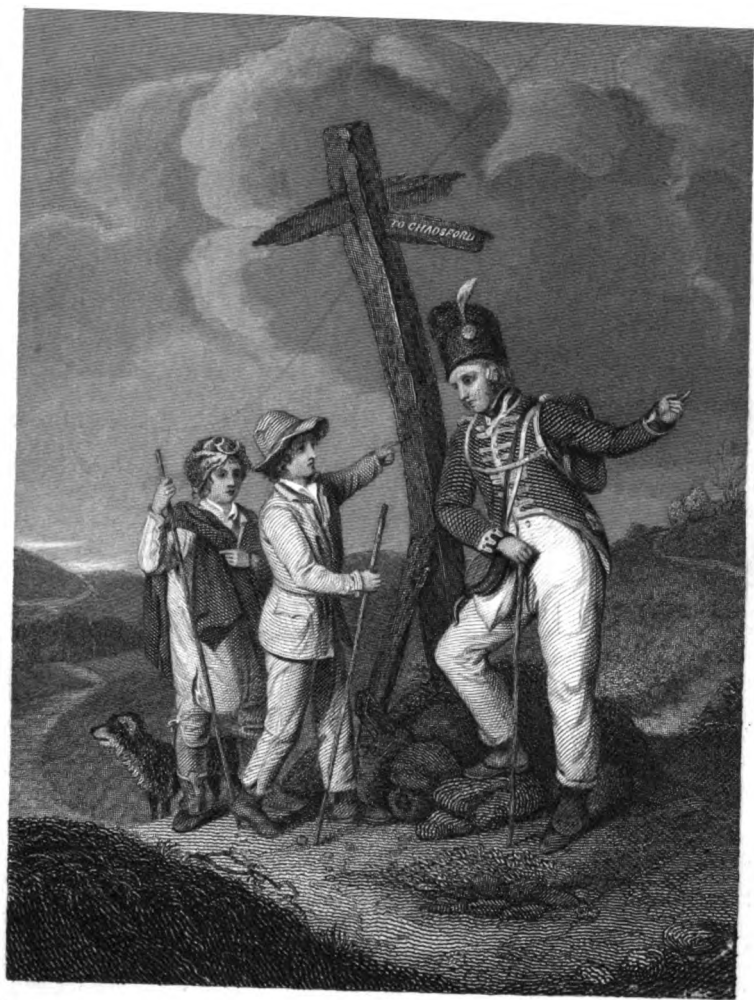
"And this which is marked 'to Chadsford' with chalk, in letters of yesterday?"

"To the encampment of the American army under Washington."

"Can the marking of the finger board be the work of those who would point an enemy to the camp of the Americans, think you?" asked the stranger, his eye twinkling, as he thought by his question to learn the side on which the feelings of the youths were arrayed.

His experiment was successful. The answer was an indignant "no," from the lips of both. Then suddenly recollecting that they might betray themselves by hasty expressions, the elder continued in a calm tone:

"The direction, sir, was made by some of those who went by this route to join General



THE SOLDIER OF BRANDYWINE.

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Washington, and was intended to guide others on the same errand."

The wrath of the lads, at the mere mention of their countrymen's enemies, however suppressed, had not escaped the notice of their practiced interrogator. He saw before him two of the patriotic sons of freedom, and throwing aside his cautious restraint, he boldly said—"Then it is the road I am to follow. I go to imitate my illustrious countryman, Lafayette in struggling for the national existence of America."

"And we go with you," exclaimed his young companions.

"You? impossible! why what would you do with the musket and the bayonet? away! go home to your mother."

"Our mother is dead—dead with grief for the loss of my father, who fell, a short year ago, by the murdering hands of Tories. Our parents taken from us, our home destroyed by the flames, we sought to support our existence by laboring in the fields. The harvests are gathered, we have work no longer, and as we have been told that there will be a battle, we wish to do what we can in the cause of our country. My brother and I have made the woods re-echo with the reports of our guns as we pursued the squirrels to their homes; we will make them resound again with the noise of the guns we will fire in defending those homes from a foreign enemy."

"Spoken like a hero. If you are so firmly resolved, we will march together to the camp, and if it may be, fight side by side in the field of battle. And as you have told me your history I will relate mine. It is a long tale, and a sad one, but it will serve to make our journey shorter, and perhaps nerve us to do battle more effectually for the good cause."

Seeing dispositions making by the soldier for recommencing his travels, the little dog, who bore his master's name of John, took up the line of march, and the three companions followed him; the boys placing themselves on either side of the stranger, and imitating his soldierly head and martial bearing. After a short silence he commenced his tale.

"I had better begin, my boys, at some distance back in the history of my family, that I may the more easily enable you to judge of the feelings which actuate my conduct. My grandfather was a man of wealth and station. He was born in Paris, in the year 1695, and bred to the profession of a broker. He occupied a little office in the street which became famous as the place of traffic in stocks, during the time when the system of John Law was at its height."

"That was what was called the Mississippi scheme, was it not?" asked the elder boy, interrupting him.

"That was the name given to it."

"I thought so; I have often heard my grandfather and my father speak of it. It was a sad thing for many families."

"Yes it proved so to my grandfather. At the time when it was at its height, he was engaged in the traffic; but an accident, by breaking his arm, confined him to his bed, and prevented him from anticipating—by selling his stock—the reverses which followed. An edict suddenly reduced the value of his shares one half, public confidence was at once destroyed, disasters followed each other in quick succession, and my grandfather found the fortune which he had looked upon as secure, suddenly annihilated. Before his arm was properly healed, he went into the streets to endeavor to save what remained of the wreck. So great was the public agitation, that scenes of murder and violence were frequent, and my ancestor found himself in the midst of a mob, from which he could not escape. The sabres and bayonets of the soldiery, however, caused its dispersal, and in the endeavor of those engaged in the disturbance to flee, my grandfather was thrown down, and had his arm again broken. He was carried to his house, and laid in bed. But that house was no longer his home; that bed no longer his own. On the increase of his fortune he had purchased a large house, and furnished it in a style befitting his means, but neither house nor furniture was paid for in cash. His notes became due at the moment when his fortune vanished, and the former owners seized their house and their goods, and he was thrown maimed and desponding into the street. He still, however, owned a house at Arles, and my grandmother caused him to be carried thither. But no sooner had they reached that city than the house which he owned was destroyed by fire, and the town itself exposed to the ravages of the plague, which carried off thousands of the inhabitants. Among the number was my grandfather and two of his children. He left a widow and one child—my father—in the extreme of poverty. They were the possessors, however, of a title to nobility, and there were among those who had been enriched by the speculation in stocks, some desirous of titular honors. To one of these my father sold his title; it produced enough to keep himself and his mother until he was old enough to begin the world for himself. Soon after he became of age, he married, and in the course of time a large family gathered around his hearth. He fed them all, but with difficulty. At length, just thirty-five years ago he died, and his death was speedily followed by that of my mother. We were eight children in all, poor helpless orphans, thrown upon the parish. Soon we were separated. One, born to wealth and cradled in the lap of indolence, took me from the poor-house where I had been placed, to wait upon his person. Stiff in his manners, and overbearing in his conduct, he looked upon himself as of better flesh and blood than his fellow-creatures, a sole lord of the earth, privileged above other men. After a time I discovered that the man who assumed such infinite superiority, was the son of him who had pur-



chased my father's nobility for the means of procuring bread. If there were any virtue in his title, it of right belonged to me. How contemptible did he henceforth appear in my eyes! I was endowed with ambition; I had a passion for study, and loved to practice philosophical and chemical experiments; he delighted to demolish with a word the airy castles built by my imagination, to destroy my books, and to raise obstacles to the success of my pursuits. I felt pity for him, but it was a pity mixed with contempt and loathing. I had been bound to him by those who had charge of me, for a long term of years. I had not been consulted on the subject, and did not feel myself bound by the actions of others. I therefore took advantage, when he was traveling through the eastern part of France, to leave his service and his company forever. My father had been married in the year 1730; he died fifteen years thereafter, when I was just six years old. I left my master in 1758, when I was nineteen years of age, and I sought and found safety from his pursuit by entering my name on the list of the soldiers of France. My country was at that time engaged in the Seven Years' war, and she had commenced it with such favorable auspices as to render it popular. The regiment I had joined was speedily marched into Germany to do battle with the great Frederic. At Rosbach the Prussian Eagle was triumphant. In one day ten thousand men were lost to France; her lilies were drenched with blood. I was wounded by a bayonet in the thigh, and taken prisoner by the victors. In the German camp I attracted the notice of the king, who was always fond of mixing with the soldiers, and attending in person to the wants both of his troops and of his prisoners. He offered me an opportunity of enlisting under his banners. I consented on condition that I should never be forced to fight against my native land. He took me with him to his tent, and I remained attached to his person during the whole war. At Lissa, at Lignetz, and at Torgau, I fought near his person, beneath his eye, and the scars of no less than seven wounds, which I received in those three battles, prove how he exposed himself, while they will vouch for my fidelity to the cause I am now going to embrace. At length the war was ended, and I bade farewell to Frederic, in order to re-visit my native country. 'You have served me well,' he said, when informed of my intention to leave him; 'open this packet when you reach your own country. Perhaps it will not be useless.' I kissed his hand and left him.

"Arrived in France, I found the whole people groaning beneath the burden of the public debt, and distracted by the warfare which existed between the parliaments and the nobility. I ventured to discuss the merits of the case with warmth, and in a public place. I was arrested and committed to prison. Now I had recourse to the packet of the king. It contained a large quantity of gold. I knew the corruptness of

the magistracy, and I sent for my judge of the preceding day, and boldly demanded what he would charge for my freedom. For a certain sum he agreed not only to release me, but to procure my escape from the kingdom. I paid him the money, and in a little while found myself in England. I had left France forever. I roamed over England and Scotland until my wealth was almost exhausted, and then determined to seek a home in this western world. While with Frederic I had commenced the study of the English language, from a fellow-soldier of that nation, and during my stay in England I endeavored to perfect myself in it. I came hither in 1770, and I have been through all the colonies from the Canadies to the Carolinas. When the present war broke out, I was traveling among the Indians of the Ohio, in the double capacity of a naturalist and a trader. That dog, whom I bought in Scotland, has accompanied me in all my wanderings, and is a good sentinel, though a rather bad soldier in other respects."

Without adventure, they had arrived at the outposts of the American army, and having expressed their intention of joining the ranks, they were conducted to the tent of one of the field officers. His time was too much occupied to allow of a long conference with his visitors; he welcomed them to the camp, and thankfully accepted their offers of service, although he said it was doubtful whether he could furnish them with arms. A subordinate officer took charge of them, registered their names, and assigned them a place in which to pass the night, now already closed around them. They shared in the soldier's supper, and then sought a supply of arms. A vigorous search produced only one good musket, a long German rifle without locks, and another musket, rusted in barrel and shattered in stock. Our old soldier now ordered the boys to bed, and set himself to repairing the arms. He labored some hours, then threw himself upon the ground beside the product of his toil, and slept. The rolling of the drums awakened our soldiers in the morning, and the old hero displayed his arsenal to his companions. "You," said he, to the younger boy, "will take this good musket; it is lighter than the others, and may be more easily managed." Then turning to the other, he said, "I will give you this musket, which I hope will hold together through the day. I will keep the rifle in my possession until the death of a fellow soldier supplies me with a better." The brothers expressed satisfaction at the arrangement, and the three were soon in the line of the army, impatient to begin the contest.

They endured for hours the most painful anxiety, and the whole wing of the army in which they were placed, under the command of Sullivan, broke out in unrestrained murmurs, demanding to be led in search of the enemy. At length Cornwallis was discovered to be marching down the banks of the river, and Sullivan com-

menced forming to meet him. Before his arrangements were completed a shower of bullets was poured upon his line by the enemy. Startled by this almost unexpected attack, the troops wavered, and the British, seeing a slight confusion, came out like a whirlwind to the charge. But the fire of the Americans opened upon them, and whole ranks were swept away. Still, however, they advanced, the living stepping where the dead had fallen, and new ranks supplying the place of those which had been broken. Those who led the advance, though many of their men had perished, came on as to a victory that was no longer doubtful. The Americans failed to recover from the confusion in which they had been found at the moment of attack. Our old soldier and his young coadjutors stood in the foremost ranks, and fearlessly braved the scene around them. The glittering of the bayonets of the foe as they marched up the hill, the falling of the dead and dying around them, the shrieks and groans of the wounded, moved them not. The veteran had seen such sights before, and his cool and steady bearing animated his companions, while his directions and example gave effect to their efforts in the fight. The lock of his rifle had been secured to the barrel with rope yarn—at the first discharge of his piece it blew away. He threw the useless weapon aside—took a musket from the hands of a dying man, and returned to his place in the ranks, while the bullets whistled all around him. There the young soldiers were loading and discharging their pieces with the coolness and precision which contempt of danger only can inspire. Well were it if others had followed their example. But the great mass of the Americans were already seeking shelter in flight. A few ranks in the immediate neighborhood of our party, encouraged by their bravery, and ashamed to desert them, still maintained their ground. But many fell dead; others wounded slowly retired to the rear; a murderous discharge from the muskets of the enemy tore the ranks, and flight was resorted to for safety. For a moment the uncouth soldier stood on the brow of the hill, in the pride of strength and courage, confronting the formidable line of the victors; on either hand

stood a frail stripling, in perfect confidence awaiting the directions of his elder companion. The head of the enemy's column gained the brow of the hill ere he moved. "We must fall back, my brave boys," he said, "but let not our fire slacken nor our backs be turned." Almost before he had ceased speaking, a loud shout burst forth from a force in the rear. Colonel Stephens, of Virginia, was leading two regiments to cover Sullivan's retreat, and check the progress of the British. Enthusiastic cheers proclaimed their sense of the unconquerable bravery of the little band, who alone had withstood the terrific onset of the foe. They received them into their ranks, and poured destruction upon the advancing enemy. Their fire struck with dreadful effect upon the head of the column, the havoc was fearful, and the onward march of the assailants checked. Soon, however, the contest was renewed, the fighting became fierce and obstinate, the musketry rolled dreadfully, the heaps of slain increased, and on both sides the dead and wounded lay so thickly that it was difficult to distinguish between them. At this moment a bullet passed through the body of the gallant warrior. He mentioned his wound to the young soldiers, and they assisted him in retiring from the field. He reached a tree in the rear of the combatants, uttered a few incoherent words, and fell dead beneath its branches. The survivors bore his body to an old church near by, and laid it gently in the grave-yard. Then they rejoined their countrymen under Stephens, who retired unmolested from the field. They followed the army to Chester, and remained with it until General Washington marched to the Skippack Creek.

In the following spring they made a pilgrimage to the church on the battle-field. On the spot where they had laid the body of their companion he had been buried. They planted a tree to mark the place, and returned annually to water it with the tears of affection. It grew with their growth, and though now they sleep in death beside the soldier's grave, it still stands to indicate to the wanderer, the spot where rest the bodies of three of the noblest avengers of our country's wrongs.

## IMPROMPTU VESPER SONG.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

SLEEP, Mary! sleep to-night,  
Calmly and long!  
Slumber, dearest! slumber light,  
Lull'd by my song!  
Weariness and painfulness  
Flee far away;  
Sorrow and wakefulness  
No longer stay.

Soft be thy pillow, love!  
Bright be thy dreams!  
O'er thee rest the Holy Dove,  
Till the day gleams!  
Heaven spare thee long to me,  
Ever most dear!  
Sleep, Mary! while I sing,  
Still lingering near.

## SOME CHANGES.

Non hæc jocosa convenient lyræ.  
Quo musa, tendis?—*Horace.*

"Stapplander, then, thought," said the president, thoughtfully, "that every human being had his fixed and inborn disposition."

FANNY MARLOW twirled ringlet after ringlet with rather more impatient zeal than vanity itself could ask, as she stood before the drawing-room mirror, wondering if her pretty face would not answer for a picture of astonishment just then. Before her lay a note from her father, wishing her to remain at home that evening to entertain a son of his old Quaker friend Josiah True, whom he should bring with him to tea. "Drab coat!—thee and thou!" ejaculated Fanny; and she thought of the navy officer who had turned the leaves of the music-book for her last night, and who *might* call to-night—but, alas! she had always heard Quakers would not listen to music, and she knew her father was too well bred to have anything offensive to his guest. Poor Fanny—every jeweled finger must feel a nervous sympathy with thine. Ah, young ladies of piano-forte celebrity, imagine yourselves obliged to swallow the tide of song with a *real* officer and a whole ocean of flattery urging it on.

Her brother John, a gay, rather dandyish young man, had promised to remain with her—that *was* a comfort. So the navy officer need not be frightened out of his wits at papa's homespun manners and that terrible drab coat. Fanny's mother was away, but somehow she did manage to pour out David True's tea without laughing in his face. Perhaps the secret lay in David's not being laughed at very easily. He was, indeed, very plain in "speech and apparel," but his face beamed with manly intellectuality; and his voice, modulated by cultivated and delicate feelings, made Fanny compare it unconsciously with the lieutenant's affected drawl. He took very little notice of Fan, but sustained a rational conversation with her father and brother.

"Do you object to music?" said John to the young Quaker in the course of the evening.

"I am very fond of it," was the smiling reply.

How Fanny *did* wish her friend Ann could see her, as the evening wore away—a drab coat at one end of the piano, a regimental at the other! Fanny really entered with her heart into all her music; she found herself, quite unthinkingly, in a short time, turning from the critically operative remarks of the officer to the countenance of the young Quaker, whose eyes flashed, melted, and whose face really breathed music.

David True resided in the country. His father soon began to wonder that David found so much

occasion to go to the city. "Surely, David," he would say, "thee can find time enough yearly meeting week." His sister Sarah wondered that he never saw any of his old friends during these visits. Once she requested him to bring her an iron-gray shawl, and David brought a sky-blue. He very often returned with little rolls of dotted paper, and sallied with them whole hours into the woods.

\* \* \* \* \*

John Marlow was returning from a collecting expedition into the western section of his native state. Being in "Friend True's" neighborhood, John remembered a promise he had given his father to visit this family. John prepared to do this in a spirit of reckless fun rather than a sincere expectation of pleasure, for he had never associated with any of this denomination, and his habits, education, &c., made him regard them in the same light one does a marble from Central America.

It was a mild spring afternoon, and the setting sun streamed cheerfully on the graceful locusts before the low-browed rustic farm-house. The barn, in direct contradiction to the picturesque, stood near the gate and screened the dwelling from the main road; but as he advanced, John found the view from the porch, whose homely pillars were gracefully encircled by the sweet pea and the hop vine, comprising a landscape over which Beauty and Plenty seemed to have showered their cornucopia. Perfect order was impressed on all around. Opposite the house, in a rich meadow, stood the dairy; the stream, which ran not uselessly beneath this, at some distance, turned a mill owned by one of the farmer's oldest sons. John rested involuntarily on his tired horse, while his eye took in the scene of peace. Soon a female advanced from the spring-house (common parlance) with a pail in one hand and a plate of butter in the other. "A domestic," thought John.

"Will you tell me, pretty miss," he began, "if I have mistaken Josiah True's dwelling?"

She moved past him with unruffled dignity, and opening the little wicker gate before the grass plat, answered—"My father is within; I will send him to thee."

"Blunder at the first!" thought John. "O mores!"

But the cordial welcome of the old man, the

mother-like tones of his wife, and the self-possession of the *daughter*, who replied simply, "Thou art welcome," to his apologies for intruding without notice, soon put him at ease.

What a contrast Sarah True was to most of the young ladies of his acquaintance! As if unconscious of the presence of a stranger—one, too, who, like John, felt himself the "glass of fashion, the observed of all observers" any afternoon in Baltimore street—she set the table, and performed her little household duties without once calling for "help."

The evening glided away strangely. John felt himself compelled sometimes to listen to the unobtrusive information with which Sarah sustained the conversation. The subjects pleased his character of mind—he seemed to recover something for which his mind had been seeking. He dreamed that night he was lecturing in a broad brim on the natural causes of Quakerism.

David had gone to the city, some eighteen miles distant, the day John arrived, so he did not see him. If my two eyes had been at the *two* points of a pair of compasses the next (Sabbath) morning, eighteen miles in diameter, I should probably have been a little amused, for surely *somebody* in a neat black suit was mingling his clear, manly notes with Fanny Marlow's hymn in — church, and seriously sat John Marlow in a little Quaker meeting house at the *other* point of the compass, with whole rows of broad-brims in senatorial gravity elevated before him, and with sly glances, the *visual* consciousness of a neat straw bonnet, with clean white strings tied beneath a not beautiful, but clear, bright-looking face on the other side of a partition. *This* was not the only face there by any means, but John only looked occasionally, you know, and it happened that way. How benevolent did all those grandfathers and grandmothers look over the quiet "rising generation." John thought of some of his intimates at the club—could they see him in a Quaker meeting!

John found it necessary that summer to seek the shades of the country pretty often. After a return from one of these visits, I saw him leave an unfinished letter on his writing-desk, and being myself quite an inhabitant of Fata Morgana district, I scarcely consider myself amenable to the laws which should govern all *human* young ladies in this respect. Here runs an extract:—

"How well I remember, Harry, the flute with which it was my good mother's will I should accompany sister Fan for the benefit of company. It positively made us dislike each other sometimes, for I had no ear, and Fanny an exquisite one; my blunders irritated her and made me no wiser. Why are not children granted a patent for characters? Let them develop. My Apollo figure (mamma's opinion) nailed a lyre to me, *non rite vocanti*, in spite of the phrenologist's useless search for tune in my cranium. I must

be a lady's man, cultivate as the acme of refinement the art of picking up a lady's handkerchief, and bend to a peculiarly scientific curve over her bonnet in an afternoon promenade! Consequence would have been that a few years would have developed my taste for my ledger, cigars and wine, to the extinction of the *true* bent of my mind. I have found a good spirit who has tuned my heart aright, not by tuning her guitar, but by helping me find my place in the harmony without disturbing the melody—one who has opened a spiritual eye to beauty, out of my own face."

I stopped, in Aunt Quimby's fashion, when "people are right comfortable," at Farmer True's one afternoon. Sarah held a mineral, of which she was reading a description from Silliman's Journal, while John Marlow took notes. Soon after, I saw John's chestnut hair flying back from the handsome face—once our street-loving young ladies' delight—as he drove the cows in the barn-yard preparatory to assisting Sarah at the milking.

The same evening, two young hearts thrilled to the inspiration of Norway's most melodious voice. Fairy worlds of spiritual beauty lay before these two. The poetry of God's world, the exquisite life in the Ideal developed itself within them. Like the first David had the young Quaker seized the harp of Fanny's soul, and it yielded the melody born in no human instrument. How grateful was she that this inner instrument could now, not ignorantly, join in the "song without an end that angels throng to hear."

The sun was setting on seven-hilled Rome. All the glory, the magnificence of the world of colors ranged over the clear depths of the Italian sky.

"Beautiful world—beautiful life!" exclaimed a young artist, as he stretched forth his arms as if to embrace the image of Nature, "the blest gift of an immortal Giver, how shall I strive to reveal thy teachings of beauty? Not vain shall be my struggles; all within my influence shall feel the mission of Art to make happy—they shall recognize it as the interpreter of Beauty, as the dove on the altar of devotion. No olive branch will I crave, no wreath of fame—"

"But surely," cried a girlishly-glad voice, "thou wilt not, my pure philosophy, refuse a crown for good behavior from thy wife of a year!" and she placed a wreath of orange blossoms on the artist's head, from which hung oranges, dates and fresh figs, soon to fall by their own weight—into *David's* mouth.

"Nay, sweet wife, I had not forgotten the anniversary of my receiving this trembling burden, that has proved a wing of love to my spirit:" and he clasped Fanny True's little hand.

Perfect silence reigned in the little meeting-house at G. Side by side sat a seriously happy-looking young pair, with friends and curious

strangers around them. Soon they arose, and, in clear, gentle tones, "with Divine assistance," promised to exercise a peculiar care over each other, as John and Sarah Marlow. The bees hummed industriously without in the sunshine, the birds sang a song of gladness, the yellow corn and the buckwheat waved in meek anticipation of John's sickle.

"People *are* different," said Friend True, as he rode home from the ceremony—"butterflies and bees." He was thinking of a vagrant son of his, I suspect.

"Well," said Mr. Marlow, "I don't think we should complain about matters, Josiah—we have made some *fair exchanges*." VOLTIA.

## DESPONDENCY AND SELF-REPROACH.

### A GROUP OF SONNETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," ETC. ETC.

#### I.

Oh, friend, but thou art come to see me die!  
I parted from thee, as I think, in tears—  
Alas! in tears that we should meet again:  
Yet have they been my proper property,  
And not for me to boast their needful pain,  
Since 'twas my wilful, sad perversity,  
That made them mine in my unreasoning years!  
Yet if thou com'st for solace, give me thine,  
For sympathy with sorrow still endears;  
Grief seeks her happiest medicine in grief,  
And doom'd no more in silence to repine,  
Finds in the kindred fortune best relief!  
Ah! weeping thus, in such sweet company,  
Methinks this sorrow is not wholly mine!

#### II

Hadst thou come sooner! But 'tis not too late  
To soothe, though late to save! Thou canst not  
know  
The profligate waste of hope, the scorn of fate  
Which brings me now to this unmeasured woe!  
The bitter birthright of unreckoning will,  
The much too perfect freedom of my youth—

Oh! privilege, to youth so perilous still.  
Given by a fate as void of love as ruin!  
To these I owe this sorrow, and to these  
The ruin that awaits my little bark,  
Driven with too docile breezes on the seas  
'Till on the rocks, when skies grew sudden dark.  
Foundering, she darted high, to sink as low.  
As hate might joy to see, as guilt and grief may go.

#### III.

Ah! *thou* didst use to steer her chartfully.  
But when we parted, wilful, on the deep,  
I launched, too bold the modest shore to keep,  
Considering not the storm-conceiving sky.  
The wind's caprice, that still a music gave,  
As for an infant's slumber, nor the rocks,  
That, fraudulent lurking, hush'd their wonted roar,  
And buried their white heads along the shore,  
Till, in their gripe, their keel-destroying shocks  
Wreck'd me forever! Thou art late to save,  
But thou wilt raise a beacon on the steep,  
That other wrecks will happen here no more;  
And if thou build it from this wreck of mine,  
Even though it shame my grave, 'twill honor thine.

## AND WILT THOU WEEP?

*Air.*—"Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow."

AND wilt thou weep when low beneath  
The cold turf lies my weary head—  
And of the cypress weave a wreath  
To lay upon my grassy bed?

Where streams at dead of night shall weep,  
And winds there wake their plaintive song,  
And echo, starting from her sleep,  
The requiem music shall prolong—

Who then, with unforgotten care,  
Shall steer thy barque o'er life's dark wave,  
And for thy sake affliction share  
When love lies buried in my grave?

Athwart thy cheek must tear-drops roll.  
And none to chase thy griefs away?  
O, yes! if heaven permit, my soul  
Will hover o'er thy devious way.

Thy thoughts by day, thy dreams by night,  
Thy pulse's slow or rapid beat,  
Shall be my watch of love and light,  
Till in our starry home we meet.

In the celestial home above,  
Where not a shadow ever falls  
Upon the unsetting light of love,  
That shines along its sapphire halls

# THE ONE HORSE CARRIAGE.

## A TALE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY MRS. ANGELE HULL.

### CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Sophy, how will you go?" said Mrs. Leslie to her daughter, as the former sat twisting a rose-colored envelop into various shapes.

"I cannot exactly determine, mamma. Go I must; for Mrs. Camington's parties are always of that delightful kind called, *par excellence*—exclusive. The misfortune is that her husband's mania is farming, and he will live four miles out of town."

"Ay, there's the rub!" said her father, looking from behind his paper, "I have no patience with Mr. Camington's impertinence, Sophy."

"Now, papa! who said that? But seriously, mamma," continued the spoiled beauty, "what can I do? Oh that bank! that bank! why did it break? Here am I who once possessed the prettiest equipage in town, forced to depend on others, or go——"

"*Pedibus cum jambis*," slyly put in her brother, as he entered the room.

"*Et tu brute!* Come, mamma, do let us leave papa and Edward to *crouk en duo*."

"No, no, Sophy," said her brother, laughing, "I want you to attend this famous ball. Will you go with your humble servant?"

"With you! in what, I should like to know? Some contemptible vehicle with two seats, to have my white crape tumbled, and all *chiffonnée*. Not with you, good brother, many thanks to you."

"What say you to the omnibus, Sophy?" said her father, who delighted in deriding what he termed "my lady duchess's notions."

A burst of laughter succeeded this speech, which was received with great good humor by its object.

"There are the Howards, my dear," said Mrs. Leslie.

"Yes, mamma; but there are cousins enough in the family to be called Legion."

"How shockingly unfashionable to have so many cousins," said Mr. Leslie, with a show of great indignation. "I have no patience with them, either."

"Papa! is it not almost time that you were at the office?" asked Sophy, smiling.

"Not quite, my love; I am unable to leave you and your mother in such a disagreeable state of incertitude."

"Ah! thank you, most obliging of fathers. I shall endeavor to procure your absence as soon as

possible. Mamma, I shall go with the Livingstons; they are always glad to have me, as an attraction to their circle of acquaintances."

"Bravo! Bravo!" exclaimed young Leslie, laughing immoderately. "Modesty forbids you to say more, I suppose. You know the anecdote, Sophy," and he tapped his forehead significantly.

"Pshaw, Edward! there is no vanity in my mere acknowledgment of the truth, is there?"

"Truly not," said Mrs. Leslie; "every one knows how much admiration Sophy can command here, and we should be proud of it, courted as she is, even now that we are so much reduced, than when we were in the midst of our prosperity."

"Certainly, ma'am," returned Edward, taking his hat up; "I feel gratified by Sophy's success in the world, but I cannot rejoice that she is becoming a mere spoiled child of fashion, with nothing but dress from morning till night, and her pretty looks to be thought of. However, I bid you good morning, each and all, as I have an engagement which is decidedly imput-off-able," and he left the house, his mother somewhat displeased, and Sophy a little more thoughtful for his speech.

"I wonder what dictionary Edward uses," said George, whose studies had not progressed very far during the preceding dialogue.

"The original Leslie on Lexicography, sonny," said his second sister Ellen, a pretty girl of sixteen, who had been in vain trying to get over the second chapter of Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, a reading task her father imposed on her during her vacations. Five times had she begun, "But whatever may be the cause of sympathy, or however it may be excited," and as many times did she lay down her book, finding her own sympathy too much excited by the conversation around her to attend to its contents.

"*Trêve to your bons mots*, children," said her mother, as Ellen answered her little brother's observation; "George, mind your lesson, and don't talk when you are not required to do so."

"No, ma'am," said George, very humbly, but wondering much in his own mind if people, his mother particularly, only spoke when necessity demanded it.

"If the Livingstons have engaged any one. Sophy, you can go with Mrs. Harvy Campbell. She is very obliging, and, moreover, very fond of you."

"True enough, my dear mother, but——" and

Sophy shook her head rather contemptuously, "she drives a one horse carriage. Anything but that! I cannot be seen in a conveyance so utterly plebeian."

"Ha! ha! ha!" almost screamed Mr. Leslie, tossing the Morning Chronicle down, and laughing with all his might. "Shocking! a one horse carriage! a mere barouche with three seats for the family and one for the driver! If people think so meanly of Mrs. Campbell's vehicle and its one offending horse, how must they judge miserable nonentities like ourselves, who have no carriage at all? Oh, aristocrats and democrats! big bugs and parvenus, do not overpower us! A one horse carriage! I cannot remain here, my dears! George, ring the bell, my man! I want my hat and cane! Sophy, I see that nothing short of the omnibus will do for you! It is the largest equipage in town, and has two horses. I'll call for you myself this afternoon, and we can shame poor Mrs. Campbell by stopping at her door and leaving cards," and Mr. Leslie left the room, his merriment unsubdued, and Sophy's brains more unsettled than ever about Mrs. Camington's great ball!

A few hours later, as she sat over her sewing, little George came running breathless into her room, with the news he proudly informed her he had been requested to tell.

"Sister Sophy, Miss Margaret Livingston is down stairs with her sister and a gentleman, who, she told me to tell you, is the glass mould—and—and—the—"

"Glass of fashion, you little simpleton," said Sophy, hastily. "Am I dressed well enough, Ellen?"

"Yes, yes, sister; do not alter one thing. That sweet morning dress is exquisite, and so becoming to your pink cheeks and white skin. Leave your hair as it is," continued Ellen, gazing affectionately at her really beautiful sister, "you are perfectly *coiffée*."

"Well, well, dear," said Sophy, whose glance in the glass convinced her that Ellen was right. "Give me my handkerchief; now, one drop of vervain, and I am gone."

In a quarter of an hour she ran up stairs with glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes.

"Well, who was it, Sophy?" said her mother.

"Julia and Margaret, mamma, with young Dr. Vernon. You recollect him, do you not? He went away some four or five years ago, before my time of course, and has been from the North to the South Pole. He is wealthy, clever, and very accomplished."

"What a host of discoveries in fifteen minutes," said her mother, smiling.

"Oh, Julia came back into the drawing-room for the purpose of informing me. *Entre nous*—she is not a little vain of her present chaperonage, as she calls it, of Dr. Vernon, and these morning visits are performed with the desire of showing themselves, and the 'distinguished stranger' to-

gether. After all, he might have had worse cicerones," added Sophy, feeling a little ashamed of her comments on her visitors, as she tore up a sheet of paper, upon which she had written, "My dear Julia," before they called. "They asked me to go to Mrs. Camington's with them, mamma, thereby saving me the mortification of finishing my note of inquiry, which would have been sent but for the arrival of this lion physician. I am to spend the evening there to-morrow, and will have some acquaintance with Dr. Vernon before Thursday arrives. I always like to know people before I meet them at balls, and of course he will be at Laurel Grove with the rest of the world. Introductions are such bores, and strangers always stupid during the first quadrille."

"And yet, Sophy, I do not like to hear you acknowledge that you are ever stupid, even with a stranger. I am anxious to see you well married, my love," continued her mother, who had ideas of a splendid *establishment* for her daughter. "And I wish you to be always agreeable and amiable to every one—*aimable* I should say (Mrs. Leslie was rather vain of her knowledge of French, and used every cant phrase she could conveniently throw in her conversation). Be popular—popularity is everything, for all opinions go with the tide of general opinions. I do not fear for your *succès de société*. That is and has been at the summit of my most exalted hopes. But take care that you look not more pleased with some than with others, unless, indeed, you exclude those whose intimacy can be productive neither of benefit nor pleasure. When symptoms of *la belle passion* show themselves in any one of your various admirers, then, if he is a *bon parti*, you may allow yourself to be—what shall I call it now?—monopolized by one individual."

This was the advice of a worldly mother, who thought more of her daughter's dress and appearance than of her mind or heart. But Sophy was not to be entirely spoiled by such counsel. She was good, amiable, principled, and generous, all—but independent of the "world's dread laugh"—the result of her education, and it was to her credit that her mother's erroneous opinions had not greater effect on a soul really capable of noble and generous purposes.

The next evening Sophy and Edward were at Mrs. Livingston's, where a select party had been invited to meet Dr. Vernon. He, the honored guest, made his appearance some time after the rest had assembled. This, young Leslie fancied was done for the purpose of showing how gracefully he could enter a room, but inwardly begged his pardon, as he heard him tell Margaret Livingston that his delight at meeting an old and valued friend had detained him later than courtesy should have done. "But you will excuse me, perhaps," he concluded his apology, "when I tell you that Mrs. Campbell was the dearest friend of my sister, and a playmate of mine years ago."

"Do you mean Mrs. Harvy Campbell?" said Margaret, looking a little astonished, for she shared Sophy's contempt of anything like an absence of wealth.

"I heard her call her husband Harvy," said Dr. Vernon, smiling. "She was not married when I left America; but I am glad to find Mr. Campbell a man every way worthy of Maria's true merit."

"I never hear her name without thinking of her one horse-carriage, and her obliging offers to give the whole world a seat in it," whispered Julia to Sophy Leslie.

"Very kind of her, I think," said Sophy, who began to be a little ashamed of her false pride. "Many, Julia, are not half so obliging, when they can afford to do more."

"I should like to see the aristocratic Sophy Leslie stoop her ostrich plumes to its narrow entrance," said Julia, laughing.

"I should like to see my sister a frequent visitor at Mrs. Campbell's house," said Edward, who overheard the conversation. "There is no lady more worthy of admiration in the whole city."

Julia blushed deeply; she liked young Leslie, and wished to stand high in his opinion, but here was an open avowal of disapprobation, after she had been exerting herself for the last hour to please him! She left her seat after a few moments, and Dr. Vernon immediately occupied it, at Sophy's side.

His conversation was lively, brilliant, often witty, but never affected, and Sophy thought the fifteen minutes he was allowed to pass undisturbed—with her brother and herself—the pleasantest in all her party recollections. In her brother's presence she too was always most pleasing, and to her companion now, fascinating. Edward warned her often of the danger of relying too much trammelled by the world, and with him she threw off the eager *qui vive* for admiration, which the flattery of honeyed-tongues and the consciousness of beauty had given her. Dr. Vernon was no borrower of sweet words and pretty phrases, and while Miss Leslie lent a delighted ear to the charm of his society, the great one of novelty, she was unconsciously pleasing in an equal degree, by her playful remarks and unaffected demeanor. She was called upon to sing. She yielded a graceful consent, and went quietly to the piano, taking her brother's arm. She always sang well enough to please, and chose ever the simplest ballads for her sweet clear voice, cultivated sufficiently to be without a false note. Her ready fingers played quadrilles for the dancers, and Margaret Livingston thought her partner rather more attentive to the fair musician than her skill required. Verily, the doctor was in a way to lose his heart that night, and if Mrs. Leslie had been there to see it—she would have spoiled all.

"A delightful evening," said Edward, as he and his sister left the house at a late hour.

"The most agreeable person I ever met with!" exclaimed Sophy.

Edward smiled to himself in the dark and said nothing, while Sophy went on with her admiration.

That night she dreamed of going to Mrs. Livingston's with Dr. Vernon, and when he led her into the room, discovered that she was dressed in her calico wrapper!

## CHAPTER II.

"My dear Harvy, I am sorry that you should have expressed yourself so openly about Miss Leslie's worldliness," said Mrs. Campbell to her husband, as they sat at breakfast, the morning after the reunion at Mrs. Livingston's. "I think you do her injustice; it is her mother's fault if she loves the world too much, but she has many fine qualities."

"I am g'ad of it, my love," said Mr. Campbell, as he helped himself to an unusual quantity of butter, "but take care how you set about making matches. I think that Dr. Vernon deserves something better than a mere fine lady."

"So do I, Harvy," said his wife, smiling at the determination of his knife and fork during this speech, "but who spoke of match making, 'most grave and reverend signior?'"

"Why, Maria, did you not praise Sophy Leslie for an hour yesterday, while Dr. Vernon was here? You must have had a motive, and though I don't see through this passion for the lady, I easily guessed you were at your old tricks of marrying people whether they will or not."

"Dear! did I marry you in that way?" said Mrs. Campbell, with an arch look of humility out of her bright eyes."

"No, indeed," said her husband, laughing, "you were a perfect will-o'-the-wisp, neither to be caught nor surprised. When I think of it, I stand in perfect admiration of my excellence as your better half."

"My love," said his wife, handing him a cup of coffee, "I am perfectly convinced of what you say."

After breakfast Mrs. Campbell sat down to her writing-desk, and we will bear the note she completed to its destined owner, Miss Leslie, who sat in her dressing-room as blooming, as beautiful as a Hebe.

"Two billets," said she, as the servant handed them. "I am favored this morning. This"—opening the scented envelop—"from Mrs. Campbell. Let me see this first, then; the other looks like Julia Livingston's seal and handwriting."

"MY DEAR MISS LESLIE:—

"Will you indulge my vanity by showing me that you do not think me intolerably stupid,



and dine with me to-day? You so rarely give me the sunshine of your presence, that I am fain to crave it like your legion of lovers on bended knees. Pity my husband, who dines every day in a matrimonial *tête-à-tête*, and come to

"Yours, sincerely,

"MARIA CAMPBELL."

"Certainly I will go, sweet Mrs. Campbell," said Sophy, aloud, while something whispered that Dr. Vernon would be there. "Now I will read Julia's note, and answer them both immediately."

Alas for Mrs. Campbell! Julia wrote to say that she would call for Sophy in an hour to accompany her sister, herself, and some friends to a picnic on the mountain, a distance of six miles, where they intended to pass a delightful day of course. The note ended thus:—"We expect your brother to go in the carriage as our escort, so let him leave Hertfoot over his oats in the stable. John has gone for Dr. Vernon, who shares his tandem."

Sophy wrote a pretty note to Mrs. Campbell, pleading a previous engagement, Julia having mentioned that they considered her acceptance as already returned, and was ready when the carriage came.

It was a lovely day. The wood jasmines sent up their perfume into the carriage, as it wound through the shady road beneath the broad oaks and the tall chestnut trees, that almost nodded their heads in the clouds. Birds were singing on every branch, squirrels leaping about from their high homes to the ground, while the timid hares bounded over the leaves frightened at the sound of the carriage wheels, and the merry voices that echoed around them. The murmuring of a rippling stream was heard, and soon they stopped before what was usually called "the mountain house," a small building of stone, that boasted of three rooms and a lobby between.

Mrs. Livingston's servants had preceded the party with wines and their city dinner, and at the door stood their hostess, a clean old woman, courtesying with all the grace she could put into her repeated salutations of the young ladies.

A large crackling fire had been kindled in the "best room," and thither they proceeded. Its furniture was old enough for an antiquary's taste, consisting of two old dark-looking cherry tables, a half dozen straw-bottomed chairs and a dresser, so called, the description of which is necessary, perhaps, for the benefit of my readers. A high semicircular table, covered with net-work on the top, and a white drapery with a fringe to match, which hung to the floor in sweeping majesty, the work of good old Mrs. Thompson's hands. On this, the pride of the room, stood six blown tumblers, a decanter, with a cork to replace the lost stopper, and a large fat pitcher, covered with the brightest of all bright red flowers and dark green leaves. On the mantelpiece was a small-looking

glass, which made you look broad as you approached, and long, as you receded. A few peacock's feathers were stuck around the frame, and two snubnosed solihonettes done by some itinerant paper cutter, hung in black cases on either side. These were Mrs. Thompson's pride, and used to be the admiration and envy of the whole neighborhood around.

After the old dame had done the honors, as she said, the young girls wrapped their velvet mantillas around them once more, and proposed to explore the place. It was one of those bright sunny days, which come upon a southern winter, stealing on the footsteps of spring until it cheats us into the belief that though February is really here, the sweet season has chosen to visit us earlier than the month which is generally her usher to freezing mortals. Indeed I have known the spring to set in early in February, and seen the windows up to let the bright sun in, while fires are wholly forgotten. Then, too, the jonquil's spiral stem bursts forth into beautiful flowers, the delicate but delicious Narcissus rocks back and forth with the soft southern air; the woods glisten far and near, with the starry yellow jasmine, and the pink crimped ivy hangs in rich clusters above the heads of the merry troops of children that throng beneath the trees to gather its blossoms.

Such a day as this blessed the Livingston's picnic party. The beautiful violets sprang from beneath the leaves their footsteps pushed away. Sophy had her handkerchief full before they had walked a quarter of an hour, and Edward was dragging down long wreaths of jasmine, which the ladies speedily formed into bouquets worthy a belle's *bouquetière* at the coming *fête*. After an hour's absence they returned to the cottage, and saw John Livingston alone in his sulky!

"The grand Khan was engaged, young ladies, and sent his regrets, so I came in my sulky by way of sympathy with your disappointment," was his announcement, as he alighted.

"How I wish I had gone to Mrs. Campbell's," said Sophy to herself.

"So much the worse for him," said Margaret. "This is such a lovely place for his sentimentality. He professes to be an admirer of woods and flowers, fine scenes, and clear streams, and I think that his tastes might have been gratified here."

Margaret was piqued sorely.

"Well, sister," said Julia, sympathizingly, "I dare say he will be sorry not to have come with us, where really everything is so beautiful; but if he had an engagement he could not break it, poor man!"

"Certainly not," chimed in Sophy, recollecting her previous engagement that morning, with some regret! "Come, Julia, let us try the other side of the stream, and see what flowers are there. Edward, I see Mr. Livingston's cigar case half out of his coat pocket. So, gentlemen,

if you wish to smoke, we will give you permission to do so in our absence. Come, Margaret, the Miss Lenards are already in advance of us."

And after a long ramble over the sunlit woods, they returned, their cheeks glowing with the unusual exercise they had taken, and their appetites ready for the dinner. John himself superintended. The corks flew from the bottles, and the sparkling wine waited on cold turkeys, Westphalia hams, and the delight of Mr. Livingston's heart, a *paté de foie gras*. A merry set they were, and Sophy nearly forgot the absence of the bidden guest. Fortunately for the ladies and for himself, Mr. Leslie possessed the grand secret of pleasing everybody, and making everybody pleased with themselves. Margaret unknot her "threatening brow;" Julia was gayer and happier than usual; Sophy entertaining; John Livingston satisfied, and the rest of the party delighted, and then sorry, when the carriages were again at the door.

Bidding farewell to the mountain house, and its owner, Mrs. Thompson, they returned to town by the same route, watching the effect of the sunset on the evergreens and naked branches of the less constant trees. The light wind sighed lullingly through the dead leaves, and Sophy would have pronounced the day perfect from beginning to end, if, as they entered a grove of magnolias, about half way to the city, Mrs. Campbell's one horse carriage had not passed them, her husband and Dr. Vernon on the front seat!

She forgot the beauty of the sunset, and wished herself, with all her heart, at Mrs. Campbell's side in her plebeian vehicle. But prince somebody's wishing cap has found no head to fit it in these days of utilitarianism; railways have done their best towards supplying the place of Hassan's carpet, but the lucky cap remains concealed in the dominions of the beautiful princess.

So poor Sophy wished in vain, and remained in silence by the side of John Livingston, who had persuaded Mr. Leslie to take his sulky, and give him the benefit of the ladies' company returning home.

The next day was Thursday—Mrs. Camington's party that night. Yet, in spite of this, Dr. Vernon's card was sent to Miss Leslie, with a request that he might be "admitted." Sophy came down soon after the servant, looking, as the Doctor afterwards informed Mrs. Campbell, "like an angel."

Sophy charmed him by praising that lady, flattered him by her regret that she had not been able to accept her invitation the day previous, and completed his delight by engaging herself for the first quadrille that evening.

They spoke of music, poetry, of painting, and then touching upon the subject of love, the gentleman found himself gazing so admiringly upon the lady, that he—took his leave.

Verily, verily, doctor, I do repeat it, you were

in great danger that morning. I doubt whether you took your heart when you took your hat.

Indeed, I think it possible, although upon so delicate a subject I would not be too certain, I think it possible that he took Sophy's in a mistake and left his own, without either party being aware of the exchange.

Sophy returned to her crape and her flowers, somewhat disappointed that he did not ask permission to attend her as one of the escorts to Mrs. Camington's; but consoled herself by thinking of "that quadrille," and other engagements.

That evening she came down radiant with beauty to see her father before she left. Her white crape floated over the shining silk skirt, looped at the side with a small bouquet of geranium flowers. Around her snowy shoulders a broad Brussels lace fell in graceful folds. In her dark, dark hair was placed by her mother's skillful hands, a beautiful japonica her brother had purchased an hour before at the hot-house, whose plants furnished bouquets for almost all the city. She wore her hair *à la comtesse—à coiffeur*, becoming to none but a face like hers; her vanity whispering how well she could brave fashion by adopting one then out of vogue, curls being the rage. The only ornament was a bracelet of rubies and diamonds, attached to her hand, "that little hand," by a chain and a ring to correspond. This was her father's gift, on her debut at a ball celebrating that event, and when wealth allowed him to commit a similar extravagance.

He was pleased with his daughter's attention, kissed her affectionately, and pronounced her "beautiful to-night;" then resumed his seat and his book to his wife's great indignation. He was not reading, however, but listened uneasily to her conversation with Sophy. It was in fact almost a repetition of what we have already had occasion to mention. She concluded with "*Be aimable, my love, as I told you before, and remember me kindly to Mrs. Campbell. Be attentive to her this evening; she is a charming person, and dotes on you—*"

"And on that young physician, too, my dear," said Mr. Leslie, in the same bland tone of voice.

Sophy blushed. Mrs. Leslie started, and Edward smiled at his father's interruption.

"Come here, Ellen," said he; "I will tell you a story while my tea is getting cool."

Ellen came, and seated herself on an ottoman at her father's feet, and George established himself on his knee, delighted at the idea of hearing "a story." He looked very grave, as Mr. Leslie coughed and cleared his throat several times before he began.

"Once upon a time, children, when Virtue, poor thing, was wandering about, weary and tired of looking for a home, she came to a neat, pretty little house, shaded with all kinds of trees, and surrounded by all kinds of flowers. It was a modest-looking place, unlike all your fine red brick houses, that are like flaunting country girls

just come to town. Virtue opened the gate and walked in, pleased with everything she saw, and glad to find a place to rest in. Indeed she took up her abode there, and lived quietly and happily for some time. But alas! poor Virtue rarely stays long in the same place; she is so often driven away by unruly passions, and left without a shelter, that even Hope would not remain more than a few weeks with her!

"One day Vanity and Pride came by the pretty cottage, and after looking for some time at its conveniences, they made up their minds to live there as well as Virtue, for as you will often find, my dear children, the two first wear a modest plain garb for their own purposes, and put on the appearance of the latter when they have no acquaintance with her. Well, as I told you, these two impudent fellows took Virtue's house for their own, and soon began to make her unhappy. Vanity thought, after a few days, that nobody would come to see him in such a retired place, and Pride set about making improvements, as his brother grumbled out his fears. He pulled down one side and built up another, cut the trees away so that everybody would see his house, while Vanity walked after him to hear what folks said, treating Virtue so coldly that she resolved to go away.

"So one morning, as Pride's fine carriage came rolling up to the door, drawn by two splendid horses, their trappings new and glittering, poor Virtue stepped quietly into a miserable one horse vehicle, a mere common affair—fit for plebeians only—and drove off; firmly determining never to return until the two unwelcome intruders had departed forever!"

"How do you like the story, my son?" said Mr. Leslie, after a pause, following its conclusion.

"It's too short, papa," was George's answer.

"It is easy enough to 'point the moral,' papa," said Sophy, whose cheeks had flushed painfully during the last ten minutes. "But," added she, smiling ingenuously, "Virtue has not quite gone away from her home, since, to my certain knowledge, she pays frequent visits there to find out what Pride and Vanity are doing."

"That my father knows, I am sure Sophy," said Edward, taking his sister's hand, "and I cannot say that his story is otherwise than reasonable. You must defend yourself, sir, or be condemned."

"I recommend myself to Sophy's mercy," said he, holding out his arms. A tear fell from his daughter's beautiful eyes, as she affectionately bent over him. "I tease you too much, my dear good child, do I not?"

"I wish you would put off your scenes until after the ball, as I think Sophy will not be improved by the addition of red eyes and a nose of the same colour," said Mrs. Leslie, sneeringly. "So ridiculous! sentiment! stuff!"

"Take a pinch, my dear," said her husband,

handing his gold snuff-box. "It will do you good."

She reddened with anger, and gave the Newfoundland dog that was dozing on the rug a push, so far from being a gentle one, that he growled in his sleep.

"Neptune," said his master, sternly, "be still, sir! I will have no such ebullitions of passion in my house. George, my son! it is time for little boys to be in bed. Ellen, my child, light your brother's candle, and go with him." Then waiting until they were gone, he turned to his wife, and mildly observed to her, "Clara, do not poison your children's tender feelings by bitter words and sneers. Let them love one another; it is a holy and a beautiful sight."

Mrs. Leslie was really sorry, and smilingly turned to the time-piece, as it struck up "begone dull care."

A servant entered just then with some beautiful flowers for Miss Leslie. A gentleman had left them; he did not know who it was; he gave no name; but Sophy's heart beat at the guess she made.

"Exquisite! how lovely!" exclaimed she. "Violets, heliotropes, camellias! Mamma, look at them!"

Her mother fastened them in her pretty little *bouquetière* and kept one, a carnation, to rest at the side of the white japonica at the back of her daughter's graceful head.

"Now there is the carriage, my love," she said, kissing her. "Make our excuses to Mrs. Camington, and tell her that we fear the night air too much to venture out."

"Sophy," said her father, "tell Mrs. Camington that I would like very much to come, but have no way of getting so far. Good-by, my dear."

"Never mind your father, Sophy," whispered her mother, as she tied her cardinal. "Have more tact than to say that."

Sophy smiled, but remembered her father's little story, and resolved upon acting up to the truth. She bade a pleasant good-by to them all, and taking her brother's hand left the room.

Mrs. Leslie had employed all her eloquence in trying to persuade her son of the impropriety of going on horseback, saying, "It will not cost much, Edward, to hire a carriage of some kind or other."

"Forgive me, dear mother," was his reply; "but I cannot play Caleb Balderstone by a practical lie for the honor of the family. I agree with my father that as we are now people of reduced fortunes, it is best to let the world see how willing we are to give up superfluities, and pay our debts."

So Edward followed the carriage containing his sister, the Misses Livingstons and their brother John, with as much satisfaction as if he owned the handsome equipage, and only amused himself on Fleetfoot. Mrs. Campbell's carriage

drove up immediately before them, and as Sophy saw Dr. Vernon step out of it, she secretly wished that Pride had never paid her a visit.

The ladies passed on to the dressing-room to arrange a stray curl or a drooping flower, and the gentlemen to see how the *coiffeur's* work stood. After each was satisfied, as we may hope they were, they remained waiting at the landing for their fair companions. As Sophy descended the stairs, they could scarcely repress their admiration. She was met by Mr. Campbell, who offered his arm, saying, "Miss Leslie, if you will allow me, I take your brother's place, and give him the care of Maria. Vernon, do your duty, and follow us. As I know of your engagement with Miss Leslie, I promise you to keep in sight as well as the crowd will permit."

They made their obeisance to the lady of the house, and at the first sound of the instruments, Sophy saw Dr. Vernon hasten towards her. He soon after led her to the forming quadrille. Julia and Edward were opposite, and Mrs. Campbell danced with Mr. Livingston.

It was a delightful ball; everybody said so, and everybody thought so but Margaret Livingston. She had taken upon herself that she was to captivate Dr. Vernon at a glance, and a frown passed over her brow, as she saw him constantly near Sophy. If she looked fatigued, he instantly procured her a glass of orgeat; if she said the exertion of dancing so incessantly was too much for her, he rushed after a chair, and flew to get an ice, then stood by, fanning her until she felt refreshed, and bestowing so many looks of eager admiration upon her lovely countenance, that Margaret said "it made her sick." Her indignation was so great, that when Dr. Vernon for the second time asked her to dance, she very grandly refused, with the plea of fatigue, though with such an ice-berg air, that the Doctor was quite frozen. Unconscious of his offence, he very coolly walked away, and attributed Margaret's hauteur to caprice, without ever once laying the "flattering unction to his soul," that his attention to another had roused that awful passion—jealousy.

Margaret was by no means amiable, and determined upon revenging herself on poor Sophy. She watched her opportunity, and as she stood near enough to be heard not only by her "rival," but by her admirer also, she turned to a young girl at her side, who had accompanied her father in an open vehicle, an inconvenient conveyance, as the night was rather damp.

"Are you going home, Miss Saunders, or do you remain here until morning?"

"Oh! I am going home," said the lady addressed. "I do not fear the night air as much for myself as for my father."

"I was about to offer you a seat in my carriage, but the fact is we never have it to ourselves. There is never a seat unoccupied," and Margaret's tone was rather an angry one, "so I must

deprive myself of the pleasure of your society, not only this time, but I fear as often as there is a party given."

Sophy colored deeply, and then stood pale and mortified. She could not help seeing that the whole of this speech was leveled at her, for she was standing so close to Miss Livingston as to touch her shoulder.

How delighted was she as Mrs. Campbell stepped forward!

"I have persuaded Miss Leslie to return with me, Miss Livingston, and I am sure she will be happy to know that Miss Saunders has her seat in your carriage. I am sorry it was not mentioned before."

It was now Margaret's turn to blush, and Sophy cast a grateful look at her kind protectress. Margaret knew well enough that no such agreement had been made between the two ladies, and the smile that rested on more than one face around her, was punishment sufficient. Her sister was indignant. "Margaret! I insist upon your making an apology to Sophy. Your impoliteness is as gross as it is unmerited; and if Miss Saunders takes her place she is an intruder."

"I do not want your lectures, Julia," was her sister's reply, but never was conscience more sorely stricken than hers, as she returned home that night.

Gladly did Sophy take her seat in the once despised vehicle. She maintained complete silence, however, on the way, for her feelings relieved themselves by tears. Mrs. Campbell's tact perceived this, and she conversed with her usual lively wit as they proceeded home. Her husband was the only one to benefit by her sallies, for his companion on the ignominious front seat spoke not a word. Oh Dr. Vernon! what was the matter with you and Miss Leslie that night?

For the next three days it rained incessantly, and Sophy had time enough for reflection as she watched the pelting drops and the gloomy clouds. She wept bitterly over her mortification, as she related it to her indignant mother, but dried up her tears when Edward told her that it was martyrdom in a small way, and all the opprobrium Margaret Livingston's. "And the Doctor thought so too, Sophy," was his concluding speech. "Depend upon it, if he is ever called in to pay her a professional visit, he will dose her with a bitter pill."

Sophy's pretty face resumed its smiles, and her heart its rest. She resolved to be a martyr, to suffer the sneers of the world in silence, and that day, when Julia Livingston came to see her, and fell on her neck with a burst of tears, she very magnanimously forgave Margaret, and promised to take no notice of her rude behavior.

Somehow or other, nobody knows to this day how it came about, Julia and Edward at this time commenced a career of sighing and blushing, (the last on the lady's side of course,) which bade fair

to terminate in most unequivocal symptoms of a flame fanned industriously by Cupid and Mrs. Leslie, who looked upon "one of the Miss Livingston's as a *bon parti*." How it all ended, the reader shall know in time, as just now we are forced to take a peep at Mrs. Campbell's, where she is very quietly seated in her neat little parlor with her husband, and our Esculapian hero. He was thinking of the delightful half hour spent with Miss Leslie that morning.

"Do you know, Maria," said Mr. Campbell, laying down the paper he had been uncourteous enough to read in her presence, and glancing at his guest, who was in a brown study near the window, "I have come to the conclusion that you were right in your opinion about Miss Leslie, and, must I acknowledge it? I was wrong."

"And pray," said his wife, smiling, "what has all at once made you think of a person, at mention of whose name Dr. Vernon is unbound from the spell which kept him prisoner for half an hour, and takes his seat in that chair opposite to your honorable self?"

"Well perhaps it was the Doctor's acting 'fixed star,' Maria; perhaps it was the sight of her brother's name in this paper. But let me make her the *amende honorable*, while I think of it. It was but a trifling circumstance, maybe, and will make you smile again; but the cackling of the geese saved Rome, and Miss Leslie's graceful apology for her father's absence, to Mrs. Camington the other night, restored her in my humble estimation. She said all manner of pretty things about his regrets, told her that they had no carriage of their own now, and ended it all by saying with a blush like a summer rose, 'Indeed I could not have had the happiness of seeing you to-night, but for the kindness of my friends, on whom I am at present dependent.' Poor thing! she little dreamed of what a bitter dependence it was to be!"

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Campbell, "that speech of Miss Livingston's was wickedly rude. But I am delighted to find the balance of your approbation in Sophy's favor, even though it makes you hunt your old phrases of 'summer roses' and 'graceful creature,' &c., with which I used to be so furiously assailed in Anno Domini one, before I was kind enough to take you under my protection. There is the bell, is it not? I wonder who will honor us with a call."

A lady and a gentleman entered the room a minute after.

"Miss Leslie! this is an unexpected pleasure," said Mrs. Campbell, rising to meet her. "Mr. Leslie, I am most happy to see you."

Dr. Vernon took Sophy's cloak and hung it on Mr. Campbell, who was shaking hands with Edward.

"My dear Vernon, I am not a chair," said he, turning round.

Dr. Vernon stammered something about not seeing, and seated himself precipitately.

"Well, well, my dear fellow, you needn't knock yourself down for it," continued Mr. Campbell, with great gravity; "there is no harm done. Miss Leslie will excuse your putting her mantelet to such an ignominious use, I suppose; it only rests with Maria to pardon you for taking me for a hat-stand."

Dr. Vernon was too much confused to speak for some time after they were all seated; but Maria's kindness soon put him at his ease. It was an extraordinary occasion that, on which you lost your self-possession, my good Dr. Vernon. You must have been traveling fast to the antipodes then, or deep in the imaginary dissection—of somebody's heart.

No one spoke of the late ball; but Sophy mentioned it with such a pretty blush, that Dr. Vernon choked himself with the cup of tea he had just taken from the servant.

"Maria, your tea is uncomfortably hot," said her husband, with a sly look at the Doctor's face. "Miss Leslie, let me give you one of these *méringues*."

"*Méringues* put me in mind of Mrs. Camington's ball," said Edward. "If you recollect, there was a high pyramid of them in the middle of the supper table. Mr. Ring, who is a gourmand of the first order, was knocking it furiously down, as he saw the ices melting in the ladies' mouths, hoping, as he elegantly expressed himself, to send them off, as soon as he could, by a hurried distribution of their favorite cake. 'How long they do stay!' he exclaimed to me, with an air of despair. 'I never saw such appetites in my life! And look at the meats here! Every one of them done to cinders! My dear fellow,' he continued, looking miserable all the time, 'can you believe it? In trying, as I always do, to put by a few choice morceaux for my own benefit, I got hold of a piece of venison just now, which really looked beautiful. In cutting it to test its excellence, I found it cooked—cooked as brown as that,' and he laid his hand on the fruit napkin as he thought, but *really* upon Miss Iverson's white fingers! Now, the doyley was a dark brown one, and in his eagerness, Ring's voice had raised to a pitch loud enough for all those immediately around to hear him, and as they caught his concluding words brown as that, and saw his hand laid upon his fair neighbor's, they looked at one another in amazement. Miss Iverson lifted her hand in haughty displeasure, and as if to make the matter worse, when Ring's apology was heard, a burst of laughter succeeded it. Miss Iverson was not pleased at being in such near proximity to the *object* of ridicule, and when the ladies were leaving, overheard Ring's fervent ejaculation of 'thank Heaven, they are going.' 'Yes,' said she, turning round to him with a sarcastic look, 'now Ring for supper!'"

"How was his appetite affected by his awkward mistake," said Mrs. Campbell, laughing.

"Visibly increased," replied Edward. "He

managed to consume the piece of venison he had calumniated, and told me, in tones of the bitterest disappointment, that the *dinde desossée* had disappeared before the voraciousness of the ladies."

"What a wretch!" said Sophy. "He deserved the visitation of a *cauchemar* all night."

"An ounce of avert, I pray you, fair ladies! after Mr. Ring's vulgarity," said Mr. Campbell. "Miss Leslie, one song before you go. Do not call for your cloak yet."

Sophy went to the piano, and sang that sweetest of little songs, "*Bunona notte amato bene.*"

After she had finished, she heard a voice echoing the words

"Tu ben sai, tu ben sai, que questo core,  
Per te prova, per te prova, gran pena;"

and turning around, she met young Vernon's eyes fixed upon her with an expression of deep admiration. She blushed deeply, and went hastily to the end of the room where the rest had remained while she sang.

Dr. Vernon folded her cloak around her slight form, but said nothing more during her conversation with Maria before leaving. Her "good evening" to him was uttered in a lower tone than to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. He alone remarked it, and a thrill of joy went to his heart, as he gratefully hailed this first sign of the beautiful girl's attachment. Sophy's agitation had caused her voice to falter. She unconsciously made the difference, and was not aware of having done so. Dr. Vernon had penetration enough to discover this, but her emotion was all to him. Oh, Doctor! a pretty fellow you were that night, as you stepped into the gutters, and knocked your head against the lamp-post!

No wonder that Sophy sang merrily as a bird all the next day. Her eye was brighter than usual, her cheek a little more flushed, and at every ring of the bell, she started up like a frightened deer. Her heart beat at the thought of "*tu ben sai*," and the colour would steal over her fair brow at mention of one cabalistical name.

Dr. Vernon's visits became very frequent about this time. There was always something forgotten or something to be remembered. A book for Ellen, flowers for Mrs. Leslie, or else Mr. Leslie's rheumatism made him uneasy. He pleased everybody, and tried hard to please Sophy. And so he did—how well he succeeded, the reader may learn by the following occurrence and conversation:

One morning Sophy was singing in the back parlor. The song was a favorite one, "*Tu ben sai*," and she was so much occupied with putting the proper expression into it, that she did not hear the door slide back as a person entered the room. He (it was a gentleman, best reader) glided noiselessly up to the piano, and as she finished playing, caught the little white hand in his own.

Sophy was excessively alarmed, and forgot to say as every proper heroine would have done, release me, sir! So Dr. Vernon hurried on with what he had to say.

"Would you be angry, Miss Leslie, if I were to repeat those words in plain English, and ask you to believe me?"

I could not hear what Sophy answered, she spoke so low, but I conclude it was to the gentleman's satisfaction, as he led her to the sofa, retained her hand, and sat there the whole morning without seeing that each one of the family came successively and popped their heads in through the door, then popped them back again as quickly without saying a word!

Mrs. Leslie bestowed on Ellen the honorable, but very awkward office, of calling them to dinner, for lo! the clock struck four, and like some prince and princess in the Arabian Nights, the lovers remained as if spell-bound!

"Make them aware of your coming, my love, by clearing your throat or coughing in the front parlor. Your unexpected presence would be very *mal à propos*."

"But, mamma," said George, who was fond of arguing the point, "suppose now that sister Ellen does not want to cough or clear her throat? People do that when they have a cold, don't they?"

"Pshaw, child!" said his mother, laughing, "let your sister go, and do not ask foolish questions."

Ellen ran off, resolving to make as much noise as she could, so she threw down the music-stand on her way. This acted very successfully, for Dr. Vernon rushed out to know if she had hurt herself, and she delivered her message while she stooped to pick up the loose leaves of music that lay scattered on the carpet.

Sophy blushed a great deal during dinner, and ate very little of course—*cela va sans dire*. The Doctor asked Ellen to take wine with him, and when the glasses were filled, forgot it! Ellen turned to her father with an arch look, and bowed her head, while George was seized with such a fit of giggling that his mother sent him away from the table. Sophy sat impatient and nervous, watching the removal of the cloth with eager delight. She thought her father longer than ever in carving that day, and when at length the nut cracking went its merry round, she breathed a sigh of thankfulness. Her mother saw it all, but was too good a Metternich to betray by a glance that her daughter's secret was already known; so she calmly went through her usual routine of peeling oranges for her husband, sprinkled them with powdered sugar, then poured the coffee into the tiny cups before her, as though her heart was not busied with a thousand plans of happiness for her beautiful child.

And last—and Sophy thought she never should be able to wait for it—Mrs. Leslie rose, and her daughters followed. Before a quarter of an hour

Sophy's full heart poured itself out upon her mother's bosom, and with a look of joyful triumph, Mrs. Leslie kissed her daughter's blushing cheek.

Meanwhile her lover had requested, and obtained a private audience down stairs in Mr. Leslie's study. He at once stated his errand, and his hopes that Sophy's fair hand would not be refused to him. Mentioned his high respect for the family, touched upon his prospects in life with charming diffidence, and wound up with a passionate declaration of his love, and an appeal to Mr. Leslie's kindness and clemency.

The father listened gravely and in silence, but towards the end of the lover's speech smiled a little, and then looked up with a look by no means discouraging. The Doctor's eyes squared with anxiety, and he listened with forty hearing power.

"I do not exactly see what else is to be done, my young friend, but to give consent. You win Sophy's heart, then come to me for her hand, and even if I did not like and esteem you, which I really do, I could not stand in the way of my child's happiness. She is yours, Vernon; I need not say, make her happy."

Dear reader, I leave you to imagine the lover's transports, and his grateful acknowledgments to the father of his Sophy. Moreover, I will tax your imagination still further, and ask you to pass over the mere relation of the evening that followed, at which time the hours flew on golden wings, and everything wore the one bright hue of happy love.

Mrs. Leslie was too busy now to think of anything besides the *trousseau*. It is sufficient to say that it was perfect in every respect. To Ellen's clever hands was left the tying of each *pacquet* with blue and white ribbon, and Monsieur Praline was directed to make the bride-cake a *chef-d'œuvre* of culinary art.

The only drawback to Mrs. Leslie's happiness was Sophy's insisting on having her bridal dress as simple as possible. She resisted all the *broderies*, the Brussels and blonde lace, displayed before her by the obliging mantua-maker.

"Let my dress be perfectly plain, dear mother; recollect that a costly one is more than I would wish to wear, under our present circumstances. Besides, a morning-dress need never be like an evening toilette; I shall be obliged to change it almost immediately after—the ceremony," and Sophy blushed deeply, as she uttered the awful word; "and it will be so much trouble off your hands."

"Well, be it so, then, Sophy," said her mother, with a half sigh, as she gave up, "brides elect are always to be obeyed. But I depend on the Doctor's *corbeille* for something splendid."

The *corbeille* came, and Anna rushed up to Sophy's room.

"Oh, Miss Sophy! the *corbean's* come; everybody is waiting to see it opened. They are all down in the library, ma'am. Miss Ellen! the *corbean's* come."

Everything favored Mrs. Leslie's wish for magnificence. The veil was of Brussels, and the *mouchoir* woven by fairy hands, with "Sophy," flourishing in the corner of an unexceptionable bouquet. There were presents for Mrs. Leslie and Ellen, and according to the former's unquestionable authority, everything was "perfectly à la Française." She was in raptures, and now more than ever anxious for asking the whole world to Sophy's wedding.

"It was such a selfish shame," she repeated, "to keep all their happiness to themselves. To hide so many lovely things from the eyes of their friends."

"And what friends have we, dear mother," said Sophy, with moistened eyes, "who could—nay, who *would* participate in our present feelings? Curiosity would bring them to see the bride and her behavior, while envy would sneer at any emotion we might betray. No exhibition of our domestic joys or troubles, for me; let every thought be free and holy at such a time, and let us be 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot' when such a solemn change is on my destiny."

The arrival of Dr. Vernon's father and sister was to determine the day Sophy now began to think of with fear and trembling. The awful responsibility of another's happiness was upon her. Faults to be corrected on her side—to be borne with from him—failings of which she knew nothing as yet—a difference of opinions, sometimes of tastes, by which each might one day inadvertently wound the other—all these things Sophy dwelt upon with deep anxiety as she thought of the future.

To her mother she could not apply for advice. Her ideas of woman's vocation were as widely opposite to those of her daughter's intended husband as the antipodes, and Sophy knew it, but felt that no one else could possess the confidence of fears, at which Mrs. Leslie herself would smile and jest. She resolved upon one course—an open avowal of her faults to her lover, a tacit call upon him for the same sincerity, and thus, by a mutual understanding, clear their path of thorns, which lay hid amid the flowers that bloomed now upon the romance of plighted love, and its willing blindness.

With beating heart and quivering lip Sophy prepared herself for the task. But, gathering courage, as her lover's eyes bent tenderly upon her own, she laid the foundation of that happiness she ever after enjoyed—the reward of her candor.

"Dearest, best beloved," said her grateful companion, "faults thus confessed, become virtues through the trial such noble conduct has endured. If ever one fear of our future has crossed my mind during the last happy weeks, it was for yours, not for mine. I feared the effect of a discovery of my many faults of disposition and temper, might have upon your gentle, unsuspecting nature. Learn them from me, my own love; let me follow your generous example, and

confess them to you who hold the happiness of my whole life in your hands," and he kissed both the fair ones he held in his.

Best reader! Sophy was indulgent, and certain that he exaggerated in his recital. The more severe he was upon himself, the more ready was she to palliate, and she ran up the stairs when he was gone, with a light step and a lighter heart to give vent to her joy by a burst of tears like an April shower, over her present peace of mind. She knelt, and breathed a prayer of thankfulness to Him who seeth into every breast and watcheth over all, even to the sparrow falling on the ground.

The wedding was strictly private. Mr and Mrs. Campbell were present, and at Edward's request, Julia Livingston acted as bridesmaid with Miss Vernon. A *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which Mrs. Leslie determined should atone for the simplicity of the bride's dress, awaited the guests, and Monsieur Praline's bride-cake was as magnificent as bouquets, wreaths of icing, and little Cupids *volant*, could make it. The ring fell to Julia, who received it with a blush and a smile, prophetic of another wedding in the same family.

The bride was pale, but lovely as an angel; and when she retired to change her dress, Mr.

Vernon turned to his son with moistened eyes, and clasped his hand with an affectionate congratulation on his happiness.

Sophy wept upon her mother's bosom when she reached her room, and murmured her gratitude for the affection ever bestowed on her from infancy till now.

"I leave you, dearest mother; I belong to another," she said, looking up through her tears; "but never, never can I love you less than I do. No new tie can sever us, my mother; no separation can ever make me forget what I owe you." Her mother could only weep, and bless the child that clung to her; and the newly-made husband grew somewhat impatient, while his fair bride was bathing her red eyes in rose water up stairs.

A graceful leave of each and all, and Mrs. Vernon stepped into the beautiful equipage that waited before the door. And now they are gone! Her husband sits beside her, his hand clasping hers, and his voice speaking words of love, as she brushes away her tears. Soon smiles were dancing on the bride's lovely face, and ere they reached Mr. Vernon's country-seat, where they passed the honey-moon, the happy husband had heard the allegory of "Pride and Vanity," and the history of the old aversion to "the one-horse carriage."

## THE SEA BIRD.

BY BERNARD HILTON.

Bird of the deep,  
That still around keep'st thy mournful way,  
Thou hast a purpose in the dreary play  
Which thou dost keep.

Why wouldst thou roam—  
We ask, misdeeming of thy natural powers,  
Thy wants, still shaped in fancy such as ours,  
Which long for home—

Here, where no shore.  
No jutting rock invites thy drooping wing,  
When thou art weary, on its cliffs to cling,  
Thy journey o'er?

What food the sea  
Bestows, what refuge when the storm is nigh,  
What joy the zephyr soft, the clear blue sky,  
Are dark to me!

But in our pride,  
It may rejoice us to assume thee sent  
To glad the gloom of our imprisonment,  
Our course to guide—

Perchance to bring,  
To cheer the mariner doubtful of his way,  
Tidings of rocky shore and fertile bay,  
And sweet, cool spring.

Thy laws, like ours,  
Make grateful the due service, wild or strange;  
And whether in adventure still we range,  
Or keep close bowers,

The pleasure still  
Compensates for the perils and the pains,  
If each, obeying what the sire ordains,  
Sinks his own will.

The sea is thine;  
Thy nest of foam receives thee as the day  
Closes, and morning still upon thy way  
On the deep brine.

Wild is thy note,  
And, to our senses, ominous; but thy young  
Hearken, and answer with each happy tongue  
And screaming throat.

They find their rest  
Where we lose ours—the wild, blue heaving wave  
Rocks them—and where our forms would find a grave,  
They find a nest!

Thou teachest right,  
Day over with its triumphs and its storms,  
How small the care, where we should cast our forms,  
For sleep at night.



## OUR ARTISTS.—NO. XI.

### ALLSTON.

NOBLE specimens of Art as are many of Allston's pictures, to one who regards the tendencies and effect of his entire character, they serve rather as suggestions than a complete representation of the man. Yet had we no other evidence of the spirit he was of, when rightly contemplated, all might be inferred. And perhaps no better proof of their superiority could be adduced than this very fact, that they not only bear but invite study, grow upon the imagination and haunt the memory. There is sometimes a kind of beaming atmosphere radiated from the human countenance when fervent emotions warm its features. It is a kind of expressiveness which makes the halos around the saints and virgins of the old masters scarcely appear unnatural—the soulful intelligence to which the poet refers when he describes spiritual elements as informing the body “till all be made immortal;” the loveliness created by sentiment that Wordsworth recognizes in the rustic heroine of whom he says, “beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face.” In our view, this evanescent charm is the richest humanity can wear. An ordinary artist can imitate form and give us the brow, eye and lip, which are symmetrical but unvarying. It requires more profound sympathy with the mysteries of being to appreciate the transitory and significant indications of the beautiful in expression, that which is the immediate offspring of moral and intellectual life. Men of reflection and sensibility are won by this alone, because it allies itself with permanent associations, is a revelation of the soul itself; and if the hopeful speculations of Swedenborg in regard to a future world have any basis in truth, by it may we know even there the loved and lost. In seizing this magnetic principle, this divine glow, and, as it were, atmosphere of the countenance, Allston was remarkably successful. His Bearice, Rosalie and Spanish girl seem kindled into beauty by the simple genuineness of their feelings. Certain objects and effects of his pictures—as seen when they were partially collected for exhibition several years since—have never passed from our minds. The transparent atmosphere of the Swiss landscape, so true to the peculiarities of Alpine scenery; the moonlight reflected on the water beneath a bridge; the love-warm tints that play around Lorenzo and Jessica; the inimitable foot of the prophet Jeremiah; the keen gray eyes and speaking beards of the Israelites, and the eloquent figure of Miriam, are images that linger brightly to the inward vision, and thus prove themselves a portion of the realities of Art.

In the moral economy of life, sensibility to the beautiful must have a great purpose. If the Platonic doctrine of pre-existence be true, perhaps ideality is the surviving element of our primal life. Some individuals seem born to minister to this influence, which, under the name of beauty, sentiment or poetry, is the source of what is most exalting in our inmost experience and redeeming in our outward life. Does not a benign Providence watch over these priests of Nature? They are not necessarily renowned. Their agency may be wholly social and private, yet none the less efficient. We confess that few arguments for the benevolent and infinite design of existence are more impressive than the fact that such beings actually live, and wholly unfitted as they are to excel in or even conform to the practical, bear evidence not to be disputed, of the sanctity, the tranquil progress and the serene faith that dwell in the Ideal. Allston was such a man. By profession he was a painter, and his works overflow with genius; still it would be difficult to say whether his pen, his pencil or his tongue chiefly made known that he was a prophet of the true and beautiful. He believed not in any exclusive development. It was the spirit of a man, and not his dexterity or success, by which he tested character. In painting, reading or writing, his mornings were occupied, and at night he was at the service of his friends. Beneath his humble roof, in his latter years, there was often a flow of wit, a community of mind, and a generous exercise of sympathy which kings might envy. To the eye of the multitude his life glided away in secluded contentment, yet a prevailing idea was the star of his being—the idea of beauty. For the high, the lovely, the perfect, he strove all his days. He sought them in the scenes of nature, in the masterpieces of literature and art, in habits of life, in social relations and in love. Without pretence, without elation, in all meekness, his youthful enthusiasm chastened by suffering, he lived above the world. Gentleness he deemed true wisdom, renunciation of all the trappings of life, a duty. He was calm, patient, occasionally sad, but for the most part, happy in the free exercise and guardianship of his varied powers. The inequality of Allston's efforts and his frequent cessation from labor have been the subjects of no little reproach. The habits of no man, and especially a man of genius, can be rightly judged when viewed objectively. To ascertain the strata of a geological formation and explain the workings of a mind, are two very different processes. Observation alone is required for the former, but sympathy is absolutely needed for the latter. It is astonishing that with the new light modern

science has thrown upon physiology, it is so seldom taken into view when mental phenomena are discussed. There is no fact better established than that the integrity of the nervous system is necessary to the felicitous exercise of mind. Yet biographers and critics seem blind to its influence. This delicate medium of intellectual activity is refined and sensitive in all rarely endowed beings, for vivid impressions are the source of their power, and to these a susceptible organization is essential. When our illustrious painter went to London, he threw himself ardently into the pursuit of his art. In order to work undisturbed, he adopted the practice of the country and took little refreshment between early morning and evening. The long intervals of abstinence, to which he was previously unaccustomed, combined with intense application and great mental excitement, produced a chronic derangement of the digestive organs, and when he retired to Clifton in pursuit of health, his medical adviser prophesied that he would never again experience the blessing. Immediately subsequent, a domestic bereavement still farther reduced his vital energy, and from this period he could only exercise his profession when temporary vigor nerved his frame. But his was a nature to which inactivity was unknown. When not ostensibly employed, he was meditating subjects upon which to engage his pencil, revolving a speculative theory or pouring forth the treasures of his experience for the advantage of others.

There is a beautiful progression manifest in the taste and views of Allston. It is said that his youthful intimacy with Malbone, while passing his college vacations at Newport, was the occasion of his first resolve to devote himself to art. His original turn was for comic scenes—a circumstance observable in the case of several religious painters. The sense of humor is developed before deeper feelings awaken. Art, like all things else, presents itself to the young fancy as a pastime rather than a mission. A certain love of the supernatural appears, however, to have been characteristic of Allston. It displayed itself at first in the numerous wild scenes he loved to depict, of which the prominent figures were always banditti. Gradually this feeling assumed a higher scope, as his *Witch of Endor* and *Spallato* evidence, and at length it seems to have become hallowed by more sacred emotions until it aspired to embody those conceptions of which prophets are the exponents and holy reverence the motive. The great principle of his career was individuality, and this is one secret of his fame. He did not suffer the immediate to interfere with the essential. He vowed allegiance to no school, and knew how to revere without servilely imitating. What surrounded never encroached upon what was within. That "the only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself," was one of his favorite maxims. With a spirit of a generous appreciation, a truly catho-

lic love of the beautiful, and an instinctive recognition of merit, he yet felt that to be true to himself was his greatest privilege and highest duty. He estimated praise at its just value, and while its sincere expression cheered, it never blinded him. There was an ideal in his soul, the least approach to which was more satisfactory than the most eloquent panegyric. He had ever in view a goal of excellence that grew more distant as he approached. To the dexterity of the artist he united the aspirations of the poet. With a rare sensibility to pleasure, he combined an ardent love of truth. The law of progress is the charter of such a man, and faith in the unattained a ceaseless inspiration. The details of the career of an artist like this fade before the harmonious influence of the man. The interest of his character renders the mere events of his life comparatively unattractive. His writings and pictures, by not a few individuals, are less-cherished tokens of his existence than the impulse his communion gave to their minds, or the earnestness of aim his precepts and example awakened in their hearts. It is still a question what form of intellectual sway is most desirable. The press in modern times often exercises greater power than the pulpit, and the silent eloquence of art sometimes grows tame before the almost inspired words of genius. The colloquial gifts of Allston were not the least remarkable of his endowments. What he had seen and felt—the truth gained by long wrestling with reality—the perception born of intercourse with the grandeur of the universe—the love created by fond relations with the beautiful—the dramatic incident, the moral impression, the glorious faith, all that life and nature, society and thought had revealed to that wise and feeling soul, came forth at the genial hour from his lips, full of vitality and grace. His ready sympathy with the humblest brother in art, and the unconscious fertility of his conversation, rendered his society a source of improvement and pleasure such as it is the lot of few men to afford, and now memorable and endeared by the heritage of his fame.

A visit to Italy is perhaps more of an epoch in the life of an American artist than in that of any other. The contrast between the new and old civilization, the diversity in modes of life, and especially the more kindling associations which the enchantment of distance and long anticipation occasion, make his sojourn there an episode in life. The education and ideality of Allston rendered these influences peculiarly operative, and, accordingly, he was wont to revert to this period of his life with great interest. While in Rome he was the daily companion of Coleridge, and their intercourse was the subject of delightful reminiscence to both ever after. We may easily imagine the "feast of reason" they enjoyed at sunset on the Pincian—in the calm grandeur of St. Peters—upon the deserted area of the coliseum, and amid the silent company that peoples

with beauty the long corridors of the Vatican. What an infinity of subjects must there have been suggested! The universality of the religious instinct; the philosophy of art; the destiny of man; the progress of freedom; the laws of beauty; the immortality of the soul—these and kindred themes rise, as it were, spontaneously as one wanders over the wrecks of empires. The road once strewn with flowers to greet the coronation of Laura's bard—the convent where Tasso died—the cupola that Michel Angelo hung in air—the ivy-grown walls of Cæsar's palace—how must they have inspired in such men deep colloquies over time and eternity! Nor less to spirits of such poetic mould did the emblems of the beautiful appeal. Angelic features beaming from mouldering frescoes—the iris hovering over the fountain—the gay weed flaunting above the temple's broken floor—the deep blue sky and violet haze resting upon the distant mountain—a Magdalen's golden hair or Madonna's patient smile, and the soul-parted lips of the Apollo, were endless sources of graceful comment and sympathetic admiration. The Alps yielded yet another memorable lesson to the painter's heart, and the choicest society of England ministered to his expanding intellect, while everywhere and always the beautiful in nature caught his eye and the attractive in humanity won his love.

We have frequently alluded to the relation existing between color and language as a medium of expression. Allston exemplified their affinity in his productions. The fluency and aptitude of his conversation have been already noticed, and his literary productions display the same traits. Had he given equal attention to writing as to painting, his success in the former would doubtless have been eminent. "Monaldi," a tale, numerous letters and a few poems—all the offspring of occasional respite from the pursuit of art—are distinguished for graphic power, deep insight and a tasteful style. In the tale particularly, there are many passages wherein the painter reveals himself in a very pleasing way. The local descriptions and dialogues on art indicate how much reflection he had bestowed upon his vocation. No slight acquaintance with the development of human passion and sentiment is evinced in the characters. His heroine reminds us irresistibly of his happiest female creations, overflowing with

the spiritual warmth of his coloring and an ideal loveliness of expression. His sonnets are interesting as records of personal feeling. They eloquently breathe sentiments of intelligent admiration or sincere friendship, while the longer poems show a great command of language and an exuberant fancy.

On his return to America, the life of our illustrious painter was one of comparative seclusion. The state of his health, devotion to his art and a distaste for promiscuous society and the bustle of the world, rendered this course the most judicious he could have pursued. His humble retirement was occasionally invaded by foreigners of distinction to whom his name had become precious, and sometimes a votary of letters or art entered his dwelling to gratify admiration or seek counsel and encouragement. To such, an unaffected and sincere welcome was always given, and they left his presence refreshed and happy. The instances of timely sympathy which he afforded young and baffled aspirants, are innumerable.

Allston's appearance and manners accorded perfectly with his character. His form was slight and his movements quietly active. The lines of his countenance, the breadth of the brow, the large and speaking eye, and the long white hair, made him an immediate object of interest. If not engaged in conversation, there was a serene abstraction in his air. When death so tranquilly overtook him, for many hours it was difficult to believe that he was not sleeping, so perfectly did the usual expression remain. His torch-light burial at Mount Auburn harmonized in its beautiful solemnity with the lofty and sweet tenor of his life.

#### SONNET—ON THE DEATH OF ALLSTON.

The element of beauty which in thee  
Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,  
And from all guile had made thy being free,  
Now seems to whisper thou canst never die!  
For Nature's priests we shed no idle tear;  
Their mantles on a noble lineage fall;  
Though thy white locks at length have pressed the bier,  
Death could not fold thee in Oblivion's pall:  
Majestic forms thy hand in grace arrayed,  
Eternal watch shall keep beside thy tomb,  
And hues aerial that thy pencil stayed,  
Its shades with Heaven's radiance illumed.  
Art's meek apostle, holy is thy away  
From the heart's records ne'er to pass away!

#### —◆◆◆— LINES TO A SPARROW.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Sweet warbler of the scented hedge,  
When woods in vernal green are clad,  
Why wake that note of gladness here,  
When all around is wild and sad?  
O breathe not now the same sweet song  
I heard in leafy shades of June,  
But sing to me a mournful note,  
A solemn and a sadder tune.

How dead, how lone is all around,  
Thy summer bower, how sad and sore!  
Then breathe a soft, a plaintive strain,  
To soothe me while thou lingerest near;  
But keep that glad and gleesome note  
To sing beneath thy southern bower,  
Beside some bright, untroubled stream,  
Poised on a golden flower.

## THE NEW ORGAN FOR ST. PHILEMON'S.

BY THEOPHILUS PRINGLE.

I don't know, Mr. Editor, that I can be called a saint—in fact, if anybody were to say that I was, I think that body would be a little out of the way. Nor am I an intolerable sinner, but what most people would call about “so so.” Now you comprehend pretty accurately my standing in the community, and this settled in the beginning, I will proceed to tell my story.

My wife, you must know, is a religious woman, and to accommodate her, as well as to appear respectable, I hired a pew in St. Philemon's Church, and attended service at least once on every Sabbath. Our minister, Mr. Dearsoul, was a great favorite, especially with the ladies, and was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased. I liked him well enough, though I must own that his notions of morality and mine did not always just tally. Perhaps I am a little obtuse, but if so, it's my misfortune more than my fault.

When I first took a pew in Mr. Dearsoul's church, I was a very humble individual who had just commenced business, and lived in a style that was by no means imposing. I went regularly every Sunday with my wife, and maintained as devout an exterior as most persons, even going so far as to join in the responses. But I remained a stranger in St. Philemon's for several years. The leading and influential members did not know me, and as for Mr. Dearsoul, he did not so much as call upon my wife to offer her spiritual comfort. Fortunately for us, we are independent sort of folks—that is, my wife and myself—and were not much annoyed by this indifference and neglect. We attended to our own concerns during the week, and went to church on Sunday for our own reasons. My wife's, as I have before intimated, were something better than mine.

Well, it so happened that this thinking about and attending to our own concerns made our external condition prosperous. In a few years I built myself a house, and furnished it with some expense and taste. It is wonderful how quickly this was known. Long before my house was done, I was nodded to across the church on Sunday by influential vestrymen, stopped by them in the street, and honored with invitations to visit them at their houses. Mr. Dearsoul, too, about this time, made the discovery that we were members of his church, and made us a pastoral visit, for which we were duly grateful.

“We're getting of consequence, Esther,” I said to my wife, as these indications assumed a more decided aspect. “What can be the reason?”

“We are getting better known, I suppose,” she replied, very innocently.

“So I should think. But isn't it a little surprising that Mr. Dearsoul, who is such a good man and so watchful over his flock, never found us out before?”

“His congregation is large.”

“Yea—but he looks over it every Sunday. We sit directly in front of him. I'm sure I've seen him looking at us a hundred times. I wonder, Esther, if it can be possible that he has heard of our new house that is building?”

“For shame, Mr. Pringle!” said my wife, a slight glow of indignation warming her cheek.

“Maybe I am wrong to think that,” I replied, in a way to soothe my wife's feelings. Dear, good soul, she never thinks harm of any one. And how should she? She has no standard of evil in her own heart by which to judge others. As for myself, I frankly confess that I am not so charitable. I have a wonderful propensity for looking below the surface, and sometimes, I must own, am apt to see a little more than is to be seen.

After awhile we got into our new house, which I am vain enough to think looks very handsome. There is no reason why it should not, for it cost me over seven thousand dollars, independent of the ground, and in moving into it I expended nearly two thousand dollars in extra furniture. Little over a week had passed, after we took possession, before my wife had calls from Mrs. Dearsoul and daughter, and from the wives of sundry influential members of the church. Within a month, Dr. Dearsoul invited himself and family to take tea and spend the evening with us.

“Bless us, Esther,” I said, “what does all this mean? Mr. Dearsoul is getting to feel quite at home with us. I am sure I never dreamed of this honor. I cannot help thinking our new house has something to do with it.”

“Now why will you talk so? It is downright scandalous! I don't believe Mr. Dearsoul would visit us any quicker in this house than he would in the old one.”

“But did it never strike you as a little strange that he didn't happen to find us out there?”

“I'm sure he did visit us in the old house.”

“Oh, so he did, once—but that was after this one was nearly finished.”

“Now don't talk so, dear; you really make me feel unhappy,” said my wife, with a look of distress. “I know you wrong Mr. Dearsoul, who is far above being governed by mere appearances.”

"But still, Esther, I am puzzled to make it all out," I replied. "Why didn't he come with his wife and daughters to take tea with us before? Figure me that out, my dear."

"If you will ask him, I have no doubt but that you will receive a satisfactory reason."

"No doubt of it—but you see I am not going to ask him."

"Judge not that ye be not judged," said my wife, in a serious voice. "Try and think the best instead of the worst of people—it is much more satisfactory, depend upon it."

I did not deny this, and for the sake of my wife's feelings, dropped the discussion, half sorry, seeing that she took it so hard, that I had made any remark about Doctor Dearsoul.

Well, as rapidly as we could desire, did we grow into consequence at St. Philemon's. We were not only visited socially by the *élite* of the church, and the pleasure of our company sought in return, but we had just as many official visits from all sorts of committees of ways and means, established for all sorts of purposes. It was no joke the way my purse suffered after this. I am not penurious—I know I am not. I think, in all the true benefactions of charity, where left by myself, I give liberally, and I know with a great deal of pleasure. But the various sub-charities of St. Philemon's were conducted in a way that fretted me terribly, and made me grudge every dollar I gave. I happened to be weak enough to give merely because I did not wish to be thought mean.

One day, while sitting at dinner, I was told that a lady in the parlor wished to see me. I dropped knife and fork and forthwith descended to meet the visitor who had honored me with a call. I cannot describe the pleasant smile with which she met me. I had seen her before. She was a tall, thin maiden lady, of an uncertain age.

"Mr. Pringle," she said, after I had shaken the hand she extended with a cordial grace, "we, the ladies of the Martha and Mary Society, have determined to send out a missionary to the Nestorians. I need not inform you of the interest now felt throughout Christendom in this people. St. Philemon's has always done nobly in the cause of missions, and she must not be behindhand now. We want a thousand dollars a year for the object proposed, and have arranged the mode of raising it. Twenty subscriptions of fifty dollars each will just give the amount. Of course, among the wealthy members of St. Philemon's, it is easy enough to find twenty willing to subscribe so small a sum annually for so noble a purpose. We made out a select list of twenty, and have divided the number among a committee of four. You"—and here she smiled most graciously—"I am happy to say, come first on my list. With your name to lead off, I shall have an easy task in visiting the rest."

Now, Mr. Editor, what could I do? "Say 'no,' if you didn't wish to give the fifty dollars,"

you reply. That is all easily enough said by one who stands off and looks on, but it isn't so easily done by an individual of my temperament, situated precisely as I was. "Then you gave the fifty dollars?" Certainly I did. There was no backing out; I was cornered. So with as good a grace as possible I headed the list, and told the lady to call on me for a check whenever the money was wanted.

"Who was it, dear?" asked my wife when I returned to my cold dinner.

"Miss Araminta Doolittle," I replied, with as much composure as possible.

"Ah! What did she want?"

"Fifty dollars to help send a missionary to the Nestorians."

"Did you give it to her?"

"I did—though I wished her in Jericho at the same time."

My wife looked annoyed, but said—"Hush-h! Don't speak so, Mr. Pringle; if you didn't want to give the money for that purpose, you should have said so."

"I wish I'd only had the nerve to decline the proposed honor."

"I don't see that it requires so much nerve," returned my wife, who is an honest, straightforward, simple-minded woman, and says and does just what she thinks right to say or do. I only wish I possessed that peculiar virtue of hers in the same perfection that she does.

"You are not a man and in the hands of a tempting woman," I replied. "They've picked out twenty men to victimize at the rate of fifty dollars each per annum, and I'll bet fifty dollars that every mother's son of them permits himself to be victimized. Now I don't call this the fair way of doing the thing. They knew precious well that not two out of the twenty would give a cent for the object they propose if left to themselves. They could find, at least in their own estimation, other and better use for their money. But in order to coerce them, this precious scheme is gotten up. It's too bad! If this is the game that's going to be played, I'll give up my pew and join some other church, or stay at home altogether."

But the way I was running on hurt my wife, so that I made a dead halt on the subject; resolving, however, that I would act a little more independently the next time I was called upon to subscribe for anything that my judgment did not fully approve.

About three months after I moved into my new house, I received a communication notifying me that I had been chosen one of the vestrymen of St. Philemon's.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, tossing the note across the table to my wife, "what is coming next?"

Even Esther smiled on reading the strange document.

"Think of Theophilus Pringle as vestryman!"

said I, falling back in my chair and elevating my hands to an obtuse angle with my wrists. "You can hold your head up in church now, Esther, with the best of them. I really think I am getting along bravely—don't you? A vestryman! Gracious me! So much for being the owner of a nice house."

"Now, Mr. Pringle!" My wife's face became sober in a moment. "Why will you talk so? Do, pray, think a little good of your fellows. There must be vestrymen, and why may not you be chosen as well as another?"

"But why wasn't I chosen before? Can you tell me that?"

"You were not so well known as now."

"No, I grant you that."

"You will accept the office?"

"I don't know. I rather think I shall decline."

"Don't think of such a thing, Mr. Pringle. If the office has been conferred upon you, accept it and do your duty like a man," said my wife, firmly. "If you have higher and better views of right and wrong than you think men ordinarily in these stations possess, endeavor to do good in the position you are now chosen to occupy by letting your light be seen."

Now this was coming down on me pretty vigorously. My wife was in earnest. In fact, she rarely jests on any subject, much less upon matters connected with the church.

"But think of my being a vestryman," said I, almost laughing at the ludicrousness of the idea. "Theophilus Pringle a vestryman! What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

"I don't know that there is anything so much out of the way in your being a vestryman, Mr. Pringle," returned my wife. "It is an honorable and useful position, and I think you might fill it with honor to yourself and usefulness to others."

Now what could I do? Mrs. Araminta Doolittle had cornered me on the question of the Nestorian missionary, and now my wife cornered me on the question of to be or not to be a vestryman. Not being able to conjure up any reason that was satisfactory to her mind, although I had more than a dozen that were perfectly satisfactory to mine, I was driven into accepting the proffered dignity.

Well, at the very first meeting I attended, plump came a proposition to increase Dr. Dearsoul's salary. He was receiving twelve hundred dollars, and had his rent free into the bargain. But it was said that his family was large, and that he could not live on his salary without the closest economy. The proposal was to increase the salary to fifteen hundred dollars. To this I had no serious objection. It was next proposed, as the expenses of the church were very heavy, to effect this increase by an extra subscription. This was agreed to. It was then proposed that the amount to be raised should be equally divided among the several vestrymen, whose duty it

should be to get their respective portions subscribed. It fell to my share to raise twenty-five dollars annually, which I did—out of my own pocket. I mentioned the subject to one or two, who shrugged their shoulders, and said that Mr. Dearsoul got enough salary, and ought to be ashamed of himself if he couldn't live upon it. I made no further effort, preferring to levy on my own treasury for my quota.

A few months after this I received a notification to attend an extra-informal meeting of the lay church dignitaries.

"What's in the wind now?" I said to my wife. "Some more extra subscriptions?"

"Don't be so nervous about extra subscriptions, Mr. Pringle," returned my wife; "I don't think you have been hurt with them yet. I'm really afraid you are getting penurious."

"No, no, I won't admit that for a moment," I replied, quickly. "I think I'm as willing to do my part as any one, but I like things done openly and above board. I don't believe that it's honest to get a man into a corner and then pick his pockets."

"Mr. Pringle!"

"But look at it, Esther. What is the difference between getting money out of your pocket by physical or by moral terrors? I confess that I see none. A man gets me into a position in which I can neither defend myself nor retreat, and demands my money. I give it to him, of course, as the least dreaded of two evils. That is one statement of the case. Now look at this. A man or a set of men get me into a position from which I cannot retire without feeling that I have lost the good opinion of others, and place before me the two alternatives of giving money or being thought mean and penurious. I choose to give rather than encounter what I fear more than the loss of money. It is a weakness, I own; but does that make the conduct of those who take advantage of my weakness any more justifiable? And the worst of it all, Esther, is that these things are done in the name of religion, and for the purpose of advancing that holy cause."

"That's just you, Mr. Pringle. In anything that concerns the church you are sure to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. Just because there happens to be an extra meeting of the vestry called, your suspicions are all aroused, and you take it for granted that your pocket is going to be picked. I really would be ashamed of myself, Mr. Pringle!"

Somehow or other I did feel a little ashamed, for I had been running on rather more freely than the cause of my mental disturbance warranted.

Well, I went to the meeting at the time appointed. There I found Mr. Dearsoul and about ten members of the church besides the vestry.

"There's something in the wind, sure enough," I said to myself, half turning round, instinctively, in a moment after, to see if Mrs. Pringle were not within ear-shot of my thoughts.

As soon as the meeting was organized, Mr. Dearsoul stated that it was very apparent to all that the church needed some repairs badly. What they were he then specified. I could not but agree with him. Particularly the church needed painting and whitewashing. There was no objection to this made by any one present.

One of the vestrymen then remarked that certain members of the church to whom the subject had been named, objected, evidently because they didn't wish to give anything. But for this, a general subscription would have been made to defray the expense of painting and whitewashing. Now it was thought best to confine the matter to a few. There was no doubt that the repairs and renewal were needed. In short"—he said—"we have drawn up a subscription paper as the quickest and surest way of doing the thing. Here it is," and he laid a paper upon the table.

Mr. Dearsoul reached forward, rather quickly, I thought, and drew the paper towards him. After reading the form at the head, he took up a pen, remarking, as he did so—"Let me head the list."

"No, no, Mr. Dearsoul," said two or three, quickly, "you musn't give anything. There is no necessity for that."

"No absolute necessity, I know," he replied, "but I always like to do my part."

And with that he wrote his name with a flourish. The paper was then passed to the one who sat nearest Mr. Dearsoul. He looked at it for a moment, and then, saying as plainly as face and manners could express it, "If I must I suppose I must," deliberately wrote his name. Thus the ball was set in motion and rolled steadily around the room. When the paper came to me, I saw that Mr. Dearsoul had subscribed twenty-five dollars. As he was the least able to give of any one in the room, of course no one thought of putting down a smaller sum, and as he had hit quite the maximum of any one's benevolent intentions, no higher amount was subscribed—so the paper presented a long column of uniform \$25's. I had intended to give ten dollars, and thought my intention quite liberal; but I was cornered again, and put down my twenty-five with the rest. After the paper had gone fairly around, and the amount subscribed upon it had been footed up, the sum total was about five hundred dollars, an amount amply sufficient for the required purpose.

This most important part of the business settled, a committee of three to superintend the repairs was chosen. On this committee your humble servant, Theophilus Pringle, was placed. He made an effort to decline the honor, but it was of no use; so making a virtue of necessity, he entered upon the duty with as much good will as he could muster. When I ventured to complain a little about being saddled with a thankless office, my wife said that she thought me a very unreasonable man. The repairs were needed, and some one had to see to them, and

she thought that I ought at least to be willing to do my part for the good of the whole. I couldn't very well gainsay this, but still I did my duty with a very bad grace.

After the repairs were nearly completed, it became necessary to collect in the subscriptions not already paid; so the three of us, committee men good and true, had a sitting over the subscription paper, for the purpose of apportioning the names of the persons to be called upon between us. First of all stood that of Doctor Dearsoul.

"There's enough subscribed without calling upon the doctor," said one of the committee men. "I think we'd better pass him. In fact, he's not able to give twenty-five dollars anyhow, and should never have subscribed so large a sum. But he is so enthusiastic and self-sacrificing in every good work."

"Oh, no, we musn't call upon him," said the other.

In this I very cheerfully acquiesced. The only regret in my mind was that he had ever put his name to the paper. But for this the subscription would have been more general, and the amount required from each individual would have come more as a free-will offering than it did under the coercive system.

"I don't just like this," I said to my wife. "It looks as if Mr. Dearsoul had schemed a little in the matter."

"He is incapable of such a thing, Mr. Pringle," promptly answered my wife, with a visible show of indignation. "It was done from the generous impulse of his heart."

"I hope so," I replied, doubtingly. "But I must confess that things look rather suspicious to my mind."

I was getting bolder, you see.

But my wife came down upon me warmer than usual, and I beat a retreat—silenced, but not convinced.

Not a very long time elapsed after the church was brightened up so as to look almost as good as new, before the old organ began to be badly abused—and not without justifiable reasons, I am free to confess. I had certainly heard, in my time, a much pleasanter instrument. After the discovery by a few that it contained its share of imperfections, the perception of the fact became general. One talked to another about it, and another to another, until finally the sound of the old organ became so intolerable that the pious states of many of the worshippers were sadly disturbed every Sabbath. To the minds of others the excellent discourses of Mr. Dearsoul found no avenue; they were too busy in devising the ways and means for procuring a new instrument to hear anything more than the monotonous reverberations of the minister's voice.

Next came estimates of what it would cost to have a new organ built. These ran from two to five thousand dollars. At every meeting of the

vestry the subject came up in private conversation or for public discussion. I kept aloof and looked on—willing to do my part in buying a new organ, but not willing to have much to say about it.

At last a general meeting of the church was called, at which there was much of warm speaking on both sides of the question. I found that there were a good many strong and independent minds in the church who were not afraid to express their sentiments boldly. The strongest ground taken against buying a new organ was the better use that could be made of the money. But against this it was argued that the money was yet in the pockets of the members, and if given for this specific use, no one had a right to complain. Every one should be left free to do as he thought right.

I liked that position vastly. "But would we be free?" I asked myself. Involuntarily I shook my head.

In the midst of these discussions, Mr. Dearsoul addressed the meeting in his peculiar bland and captivating manner, throwing oil upon the troubled elements around him.

"This is a matter in which every one must be free," he said. "There is no doubt but the organ is a very poor one, and that, if able, we we ought to procure a better instrument. But there is no use in wrangling about it. Now, I propose that, to test this matter, a subscription for the purpose be at once started. Let there be six distinct papers—one for hundred dollar subscriptions, one for fifty, one for twenty, one for ten, one for five, and one for one dollar subscriptions. Six such papers, with appropriate headings, now lie upon the table. Mr. Chairman"—he added, turning to the president of the meeting—"I move you that this be the order of proceeding adopted forthwith."

This motion was seconded, and the question put to the meeting and carried. The president then announced that the hundred dollar subscription was open. First to rise and head this list was the Rev. Doctor Dearsoul. I touched my wife with my elbow, but she did not turn her head towards me the distance of a line. About twenty followed in the wake of the minister. Fifty dollars I had intended to give for the purpose, but I was strongly tempted, for the sake of appearance, to go in with the one hundred dollar subscribers. I could not bear the idea of Mr. Dearsoul's giving a hundred dollars, while I gave but fifty. If the thing had been done more quietly, his giving five hundred dollars would not have influenced me in the least. I would have given my fifty with a clear enough conscience. It was the publicity of the thing. To be held up as giving but fifty dollars, when Mr. Dearsoul, with only fifteen hundred dollars per annum and a large family to support, was generous enough to give a hundred. This time, however, I remained firm, and waited for the opening of the second list. I must own that I felt rather meanly as I went up

to subscribe my name. It seemed as if I could hear voices all round me, saying—"Fifty dollars for you? Is it possible?" I was sorry that I had not punished my pocket instead of my feelings. But it was too late now. I made one in a respectable company of thirty. The twenties, tens, fives and ones followed. It was then announced that the handsome sum of four thousand five hundred dollars had been subscribed by four hundred persons.

At the next meeting of the vestry, the business of procuring the organ was confided to a committee of three. Upon this committee I was placed. We forthwith procured estimates from two or three organ builders, and finally decided to have one put up at a cost of five thousand dollars. I objected to going beyond the amount subscribed, but the majority on the committee said that five hundred dollars more could easily be raised—so I yielded to the majority.

The next business in order was the collection of the money that had been subscribed. A man was employed to go round with the subscription paper. As I happened to be the chairman of the committee, it fell to my duty to write out in a book the names of the different persons who had subscribed, arranged in order according to the amount given by each. At the top of the one hundred dollar list I placed the name of Mr. Dearsoul, as a matter of course. Regularly every day I received returns from the collector, and deposited the amount in bank. The money did not come in very freely. A good many said "call again," or it wasn't "convenient" just then, &c. &c.

"I see that Mr. Dearsoul hasn't paid his subscription yet," I remarked to the collector, as I was looking over his book about three weeks after he had commenced gathering in the subscriptions.

"Oh, yes, sure enough," he said, "I forgot to mention about Doctor Dearsoul. He says he thinks perhaps there is some mistake."

"No, there cannot be a mistake; he subscribed a hundred dollars with his own hand," I replied. "Here is the original paper"—and I took it from my desk. "There is no mistake, you see—there is his signature."

"He said that he would see you about it."

"Very well."

In about ten days the collector said to me—"Has Doctor Dearsoul seen you yet about his subscription?"

"No, he has not called upon me in reference to the matter."

"Hadh't I better see him again?"

"Oh, certainly."

The collector called once more.

"Did any one tell you to call upon me about this?" asked our minister.

"Yes; Mr. Pringle told me to call," replied the collector.

"That's a little strange," remarked Mr. Dearsoul. "I must see Mr. Pringle."



When this was reported to me, I didn't feel exactly pleased. Instead of waiting for Mr. Dearsoul to call upon me, I called upon him forthwith.

"Didn't you make a little mistake?" he said to me, shortly after we met, speaking in the softest manner and with a gentle smile upon his face.

"In the matter of your subscription for the organ?"

"Yes."

"No, I think not: here is the original list of subscribers"—and I drew the paper from my pocket. "You see that your name is upon it."

"Oh, yes, I know that," he replied, in the same gentle voice and with the same bland smile; "but you don't seem to understand, Mr. Pringle. It is never expected that the minister will be called upon for a subscription like this."

"Indeed! That is all new to me. Why then does he subscribe, Mr. Dearsoul? What good is there in it?"

"Oh—as for that, Mr. Pringle, it does a great deal of good. If I hadn't put my name down at the head of that list, you wouldn't have got five hundred-dollar subscriptions. As it was, you got twenty. Don't you see the effect? Don't you see the use?"

"Oh, yes, very clearly," I replied—for my eyes were now completely open.

Mr. Dearsoul smiled with much self-complacency.

"I have been so long familiar with these matters," he went on to say, "that I understand exactly how to manage them. The plan which I had all cut and dried, I knew would work to admiration. If things had been left to their own course, you wouldn't have got a thousand dollars at that meeting. It was my heading the hundred-dollar list that brought forth such a generous response to the call made upon the congregation."

I was strongly tempted to read Mr. Dearsoul a lecture upon the morality of the act which he reviewed with so much pleasure; but as I was a mere layman, I thought it might be as well for me to keep silence, which I did. The interview I managed to cut short as soon as possible.

I had a good many thoughts of my own as I walked away from the minister's house. Sinner as I was, I felt grieved and hurt to think that in high and holy places there should be such dim perceptions of what was just and honest. When I arrived at home, I said to my wife, with an ab-

ruptness that startled her—"I'm done with Dr. Dearsoul."

"What has happened, Mr. Pringle?" she asked, with a look of anxiety.

I related the conversation that had passed between me and the minister. She was confounded.

"Could you have heard aright?" she asked, in a husky voice.

"It was hardly possible to hear wrong in a matter like this, Esther. Oh, no! There is no doubt about it, and therefore I am done with Dr. Dearsoul. Trick and scheming like this may do among the bulls and bears of Third street, but I positively object to such practices in the church. If a new organ cannot be had by means fair, honest and above board, I at least am content to put up with the old one."

"I wouldn't say anything about it," said my wife; "it can do no good."

"I am not so sure, Esther, that covering up things like this is exactly the best way," I replied.

"Diseases, if not allowed to come to the surface and throw themselves off in painful sores, are very apt to strike in upon the vitals. I think for the good of the whole, I will send a history of this organ business to one of the newspapers. It will make a capital story, and do good into the bargain."

"Oh, no! no! no! don't think of such a thing, Mr. Pringle; it will bring a reproach upon religion."

"No such thing, my dear—no such thing; it will make true religion look purer and brighter in her simplicity and truth. Trick and double dealing like this! It is scandalous! Yes, I will publish the whole story. Won't it make the good Mr. Dearsoul open his eyes?"

"Let me beg of you, Mr. Pringle!"

"My mind is made up, Esther; it is my duty, and I'll do it."

"Don't! don't!"

But I have done it, Mr. Editor—that is, I have written it—and if you send the story forth in your excellent publication, what will Mrs. Pringle say?

As for the organ, it has been filling the vaulted ceiling of St. Philemon's with its varied harmonies for some months, but I have never heard it utter a note—with me it could awaken no devotional feelings, for the sound of it would bring a recollection of Doctor Dearsoul's hundred-dollar subscription and fill my soul with discord.

## THE TREASURY.

### SONNET—ON BACKHUYSEN'S LANDSCAPE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Not for the eye alone are here outspread  
 Skies, fields and herds in such divine repose;  
 The soul of beauty that to these is wed,  
 Through the fair landscape tremulously glows!  
 We seem to feel the meadow's grateful air,  
 Hear the low breathing of the dreamy kine,  
 And the pure fragrance of the harvest share,  
 Until our hearts all cold distrust resign—  
 Feeling once more to truth and love allied;  
 And while the rich tranquillity we view,  
 Each good they have foretold and life denied,  
 Hope's sweetest promises again renew,  
 As if the twilight angel hovered there,  
 To wait from nature's rest a balm for human care.

### MRS. GODOLPHIN'S COURTSHIP.\*

THE wife of Sidney Godolphin, the subsequently celebrated statesman of Queen Anne, was a youthful friend and favorite of the amiable Evelyn, and, according to his perhaps partial estimate of her, a perfect paragon of women. It is not often that we can have very full accounts of courtships. People are too full and sensitive during their continuance to talk about them, and afterwards they rather joke upon the matter. The exception is generally with religious persons, who have a habit of confession, and of coloring every topic with one hue. Margaret Blagge was of this character, and gave the following account of her engagement to her biographer.

"I will relate to your ladyship," writes Evelyn to the friend at whose desire he undertook the life, "what I have learned from herself, when sometimes she was pleased to trust me with diverse passages of her life. For it was not possible I could hear of soe long an Amour, soe honorable a love and constant passion, and which I easily perceived concerned her, as looking vpon herself unsettled, and one who had long since resolved not to make the Court her rest, butt I must be touched with some Care for her. I would now and then kindly chide her, why she suffer'd those languishments when I knew not on whom to lay the blame. For tho' she would industriously conceal her disquiett, and divert it vnder the notion of the Spleene, she could not but acknowledge to me where the dart was fix'd; nor was any thing more ingenious then what she now writt me vpon this Subject, by which your Ladyship will perceive, as with what peculiar confidence she was pleased to honour me, soe, with what early prudence and great piety she manag'd the passion, which, of all other, young people are commonly the most precipitate in and vnadvise'd.

"I came," sayes she, "soe young as I tell you, into the world (that is, about 14 yeares of Age), where no sooner was I entred, butt various opinions were deliver'd of me and the person whom (you know) was more favorable than the rest were to me, and did, after some tyme, declare it to me. The first thing which tempts

young women is vanity; and I made that my great designe. Butt Love soone taught me another Lesson, and I found the trouble of being tyed to the hearing of any save him; which made me resolve that either he or none should have the possession of your Friend. Being thus soone sensible of Love myselfe, I was easily perawd to keepe myselfe from giving him any cause of Jealousye, and in soe long a tyme never has there been the least.

"This, vnder God's providence, has been the means of preserving me from many of those misfortunes young Creatures meet with in the world, and in a Court especially. At first we thought of nothing but living allways together, and that we should be happy. Butt att last he was sent abroad by his Majestye, and fell sick, which gave me great trouble; and I allowed more tyme for Prayer and the performance of holy duties than before I had ever done, and I thank God, found infinite pleasure in it, farr beyond any other, and I thought less of foolish things that used to take vp my tyme. Being thus changed myselfe, and liking it soe well, I earnestly begg'd of God that he would impart the same satisfaction to him I loved: 'tis done, (my friend) 'tis done; and from my soule I am thankfull; and tho' I believe he loves me passionately, yett I am not where I was; my place is fill'd vpp with HIM who is all in all. I find in him none of that tormenting passion to which I need sacrifice myselfe; butt still were we disengaged from the world, wee should marry vnder such restraints as were fit, and by the agreeableness of our humor make each other happy. Butt at present there are obstructions: he must be perpetually engaged in business, and follow the Court, and live allways in the world, and soe have less tyme for the service of God, which is a sensible affliction to him; wherefore wee are not determined to precipitate that matter, butt to expect a while, and see how things will goe; having a great mind to be together, which cannot with decency be done without marrying, nor, to either of our satisfactions, without being free from the world. In short, serving of God is our end; and if wee cannott do that quietly together, wee will asunder. You know our Saviour sayes, that all could not receive that doctrine, butt to those who could, he gave noe contradiction; and if wee can butt pass our younger yeares, 'tis not likely wee should be concern'd for marrying when old. If wee could marry now, I don't see butt these inconveniencies may happen by sickness, or absence, or death. In a word, if wee marry, it will be to serve God and to encourage one another dayly; if wee doe not, 'tis for that end too; and wee know God will direct those who sincerely desire his love above all other Considerations; now should we both resolve to continue as we are, be assur'd I should be as little idle as if I were a wife."

The following extracts are from a new work, entitled "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL," just published in London.

WHAT ARE POSSESSIONS? To an individual, the stores of his own heart and mind, pre-eminently. His truth and valor are amongst the first. His contentedness, or his resignation, may be put next. Then his sense of beauty, surely a possession of great moment to him. Then all

\* Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godolphin. Just published by the Appletons.

those mixed possessions which result from the social affections—great possessions, unspeakable delights, much greater than the gift last mentioned in the former class, but held on more uncertain tenure. Lastly, what are generally called possessions. However often we have heard of the vanity, uncertainty and vexation that beset these last, we must not let this repetition deaden our minds to the fact.

Now, national possessions must be estimated by the same gradation that we have applied to individual possessions. If we consider national luxury, we shall see how small a part it will add to national happiness. Men of deserved renown and peerless women lived upon what we should now call the coarsest fare, and paced the rushes in their rooms with as high or contented thoughts as their better-fed and better-clothed descendants can boast of. Man is limited in this direction—I mean in the things that concern his personal gratification; but when you come to the higher enjoyments, the expansive power both in him and them is greater. As Keats says—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

What, then, are a nation's possessions? The great works that have been said in it; the great deeds that have been done in it; the great buildings and the great works of art that have been made in it. A man says a noble saying; it is a possession, first to his own race, then to mankind. A people get a noble building built for them: it is an honor to them, also a daily delight and instruction. It perishes: the remembrance of it is still a possession. If it was indeed pre-eminent, there will be more pleasure in thinking of it than in being with others of inferior order and design.

**FORMATION OF CHARACTER.**—If greatness can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage and in openness of mind and soul. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent. But see what growth there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then, with openness of soul, a man sees some way into all other souls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people. Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. The capacity of a man, at least for understanding, may almost be said to vary according to his powers of sympathy. Again—what is there that can counteract selfishness like sympathy? Selfishness may be hedged in by minute watchfulness and self-denial, but it is counteracted by the nature being encouraged to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects. The immense defect that want of sympathy is, may be strikingly seen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to construct the Christian character, omitting sympathy. It has produced numbers of people walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow-creatures, from their hearts, and caring only to drive their neighbors before them on this plank of theirs, or to push them headlong. Thus, with many virtues, and much hard work at the formation of character, we have had splendid bigots or censorious small people.

**CONFORMITY.**—It will ever be one of the nicest problems for a man to solve, how far he shall profit by the thoughts of other men, and not be enslaved by them.

He comes into the world and finds swaddling clothes ready for his mind as well as his body. There is a vast scheme of social machinery set up about him, and he has to discern how he can make it work with him and for him, without becoming part of the machinery himself. In this lie the anguish and the struggle of the greatest minds. Most sad are they, having mostly the deepest sympathies, when they find themselves breaking off from communion with other minds. They would go on, if they could, with the opinions around them. But, happily, there is something to which a man owes a larger allegiance than to any human affection. He would be content to go away from a false thing, or quietly to protest against it; but in spite of him, the strife in his heart breaks into burning utterance by word or deed.

## FEMALE LIFE IN PARIS.

### THE DAME COMME IL FAUT.

BY MRS. GORE.

NEXT in order of rank to the evanescent woman of fashion is the *dame comme il faut*—an individual who probably exercises more influence in the formation of Parisian reputation than the brilliant butterflies whose career we have attempted to depict.

No amount of fortune, no official connection on her husband's part, no adventitious or extraneous circumstances go to form the *dame comme il faut*. Education and instinctive good taste are the materials which compose the attractive figure which now unconsciously approaches us. See! she wears no dazzling colors—no transparent silk stockings—no lace-bordered trousers. Her little feet are encased in prunella, with sandals laced across a delicate cotton stocking, or a silk one, of a grayish hue; her dress is pretty, and by no means expensive, though every citizen's wife that looks at it is ready to die of envy; and her bonnet is of that tantalizing neutral character which provokes without inviting, excites without encouraging. Stand aside while she passes, and observe how well she understands the etiquette of the streets. She touches no one; if the pavement be too narrow, she awaits, with proud modesty, the opportunity of passing onwards. Mark with what peculiar grace her shawl is drawn across her person, one arm delicately resting upon the other; and with what serene dignity she now steps forward and pursues her walk. Raphael would have selected such a calm, unclouded expression as a study for one of his Madonnas, if he could have prevailed upon her delicacy to sit to him. You will perceive that though almost every one looks at her as she passes, and some even turn back to contemplate her graceful figure and lofty carriage, she neither turns to the left nor the right. She stares at nothing, and yet sees everything, and with infinite tact contrives to appear unconscious she is observed.

There is, of course, coquetry in all this; but it is at the opera or in society that all the little arts of the *femmes comme il faut* are chiefly put in requisition. She then appears under a totally different aspect to that worn in the morning. The butterfly emerged from its chrysalis state is not more unlike its earlier stages of creation. Study her as she sits in her box at the *Academie Royale*, and mark with what consummate skill she conceals every appearance of premeditation. If she has a beautiful hand, she will find some reason for adjusting her ringlets, or removing a hair that may have strayed from its boundary across her alabaster forehead. If her profile is beautiful, she will contrive to turn her head as if

to make some ironical remark to her companion, but in reality to give the best possible effect to a finely-chiseled nose and a delicately-curved upper lip—or to produce the beautiful result patronized so much by great painters, who throw the light full upon the averted cheek, exhibiting the exquisite roundness of the chin, and tinting the nostrils with a soft rosy hue. If she has a pretty foot, our *femme comme il faut* will cast herself upon a sofa or an ottoman, with the little feet peeping from beneath her dress, bewitchingly unconscious—or apparently so—that they are the objects of your especial study. Call upon her, and you will find her house or apartments a model of *propreté*. She takes care to give you time to look about you, for the double reason that she knows her little possessions are calculated to elicit admiration, and that her *entrées* is sure to make a favorable impression. Her conversation is uniform with her appearance and the taste presiding over her establishment. If she takes the lead, it is rather to draw you to subjects with which she thinks you are familiar, and on which you would prefer conversing. Although, the *femme comme il faut* is a very charming person, whom her countrywomen endeavor to copy without ever succeeding in their imitation.

#### WOMAN AND FLOWERS.

THERE is no woman of any age, condition or appearance but has her resemblance among flowers. Some women blossom their best early in life, like the violet, and like it lose their sweetness early; while others reach a later and longer perfection, though not so lovely, like the gilliflower. The manners of some women are affectionate, indeed, but humble and beseeching, like the appearance of a forget-me-not; while some other women will look the world full in the face and persist in it, turning them impudently and purposely about, like those tall flowers which follow the sun. One woman is full of pleasantness and song, and exhales agreeable feeling as freely as the wild thyme does its lovely scent; while another has no natural expression whatever, and when necessity elicits from her the utterance of a few words, the listener is reminded of the bee's fortune on forcing his head into an unpleasant odor inside the lips of a snapdragon. Some flowers are best in a plot by themselves, and some women flourish in celibacy best, but they are only a very few; for most are like climbing plants—unsupported they are insignificant, but with manly strength to rely upon, then their inherent capacities of usefulness and comfort, and lovely life unfold themselves. Some females are as full of words as a

dog-rose is of blossoms; while others have less talk but more meaning, each single sentiment being worth attention for its tender thoughtfulness: these are like the roses of Provence, which have commonly only two or three blossoms at a time, but those very large and fragrant. Not that I deprecate dog-roses, nor talkative women either—for what would our hedges be without the one, and often what would society be without the other? Daisies are little girls; the daffodil is a peasant woman; and the columbine emblems a maiden lady of fifty-five.

Some ladies are like pumpions, flaunting all over with blossoms and exuberant with a kind of vegetable vitality, but which fails the possessor with the first frost of misfortune; while other women, and they are the more numerous, lift up their modest heads like snowdrops out of the icy ground, and by the fragrantcy of their promises and the prettiness of their smiles do they make their despairing husbands know and trust, that if for a season the surface of life be hardened and desolate, yet that there are seeds of happiness underneath, together with energies of nature numerous enough and strong enough to ripen, for their joint fruition as man and wife, a fresh summer of plenteousness and beauty, together with accompanying warmth, affection and delight.

#### UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

VAIN we number every duty,  
Number all our prayers and tears,  
Still the spirit lacketh beauty,  
Still it droops with many fears.

Soul of Love, oh, boundless Giver,  
Who didst all thyself impart,  
And thy blood, a flowing river,  
Told how large the loving heart;

Now we see how poor the offering  
We have on thy altar cast,  
And we bless thee for the suffering,  
Which hath taught us love at last.

We may feel an inward gladness  
For the truth and goodness won,  
But far deeper is the sadness  
For the good we leave undone.

#### TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

'Tis well there are some minds on earth  
That bear the impress of the skies,  
Hearts that seem hallowed from their birth,  
A pure and willing sacrifice  
To lure the loving angels near  
Our low abode of sin and fear,  
And show the soul a title clear  
To hope for immortality,  
By proving what the good can be.

And, dear Virginia, may you bear  
This sweetest seal of woman's mind,  
The virtues as a garland wear,  
And on your heart God's statutes bind;  
Then with the lap-ing years, that steal  
The loveliness of youth away,  
Will come the graces that reveal  
The angel in the form of clay.

## WHAT I SAW AT THE FAIR;

OR, WHAT IS SEEN, SOLD AND MADE MERRY WITH AT THE GREAT FAIR OF LEIPSIK.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE Fair (of Leipsic) has its suburbs, and our daily stroll commenced with the fruit market, open at this particular season for the winter supplies. We lodged immediately in the rear of this acre of apple women, and the fragrance we met on coming out of doors was like the smell of the forbidden tree so cleverly described by Satan to Eve—

“A savory odor blown,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even.”

The fruit, of many very fine varieties, was heaped up in bins boarded in, by each owner, between four poles, and on the tops of the poles stood gayly-colored baskets of fruit and flowers, the saleswoman sitting below on a low stool, up to her knees in pears and apples. As you walk through this fragrant apple lane, you are assailed with the most complimentary invitations to stop and spend a *groschen*, and (like Satan) we generally yielded—Germany being a country of charming independence as to the where and how of eating. At night a large cloth is thrown over the fruit on the ground, and as the market is on the open suburb, with not even a covered booth to protect it, I wondered, passing it late and seeing no one on the watch, at the confidence it implied in the popular honesty. A moonlight night, however, chanced to reveal the secret. It will not be in this generation that a Yankee farmer and his wife will be content to take apples to town and *sleep three weeks in the barrels*—but so do the Germans at Leipsic! I was standing, in a clear, cool autumn twilight, after a walk, watching the full moon and the setting sun on opposite edges of the horizon, when, happening to look around, I observed one of my pretty acquaintances in the apple-market putting on a night-cap. Presuming to draw a little nearer, I saw that she stood by a barrel, laid on its side, with straw in the hollow, and she presently crept into this, leaving her feet out of doors under a blanket. I walked up and down for half an hour, and saw that every one of the twenty or thirty families in the market disposed of themselves for the night in the same way. There were several couples among them who occupied the same barrel, (of the size of a Long Wharf sugar hogshead,) the husband smoking his pipe on side while the wife “settled herself,” and creeping in very gingerly a few minutes after. With two or three hundred

wild students mousing about for fun, one would suppose that these were hardly safe dormitories, but the apple merchants seemed to have no fear of being molested.

A little farther around, upon the outside of the promenade which encircles the town, we came to the cluster of theatrical and show booths, which, with the booths for refreshment, form a small village especially devoted to merry-making. Here was a circus, and at the door, a fat Turk, in pink silk jacket and white trowsers and turban, offering tickets to the passers-by. A long succession of attractions followed—a dwarf and an Albino, a menagerie, a wonderful athlete, a fortune-teller, an exhibitor of pictures, a children's railroad, and several marvelous monsters, each separate show with its separate band of music, and its canvases in splendid costume screaming at the door. Away in the rear of the show-booths extended the lanes of refreshment-shops, each shop having its two or three female musicians playing industriously, and between every two doors sat a blind or lame man grinding an organ and singing at the top of his voice. In no part of this noisy village of fun could one hear less than four or five different musics at once, but every soul seemed gay, and the discords probably had the effect of adding somewhat to the general mirthfulness. I was struck with one novelty here in the way of book selling. A man stood before a sort of a drop curtain covered with pictures, each picture representing a scene from one of the pamphlets on his table. With a long pole he pointed to these pictorial advertisements, one after another, and, as he told the story in a loud voice, a remarkably pretty girl handed round for sale, among the crowd, the particular book which it illustrated. This was literally “books and stationery,” (the books for sale and the pictures stationary;) and as it seemed to “do,” I made a note of it for the benefit of the Reform Booksellers.

Between this and the entrance to the town, there were still several booth-villages—one for the sale of boots and shoes only, another for cheap millinery, a third for wooden ware, and a large one for the winter clothing of the poorer classes. The German custom which I before alluded to, (in my letter from Frankfort.) of wearing knit clothes, so wadded with cotton that they are like beds to walk about in, is here ministered to with great ingenuity. Fuel is so scarce and dear in this country, and the peasantry so

much poorer than any laboring classes with us, that they are compelled to find some substitute for more fire than suffices to cook by, and they fairly *wad* out the winter accordingly. Wadded leggings and wadded jackets, adapted to the wear of both sexes, are sold in great quantities—the encasement for one woman costing about two dollars. It would pay to import these articles into our northern states, for a suit of them would be as good as a winter's fuel to give to a poor woman, and they would be excellent underclothes for winter traveling and sleigh riding.

The town begins on this side with a gay *café*, and here you enter at once upon the crowded Fair. A new sign sticks out from every apartment of the buildings on either side, giving the name of a stranger-merchant and the city he comes from—though to find leisure to read signs, you must get the shelter of a corner, for the crowd, all day long, is like two opposing tides, and it takes all your attention to avoid elbowing and collision. As you proceed, you find the street divided into two by a double line of booths placed back to back, each one of about the size of a private box in a theatre. These little three-sided shanties (for they have no fronts) are made of boards that hook together, and, between Fair and Fair, they are removed and stowed away. They are the property of the town, and are let to the traders for the three weeks. The people who occupy booths mostly live in them, having about as spacious accommodations as the apple women in their barrels, though how they get in, or sit down, or stretch themselves to sleep, are mysteries I was not lucky enough to unravel. It would be another mystery how these pretty saleswomen keep warm, (for there they stand all day, in full toilette, selling to customers who are exercising and in their cloaks,) but that one knows what wadded envelopings are for sale in the neighborhood. Most of them speak French, and (industry, accomplishments, privations and all,) they seem wives or daughters of most profitable exemplariness.

The rambles among the booths in the squares are the most amusing, because the lanes are as narrow as a church aisle and you pass between two rows of little shops with the goods on either side within reach of your arm—meanwhile, moreover, running a gauntlet of persuasions to purchase. Some particular article is usually recommended to you as you pass, and it is generally chosen with skillful reference to your appearance. As the German women do their year's shopping at Fair time, and come to Leipsic at this season from all the country around, (*to have their gadding and money spending in one holiday lump.*) you can imagine why the scene is untiringly gay for two or three weeks, and why there is little difference in the crowd from breakfast to twilight. The great values exchanged at the Fair are, of course, managed by samples and in warehouses out of sight, but there is a retail, apparently of every ar-

ticle on earth, carried on out of doors at the same time, and no museum could be more interesting than this strange aggregation at one time and place of supplies for the wants of all climates and customs. Everything is here. All that you could find in the Strand of London, in the Beze-stein of Constantinople, in the bazaars of Persia, in the windows of Maiden Lane, in the porticoes of the tropics, in the studios of Italy, in the tents of Hudson's Bay, or in the shops of Paris or Pekin, is laid out on these open counters in an array of "*parlous*" temptation! One should put his money into the hands of an "*assignee*" before he takes a walk in the Fair of Leipsic.

The feature that strikes the stranger more particularly, is the large proportion of *pipe shops*—one-half the trade of the Fair, at least, seeming to lie in this single article of merchandize. The variety of shape and embellishment is very great, as it may well be in this proper pipe-land, where there is no luxury which takes precedence of smoking—the wealthy German having frequently his room hung round with scores of expensive pipes and his servant devoted exclusively to the care of them. The pictures, beautifully enamelled upon the bowls of the pipes, are addressed of course to the tastes of the buyers, and the great majority are of a voluptuous character; but it is a common tribute to the popular idols in history, politics or religion, to carry their portraits on the pipe, and just now the head of Rongé, the Reformer, is the prevailing favorite. As every man in the land makes an inseparable companion of his pipe, and as the avenues to celebrity are very few in a country where there is no freedom of the press, this kind of pipe-immortality is much valued.

The great preponderance in the Fair of articles for gifts, shows the well-known affectionateness in the German character—their habits of endearing themselves to friends and relatives by making presents, creating an immense traffic in trifles purely ornamental. This beautiful trait seems to extend to the lowest classes, and it is very curious to see the numberless varieties of little gaudy "*fairurgs*" and keepsakes which are adapted to the limited means of the poor. Among other keepsakes, I observed that there was a large sale of *garters with poetry inscribed on them*. They were elastic and painted to imitate wreaths of roses. I bought a pair for sixpence with a verse upon each, of which the following exhortation to industry and love is a literal translation:—

While Night with Morning lingers,  
Awake and stirring be,  
And with your pretty fingers  
Clasp this about your knee.  
When Day with Eve reposes  
And stars begin to see,  
Unclasp this band of roses,  
And, dearest, think of me!

This is poetry where we are not in the habit of  
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looking for it, but to the taste of the humble and virtuous, not misplaced. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, as says the classic moral of the garter.

The articles for sale throughout the Fair would make a long catalogue, of course, and I wish only to speak of such as are peculiar to the country. A kind of *in-doors overshoe*, made of felt, half an inch thick, is a clumsy comfort, exclusively German, I believe, and sold here in great quantities. I have already explained that the economical classes *wear* their fuel, (in cotton wadding,) and that the whole population *wear* their sidewalks (in heavy boots). Each individual, in doors, *wears* his carpet in the same way, in a pair of these felt shoes. The German houses have wooden floors and staircases, neatly waxed, but no carpets, except a small rug to step out of bed upon, and the German doctors say that the fine dust continually sent up from a carpet is very injurious to the lungs. The Germans (*apropos*) are also *their own fences*, the whole country being unenclosed, and the cows being sent out to graze with children and women to walk round them all day long. As a plastic cosmopolite, one does in Germany as Germans do—that is to say, wears his fire-place, and his sidewalk and carpet—but one becomes by the trans-

fer as inelegant as the Germans proverbially are; and, for one, I prefer a country where flag-stones, fuel and kiddermminster are not parts of a walking gentleman. I presume also that the wives and daughters of American farmers would as lief not do duty as fences—centuries older than ours as is the civilization of the country where it is done.

Another German feature of the Fair is the innumerable variety of conveniences for carrying cigars and tobacco—the cigar-cases and tobacco-pouches being now of all degrees of ingenuity, elegance and expensiveness. The *degree of resource* that smoking is to the Germans of all ages and classes is wonderful, most of them having the pipe in the mouth literally three-fourths of the time and flying to it from all kinds of annoyance and restlessness. What excitements it takes the place of—what, in our country, correspondently absorbs enthusiasm and quiets the nerves—would be a curious matter of speculation. I should not be surprised if tobacco stood the Germans instead of newspaper virulence and highly-spiced politics—instead of the getting up of sham enthusiasms and the gladiatorship of private character—excitements which are wanting in Germany. *There may be a "file for the viper" in the favorite weed of Captain Bobadil.*

## PHANTASMAGORIA.

BY L. MYERS.

I LAY in slumbers deep,

Forms hovered round my bed—  
Some did smile and some did weep—  
And flitting visions mocked my sleep,  
And dreams my fancy fed.

Before my wond'ring eyes,  
Half doubting that they see,  
A thousand recollections rise;  
E'en Time, the conqueror, backward flies,  
Constrained by Memory.

While thus enwrapt I lay,  
A life was journeyed o'er—  
Companions of my boyhood's day  
Mingled again in sportive play  
As they were wont of yore.

The youth's wild dreams and fears  
In thought I dreamed again;  
Manhood's strange joys oft marred by tears,  
And blasted hopes of ripened years  
Rushed madd'ning through my brain.

And ever and anon  
There came a pure delight—  
Love breathed its sweet, enchanting tone,  
Till fierce ambition swept it on,  
And all again was night.

What passions swelled my breast,  
What varied hopes were mine!

Were these things true which broke my rest,  
Or but vain shadows vaguely drest  
At the spirit's magic shrine?

Oh, no, not wholly vain,  
These glimpses of the soul—  
Not wild creations of the brain,  
Thus rudely mingling joy and pain  
With the mind's stern control.

Good deeds may be forgot,  
The love we felt have fled!—  
And sin, too, with its damning blot,  
Have been, and the dull world known it not—  
Yet conscience is not dead:

That still small voice is nigh,  
And whispers in our ear,  
Tells us that good shall never die,  
And, though crime be hid, the glossing lie  
Must tremble soon in fear.

Time may speed noiseless on,  
Years roll from their space assigned,  
Dear friends drop from us one by one,  
And health, ay, hope and all be gone—  
All but th' immortal mind.

Yes, memory still is ours,  
Though earth a chaos seems;  
Still lives the past in Fancy's bowers,  
And weaves for the good eternal flowers,  
And steals on the soul in dreams.

# AMELIA; OR, A YOUNG LADY'S VICISSITUDES.

A NOVEL.

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by L. A. GODEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER FIRST.

### THE DAY AFTER THE PARTY.

Mrs. DERRINGTON, a lady of fortune and fashion, residing in one of the handsome new streets near the upper end of the commercial metropolis of America, invited her niece, Sophia Fayland, to pass a few months with her, and the invitation was gladly accepted. The young lady was daughter to an officer who had for many years been stationed on the northern frontier, though not always at the same post. On this occasion her father escorted her to the city, where he relieved Mrs. Derrington from the trouble of showing the lions by taking her himself to see whatever he thought would most interest or amuse her; it being a sufficient fatigue for Miss Fayland's aunt to superintend her speedy equipment in new and fashionable habiliments.

Sophia Fayland was very young, very pretty, and very new to what is called the world. She had never been at school; but her parents were well qualified to instruct her at home, and under their roof (aided by an excellent capacity of her own) she had acquired a *really good* education. Mrs. Derrington thought her niece entirely too natural. But she encouraged the hope that, as Sophia was blest with a considerable share of beauty, added to a native gracefulness in all her motions, (besides sitting well, and standing well, and always knowing what to do with her hands.) there was great hope that she might become one of the leading attractions of her aunt's evening reunions, and morning receptions.

Major Fayland had departed on his return home, and Sophia's tears had flowed fast and long on taking leave of her father. Mrs. Derrington reminded her, by way of consolation, that to-morrow was reception day, and that she would then most probably see many of the ladies, who, having heard of Miss Fayland's arrival, had already left cards for her.

"And what, dear aunt, is exactly meant by a reception day?"—inquired Sophia.

"It is a convenient way of getting through our morning visitors"—replied Mrs. Derrington. "We send round cards at the beginning of the season to notify our friends that we are at home on a certain morning, once a week. My

day is Thursday. I sit in the drawing-room during several hours in a handsome demi-toilette. Full dress is not admissible, of course, at morning receptions. Any of my friends that wish to see me, take this opportunity; understanding that I receive calls at no other time. They are served with chocolate and other refreshments, brought in and handed to them soon after their arrival. They talk awhile, and then depart. There are some coming in, and some going out all the time, and no one staying long. The guests are chiefly ladies; few gentlemen of this city having leisure for morning visits. Still every gentleman manages to honor a lady's reception day with at least one call during the season. I suppose you had no such things as morning receptions at the fort?"

"No, indeed"—replied Sophia—"our mornings were always fully occupied in attending to household affairs, and doing the sewing of the family. Afternoon was the time for walking or reading. But in the evening we all visited our neighbors, very much according to the fashion of Spanish tertulias."

Next morning, when dressed for the reception, and seated in the drawing-room to wait for the first arrivals, Mrs. Derrington said to Sophia—"We shall now hear all about Mrs. Cotterell's great party which came off last night. I have some curiosity to know what it was like, being her first since she came to live in this part of the town."

"Do you visit her?"—asked Sophia.

"Oh, no—not yet—and probably I never may. I am waiting to see if the Cotterells succeed in getting into society."

"What society, dear aunt?"—inquired Sophia.

"I see, Sophy, that I shall be much amused with your simplicity"—replied Mrs. Derrington—"or rather with your extreme newness. In using the word *society*, we allude only to one class, and that of course is the very best."

"By that I understand a select circle of intellectual, refined, agreeable, and every way excellent people"—said Sophia—"men on whose integrity, and women on whose propriety there is not the slightest blemish, and who are admired for their talents, loved for their goodness, and esteemed for the truth and honor of their whole conduct."



"Stop—stop"—interrupted Mrs. Derrington—"you are going quite too far. Can you suppose all this is required to get people into society, or to keep them there? The upper circles would be very small if nothing short of perfection could be admitted."

"What then, dear aunt, are the requisites?"—asked Sophia. "Is genius one?"

"Genius? Oh, no indeed. It is not that sort of thing that brings people into society. It is mostly considered rather a drawback. Mrs. Goldsworth actually shuns people of genius. Indeed, most of my friends rather avoid them. I have no acquaintance whatever with any man or woman of genius."

"I am sorry to hear it"—said Sophia—"I had hoped while in New York to meet many of those gifted persons whose fame has spread throughout our country, whom I already know by reputation, and whom I have long been desirous of seeing or hearing."

"Oh, I suppose you mean lions"—said Mrs. Derrington. "I can assure you that I patronize none of them; neither do any of my friends."

"I thought the lions were the patronizers"—said Sophia—"and that their position gave them the exclusive power of selecting their associates, and deciding on whom to confer the honor of their acquaintance."

"Sophy—Sophy, you really make me laugh!"—exclaimed her aunt. "What strange notions you have picked up, with your garrison education. Do not you know that people of genius seldom live in any sort of style, or keep carriages, or give balls? And they never make fortunes; unless they are foreign musicians or dancers, and I am not sure that the singing and dancing people are classed as geniuses. They are regarded as something much better."

"Is society composed entirely of people of fortune?"

"Oh, no; there are persons in the first circle who are not half so rich as many in the second, or even in the third, or fourth."

"Then, if society is not distinguished for pre-eminence in talent or wealth, the distinction must depend upon the transcendent goodness, and perfect respectability of those that belong to it."

"Why, not exactly. I confess that some of the persons in society have done very bad things; which after the first few days it is best to hush up, for the honor of our class. But then in certain respects society is most exemplary. We always subscribe to public charities. Charity is very fashionable, and so is church."

"And now"—continued Sophia—"to return to the lady who gave the party last night. Is not she a good and respectable woman?"

"I never heard anything against her goodness, or her respectability."

"She must surely be a woman of education."

"Oh, yes; I went to school with her myself. But at all schools there is somewhat of a mix-

ture. To give you Mrs. Cotterell's history—her father kept a large store in Broadway, and afterwards he got into the wholesale line, and went into Pearl street. Now, my father was a shipping merchant, and owned vessels, and my dear late husband was his junior partner. Mr. Cotterell made his money in some sort of manufacturing business, across the river. He died two years ago, and is said to have left his family very rich. Her daughter being now grown, Mrs. Cotterell has bought a house up here, in the best part of the town, and has come out quite in style, and been tolerably called on. Some went to see her out of curiosity; and some because they have an insatiable desire for enlarging their circle; some because they have a passion for new people; and some because they like to go to houses where everything is profuse and costly, as is generally the case with *parvenus*."

"And some, I hope"—said Sophia—"because they really like Mrs. Cotterell for herself."

"She certainly is visited by a few very genteel people"—continued Mrs. Derrington—"and that has encouraged her to attempt a party last night. But the Goldsworths, the Highburys, the Featherstones and myself, are waiting to hear if she is well taken up; and, above all, if the Pelham Prideaux have called on her. And besides, it may be well for us not to begin till she has gradually gotten rid of the people with whom she associated in her husband's time."

"Surely"—said Sophia—"she cannot be expected to throw off her old friends?"

"Then she need not expect to gain new ones up here. We cannot mix with people from the unfashionable districts. Mrs. Cotterell may do as she pleases—but she must be select in her circle, if she wants the countenance of the Pelham Prideauxs."

"And who, dear aunt, are the Pelham Prideauxs?"—inquired Sophia.

"Is it possible you never heard of them?"—ejaculated Mrs. Derrington. "To know Mrs. Pelham Prideaux, to be seen at her house, or to have her seen at yours, is sufficient. It gives the stamp of high fashion at once."

"And for what reason?"—persisted Sophia.

"Because she is Mrs. Pelham Prideaux"—was the reply.

"What is her husband?"—said Sophia.

"He is a gentleman who has always lived upon the fortune left him by his father, who inherited property from his father, and he from his. None of the Prideauxs have done anything for a hundred years. The great-grandfather was from England, and came over a gentleman."

"Surprising!"—said Sophia, mischievously. "And who have they to inherit all this glory?"

"An only daughter"—replied Mrs. Derrington—"Maria Matilda Pelham Prideauxs."

At this moment a carriage stopped at the door, and presently Mrs. Middleby was announced; and immediately after, two young ladies came in

who were presented to Sophia as Miss Telford and Miss Ellen Telford. The conversation soon turned on Mrs. Cotterell's party. Mrs. Middleby had been there—the Miss Telfords had *not*, and were therefore anxious to “hear all about it.”

“Really”—said Mrs. Middleby—“it was just like all other parties; and like all others, it went off tolerably well. The company was such as one meets everywhere. The rooms were decorated in the usual style. Some of the people looked better than others, and some worse than others. The dressing was just as it always is at parties. The hostess and her daughter behaved as people generally do in their own houses; the company as guests usually behave in other people's houses. There was some conversation and some music. The supper was like all other suppers, and everybody went away about the usual hour.”

Mrs. Derrington was dubious about taking up the Cotterells.

“I knew we should not get much information out of Mrs. Middleby”—said Miss Telford to Sophia, after the lady had departed. “She always deals in generals, whatever may be the topic of conversation.”

“Because her capacity of observation is so shallow that it cannot take in particulars”—said Ellen Telford. “But here comes Mrs. Honeywood—we will stay to hear what she says.”

Mrs. Honeywood was introduced, and on being applied to for her account of Mrs. Cotterell's party, she pronounced it every way charming; and told of some delightful people that were there. “Among them”—said Mrs. Honeywood—“was the dashing widow, Mrs. Crandon, as elegant and as much admired as ever. She was certainly the belle of the room, and looked even more captivating than usual, with her blooming cheeks, and her magnificent dark eyes, and her rich and graceful ringlets, and her fine tall figure set off by her superb dress, giving her the air of a duchess, or a countess at least.”

“What was her dress?”—inquired Sophia.

“Oh, a beautiful glossy cherry-colored velvet, trimmed with a profusion of rich black lace. On her head was an exquisite dress-hat of white satin and blond, with a splendid ostrich plume. She was surrounded by beaux all the evening. The gentlemen almost neglected the young ladies to crowd round the enchanting widow, particularly when she played on the harp and sung. They would scarcely allow her to quit the instrument; and, indeed, her music was truly divine. There was quite a scramble, as to who should have the honor of leading Mrs. Crandon to the supper-table.”

After some farther encomiums on the widow Crandon, and on everything connected with the party, Mrs. Honeywood took her leave, first offering seats in her carriage to the Miss Telfords, which offer they accepted.

Mrs. Derrington rather thought she *would* take up the Cotterells.

The next of the guests who had been at Mrs. Cotterell's party was Miss Rodwell; and she also gave an account of it.

“Mrs. Cotterell and her daughter are rather presentable, and they *are* visited to a certain degree”—said Miss Rodwell—“and I understand that Mrs. Pelham Prideaux *does* think of calling on them. I knew that I should meet many of my friends, or of course, I could not have risked being there myself. But, under any circumstances, the company was too large to be select. A party cannot be perfectly *comme il faut*, if it numbers more than fifty. Mrs. De Manchester says, that to have the very cream and flower of New York society, you must not go beyond thirty. And, though an Englishwoman, I think, in this respect, she is right.”

“The Vanbombsels, to be completely select, invite none but their own relations”—observed Mrs. Derrington.

“And for the same reason”—rejoined Miss Rodwell—“the Jenkses invite none of their relations at all. But who do you think I saw last evening? Poor Crandon, absolutely. I wonder where Mrs. Cotterell found her? She must have been invited out of compassion; it certainly could not have been for the purpose of ornamenting the rooms. Most likely Mrs. Cotterell did not know that poor Crandon is so entirely *passé*, nobody minds cutting her in the least. There she was rigged out in that old dingy red velvet that everybody was long ago tired of seeing. It is now quite too narrow for the fashion, and looks faded and threadbare. She had taken off the white satin trimming that graced it in its high and palmy days, and decorated it scantily with some coarse brownish, blackish lace. And then her head, with its forlorn ringlets, streaming down with the curl all out, and a queer yellowish-white hat, and a meager old feather to match! Such an object! I wish you could have seen her! But, poor thing, I could not help pitying her, for she looked forlorn, and sat neglected, and was left to herself nearly all the time; except when the Cotterells talked to her from a sense of duty. She played something on the harp, but nobody seemed to listen. I know that I was talking and laughing all the time, and so was every one else. People that are ill-dressed should never play on harps. It shows them too plainly.”

“And they should never go to parties either”—said Mrs. Derrington. “Poor Mrs. Crandon, has she no friend to tell her so? But I never heard before that she had fallen off in her costume. The report may be true that her husband's executors have defrauded her of a considerable portion of her property. However, I have lost sight of her for some years.”

“And then”—said Miss Rodwell—“it was not to be expected that Crandon could sustain

herself permanently in society, considering how she first got into it."

"I own"—resumed Mrs. Derrington—"I was rather surprised when I first saw Mrs. Crandon among us. It was, I believe, at Mrs. Hautenberg's famous thousand dollar party, the winter that it was fashionable to report the cost of those things; so that before the end of the season, parties had mounted up to twice that sum. How did she happen to get there, for it was certainly the cause of her having a run all that season? I never exactly understood the circumstances."

"Oh, I can tell you all about it"—replied Miss Rodwell—"for I was in the secret. Mr. Crandon was a jobber, and had realized a great deal of money, and they lived in a fine house, and made a show, but nobody in society ever thought of noticing them. After awhile he took her to Europe, and they spent several months in Paris, and Mrs. Crandon (who, to do her justice, was then a very handsome woman) fitted herself out with a variety of elegant French dresses, made by an exquisite *artiste*, and with millinery equally *recherché*. When she came home, the fame of all these beautiful things spread beyond the limits of her own circle, and we were all dying to see them, (particularly the evening costumes,) and to borrow them as patterns for our own mantua-makers and milliners. But while she continued meandering about among her own set, we had no chance of seeing much more than the divine bonnet and pelisse she wore in Broadway, and they only whetted our appetite for the rest. So at one of Mrs. Hautenberg's *soirées*, a coterie of us got together and settled the plan. Mrs. Hautenberg at first made some difficulty, but finally came into it, and agreed to commence operations by calling on Mrs. Crandon next day, and afterwards sending her a note for her great thousand-dollar party, which was then in agitation. So she called, and Mr. Hautenberg was prevailed on to leave his card for Mr. Crandon. They came to the party, thinking themselves highly honored, and we all made a point of being introduced to the lady, and of showing her all possible civility, and of being delighted with her harp-playing. You may be sure we took especial note of all the minutiae of her dress, which I must say far excelled in taste and elegance every other in the room. And no wonder, when it was fresh from France. Well, to be brief, she was visited and invited, and well treated, and her beautiful things were borrowed for patterns; and by the time she had shown them all round at different parties, imitations of them were to be seen everywhere throughout our circle. The cherry-colored velvet and the white hat and feathers were among them. She gave a grand party herself, and as it was at the close of the season, we all honored her with our presence. Poor woman, she really thought all this was to last. Next winter we let her gently down; some dropping her entirely, and a few compassionately

dragging on with her a while longer. Indeed, I still meet her at two or three houses."

"I am very sure she was never seen at Mrs. Pelham Pridcaux's"—observed Mrs. Derrington—"even in the winter of her glory. Her French costumes would have been no inducement to Mrs. Pridcaux, whose station has placed her far above dress."

"Mrs. Pridcaux is rather too exclusive"—said Miss Rodwell—somewhat piqued.

"What an enviable station!"—remarked Sophia—"to be above dress."

"Well"—continued Mrs. Derrington—to Miss Rodwell—"what did you think of Mrs. Cotterell's party arrangements? How were the decorations, the supper, and all things thereunto belonging?"

"Oh! just such as we always see in the best houses. All in scrupulous accordance with the usual routine. Yet somehow it seemed to me there was a sort of *parvenu* air throughout."

"What were the deficiencies?"—asked Mrs. Derrington.

"Oh! no particular deficiencies—except a want of that indescribable something which can only be found in the mansions of people of birth."

Sophia could not forbear asking what in republican America could be meant by people of birth. To this Miss Rodwell vouchsafed no reply, but looking at her watch, said it was time to call for Mrs. De Manchester, whom she had promised to accompany to Stewart's. She then departed, leaving Mrs. Derrington impressed with a determination *not* to take up the Cotterells.

"I do not like Miss Rodwell"—said Sophia—frankly.

"My dear Sophy"—said her aunt—"I must caution you against the habit of expressing your opinions so freely."

"And yet"—persisted Sophia—"how very freely Miss Rodwell has been talking of poor Mrs. Crandon. And what a very different account of that lady was given us by Mrs. Honeywood. Which is to be believed?"

"Oh! there are two sides to everything"—replied Mrs. Derrington. "People so very different as Mrs. Honeywood and Miss Rodwell cannot be expected to see any object in the same light."

The next visitors were three young ladies who had not been at Mrs. Cotterell's, and after them, came a young gentleman who had. This was a youth with a baby-face, terminating in a long beard. He was dressed in the extreme of the mode, and recognized as Mr. Slingsby Fysque.

"Well, Mr. Fysque"—said one of the ladies—"what did you think of Mrs. Cotterell's first show-off?"

"Pon my word, I hardly know"—replied Mr. Fysque. "As I vote everything connected with parties a decided bore, except the supper, all I care about is to get there just in time for that. So last night Highpole, Shortman, and I slipped

into Mrs. Cotterell's just as the waiters were setting the table in the back drawing-room, and we took our stations at the far end of it, that we might secure good places, and commence at the beginning before the ladies were led in. You know that neither Highpole, Shortman, nor myself professes to be ladies-men. We tried it awhile, but found it too great a bore, and gave up."

"You impertinent monster!"—said Miss Billings, tapping him with her sun-shade. "How can you expect the ladies to tolerate you?"

"But they *do*, notwithstanding!"—replied Mr. Fysque. "Highpole, Shortman and myself never were in greater vogue among the fairest of the fair, than since we have adopted this new fashion of ceasing to be their humble servants. And I assure you it takes. Smallege and Tripsey think of falling into it, and so do Riggons and Bass."

"And have you the assurance to avow all this?"—resumed Miss Billings—"and not expect to be whipped to death?"—giving him, this time, a series of taps with her sun-shade. "Do you suppose I will ever speak to you again?"

"Yes you will!"—answered Fysque. "And I hope soon to have the pleasure of meeting you somewhere at just such a supper as Mrs. Cotterell's, for I can assure you it was first-rate. I never stood up at a better, and I am allowed to be something of a judge."

Mrs. Derrington began to think she *would* take up Mrs. Cotterell.

After Slingsby Fysque had finished two cups of chocolate, with cake, &c., in proportion, he took his departure, accompanied by Miss Billings, and followed by her two companions.

"What a ridiculous and contemptible young man!"—exclaimed Sophia.

"Now, Sophy!"—said her aunt—"you are again indulging in this improper freedom of remark."

"But he *is* ridiculous—and rude and ill-mannered besides!"—persisted Sophia.

"He belongs to a very aristocratic family, notwithstanding!"—said Mrs. Derrington. "And young ladies are delighted to be seen with him in public. Louisa Billings will be enraptured if he walks with her to Broadway; but it is just as likely as not, that he may make his bow to her in a few minutes, and cross the street, and walk all the while on the other side of the way. He does such things."

"And what will *she* do?"—asked Sophia.

"She will shake her sun-shade at him, and call him an impudent fellow, and laugh."

"I despise him!"—cried Sophia.

"He will never care, my dear, whether you despise him or not. But you must not take your impressions so deeply, if you expect to get along in society."

The stopping of a carriage was followed by the entrance of Mrs. and Miss Brockendale. The mother was a lady with an ever-varying countenance, and a restless eye. She was expensively

dress, but with her hair disordered, her bonnet crushed, her collar crooked, her gown rumpled, one end of her shawl trailing on the ground, and the other end scarcely reaching to her elbow. Her daughter's very handsome habiliments were arranged with the most scrupulous nicety; and the young lady had a steadfast eye, and a resolute and determined expression of face. All her features were regular, but the *tout ensemble* was not agreeable.

After some very desultory conversation, Mrs. Derrington recurred to the subject that was uppermost in her mind, Mrs. Cotterell's party; and on finding that the Brockendale ladies had been there, she again inquired about it; observing that much as she had heard of it in the course of the morning, she had still obtained no satisfactory account. "How did it really go off?"—said she, addressing Miss Brockendale; but the mother eagerly answered, and the daughter finding herself anticipated, closed her lips firmly, and drew back her head.

"Oh! delightfully!"—exclaimed Mrs. Brockendale. "Everything was so elegant, and in such good taste, and on such a liberal scale."

"How were the rooms decorated?"—asked Mrs. Derrington.

"Oh! superbly, with flowers wreathed around the columns."

"Mrs. Cotterell's rooms have no pillars!"—said Miss Brockendale, speaking very audibly and distinctly, and addressing herself to Sophia, near whom she was seated.

"Well, then!"—continued Mrs. Brockendale—"there were wreaths festooned along the walls. You cannot say there were no walls."

"There were no wreaths except those that ornamented the lamps and chandeliers!"—said Miss Brockendale, always addressing Sophia.

"Oh! yes, the flowers were all about the lights. That was what made them look so pretty. One thing I am certain of, the rooms were as light as day. There must have been five hundred candles."

"There was not one!"—said Miss Brockendale to Sophia. "The rooms were lighted entirely with gas."

"Well, it might have been a sort of gas. I declare my head is always so filled with things of importance, that I have no memory for trifles. This I know, that the furniture was all crimson velvet trimmed with gold-color."

"It was blue satin damask trimmed with a rich dark brown!"—said her daughter to Miss Fayland.

"Well, the crimson might have had a bluish cast. I have certainly seen crimson velvet somewhere. The truth is, almost as soon as we entered, I saw my friend Mr. Weston, the member of congress (either from Greenbay or Georgetown, I forget which), and so we got to talking about Texas and things; and that may be the reason I did not particularly notice the rooms."

I almost got into a quarrel with this same congressman about the president, who, in spite of all I could say, Mr. Weston persisted in declaring has never threatened to go to war with Germany."

"Neither he has"—said Miss Brockendale, this time directing her looks to her mother.

"Then he has set himself against railroads, or injured the crops, or invited over five hundred thousand millions of Irish."

"He has done none of these things."

"He has done something, I am very sure. Or if he has not, some other president has. I never can remember how the presidents go, and perhaps I am apt to mix them up, my head being always full of more important objects."

"I hear there was a very elegant supper"—said Mrs. Derrington.

"I believe there was. But all supper-time I was talking about the tariff, and the theatre, and the army and navy, and I did not notice the things on the table. I rather think there was ice-cream, and I am almost positive there was jelly."

"Had you fine music?"—inquired Mrs. Derrington.

"It seems to me that I heard music. But I was talking then to Mr. Van Valkenburgh, who has traveled over half the world; mostly pedestrian, poor fellow!"

"He is not a poor fellow"—explained her daughter to Sophia. "He is a rich bachelor, and a great botanist, and entomologist; and when he rambles on foot, it is always from his own choice."

"Augustina"—said her mother—"do not you recollect we met Mr. Van Valkenburgh somewhere in Europe, when we were traveling with the Tirealls?"

"I never was in Europe"—said Augustina to Sophia. "When mamma went over, she took my sister Isabella, but left me a little girl at boarding-school."

"So you were a little girl at boarding-school; I remember all about it"—continued Mrs. Brockendale—"and I did take Isabella, because she was grown up. She is married now, poor thing, to a man that never crossed the Atlantic, and never will, and so her going to Europe was of no manner of use. What a strange girl she was. When we were at Venice she *would* make me go everywhere in a boat—even to church."

"You could not well go in anything else"—remarked Augustina.

"And then at Venice, she highly offended the show man by ringing the great bell of St. Mark's."

"She could not get at it."

"Then it must have been at St. Peter's, or St. Paul's, or else Notre Dame. Any how, she rung a bell."

"My sister has told me"—said Augustina, turning to Sophia—"that coming out of a village church in England, she took a fancy to pull the

bell-rope, as it hung invitingly down just within the entrance; and she greatly scandalized the beadle by doing so, still she pacified him with a shilling."

"But now about Mr. Van Valkenburgh"—proceeded Mrs. Brockendale—"this I am certain of, that we met him on the Alps, and we were joined up there by old General Offenham and his son, who was much taken with Isabella. It might have been a match, for the young man will be a half-millionaire one of these days; but he has fits, and rolls down mountains. So that rather discouraged us, and we thought that nobody would ever marry him. Yet afterwards at Paris, or Portsmouth, or some of those places, the widow Sweeting snapped up young Offenham, for her third husband. So Isabella might as well have taken him."

"My sister"—said Augustina, turning to Sophia—"is happily married to a man of sense, as well as of large fortune, and high respectability."

"Mr. Van Valkenburgh"—pursued Mrs. Brockendale—"was telling how delightful he found the literary society of England. I wish I had been in it, when I was there. He became acquainted with them all. He even knew Shakspeare."

"His plays of course"—said Sophia.

"Oh! no, the man himself. Shakspeare called on him at the hotel, and left his card for Mr. Van Valkenburgh."

"Excuse me"—said Sophia—"Shakspeare has been dead considerably more than two hundred years."

"Ah! my dear young lady"—observed Mrs. Brockendale—"you know we must not believe all we hear."

"Mamma, we had best go home"—said her daughter, who had sat for some moments looking as if too angry to speak, leaving to Sophia the explanation concerning Shakspeare.

Mrs. Brockendale rose to depart. "If it was not Shakspeare that called on him, it must have been Dr. Johnson"—said she. "Any how it was some great author."

They then took their leave, Miss Brockendale expressing a desire to be intimately acquainted with Miss Fayland.

"Poor Mrs. Brockendale"—said Sophia—"her head reminds me of a lumber room, where all sorts of things are stowed away in confusion. My father thinks that a defective memory is generally the result of careless or inattentive observation. But perhaps this lady was never gifted with the capacity of seeing or hearing things understandingly."

"I do not wonder that the daughter has no patience with the mother"—said Mrs. Derrington. "However, they are persons of birth, and live handsomely, and are visited. We cannot expect everybody in society to be alike. Unfortunately Mr. Brockendale, who was a most excellent man, and doated on his queer wife, and

tried hard to improve her, died ten years ago, and since losing his guidance, she has talked more like a fool than ever. And worse than all, every article of her dress seems to be continually getting into disorder. As soon as her things are put right they somehow get wrong again."

The next visitors were two rather insipid ladies, and soon after came in a remarkably handsome young man, dressed in the most perfect taste, but without the slightest approach to what is called dandyism. He had the *air distingué* which foreigners say is so rarely to be found among the citizens of America. He was introduced to Sophia as Mr. Percival Grafton, and she thought he looked exactly like a young nobleman, or rather as a young nobleman ought to look; and she was still more delighted with his conversation. After some very pleasant interchange of ideas with Miss Fayland, he inquired of Mrs. Derrington if she had yet become acquainted with Mrs. Cotterell and her charming daughter.

"Not yet"—was the reply.

"Then let me advise you by all means not to delay what I am sure will afford much pleasure to yourself and Miss Fayland. The Cotterells are delightful people; polished, intelligent, natural, and having *l'air comme il faut* as if it had been born with them. Miss Cotterell is one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen; and does infinite honor to the system on which her mother has educated her."

"Does she dress well?"—inquired Mrs. Derrington.

"Charmingly"—replied Grafton—"and she could not do otherwise, her good taste is so apparent in everything. She dresses well, talks well, moves well, and plays and sings delightfully. I heard her speaking French to Madame St. Ange, with the utmost fluency and elegance. She is really a most enchanting girl."

"You seem to be quite smitten!"—remarked Miss Waterly, one of the insipid young ladies.

"Not to admire such a woman as Amelia Cotterell would evince the most pitiable insensibility to the united attractions of beauty, grace, and talent. But in the usual acceptation of the phrase, I am yet heart-whole. How long I may remain so is another question."

Mr. Grafton then turned the conversation to another subject, and he soon after took his leave.

"Do you know, Mrs. Derrington?"—said Miss Milkby, the other insipid young lady—"it's all over town already, that Percival Grafton is dying in love with Amelia Cotterell. So you must not believe exactly all he says about her and her mother."

"He really seems delirious!"—said Miss Waterly.

Mrs. Derrington became again dubious about taking up the Cotterells. But her doubts grew fainter as she reflected that Percival Grafton was a young gentleman of acknowledged taste in all that was refined and elegant; being himself a

person of birth, and "to the manner born" of the best society. Even his grandfather was an eminent lawyer, and Percival himself had been inducted into that high profession.

While Mrs. Derrington sat, "pondering in her mind," Sophia was endeavoring to entertain the Misses Waterly and Milkby, when her aunt suddenly started from her reverie, and her face beaming with extatic joy, advanced in eager *empressement* to receive a lady, whom the servant, throwing wide the door, announced as Mrs. Pelham Prideaux. When Mrs. Derrington had a little recovered the first excitement of this supreme felicity, and placed her high and mighty guest in the easiest fauteuil, and seen her well-served with refreshments, she recollected to introduce her niece, Miss Sophia Fayland. The two other misses had long been within the pale of Mrs. Prideaux's notice, and they timidly hoped she was well.

This arbitress of fashion, this dictatress to society, was a woman of no particular face, no particular figure, no particular dress, and no particular conversation. But she was well aware of her position, and made use of it accordingly.

Mrs. Derrington, whose whole morning had been one long thought of the Cotterells, (when ever she had a new thought she always pursued it *à l'outrance*,) said something about the party of last night.

"Were you there?"—asked Mrs. Prideaux.

"Oh! no. Mrs. Cotterell has come among us so lately, I know not exactly in what circle she will be."

"You might have gone!"—said Mrs. Prideaux—"I intend calling on her."

"Do you indeed?"—exclaimed Mrs. Derrington, with glad surprise. And Sophia's face brightened also; for she longed to know the Cotterells, and she saw that all doubt was now over.

Miss Waterly and Miss Milkby now acknowledged that they had both been at the party, and that they had liked it.

"When do you make this call, my dear Mrs. Prideaux?"—asked Mrs. Derrington.

"I have not exactly determined on the day"—was the reply.

"I hope Sophia and I may have the pleasure of meeting you there!"—said Mrs. Derrington. "When you have fixed on the exact time, will you let us know?"

"Certainly, I can have no objection!"—answered Mrs. Prideaux graciously—"provided I know it myself."

"How kind you always are! It will be so delightful for us to be at Mrs. Cotterell's together. Will it not, Sophy?"

"On consideration, I cannot make this call before next week!"—said Mrs. Prideaux.

"Oh! never mind. Consult your own convenience. We will wait for you."

"Where does Mrs. Cotterell live?"—inquired the great lady.

Miss Waterly and Miss Milkby now both spoke together, and designated the place. Mrs. Prideaux condescendingly thanked them for the information.

"Then"—said she, to Mrs. Derrington—"as I must pass your door in going there, I may as well call for you in my carriage, whenever I do go."

Mrs. Derrington was too happy at this unexpected glory; and Miss Waterby and Miss Milkby too envious. All these young ladies could do was to accompany Mrs. Prideaux when she departed, and be seen leaving the door at the same time with her. She honored them with a bow as they lingered on the door-step, when her no-particular-sort-of carriage drove away. Unluckily, there chanced to be no spectators but a small party of German emigrants, and two schoolboys.

Perhaps some of the neighbors might have been at their windows.

The following Monday and Tuesday, Mrs. Derrington and Miss Fayland stayed at home all the morning ready-dressed, waiting in vain for Mrs. Prideaux to call for them in her carriage.

"Surely"—said Sophia—"she will apprise us in time?"

"She may probably not think of doing so"—replied Mrs. Derrington.

At last on Wednesday the joyful moment arrived when the vehicle of Mrs. Pelham Prideaux, with that lady in it, drew up to the door of Mrs. Derrington, who ran down stairs, followed by her niece; and in a very short time they arrived at the mansion of the Cotterrells.

(To be continued.)

## THE DARK ROOM.

BY JOHN D. BALDWIN.

At dead of night he reads, aghast,  
A book his soul would spurn,  
And blackest memories, crowding fast,  
The crimeful pages turn—  
Like spirits dire, in deathless fire,  
The letters burn.

His life began a dawn of glory,  
Whose faded trace of smiles  
Appears a dream of some old story  
Of far-off blessed isles,  
Where angels sing, and virtues bring  
The flouris' wiles.

His God-beholden heart he sold;  
He gave his glorious dower,  
At Satan's price, for lying gold  
And witching dreams of power:  
Ah! Beauty's throne he could disown,  
And leave her bower.

He let his soul to pride and scorn,  
He lov'd the tenants well;  
And there beneath its roof was born  
The brood of hell—  
All passions evil, that please the devil,  
The Godless man befall.

With weary blood and weary breath  
He reads, and on his brow  
Glares out the pallid smile of death—  
It shudders through him now.  
How the hellish grime of lies and crime  
A soul endow!

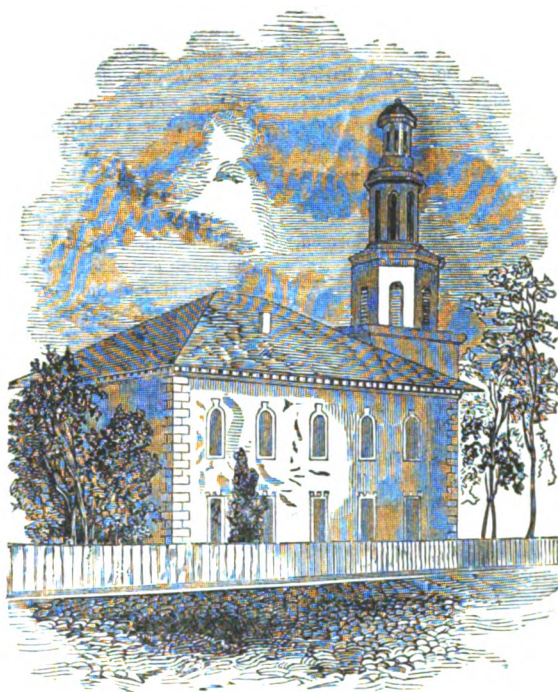
Oh! drearily there, at dead of night,  
The gathering spectres throng;  
From out the yawning Future, dight  
With Horrors black and strong;  
And hurrying fast, from out the Past  
They float along.

He feels the silent air is stirr'd,  
Within his lonely room,  
By dreadful things, like breathings heard  
At midnight in a tomb.  
No night may be so dark as he,  
With his ghastly dower of gloom.

And, oh! it seems all things without  
With hideous laughter thrill,  
And gloaring eyes all round about  
The valley fill;  
And the moon, a great red eye of Hate,  
Sits glaring on the hill.

His fancies shape his grave, and see  
The coffin rotting slow;  
The crawling litten worms, in glee,  
About the body go;  
And the moaning soul, without a goal,  
In darkness walk below.

Oh, sin! how soon they lose the vision  
Of rainbows round the gate,  
The souls who leave the sun Elysian  
To dwell with thee in state!  
Thy rainbows bright are witchfire light  
Where furies wait.



## ANCIENT CHURCHES.

BY WILLIAM A. PRATT.

THE ancient parish church of Fairfax, situated in the town of Alexandria, known in colonial days by the more euphonious title of Bellhaven, has always been an object of the greatest interest to the traveler, from having been the place of prayer of the immortal Washington. Within its sacred walls, the pew occupied by the *first of men* and his family is still shown, and remains in the exact state in which it was left by him. This parish was originally part of Truro, in which Mount Vernon is situated, and was separated from it by an act of the Legislature in the year 1763 or 1764. By reference to the church records, we find, dated 1st January, 1767, a contract made with a certain James Parsons, to build the present church for six hundred pounds. The different ministers who have officiated at this church are as follows:—

The Rev. Townsend Dade was the first minister—appointed December 30, 1765, and resigned June 25, 1778.

The Rev. William West was elected to succeed him September 28, 1778—resigned 17th of February, 1779.

The Rev. Dr. David Griffith was immediately elected his successor, and continued the rector until his death, which took place 15th of March, 1790.

Rev. Bryan Fairfax succeeded him, and resigned 16th of July, 1792.

Rev. Thomas Davis was elected October 1st, 1792; he continued until the 9th of September, 1805, when he resigned the rectorship.

The church continued vacant until the 14th of January, 1807, when the Rev. Wm. L. Gibson was elected his successor, who, in the month of October, 1809, from the pulpit, resigned the rectorship.

On the 18th of February, 1810, Francis Barclay was elected, and resigned on the 24th of September, 1811.

On the 2d of May, 1812, the Rev. Wm. Meade was elected, and resigned in June, 1813—since elected Bishop of Virginia.

In the month of June, 1813, the Rev. Oliver Norris was elected, who continued until his death, which took place 18th of August, 1825.

Rev. Dr. Keith succeeded him on 14th No-



venber, 1825, and resigned 25th of July, 1828, resignation accepted August 5th, 1828, on which day the Rev. George Griswold was elected his successor; he resigned 16th of June, 1829.

On the 20th of September, 1829, Rev. John P. McGuire was appointed his successor, who resigned 22d September, 1830.

On the 26th of October, 1830, Rev. Charles Mann was elected, who resigned 6th of February, 1834; and on the 14th of June, 1834, the Rev. Charles B. Dana, the present rector, was elected.

It appears from the parish records that this church was not consecrated until the 9th of January, 1834, when the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas John Claquet, Bishop of Maryland, performed this service, with appropriate solemnity.

Having been built before the town was entirely laid out, it occupies a more beautiful position than it would otherwise have done, being in the centre of Cameron street; and all the way from the wharf it forms a finish to the street landscape. This, however, has been a subject of some controversy to our good citizens, who have more respect for convenience than beauty; but the courts have finally decided that the church's rights are prior to those of the town, and must accordingly remain inviolate.

The steeple, which in the engraving has a very light and pretty appearance, will, however, no doubt, receive the criticism of your architectural

readers. This was no part of the original church, all above the tower being entirely modern; yet it forms a *tout ensemble*, when connected with the beautiful foliage of the churchyard, which renders it the principal ornament of our town.

It will be observed, on the engraving, that the east end of the building is nearly covered with "that rare old plant, the ivy green," which harmonizes sweetly with the various hues with which Father Time has tinted the bricks (supposed to have been brought from England) of which its walls are composed.

The interior of this structure has been modernized, except only the pew of Washington, which remains in the state in which he occupied it last. The pulpit and reading-desk occupy the centre of the chancel, and the former has an old-fashioned sounding-board to reflect back to a listening congregation the eloquent appeals which on each returning Sabbath rise to its surface.

We must not omit to mention that the large Bible on the reading-desk was presented to the church by G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington, and was one of the family Bibles of Washington.

It only remains to say that the church is now under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Charles B. Dana, to whom I beg leave to acknowledge the obligation I am under for most of the above information.

## LINES UPON SEALS.

BY MISS PENINA MOISE.

*Device, a pin.—Motto, "Je pique, mais j'attache."*

COQUETTES of the toilet! from hour to hour  
We feel how capricious thou art in thy power:  
Like wit, how pernicious thy *point* may become,  
Each wounding at random a heart or a thumb.  
And yet with what delicate address and art,  
When things once united by accident part,  
At Charity's bidding the breach you conceal,  
Though possess'd of no soul that might sympathy feel.

Thy history in our motto is traced,  
Thou timest tack in the temple of Taste!  
"Je pique, mais j'attache,"—that eloquent phrase  
Thy twofold prerogative truly portrays.  
A traitor to flesh, yet to fashion a friend,  
By turns thou delightest to rivet or rend.

Luxurious, too, as a queen, you repose  
Your brazen head oft on the heart of a rose;  
Surrounded by peers of the punny empire,  
Each acting the part of a base-metal liar,  
You perforate lilies—and quaintly emboss  
The little parterre of the *Flora of floss*;  
With jeweled aristocrats of your own race,  
On cushions of royalty taking your place.

Strange paradox! since, in the scale of disdain,  
Your weight can with straws but a balance maintain:  
"I don't care a pin!"—what a climax of scorn,  
Familiar alike to the low and high-born!

Oh! who, on beholding thy figure so taper,  
Enshrined in its dwelling of rose-colored paper,  
(Whose lateral gilding thy grade testifies.)  
Thus lightly thy qualities ever would prize?  
'Tis well that perpetual service and time  
Deprive thee of sharpness possess'd in thy prime;  
Else might you despoil of symmetrical grace  
Detractors who thus seek your pride to abase,  
By leaving their trappings to flow unconfined,  
And exposed to each trick of the turbulent wind;  
Or flashing the point of your miniature lancet  
In blood, that through princes has made its pure transit,  
No corps diplomatique your claim will gainsay,  
Of being to Fashion's bureau *attaché*.

Come hither—when critics to poets are fierce,  
Their digits, dear pin, for my sake you will pierce.  
Necessity now doth thy office impose—  
*The costume of thought must be brought to a close.*







Composed by MADONNALE JANEY LIND.

Altiro, con Brio

[illegible]

• The original key. U. m. 100.

# HEAR ME, MAIDEN, HEAR ME, WHILE I SUE!

(JENNY LIND'S OWN SONG.)

Composed by MADemoiselle JENNY LIND.

ALLEGRO CON BRIO

*Scherzando.*

VOICE.

*f.*

Tra la, la, la, la, la, tra la, la, tra la, la,

PIANO-FORTE.

*f* risoluto. *dim.*

*p*

tra la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, tra la la. Ah! hear, maid-en,  
tra la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, tra la la. Aek hör du - -

*f* *p* legato.

yonder strains inviting! Come, come hasten, let us join the dance! Such a pair as you and I u - niting,  
lit - la dic - ka, - Kom och lat oss dan - sa. Du och jag vi - pas - sa -

• The original key, G minor.



# HEAR ME, MAIDEN, HEAR ME, WHILE I SUE!

Soon shall win, shall win th' approving glance! Hear me, maiden, hear me, while I sue; Say, wilt thou, maiden, Till et par vi ba - - - da. Hör du lil - la fläc - ka pa et ord, Säg vill du blif - va,

*mf*

yield thee kind and true? Hear me, maiden, hear me, While I sue. Say, wilt thou, maiden, yield thee kind and true? mig en vän sa god? Hör du lil - la fläc - ka, pa et ord, Säg vill du blif - va mig en vän sa god?

*f*

Tra la la lay! Ne - ver, ne - ver, nay! Tra la la lay! Ne - ver, ne - ver, nay!  
Tra la la lej! Nei det vill jag ej. Tra la la lej! Nei det vill jag ej!

*p* *f* *p* *f*

*cres.*

HEAR ME, MAIDEN, HEAR ME, WHILE I SING

Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. For the Kingdom is thine, the power is thine, and the glory is thine, Father, forever. Amen.

Vater unser im Himmel, Dein Reich verherrliche, Dein Volk erlöse, Dein Will geschehe auf Erden wie im Himmel. Gib uns unser tägliches Brot, und führe uns nicht in Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns von dem Bösen. Denn Dein Reich, Deine Macht, Deine Herrlichkeit, Vater, ist ewig. Amen.

[illegible]

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The middle and bottom staves use a bass clef and provide a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The music is written in a simple, handwritten style on aged paper. The title "The Rose Tree" is written in the top right corner.

## "WAVE RIDING."

BY MARION D. SULLIVAN.

THERE is a lovely scene on the Ohio, at its junction with the little Kanawha—a scene of fairy beauty, which shall yet glow upon the canvas, and awaken many a burst of admiration from those whose hearts are alive to nature's loveliness.

The best view is from the middle of the river, a position easily attained, as there are plenty of skiffs and obliging boatmen, or good-natured school-boys on each side. The former will row you steadily over for a tip. The latter take you for nothing, but linger to ride the steamboat waves, or, in default of them, to rock the skiff in a manner which, to the unaccustomed, appears exceedingly perilous.

Here, then, we are in the river, not quite in the middle, but a little towards the Virginia shore, to avoid the strong current, with just oar enough to keep her from falling down stream. Look at that water-snake carrying his head so high—the ugliest of all ugly things. There is another following him. How malicious this one looks, as if he were meditating a sly bite. Strike at him with the oar. They have disappeared.

It is between high and low water. We are at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the Virginia shore, and about a third more from the opposite. Just nine o'clock in the morning. The sun is shining bright, the mist has vanished, and there is not a cloud in the sky. Up stream lies what seems a tuft of beautiful trees and gay flowers, with feathery green vines hanging to the water's edge. It is Neal's Island.

Farther up, it shows a nice substantial farm, with comfortable buildings and cheerful inhabitants, whose bright prospect of sky and water is never to be shut out by long piles of brick and stone masonry.

Southward, on the Virginia shore, upon two broad terraces, with a back ground of hill and forest, a lovely little city is rising, whose snow-white dwellings, luxuriant gardens, and flowering trees form a beautiful landscape in our panoramic view. Is it not a lovely little city? Are you seeking for a home where there are elegance, good feeling, hospitality, and intelligence? This is the place. Throw out your anchor.

Farther down, opens the long vista of Kanawha—clear, deep, and blue. Those heavy elms overhanging its banks, how rich is their spring foliage. Yonder goes the ferry-skiff, with its freight of merry school-children, all bound for the academy. That black boy, I know him by the careless swing of his oar, is called Bush, shortened from Bushrod. Smart, good-natured and easy is Bush,

but never in a hurry. "Pull away, Bush," cries the impatient traveler, as he hears the bells ringing. Bush pulls away, but the motion of the craft is not accelerated, and the passenger, when he reaches the shore, must, by increased speed in walking, make up for the time he has spent in the ferry.

There is the bluff of Kanawha and its pinnacle of everlasting rock. The dog-wood, with its large snowy flowers, and the red-bud tree show well on the hill-side. There is a handsome white house half way up the bluff, and look, there is another on its very summit. Perfection of air and light must be there, but how could water be coaxed up so high?

Down stream is the fair forsaken island, Blan-nerhasset, green, wild, and solitary. The western part is inhabited, but that is not visible from here. The head of the island is pic-nic ground, and hither, in the hot summer days, come skiff-loads of curious strangers, or joyous school-boys and girls, making the silent wilderness resound with their careless mirth, scaring the rabbits and terrapins to their hiding-places, and the birds to the very tree-tops.

To the northward are the broad luxuriant terraces of Belpré. What smooth green fields! What wealth of red and white roses! What nice large, white houses, with magnificent elms and willows overhanging. Everything there looks so clean, comfortable, and Yankee.

'Twas on as bright a day as this, that I was returning from a visit to that lovely green village, with a basket of fruit and flowers. The sun was going down in red and gold. The river, clear and still as a mirror, threw back a perfect copy of the sky and shore. I took my seat in the stern of the skiff; little Frank, my companion, was in the bows. "To the Virginia shore, George," said I to the boatman, a stout, fearless boy of thirteen years. We shot out from the bank, and, as I noticed a smile in the corner of his eye, I turned my own up stream, and beheld one of those enormous locomotives of the western waters, which throw a whole river into a foam. His quick ear had caught the sound before she had rounded Neal's Island. She was bearing down with a tremendous rush, and a strong current. The river behind her was like a field of snow-drifts. "Pull in, George," cried I, "or we shall be under her bows. Let her pass, and then we will ride the waves." George turned the skiff up stream for a few moments, when she went by like a runaway Niagara Falls.



We plunged immediately into her wake; Frank and I grasping the gunwale, as bows came up, and stern went nearly under water. Instantly the bows sank, and the stern was in the air. "Hold fast there—trim the boat—lean forward as she goes down—backward when she comes up—steady now." Not a word of this was spoken, it was all instinctive action. We only laughed at the foam and fury of the waves, which would have swamped our little craft, if she had not been nicely trimmed.

Our mirth was interrupted by a roaring and a jarring down stream, and looking about in that direction, we perceived another large steamboat directly upon our track, while a third was coming rapidly down the river. "Pull away, George, we'll be run down." At this moment, the largest boat, which was just nearing the Virginia shore, wheeled suddenly round, as if an odor from an onion plantation had suddenly caught her olfactories, and now we were under her bows. Her fires gleamed redly upon us, and our little boatman, without the slightest indication of fear in his countenance, strained every muscle to extricate the skiff from the boiling mass of "direct waves and return waves," all mixed up and jumbled together, in unimaginable confusion. If we had been provided with four more oars, how we would have cut the waters, and left the steamers behind. Frank, though a mere child, could pull a strong oar; he had often rowed me across Kanawha; but we were compelled to sit still, and enjoy, with some mental trepidation, the high excitement of the scene.

The three howling monsters of the river followed hard with their fiery eyes gleaming upon us. The waves dashed up—their snowy crests tinged by the crimson sky. The shores lined with spectators. George pulled with astonishing effect, and we reached the shore a few yards in advance of our pursuers, but how to land?

The river was boiling like a caldron, the skiff was rising and falling too rapidly to permit our landing. The anxious watchers for our safety, now that we had reached the shore, forgot the still remaining difficulty, and turned their attention to the marvelous, and to me still, unaccountable evolutions of the large boat. A strong ready arm might have aided us, and many an arm would cheerfully have done so, had any person noticed our dilemma. Oh, thought I, for a real live Yankee, from the far north, his bright blue eyes moving in every direction, with so little effort as not to impart the slightest motion to his flaxen locks, and seeing, at once, every object before and around him. Few, besides Yankees, trouble themselves to attend to more than one thing at a time.

"Poets of old did Argus prize,  
Because he had a hundred eyes,  
But sure more praise to him is due.  
Who looks a hundred ways with two."

Not a moment was to be lost. Frank sprang high and dry upon the shore—I followed, with some misgivings, but escaped the waves. George threw his oars into the skiff, and fell down stream with the current. We were now at liberty to admire the full grandeur of the scene. No wonder everybody was too much engrossed to attend to us after the *real* danger was past. The clear gold and crimson sky—the white and flame-colored waves tossing wildly about—the river full of boats. On board one of them a military company and a full band, in attendance on some great man, perhaps Henry Clay; I have forgotten who it was.

"Miss Suvvan, wasn't you been feel little skeery, bode dat ar skift?"

"No, I believe not, Foney, (Napoleon;) did I look frightened?"

"I reckon. Been right smart o' waves dar, out yender."

## THE HEART'S SECRET.

Deep within my heart it lies,  
A waking dream, a spell profound,  
That with a chain of mystic power  
My very soul hath bound.

Unsought, unbidden did it come,  
A little timid, trembling thing—  
Now has it grown a fearful guest  
Beneath Time's fostering wing.

Deep within my heart it lies,  
Its hidden presence none has known,  
It grows in might and beauty there—  
A treasure all mine own.

Now it is a thing of light,  
Shedding joy within my breast—

Now presses with a chilling weight  
Upon my spirit's rest.

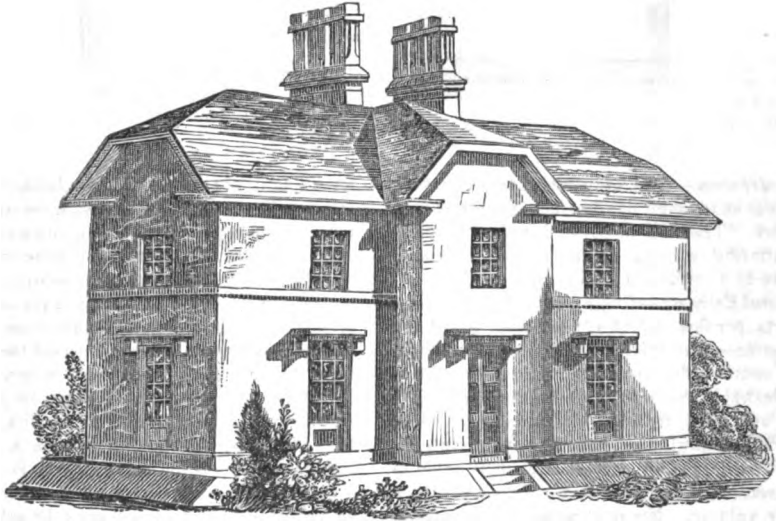
Now it is a fairy spring,  
Where sweet waters gently well—  
Now it is a troubled stream,  
Whose tide my tears must swell.

No eye has marked its changes wild,  
No ear its trembling voice has heard,  
Still within my heart it lies,  
Like a slumbering bird.

But the stars my secret read  
As they look from out the skies,  
And the night breeze passing by  
To its voice replies.

V. S.

## MODEL COTTAGES.

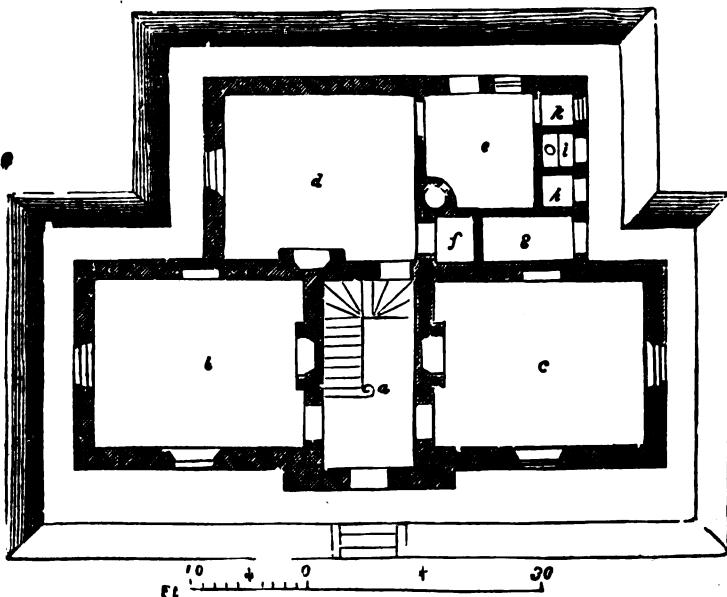


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

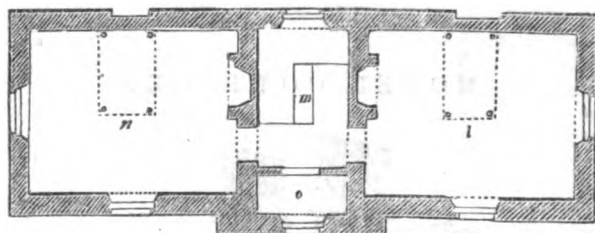
*A Cottage Dwelling of five rooms in two floors.*

*Accommodation.*—The ground plan contains an entrance lobby and stair case, *a*; parlor, *b*; another parlor or best bed room, *c*; kitchen, *d*; back

kitchen, *e*; closet, *f*; root cellar, *g*; dust hole, *h*; privy, *i*; pantry, *k*. The chamber floor contains two good bed rooms, *l* and *n*, with a dressing closet, *o*. The well hole of the stairs is shown at *m*.



GROUND PLAN.



CHAMBER FLOOR.

*Construction.*—The walls are shown of such a thickness as to admit of their being built of rubble work. The roof is covered with slates, and the guttering, which is of cast iron, is calculated to serve as a cornice to the eaves.

*General Estimate.*—Cubic contents, 29,044 feet; at 10 cts. per foot, \$2904 40; at 5 cts., \$1452 20.

*Remarks.*—The chief merit of this building is, that it contains five good-sized rooms—for size is very desirable, both in a cold climate and in a warm one. Air in large bodies is much more slowly either heated or cooled by the mere contact of hot or cold air, and it is also less liable to be traversed by currents of air than when in a smaller volume. No one could sit in a small room with doors and windows on all sides without experiencing what is called a draught, but in a very large room doors and windows on all sides will occasion no such inconvenience. We object to the positions of the recesses for cupboard closets in *b* and *c*, because they occupy the proper places

for a sofa in one room, and for a book-case in the other. They also seem to divide the side of the room into two parts, and thus take away from the idea of a whole. If these rooms were to be handsomely furnished, the doors in question would be highly objectionable, on the latter account. The closets in question ought to have been placed, one in both *b* and *c*, exactly opposite the entrance door; and another in each room between the fire places and the side walls in which they are now placed. So large a dwelling, we think, ought to have had a porch, but that may be a matter of economy of the proprietor. There is a poverty about the elevation which requires to be removed by architraves to all the windows, by sills to those of the chamber story, and by other means, which are by this time become familiar to our readers. We need not say that we object to the truncated pediments, which give a tame, lumpish character to this dwelling, hardly in accordance with the bold and handsome chimney tops.

## TO A FRIEND RECENTLY MARRIED.

BY J. B. F. O.

I SAW upon a lakelet's breast  
A sleeping lily lay,  
As rose the genial sun and drank  
Its dew-pearled robe away,

And woke it from its dreamy sleep  
By rays sent warming by,  
And, as it oped its night-chilled lips,  
Stole thence a fragrant sigh.

Then bathing it with welcome smiles,  
Dissolved each leaf's embrace,  
Till the bloomed lily's willing heart  
Revealed its inmost grace.

It minded me of *thine* and thee,  
Thy worth—her gratefulness,  
Who, lily-like, bloomed 'neath thy smiles,  
And, lovesome, answered "yes."

From Friendship's fount a lulling stream  
Of prayer came stealing down,  
That Harmony and Love and Hope  
Both lives might ever crown:

That no foul thought of jealousy,  
No careless word or glance,  
No friendly speech, yet proving false,  
Might life-long joy enhance.

Heart-deep, all these most subtle foes  
A needle's entrance burn;  
While life-consuming misery  
Attends their barb'd return.

Thine never these! be both your lives  
Aye blended into one—  
Live for each other, loving like  
The lily and the sun.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

### CHAPTER FIFTH.

"EVERY block of marble holds a Venus,  
With nothing but unchiseled stone between us."

We may almost affirm the same of every female—that is, if from infancy the right course of training were pursued, few, very few of the sex would be unlovely. If not adorned by nature with personal charms, they would display those more durable graces of the heart and mind that are sure to make their possessor beloved.

"What's female beauty but an air divine,  
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
The body charms because the soul is seen."

In our "Book" for April, June, July and August, we have dwelt on this subject of Health and Beauty, (considering the two as synonymous—or as one and indivisible, we use the singular number.) if our remarks have been noted and followed, we are sure the reader has had her reward, we are sure her health is improved, and, of course, her good looks. But there remains a more difficult task—to persuade our fair friends to persevere in the right course. It is easy to try, as an experiment, the cold bathing of a morning, and, if very stooping, to wear shoulder-braces a few days; and keep the head raised and the spine straight while seated or at work; and take a few walks, perhaps too long, as the zeal of new-beginners is proverbially fervent—but then the reaction commences. It is so difficult to break old habits of indolence or bad postures, and harder still to adopt new habits that require exertion and self-denial at first. We emphasize the words strongly, because if a lady has moral resolution to persevere for six months in the course of self-discipline we have prescribed in our previous chapters, she will not only feel the immeasurable benefits of the system, but will find herself, soul and body, strengthened to go on with pleasure as well as advantage. Who has been thus attentive to these rules for obtaining health and beauty? We should like to hear from any who have tried them, and the result. In the meantime, we are determined to go on, in the only true way of effecting changes in habits and characters, giving our amiable readers "line upon line and precept upon precept," and trusting that the good sense of some, the curiosity of others, and the earnest wish of doing right with more, will lead a large proportion to adopt the curative and preventive system we have set forth.

"Seeing is believing"—and the maxim is not more trite than true. We may add that *seeing is remembering*, also; and in order to imprint more firmly on the memory of our young lady friends the necessity of using their feet, we will here give a short history of the fashions of shoes and boots in the country that, next to imperial Rome, holds the widest sway the world has ever seen. England, of course, is this modern land of strong feet; she has trodden down the Asiatic continent, and makes the European take heed of her steps.

As the Americans, till the last seventy years or thereabouts, belonged to that great nation, and have now an equal inheritance in all the old traditions and fashions of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, we have been at the

pains to obtain prints of the fashions of shoes and boots, from the time of Henry III., who came to the throne in 1216, to the time of George III., in 1760, when the people of the United States became free to make their own laws, follow their own fashions and fit their own shoes. In the palmy days of England's royalty, great taste or luxury was displayed in the coverings for the feet.

"The effigies of the early sovereigns of England are generally represented in shoes decorated with bands across, as if in imitation of sandals. They are seldom colored black, as nearly all the examples of earlier shoes in this country are. The shoes of Henry II are green, with bands of gold. Those of Richard are also striped with gold; and such richly-decorated shoes became fashionable among the nobility, and were generally worn by royalty all over Europe. Thus, when the tomb of Henry VI. of Sicily, who died in 1397, was opened in the cathedral of Palermo, on the feet of the dead monarch were discovered costly shoes, whose upper part was of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls, the sole being of cork, covered with the same cloth of gold. These shoes reached to the ankle, and were fastened with a little button instead of a buckle. His queen, Constance, who died in 1398, had upon her feet shoes also of cloth of gold, which were fastened with leather straps tied in knots, and on the upper part of them were two openings wrought with embroidery, which showed that they had been once adorned with jewels. Boots ornamented with gold, and embroidered in elegant patterns, at this time became often worn. King John of England, orders, in one instance, four pair of women's boots, one of them to be embroidered with circles; and the effigy of the succeeding monarch, Henry III., in Westminster Abbey, is chiefly remarkable for the splendor of the boots he wears; they are crossed all over by golden bands, thus forming a series of diamond-shaped spaces, each one of which is filled with a figure of a lion, the royal arms of England."

Here is one of these splendid shoes:

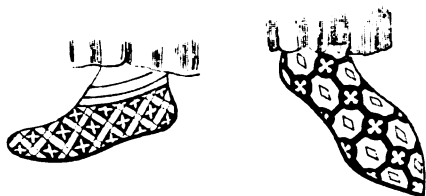


There was some alteration in the form, none in the splendor of the shoes and boots worn during the three succeeding reigns.

"Boots buttoned up the leg, or shoes buttoned up the centre, were common in the days of Edward I and II. The splendid reign of the third Edward, says Mr. Farholt, extending over half a century of national greatness, was remarkable for the variety and luxury as well as the elegance of its costume; and this may be considered as the most glorious era in the annals of the gentle craft, as the trade of shoemaking was anciently termed. Shoes and boots of the most sumptuous de-

scription are now to be met with in cotemporary paintings, sculptures and illuminated manuscripts."

Here is a specimen of the boot and shoe:



"They remind one of the boots 'fretted with gold' and embroidered in circles mentioned by John. The greatest variety of pattern and the richest contrasts of color were aimed at by the maker and inventor of shoes at this period, and with how happy an effect the reader may judge from the examples just given."

And here is another specimen of those right royal coverings for the feet; it is impossible to conceive any shoe more exquisite in design.



"It is worn by a royal personage, and it brings forcibly to mind the rose windows and other details of the architecture of this period; but for beauty of pattern and splendor of effect, this English shoe of the middle ages is 'beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame,' for their sandals and shoes have not half 'the glory of regality contained in this one specimen.'"



The above two patterns are also of the same ornamented fashion. The one with the pointed toe "is cut all over into a geometric pattern, and with a fondness for quaint display in dress peculiar to those times, the left shoe is black and the stocking blue, the other leg of the same figure being clothed in a black stocking and a white shoe. The form of this latter one is that usually worn by persons of all classes, of course omitting the elaborate ornament. The shoe was cut very low over the instep, the heel being entirely covered, and a band fastened by a small buckle or button passing round the ankle, secured it to the foot.

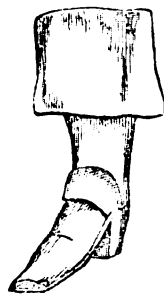
"The boots and shoes worn during the fourteenth century were of peculiar form, and the toes, which were lengthened to a point, turned inward or outward according to the taste of the wearer. In the reign of Richard II. they became immensely long, so that it was asserted they were chained to the knee of the wearer in order to allow him to walk about with ease and freedom. It was of course only the nobility who could thus inconveni-

ence themselves, and it might have been adopted by them as a distinction; still, very pointed toes were worn by all who could afford to be fashionable.

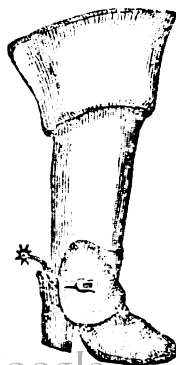
"Fashion ran at this time from one extreme to the other, and the shoes which were at one time so long as the toe as to be inconvenient, now became as absurdly broad, and it was made the subject of sumptuary laws to restrain both extremes. Thus Edward IV. enacted that any shoemaker who made for unprivileged persons (the nobility being exempted) any shoes or boots, the toes of which exceeded two inches in length, should forfeit twenty shillings, one noble to be paid to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London. This only had the effect of widening the toes; and Paradin says that they were then so very broad as to exceed the measure of a good foot. This continued until the reign of Mary, who, by a proclamation, prohibited their being worn wider at the toe than six inches.

"During the reign of the first Charles, the boots (which were made of fine Spanish leather, and were of a buff color) became very large and wide at the top. Indeed, they were so wide at times as to oblige the wearer to stride much in walking, a habit that was much ridiculed by the satirists of the day. There was a print published during this reign of a dandy in the height of fashion whose legs are 'incased in boot-hose tops tied about the middle of the calf, as long as a pair of shirt-sleeves, double at the end like a ruff-band—the top of his boots very large, fringed with lace, and turned down as low as his spurs, which jingled like the bells of a morris-dancer as he walked.' These boots were made very long in the toe, thus, of this exquisite we are told 'the feet of his boots were two inches too long.'"

These were modified till, towards the close of his reign, this fashion prevailed.



And then, with the great revolution and William III., came in the large jack-boot—like this.



"It is a remarkably fine specimen of these inconvenient things, and is as straight and stiff and formal as the most inveterate Dutchman could wish. The heel, it will be perceived, is very high, and the press upon the instep very great, and consequently injurious to the foot, and altogether detrimental to comfort. An immense piece of leather covers the instep, through which the spur is affixed; and to the back of the boot, just above the heel, is appended an iron rest for the spur."

The ladies' shoes, in these ages of heavy boots, were quite as cumbersome and inconvenient. One of the old writers says—"Shoemakers love to put ladies in their stocks"—and here are the high-heeled specimens.



The heels of all shoes were red, or, at least, all genteel people wore red heels—a very easy way of reaching gentility. Ladies' shoes were made of silk or velvet. The making of the high-heeled shoe was at all times a matter of great judgment and nicety of operation; the position required to be given to the heel, the aptitude of the eye and hand necessary to the cutting down of the wood; the sewing in of the cover, kid, stuff, silk or satin, as it might be; the getting in and securing the wood or "block;" the bracing the cover round the block; and the beautifully-defined stitching, which went from corner to corner, all round the heel part, demanding altogether the cleverness of first-rate ability.

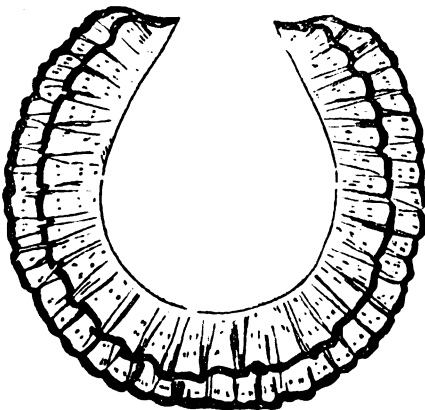
The shoes became lower in the quarters during the reign of George III., and the heel was made less clumsy. As fashion varied, larger or smaller buckles were used, and the heel was thrust further beneath the foot until about 1780, when the shoe took the form here delineated.



And thus ends our chapter, the moral of which is—that all who read it should remember to walk abroad in the fresh air every day; that this exercise is essential to the preservation of health and beauty; and that without these advantages it is impossible to reach the standard of excellence and enjoyment our much-favored country offers to her daughters as well as sons.

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

### THE FRILL.



The frill for the throat, which is represented in the woodcut, is to be fastened in front by a brooch; it is exceedingly warm and very pretty; it is knitted in white wool, with an edge to each frill of scarlet or any other bright color.

The materials to be procured are one skein of white

four-thread Lady Betty wool and one of scarlet, and two needles No. 16, which should not be less than ten inches long, and with heads. Lady Betty wool is sold in skeins of an ounce each; the skein of white will be nearly used up, but only a small portion of the scarlet is required.

Cast on in the German manner one hundred and sixty stitches.

Knit twenty rows, slipping the first stitch in every row.

Decrease at the beginning and end of the next three rows by knitting two stitches together.

Repeat the decrease at the beginning and end of the next row; take up eighteen stitches at the corner and side with a fine needle, and knit them.

Knit a row, and take up eighteen stitches to match those at the opposite corner; rib these eighteen stitches. You are now prepared to commence the frill.

**1st row.**—Knit 3 stitches, continue the row by alternately ribbing 2 and knitting 2 until you have but three stitches left; knit them. The first and last flutes are thus made one stitch wider than the rest, as this makes the frill set better.

**2d row.**—Rib 2 stitches, make 1 by passing the wool round the needle, rib 1, knit 2, rib 1, make 1, rib 1, repeat from "knit 2."

**3d row.**—Knit 4, rib 2 and knit 3 throughout the rest of the row.

**4th row.**—Rib 4. Knit 2 and rib 3 throughout.

5th row.—Knit 4, rib 1, make 1, rib 1, knit 3. Repeat from the first "rib 1."

6th row.—Rib 4, knit 3 and rib 3 for the rest of the row.

7th row.—Knit 4. Rib 3 and knit 3 throughout.

8th row.—Rib 2, make 1, rib 1, make 1, rib 1, knit 3, rib 1. Repeat from the first "make 1."

9th row.—Knit 6. Rib 3 and knit 3 throughout.

10th row.—Rib 6. Knit 3 and rib 5 throughout.

11th row.—Knit 6. Rib 1, make 1, rib 1, make 1, rib 1, knit 5. Repeat from the first "rib 1."

12th row.—Rib 6. Knit 5 and rib 5 throughout.

13th row.—Knit 6. Rib 5 and knit 5 throughout.

14th row.—Rib 3, make 1, rib 1, make 1, rib 2, knit 5, rib 2. Repeat from the first "make 1."

15th row.—Knit 8. Rib 5 and knit 7 throughout.

16th row.—Rib 8. Knit 5 and rib 7 throughout.

17th row.—Knit 8. Rib 2, make 1, rib 1, make 1, rib 2, knit 7. Repeat from the first "rib 2."

18th row.—Rib 8. Knit 7 and rib 7 throughout.

19th row.—Knit 8. Rib 7 and knit 7 throughout.

Fasten on the scarlet wool and rib one row.

In the next row knit seven stitches and rib seven stitches, except in the first and last flutes, where the number is eight.

Cast off.

Pick up the stitches, one hundred and sixty in number, of the cast on side of the work, with a fine knitting needle, and, with the needles that you have been using all along, knit one row, beginning with the right side of the work towards you. This row is knitted as follows: knit 18 stitches, knit 2 together, repeat the same twice, thus decreasing three stitches; knit 17 stitches, knit 2 together twice; knit 2 together twice again, knit 17; decrease and knit 18 stitches three times.

Rib one row.

Knit one row.

Rib one row, and begin the second frill.

1st row.—Rib 2 and knit 2 throughout, ending with two ribbed stitches.

2d row.—Knit 1, make 1, knit 1, rib 2. Repeat throughout.

3d row.—Rib 3 and knit 2 throughout the row.

4th row.—Knit 3 and rib 2 throughout.

5th row.—Rib 3, knit 1, make 1, knit 1. Repeat the same throughout the row.

6th row.—Knit 3 and rib 3 throughout the row.

7th row.—Rib 3 and knit 3 throughout the row.

8th row.—Knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, rib 3. Repeat throughout.

9th row.—Rib 5 and knit 3 throughout the row.

10th row.—Knit 5 and rib 3 throughout the row.

11th row.—Rib 5, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1. Repeat.

12th row.—Knit 5 and rib 5 throughout the row.

13th row.—Rib 5 and knit 5 throughout the row.

14th row.—Knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2, rib 5. Repeat.

15th row.—Rib 7 and knit 5 throughout the row.

16th row.—Knit 7 and rib 5 throughout the row.

17th row.—Rib 7, knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2. Repeat the same throughout.

18th row.—Knit 7 and rib 7 throughout the row.

19th row.—Rib 7 and knit 7 throughout.

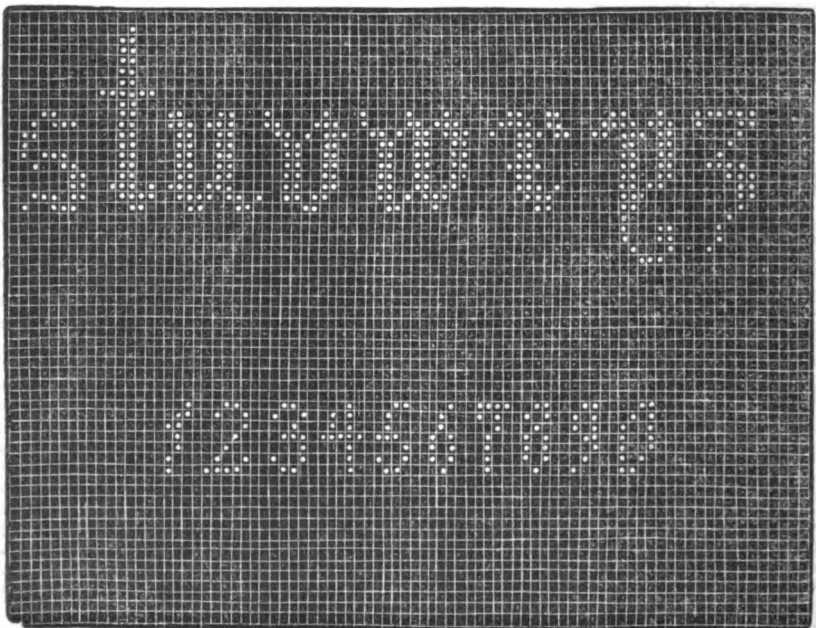
Fasten on the scarlet wool and knit one row.

Knit 7 and rib 7 alternately for the row.

Cast off, ribbing the stitches.

If the frill should require washing, it should be done in very hot water, and dried quickly, that the scarlet may not run into the white. Tack the two frills together at the corners.

## SMALL LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET IN CROTCHET.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

"I SHALL the effects of this good counsel keep  
As watchman to my heart."

Even so we flatter ourselves, say the fair readers at our Table, as they rise gratified from their monthly *déjeuner*—or rather Yankee breakfast, where "pies and things" are mingled with more substantial fare; and where the "salt" that never loses its "savor" may always be found. It may be objected that this "salt" is too profusely sprinkled, that the changes on "moral influence" are too often rung; but we are believers in the Old Testament doctrine, that "line upon line and precept upon precept" is the true way of instruction; and that the best reform is constant progress. Only to be obtained by the constant ressure of examples and lessons.

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

One great means of preparing for this life of noble thoughts and generous deeds is to discipline the heart and mind by judicious studies. And this is why we are so guarded in the list of books commended in our

COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES—And now that we have to select from the multitude of British poets and novelists, we are embarrassed with the literary riches of our language. The elder poets of Britain belong to us as well as to their own nation; and Spenser, the greatest poet of the sixteenth century, and Shakspeare, the greatest dramatist of modern ages, were fellow-countrymen and contemporaries with the ancestors of Americans. In studying the writings of these immortal bards, we have not only the glorious lessons true genius can teach, but we also gain a deep insight into the Anglo-Saxon character, now developing here its instinctive love of freedom and its wonderful capacity for improvement of every kind. Read, then—ay, *study* these two authors. Shakspeare is a household word, and his works are found in the shanty of the "Far-West" as well as in the parlor of the merchant-prince of the East. No "Family Library" in our land is complete without them. We trust the works of Spenser will also become extensively popular, as these are now republished here in a form to be *understood*.\* The poetry of Milton is always praised among us, but we fear not so surely *read*. "Cornus" and "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are so beautiful we hope no lady will neglect them; and "Paradise Lost" should be read as a matter of duty, if not of delight—though how any reader can fail of enjoying the exquisite harmony of the verse we do not comprehend, even though they may not appreciate the lofty magnificence of the ideas. The poetical works of Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, Campbell, Scott, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats—portions of Byron, Southey, Moore and Shelley, with the extracts from a multitude of other British poets to be found in "Collections," &c., will furnish many a lesson and beguile many a long, lone day of its weariness. In connection with

Shakspeare, we should have named Mrs. Jamieson's most interesting work, "Female Characters of Shakspeare." The productions of this lady are all worth reading.

Of novels, we can only say—read all of Walter Scott's, if you choose; and James is as safe a friend as any novel loving young lady can find—none of his novels need the *tabu*;—and "Rasselas" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" are both perfect in their way; and so are "Anastasiuss" and "The Castle of Otranto." (By the way, we did not mention the favorite writer of our earliest romance-reading, Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, among the female novelists—nor did we name the long list of charming novels by Miss Bremer, nor those *pretty good* by Miss Pickering, nor the *very good* by Mrs. Grey—so we add them all here.) Then all the novels by Mr. Ward, and all by Charles Dickens can be marked free. We wish we could say so of all written by Bulwer and D'Israeli. In the perusal of these, a young lady should consult her judicious friends. It is not well to give public prohibitions, and yet there are cases when the advice of a wise and delicate-minded friend is of great advantage to a young lady in her reading.

In the August number were given a few lines from "Metastasio's Artaserse," requesting a translation. Our fair readers have sent us a shower of favors. We cannot insert all the different translations, as we have not room, though all are worthy, and their authors have our thanks. We subjoin two.

Water parted from the ocean  
Bathes the valley and the mountain,  
Each river fills with restless motion,  
Or struggles prisoned in the fountain;  
Its moans are heard in every rill,  
In every lake it murmurs still,  
Longing once again to be  
At rest upon its parent Sea.—CAMILLA.

The drop snatched from its parent main  
Still struggles to return again,  
Through the valley gliding slow  
Or rushing in the torrent's flow—  
A traveler on the mountain,  
A prisoner in the fountain;  
Murmuring, moaning, sighing ever,  
In every lake, in every river,  
Fondly hoping to find rest  
Once again on Ocean's breast.—CORNELIA.

The following *morceaux* were received from our London correspondent a short time since.

### A LOVER'S LAMENT.

Count Ernst, of Coblenz, in Germany, loved, and was beloved by the beautiful daughter of Baron Fritz. It was in the history of each, their first and only love.

Count Ernst was the fifth son of a powerful German prince, four of whose sons already had died before attaining the age of twenty-one years—unmarried.

\* A notice of this work is in our Book Table.



There existed a prophecy that Ernst, the youngest son, would marry and transmit to posterity the family titles and estates if he but lived until he reached the fatal age of twenty-one. But it was avowed by a wise Sybil, that to insure the fulfilment of this prophecy, from the age of eighteen years he was never to see or converse with his *fiancée*. Ezilda, who loved him with intense ardor, believed not that the fate of his elder brothers would fall on the head of Ernst; but, after much solicitation, consented, and he became self-banished to Zurich, where he continued to reside. The following stanzas are supposed to have been addressed by him at the age of twenty to his betrothed Ezilda, residing with her family in Germany.

Oh, bid not the heart that is weary and sad,  
To smile 'mid the gloom of its fate;  
Oh, how wretched to hope where hope is forbad,  
How hard the command is to—wait!

Dear loved one, thy smile is the sun of my life,  
That smile now concealed from my view;  
Absorbed by the world, and its cares, and its strife,  
I think, sweetest love, but of you.

Still absent I love thee devoted and true,  
And fancy bedecks thee with flowers!  
Thine image a *dial* I keep in my view,  
To count o'er the lapse of past hours.

Each thought of my mind, each pulsation of heart,  
Throbs fondly emotions of love:  
We meet not, we speak not, yet ne'er can we part,  
Th' affiance is written above!

Midst the gloom of dark clouds, mid tempests and storm,  
Like a vision thou ever art near;  
And in dreamy-like trance I gaze on thy form,  
And smile in the absence of fear.

And thou, my beloved, thine heart can respond,  
For faithful thou art to thy vow;  
On thy breast is mine image, as cherished and fond  
As if our first love were but now.

Shall we meet? shall we wed? or an early grave  
Encircle thy heart's faithful shrine?  
See! time rolls on its course like the ocean wave!  
In life or in death I am thine.

Yes, yes, blooms our hope as though fresh in its birth,  
Our love like those flowers so woven—  
So pure, that while seeds are implanted on Earth,  
Their leaves will expand but in Heaven.

J. LEANDER STARR.

**THE LADY'S BOOK.**—The following, extracted from a letter lately received by the publisher, is very pleasant:—"Mr. Godey, if I have not wearied your patience, allow me to say a word in praise of the Lady's Book. My husband and myself take a half-dozen periodicals, my mother and sisters as many more, which I have the privilege of reading. I like them all, but must say—the *L. Book* is my favorite. I have been a paying subscriber six years, (shame upon those who have that \$13,000 staring them in the face!) and have anticipated and welcomed it each month as it came in its neat dress, filled with beautiful engravings and pleasant reading, to render the

cheerful fireside or the vine-covered piazza, the cherished home even more pleasant and cheerful."

We give in this number a piece of music, now first published in America. It is pronounced by good judges "very pretty."

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**—The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed Thursday, November 25th, as the day of annual thanksgiving in that state.

We hope every governor in the *twenty-nine states* will appoint the same day—25th of November—as the day of thanksgiving! Then the whole land would rejoice at once.

**NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—These articles are on file for publication:—"Ellen Montrose," "The Wildwood Arbor," "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," "The Eolian Harp," "The Three Conquests," "My Grave," "The Watcher's Vision," "A Portrait," "The Dead of Lobos," "To a Cloud," "The Mohawk," "To a Friend on leaving for Europe," "The Walk," "One Night," by *Maud Sinclair*. This writer will perceive we have given her article a name.

"Penny Patch" will perceive that her story was published in the September number.

We do not know the author of "Aunt Hepsy's Visit," published in the Boston Journal. It is a clever story.

In answer to "An Author" as to what we consider "humorous stories," it is hard to say; but if he will send the one he has written, we will soon pronounce. We consider "The Widow Bedott," published in *Neal's Gazette*, by our own contributor, the author of "Aunt Magwire's Experience" and "Mrs. Magwire's Account of Deacon Whipple," likewise the two latter, as the best specimens of humorous writing that have been published for a long time.

"A. M. N." is informed that Mrs. C. L. Hentz contributes to the Lady's Book when she has leisure. Her time is much taken up by other duties.

We wrote August 25th to the author of "The French Bean" and to the author of "One Night."

The following we cut from one of our exchanges without presenting the title of the paper. The remarks are so appropriate to ourselves that we give them entire.

"A FEW WORDS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Circumstances make it necessary to repeat, what we have often said before, that we cannot undertake and must not be expected to return manuscripts, offered but not accepted for publication. In particular cases, when the MS. is voluminous, we may put ourselves to trouble in preserving and returning, but as a general rule the undertaking would require far too much of our time and attention.

"Also, it must not be expected that we shall take public notice of every little communication that is sent to us, many being of the most trivial character. It is tax enough upon our scanty leisure to read the multitudes that come to our hands.

"Finally, correspondents whose favors are worth inserting, must be kind enough to exercise a little patience, when the subjects on which they write are of a permanent nature, not requiring immediate attention.

"N. B. and P. S.—Correspondents must be kind enough to remember that if they write on both sides of the paper they put an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of their productions to print and publicity."

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

**AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF EDMUND SPENSER**—with a special *Exposition of the Fairy Queen*. By John S. Hart, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia High School. New York and London. Wiley & Putnam—1847. (Svo., pp 512.) Just published. We shall notice this more particularly next month.

**THE MONTHS**. By Wm. H. C. Hosmer. Boston: Ticknor & Co. (pp. 72) A very neatly-ornamented cover encloses, as the title indicates, a poem appropriate to the scenery and characteristics of each month. It is replete with fine thoughts and beautiful imagery, and will make a pleasant addition to our stock of American poetry.

**CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE**. This valuable work has reached its fifteenth number.

**CHAMBERS' MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE** is now in the course of being reprinted in America. The first number is out, and a very interesting one it is. Published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Boston.

**THE CRIMES OF THE BORGHIAS**. By Alexander Dumas. W. H. Graham, New York. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. This is a romance, or rather a reality of Rome in the seventeenth century. The Crimes of the Borgias can hardly be treated as a fiction—truth in this case being stranger than fiction. This novel is on the high-pressure principle, and therefore not so good for steamboat traveling as for the railroad. Dumas writes nothing that is not readable, and in most cases instructive.

**THE TRUE STORY OF MY LIFE**—a *Sketch*. By Hans Christian Andersen. Jas. Munroe & Co., Boston. This work is No. 2, second series, of "The Boston Library of American and Foreign Literature." Translated by Mary Howitt. A beautifully-told and a true story—one almost of romance. Andersen commenced life as a poor boy; he was the son of a shoemaker of Odense, and was married at twenty to a girl as poor as himself. The poverty of his family may be imagined from the circumstance that the only bedstead in the house was a wooden frame made to support the coffin of a count whose body lay in state before his interment. He had an excellent voice, and was noticed at first on that account; but that failing, he was forced to use his pen. Five-and-twenty years from the time he commenced his travels on foot to seek a livelihood, he was the honored guest of the monarch of his country. It is a book of vicissitudes, and shows the efforts of a mind conscious of its own abilities to overcome obstacles almost insuperable, and at last to meet with the reward which such great talents were entitled to.

**JONEPHUS**. Part 3. Harper & Brothers, N. York. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. We have received the last number of this very interesting work. Translated by Rev. E. Traill, D.D. It is well illustrated and printed, and when completed will form a beautiful volume.

**LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH**—and the *Court of France in the Seventeenth Century*. Part 3 and 4. Same publishers. This is the most remarkable work from the pen of Miss Pardoe, notwithstanding she has written "The City of the Sultan." It is essentially dramatic in its nature, although historically correct. The incidents crowd upon each other so fast that but little time is given for reflection. The romance-reader will

be delighted with it, while the historian will refer to it as a text-book. It has many engravings illustrative of the text, two of which will puzzle the reader to know whether they are on steel or wood, being decidedly the best engravings on the latter we have ever seen.

**FRESH GLEANINGS**—or, a new *Sheaf from the old Fields of Continental Europe*. By I. K. Marvel. Same publishers. An agreeable chit-chaty work, with much useful information—a book that you may open at any page and find pleasant reading. The writer takes you to the *café*, the saloons, the churches, the theatres, the gaming-houses, the gardens—speaks of M. Thiers as an old acquaintance—nods to Soult—hobs and nobbs with a *prima donna*—tells a good story, such as "Boidos"—smokes a pipe with the Dutchman—gives "a short sermon"—a chapter on "the government of Paris"—talks French with a grisette—and, in fact, is at home everywhere. It resembles the best book of travels ever written—that by the late John Sanderson, our own much-regretted townsman, another edition of whose work is now going through the press.

These two last works—*Louis the Fourteenth* and the *Gleanings*—are beautiful specimens of typography.

**JESSIE LINDEN**. Edward Dunigan, New York. W. J. Cunningham, 104 South Third street, Philadelphia. This neat little work contains a treatise upon the seven corporal works of Mercy—to feed the hungry—to give drink to the thirsty—to clothe the naked—to harbor the harborless—to visit and ransom the captive—to visit the sick, and to bury the dead. It will command the attention of the reader.

**THE ARABIAN NIGHTS**. Part 3. C. S. Francis & Co., New York. J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This work, so well known as to need no commendation from us, contains twenty large and numerous small engravings. It is one of the neatest editions ever printed.

**LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST**—with *Anecdotes of their Courts*. By Agnes Strickland. Volume 10. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. This edition is now just published from official records and other authentic documents, private as well as public. The number now before us contains the reign of Mary Beatrice, of Modena, consort of James II., and of Mary the Second.

**ENDLESS AMUSEMENT**. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Here is an entertaining work, both for youth and age, containing four hundred entertaining experiments in various branches of science, including acoustics, chemistry, arithmetic, electricity, hydraulics, hydrostatics, magnetism, mechanics, optics, wonders of the air-pump, tricks and changes of cards, a complete system of pyrotechny—(we have in our mind's eye at this moment a purchaser for this latter treatise alone)—indeed, everything that can please the grave or the gay. It is "endless amusement," and the publishers might have added, instruction. What a help to a dull tea-fight, or what an able adjunct to a children's party! It may be introduced to the scientific or to the family circle, and to each it will give instruction and pleasure. It is filled with illustrations. We shall give extracts from it occasionally.

**HARPER'S FIRESIDE LIBRARY**. Another gem from the press of the Harpers. A Christmas book al-

ready. The dress of the book is enough to commend it. "*The good Genius that turned everything into Gold; or, the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress—a Christmas Fancy Tale—by the Brothers Mayhew,*" is its title; and if that is not enough, we will add that it is adorned with plates. A pretty present for the holidays is this edition of "The Fireside Library."

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** No. 27. Harper & Brothers, New York, and Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. This number contains the conclusion of the reign of Charles the 1st, and the commencement of the commonwealth. This number contains a facsimile of a letter of Oliver Cromwell and twelve other engravings.

**THE POWER OF THE SOUL, OVER THE BODY.** Same publishers. This work is intended to show the power of the soul over the body considered in relation to health and morals. The author illustrates this position by several chapters upon the state of the will in dreaming, in somnambulism, in mental abstraction and the nature of memory. There is an admirable chapter upon the effects of the passions on health, which we commend to the various political editors in the coming election, to be read by them daily. Another upon injudicious education, from which we extract the following:—"The contrast in personal appearance and manner between a child trained under the winning management of a wise, firm, commanding love, and another subjected to the despotic control of fear, is very striking. In the former we observe a sprightly eye and open countenance, with a genial vivacity and trustfulness in the general expression of the body; a mixture of confiding sociality with intelligence, an alacrity of movement and a healthiness of soul evinced in generous activity and smiles. But the child who finds a tyrant instead of a fostering parent, if naturally delicate, acquires a timid bearing, a languid gait, a sallow cheek, a pouting lip, a stupid torpidity or a sullen defiance—for nature's defence from tyranny is either hard stupidity or cunning daring."

**SAMPSON'S BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE** Same publishers. A difficult task to select beauties from that which is all beauty, but the author has shown great taste in his selections, and has avoided quoting any particular passages that would evince sectarianism. He has had a difficult task, and has succeeded well.

**DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY.** No. 2. By W. B. Jerrold. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. We are now prepared to say that the work bids fair to be extremely entertaining. Not quite so much so as "*The Greatest Plague in Life*," now publishing by the same house—part 5 of which we have just received—but still a work of great interest and incident. The illustrations are good.

In our last number, "*The Conquest of Peru*," by Prescott, was credited to the "same publishers," but unfortunately, it did not immediately follow Messrs. Harper & Brothers' other publications. We take this opportunity to say that the work is from the press of this eminent house, and does them infinite credit for the admirable manner in which it is got up. Surely a great work like this, by so admirable a writer, should demand a paternity from a higher source than "game publishers."

**THE MIRROR OF LIFE—*an Annual for the coming Holidays.*** Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. We have been favored by the publishers with an early copy of this work and we pronounce it one of the most splendid gift books we ever saw. The following is the preface to the work, and explains its tendency.

"Intended as this volume is, to present to the view of its readers the various stages of life's progress, from the first dawning of infancy to old age, no more appropriate title could be selected than '*The Mirror of Life*' to indicate its contents. The matter is all original, and from

the pens of favorite authors of our own country. The plates are from pictures or designs by American artists, never before engraved; and with one exception, were prepared expressly for this work. Presenting thus an array of talent, in the letter-press and the embellishments, rarely to be met, the publishers trust that the public will find this purely American book well deserving of patronage."

There are eleven illustrations, all engraved by Sartain, and, as it will be seen by the above, from original designs. The following are the names of the designers—Osgood, Schmitz, Eichholtz, Rossier, Roethermel, and the Rev. Dr. Morton, and the subjects are—Boyhood, Infancy, Childhood, Girlhood, Maidenhood, the Bride, the Mother, the Widow, Manhood, Old Age, and the Shrouded Mirror. It is superbly bound.

**LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.** Two volumes. E. H. Butler, Philadelphia. This work, as its title implies, is really a library in itself. It is a collection of the most useful and entertaining portions of the works of nearly all the standard authors of the English language, together with specimens of the best translations from the ancient tongues, divided into prose, poetry and epistles. It is classified under separate heads. It also contains a new chronological table of the era the country and the writings of learned men, and of remarkable events, discoveries and inventions generally, from the creation to the present time. The first volume is chiefly grave and serious, the second lively and entertaining. Embellished with authentic portraits of distinguished American and English authors.

**THE BANDITS OF THE OSAGE—*a Western Romance.*** By Emerson Bennett, author of "*The League of the Miami*," &c. Robinson & Jones, Cincinnati. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. A spirited book, and even a better one than "*The League of the Miami*"—not altogether confined to a history of the bandits alone, but interspersed with other more agreeable characters and descriptions of the West.

The publishers of this work, Messrs. Robinson & Jones, have a large printing establishment in Cincinnati connected with their bookstore, are very enterprising and intelligent men, and are destined to make a grand revolution in the publishing business west of the mountains. They keep on hand all the popular productions of the day, stationery, &c., and import books from Europe at the New York prices.

**MR. GATZMER, AGENT OF THE CAMDEN AND AMBOT RAILROAD COMPANY**—We have noticed an article generally copied in our papers, complimentary to this gentleman. We cheerfully subscribe to it, and endorse it. Too much cannot be said in his praise for his able management of the celebrated lines between Philadelphia and New York, and his suavity of manner and kindness of disposition.

We also beg leave to add the name of Capt. Hinkle, of the steamboat John Stevens, as that of a man fully deserving the praise of this community. As a popular commander he has no equal. A man more charitably disposed towards poor travelers we never saw. Several instances have lately come under our notice when this peculiar trait of his character was well developed. Indeed, to all the gentlemen connected with this company great praise is due.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Horticulturist on the cover of this number. We can recommend this work to our friends, as we have known it since its commencement. It will supply them with every information, practically conveyed, on the subjects upon which it treats. Its editor is well known as one of the most tasteful men in the country.





THE COTTAGE MUSICIANS.

*Painted by M. J. M.*

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1847.

### DEACON SMITH AND HIS VIOLIN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(See Plate. Cottage Musicians.)

In his younger days, Deacon Smith was looked upon as a very carnal-minded young man. The father, old Deacon Smith, had many painful exercises about his son Abel, who, to use his own language, was "strangely disposed to follow after the man of this world;" and he did not hesitate, in season, and out of season, to lecture him on the evil tendency of his ways.

And, in very truth, Abel did give promise of making a bad Christian, according to the standard set up by his father and the leading Puritan spirits of his day; for Abel, blessed with good health, good spirits, and a light body, would, in the face of warning, entreaty and ghostly admonition, indulge in the sinful practice of dancing, singing carnal songs, and playing upon that most profane of all musical instruments, the violin.

How a son of his could ever go so far astray, was a matter of serious wonder to old Deacon Smith. To him it seemed, and so he often said, when mourning over the sad declension of Abel, that Satan had especially desired to have him from a boy, for from his earliest youth, Abel had shown a strange fondness for sinful pleasures, as will be seen in what we will here relate.

There was a lad named Thomas, whose father, in the common estimation of the religious community around him, neither "feared God nor regarded man." That is, he saw nothing sinful in natural pleasures, if indulged lawfully and without excess, and lived in the practice of his faith on this subject. The lad, his son, had obtained a Jew's-harp, and learned to play upon it the profane airs of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "St. Patrick's Day," and "Auld Lang Syne." As he lived near neighbor to Deacon Smith, he was in the habit of meeting Abel almost every day, although the parents of the latter

made many efforts to keep the children apart, and often punished their little boy for disobedience on this score. But, there was something about this son of a sinful father that attracted Abel, spite of interdiction and punishments, and caused him to seek his company whenever an opportunity of meeting him occurred.

One of the chief attractions possessed by Thomas was his Jew's-harp, and his ability to play upon it. Music was Abel's leading passion, and by the time he was four years old, he could catch a tune and hum it almost the first time he heard it, and was constantly distressing the ears of his parents, and receiving sharp rebukes for indulging in a strain of "Yankee Doodle," or "Scots wha ha," either vocally or instrumentally—the instrumental part consisting generally of a solo on a tin cup with his little fist, or else performed with a stick on the wall, window sill, or any other article from which he could elicit a sound.

One day Abel was so fortunate as to receive the present of a sixpence. With this he started off full speed on a visit to his interesting friend Thomas, and met him with a proposition to buy his Jew's-harp, for which he offered the aforesaid sixpence. Upon this simple instrument, under the instruction of Thomas, he had already learned to play one or two airs so well, that no one could possibly mistake them. The proposed exchange of property was readily effected.

On the morning when this occurrence took place, Rev. Jedediah Cantwell, the minister, had called in to see Deacon Smith, and have some conversation with him, touching the things of the Spirit. As they sat together, in earnest conference, their solemn states were suddenly disturbed by the sound of music in the next room; and,

shocking to relate, it came from a Jew's-harp, whose little tongue was vibrating most energetically to the tune of "Yankee Doodle!" In a moment after, the door was thrown open, and Abel came stamping into the room, with his teeth closed tightly upon the iron bow, and his finger touching with unwonted skill the musical tongue of his prize. His head was set back so far, and his eyes so nearly closed that he made the circuit of the room twice, before discovering the august presence of the minister and his angry father; nor was it until a sharp word from the latter fell upon his ear, that he became aware that there was an audience as well as performer.

"Give me that, sir!" said the stern father, with brows drawn down, and eyes glancing forth birch rods by the dozen.

Abel's reluctance to part with his Jew's-harp, was easy to be seen looking out from the sudden alarm with which this unexpected encounter had inspired him.

"Now go out of the room, sir! I will see you about this after awhile."

As Deacon Smith said this, he broke the tongue out of the innocent instrument, and twisted the symmetrical bow into a misshapen form. Poor Abel, when he saw this hopeless ruin, burst into tears, and ran out of the room; finding his mother he hid his face in her lap and sobbed wildly for many minutes.

"Deacon Smith," said the minister, in a voice of solemn warning, as soon as the child had retired, "unless you watch over that boy of yours more carefully and prayerfully, he will be lost. It is dreadful to think that so young a child, and the son of one of our oldest Deacons, should so early go astray from the testimonies of the righteous! There must be some fault at home—it is my duty to speak plain, Deacon, and I will speak plain to all, even though my words cut like a knife, and divide in sunder the bones and the marrow—yes, some fault at home! Search it out, Deacon; and apply the correction, as you value the soul of your child!"

Deacon Smith bowed his head, and received, meekly, and without reply, this reproof of Mr. Cantwell. He felt deeply humbled as well as deeply grieved. That he was to blame, somehow or other, because his son loved music, and had learned to play upon the Jew's-harp, he sadly owned, but exactly how he was to blame, and how he could have prevented the evil that had occurred, was not so clear to his mind.

As for Abel, to the loss of his Jew's-harp were added sundry experimental punishments, more or less severe, according as affection for the child, or a stern sense of duty, preponderated in the father's mind. How far these were salutary in effecting that for which they were designed, will appear from the fact, that Abel bought from his friend Thomas, within a week, for gingerbread that he denied himself the gratification of tasting, another Jew's-harp. This he took good care never to play

within the hearing of any one at home. It sounded in distant fence corners, in the old barn where the air was sweet with newly-gathered hay; and in the house of his friend Thomas, into whose company he would go, spite of punishment—but it was never heard at home, where all was cold and unmusical; and where a laugh never echoed along the ceilings with heart-warming cheerfulness.

Here was the beginning of Abel's wandering away from the right path. As he grew older, his passion for music increased. This his parents attempted to guide, if they could not restrain, by having him instructed, as soon as he was old enough to learn, in psalmody. But Abel had a strange love for instrumental music, and often showed more interest in blowing the teacher's pitch pipe, or ringing his tuning fork, than in his *sol fa mi*.

As a school-boy, Abel was known as a famous maker of corn-stalk fiddles, "locusts," &c., and generally had his pockets searched at least once a week at home, and almost every day at school, for Jew's-harps, not a small number of which, at one time and another, suffered confiscation. But, the love of music was a part of his soul and could not be extinguished. The sound of a drum and fife almost set him crazy, and the music of a well-played violin touched him so deeply that his heart often answered to it with tears.

At the age of eighteen, Abel went into a store in the village, that lay a few miles from the homestead, in order to qualify himself for doing business. Freedom from the oppressive restraints of home, he felt to be, indeed, a blessed freedom. About the first use he made of it, was to buy from an itinerant vendor of all sorts of notions, an old violin that he happened to have for sale, worth, really, four times what was asked for it. From the time Abel came into possession of this instrument, for months, every moment of leisure and retirement was spent in learning to play upon it. This fact some friend communicated to the old Deacon, who brought all the influence he possessed to bear upon his son, but without effect. The violin was too dearly prized to be given up.

This love of music and playing on the violin, were the means of introducing Abel into a new circle of acquaintance. A few months after he came to the village he met, regularly, every week, half a dozen young men who were, like himself, learners; some on the violin, some on the flute, and some on other instruments. From music to dancing, and going to see shows where music, such as it was, always formed an attraction, was an easy transition. Abel added to his other vices that of tripping it on the light fantastic toe, which, when the fact became known to his father, caused him most bitter grief of spirit. But all he could say produced no effect upon Abel, who made the matter much worse in the eyes of the old Deacon by declaring that he saw no harm in dancing. If he had owned to its being evil, and confessed to the inordinate carnal desire that led him into sin,

there would have been some hope; but to "see no harm in dancing!"—that made the perversion of his son almost hopeless.

It was a great scandal to Deacon Smith, this worldly-mindedness and sad declension. He felt, daily, that his own standing was compromised by the conduct of his son; for people would say, and he was very certain did say, that there must have been some fault at home, or Abel never would have wandered so soon from the straight and narrow path. What that fault was, he could not tell. He was certain that he had tried faithfully to restrain the perverse tendencies of his fallen nature, although he had tried in vain.

The attainment of his majority did not cause Abel to love the things of the church any more nor the things of the world any less. He entered into all the social amusements that came in his way, dancing, and even joining in a game of whist, if cards happened to be introduced. But in nothing did he take so much delight as in his violin, in performing upon which he attained great skill.

When Abel was twenty-three years of age, he saw during one of his visits at home, a maiden who greatly pleased his fancy. He had met her frequently before, but then she was only a sprightly little girl, and he a boy just leaving school. The pleasant girl had become a lovely maiden, and Abel's heart turned towards her as the flower to the sun. Old Deacon Smith was quick to see the impression made by Abby Howard upon the mind of his son, and he was wonderfully pleased thereat, for Abby was the oldest daughter of the good Deacon Howard, and was herself a church member, and pious. He had more hope for his son now, than he had felt for years.

Well, Abel's next visit was in six weeks, instead of in three months, as formerly, and what was a little notable, during the few days he remained at home, he took occasion to call at Deacon Howard's, and ask for Abby. This was known all over the neighborhood in less than twenty-four hours.

At his next return home, which was in even a shorter period than six weeks, he visited Abby twice. Things now looked serious, and Deacon Howard called in to see Deacon Smith to ask him about his son. He had heard, he frankly acknowledged, many strange stories about Abel, who was generally accounted a worldly-minded and profane young man, while Abby was a member of the church and very pious. Abel had visited her already three or four times, and it was too evident that Abby had received his visits with pleasure. This being the posture of affairs, Deacon Howard wished to know what he could say in favor of his son.

This was a trial for the stern old Deacon to pass through. He loved his boy more and more as he grew older, for Abel, notwithstanding his evil ways in the eyes of his father, was always kind, attentive, and affectionate towards his parents; and even though rebuked, sometimes,

with unbecoming harshness, ever returned gentle and soothing words.

"There is something good in that boy, for all," the father could not help often saying to his wife, after parting with Abel at the end of his regular visits at home. "If I could only see him hopefully pious, my heart would be at rest."

Even the most rigid will pardon Deacon Smith for putting the best possible face upon the matter, as he did to Deacon Howard, between whom and himself, it was finally agreed that the young couple should be left to follow out their own inclinations. These drew them into a nearer intimacy, and ended in a declaration of love on the part of Abel, who was referred by the blushing maiden to her father.

To Deacon Howard the young man went with some reluctance and many misgivings. His application for the hand of Abby was treated with much gravity, and he had to stand many searching questions, and sundry severe remarks upon his past life, for which, much to the Deacon's satisfaction, he expressed sincere regret, and hoped that he might in the future be a better man. He was told, that Abby was a member of the church and pious, and that if he thought of becoming her husband, and the head of a family, he should make up his mind to come out from the sinful world and prepare himself, by joining the church, for the important duties that would necessarily devolve upon him.

This was a grave matter, but his love for Abby made Abel weigh what was said to him with due seriousness; and he finally began to think that, perhaps, he had been rather too worldly-minded; and, also, that as Abby was a pious young woman and a member of the church, it would not do for him, as her husband, to do just as he had done.

The next thing was an objection urged by Abby's mother to her going away. To meet this, came an offer on the part of Deacon Smith, to Deacon Howard, of this tenor. If he would join him in the purchase of a neat little farm, close by, that had just been offered for sale, they would buy it and make it a present to the young couple as a marriage portion, provided Abel was willing to give up storekeeping and turn farmer. Abel did not object, seriously.

The marriage was solemnized on next Thanksgiving day, and in the following spring Abel Smith commenced his new occupation of farmer. In the course of a year he joined the church, and there was a fair promise of his becoming a worthy member of the same.

Abel's first trial after marriage, was the serious objection made by Abby to his violin, the very sound of which caused her heart to shrink, and filled her with alarm lest some one should be passing near. The idea of its being said that a violin had been heard in her house, was a shocking thought. The husband's love for his wife and regard for her feelings, even though he believed her prejudiced, triumphed over his affection



for the favorite violin, and it was soon laid aside in some dark corner.

Even though seated beside his sweet young bride, the evenings often passed away heavily without a strain of music from the dear old instrument. He read pious books to Abby, sung with her the sacred songs of the church, talked over their duties in life, recounted their present pleasures and the hosts that crowded the blessed future; but all did not compensate, fully, for what he had lost, and there were times when he would have made almost any sacrifice to hear again the pure strains of a violin.

Ten years after he had seen his son married, become a church member, and give up his carnal delights, good old Deacon Smith paid the debt of nature. His last days he always called his best days.

Abel, by this time, had a snug little family about him, and was doing very well on his farm. On Sundays he attended church, regularly with his wife and children. The death of old Deacon Smith left a vacancy in the secular part of the particular church militant, of which he had while living been a member, and this vacancy was filled by an election of his son to the office. Abel tried to refuse the honor thus unexpectedly conferred upon him, but it was no use. He had been made a deacon, and a deacon he must remain.

The oldest son of Deacon Smith, as Abel was now everywhere called, had quite as strong a passion for Jew's-harps, cornstalk fiddles and the like, as had been manifested by his father when of his age. The Deacon, as became him, looked grave whenever he came suddenly upon the young Abel engaged in his musical recreations; but he never positively interdicted the Jew's harp, nor broke out its eloquent little tongue, as his father had done before him. No—no. He could not have done that. There was something in the sound of the little instrument that made his heart beat quicker, Deacon of the Church as he was! Nor did little Abel alone show a fondness for music; every child he had, was so full of harmony, that he almost cried in tune.

As the children grew up, they were early taught music; that is, psalmody. But, notwithstanding no songs but sacred songs were heard from the lips of their parents; and profane songs, as they were called, were spoken against in the church, the voice of Ruth, the oldest girl, was often heard lingering sweetly on "Come to the Sunset Tree," "Oft in the Silly Night," or "The Last Rose of Summer," that she had learned from her young companions.

Although Deacon Smith had never asked his daughter to sing one of these songs, yet he always listened to her when she warbled them to herself, and thought she never sung so sweetly. Abel often struck in with his mellow bass, giving a double effect to the music. Against this the mother often complained, and frequently rebuked the children for singing these profane songs, but her husband always said, when they were alone—

"I don't know that we ought to feel very much troubled about it, Abby; they might do a great deal worse."

After Abel Smith had been Deacon for about ten years, old Mr. Cantwell, the minister, died, well advanced in age; and a new minister was chosen. He was a man about thirty years of age, well educated, and far less austere in his manner than his predecessor. Deacon Smith liked him much better, although, from some cause or other, he never became very intimate in his intercourse with him.

As the children grew up, and their love of music grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, their knowledge of profane songs increased. Ruth had two or three young friends, whose advantages in regard to music were far above hers, as they had pianos, all the "new and fashionable music," as it is said. From these young ladies, Ruth used frequently to borrow songs, and learn to sing them at home. At length, Deacon Smith so far broke the ice of rigid church conventionality, as to ask Ruth, sometimes, to sing him one of the songs he most loved to hear—"Come to the Sunset Tree," or "The Irish Emigrant's Lament." At last, when the children were singing anything that pleased him, he would join in, much to the surprise of his wife, who began really to fear that her husband was "falling away" from his spiritual integrity.

"A Deacon singing songs! What will be said?"—

This remark of Abby's made the Deacon feel a little curious, and half-ashamed of himself. But when the "Lament," or "Oft in the Silly Night," or "Woodman Spare that Tree" was sung by Ruth and joined in by her two brothers, the Deacon's voice would, somehow or other, without his intending it, blend in with them, and give character and depth to the music. He felt that there was something wanting, and that his voice would just supply it, and then his voice broke in. There was little or no intention in this. It was from a kind of impulse, or instinct.

Thus things went on for a few years until Abby ceased to object, and until, in fact, she came to feel a heart interest in the "Lament," "The May Queen," and many other profane songs. Almost every evening there was a little concert in the Deacon's family, which usually ended, by way of a conscience-clearer, with a hymn or a psalm.

One day, it was when Ruth was about sixteen, and Abel, his oldest boy, in his fourteenth year, the Deacon, in passing his barn, stopped, in sudden surprise, at hearing the music of a violin issuing from the repository of grain and hay. The performer he soon ascertained to be no very great proficient in the art he was endeavoring to practice, although he made a tolerably fair attempt at "Yankee Doodle." Drawing silently near, and gaining a position that made him an unobserved observer, the Deacon was no little surprised to see his son Abel, seeing away upon his old vio-

lin, the existence of which he had fully believed to be a matter of entire ignorance to his children; as well as the fact that he had himself ever handled the bow.

As quietly as he had approached, did Deacon Smith withdraw, feeling rather strangely. The sound of that old violin had awakened a thousand musical echoes in his heart, and he felt a most intense desire to get it once more into his hands, and draw from it the deep melodies that lay hidden in its strings.

That evening, the Deacon said to Abel, as the children got out their music, and, after selecting the "Lament," were preparing to sing it—

"Go up stairs, my son, and bring me down my violin."

Abel started, and looked half-frightened for a moment, Ruth turned her eyes quickly upon her father's face, and the mother said, in a deprecating voice—

"What do you want with that, father?"

Abel only paused an instant, and then flew up stairs for the violin. He happened to know more about his father's early love for the instrument than the Deacon suspected.

The violin was brought and placed in the hands of Deacon Smith, who looked at it with a glance of affection that he could not conceal. He found that it had been newly stringed. After tuning it, he said to the children,—

"Now begin, and let me see if I can't accompany you."

Ruth and her brothers arranged themselves and began the song, while the Deacon drew his bow with a skill and taste that surprised and delighted his children.

While in the midst of this performance, an auditor presented himself at the door opening into the passage, towards which their backs were turned, and this no less a personage than the minister, who, as the reader may suppose, was "immensely" surprised at what he heard and saw. A deacon of his church playing on the violin and singing with his children a profane song! He felt, for the moment, a strong emotion of pious anger. But he restrained himself and stood still, unobserved, but all observing.

As the song progressed, sung as it was with exquisite taste and overpowering pathos, for the hearts of all were in what they were doing, the minister's feelings began to soften. He felt, too, that there could be no evil in a poor bereaved heart thus pouring itself out in expressive words, nor any in singing those words, and feeling intense sympathy for him who was supposed first to have uttered them. Once or twice the minister felt a choking sensation in his throat; but he swallowed it down with an effort. At last, accompanied by a low wailing strain from the violin, their voices trembled on the words—

"And I laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast."

This was more than the minister could bear. Ere the next strain could be taken up, the little party of musicians were startled by a deep fluttering sob, and turning quickly in the direction from which it came, saw their minister in the door, striving in vain to hide the tears that were falling over his face. The man—the true man's heart in him, had been touched.

Deacon Smith understood, in a moment, the exact position of affairs. He did not attempt to push his violin out of sight, but laid it in full view upon a table. As soon as all was settled and quiet, and a good tone of feeling had been acquired, he said—

"You are no doubt, surprised, to find a Deacon of your church playing on the violin, and his children singing songs. But, I need not tell you, who know so well, that it is the end for which a thing, not evil in itself, is done, that makes it good or bad to him who does it. It might be evil for some to do what we have been doing, but not for us. We feel it not only to be innocent, but good thus to mingle our hearts and voices in sympathy with our fellows. We have two duties in life,—to love God and regard man. If we do not properly regard man, we cannot truly love God. The great mistake that is made by the religious world, I have long felt to be the withdrawal of itself from the natural world and its natural pleasures, instead of flowing into it and giving a true vitality to these pleasures. It is not religion to live above the world, nor out of it, but to live in it and fill all its uses and innocent pleasures with a vital and spiritual principle. Good songs, expressive of human sympathies and good will one towards another, are as necessary for the perfection of what is natural, as spiritual songs and devotional exercises are for the perfection of what is spiritual."

The minister did not attempt to controvert what the Deacon said, although, in connection with a violin, the doctrine seemed a little heretical. But, as he had been betrayed into the natural weakness of shedding tears at the mere singing of a song, he felt that it was best for him to say as little as possible.

After that, Deacon Smith indulged in the luxury of violin playing whenever he felt inclined that way. This luxury, however, was not enjoyed without sundry drawbacks. Exceptions were taken by members of the church to a secular officer thereof being guilty of such a violation of religious decorum as playing upon a fiddle, which was characterized by some as the Devil's instrument. The Deacon's mind at last became balanced between the questions of giving up his violin, or resigning his office in the church. His desire to be free to do what he believed to be right, and his love for the old, mellow-toned instrument, decided him to give up the deaconcy, and he is now plain Abel Smith, though quite as good a Christian at heart as many of his more scrupulous brethren.

## THE NEW VILLAGE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

DEAR to our hearts are homes and household fires,  
Where youthful pleasures hailed each happy morn,  
Where sang our mothers and where sat our sires,  
Whose blessed looks our sweetest thoughts adorn;—  
Sacred the threshold by their footsteps worn,  
From whence at last went forth the funeral train,  
Leaving our hearts by deepest sorrows torn:—  
Sacred the ground where their dear dust was lain;  
Sacred the church, the town, and the surrounding plain.

Not less the Indian loves his native spot,  
Nor walks he less in Memory's blessed beam;  
His parents, playmates, and the clay-built cot,  
Melt o'er his senses like a noontide dream.  
See the small village sloping to the stream  
Beneath the arch of the ancestral wood;  
Along the shades the dusky children teem,  
Waking in mimic chase the solitude,  
Free as their Eden-sire, as innocently nude.

Here, Eve-like, maidens roam through nature's bowers,  
Mating with fawns along the pathless ways,  
Blithesome as birds, as sunless as the flowers,  
Wild as the brook, and wandering where it strays,  
Pouring to heaven their sweet, unconscious praise;  
The foliage bends to greet them as they pass,  
And buds unfold to court their tender gaze,  
The daisies kiss their footfalls in the grass,  
And little streams stand still to catch them in their glass.

Up with the day, and glowing as the morn,  
Along the brooks the laughing children wade;  
The happy matron grinds the golden corn—  
The sturdy hunters, for the chase arrayed,  
Swift as their arrows flash from sun to shade:  
Some spear the fish, and some collect the nut,  
Till evening's veil o'er all the scene is laid;  
And when the day by peaceful night is shut,  
Sleep, like an angel, reigns in every quiet hut.

*How blest these days, these nights how doubly blest,  
Ere turned the spectral pale-face toward the west!*

But now the Indian dons his painted dress,  
And wistful glances flash their wordless ire,  
Murdering peace through all the wilderness!  
From slender youth to gray and wrinkled sire,  
All join the war-dance at the midnight fire:  
Where war-clubs, held by naked arms and strong,  
And knives and axes speak the wild desire,  
There maids and matrons mingle in the throng,  
To swell the sullen tide of dull, monotonous song!

Such now their nights; but at the approach of day  
Low sinks the fire, and dies the warlike sound.  
While through the woods the warriors glide away,  
And on the victim give the sudden bound.  
Not long the Indian's skill or strength defies  
The tide which westward bears its way profound;  
O'erpowered at last, the flying tribe descends  
Their ancient homesteads burn and light their native  
skies.

*Cursed is the day in every tawny breast,  
Which turned the spectral pale-face toward the west.*

The pioneers their gleaming axes swing,  
The sapling falls, and dies the forest's sire—  
The foliage fades,—but sudden flames upspring,  
And all the grove is leaved again with fire,

While gleams the pine tree like a gilded spire;  
The homeless birds sail circling wild and high;  
At night the wolves gaze out their fierce desire!  
For weeks the smoke spreads, blotting all the sky,  
While, twice its size, the sun rolls dull and redly by.

Before the cabin on the river's side,  
When down the unknown west the day is done,  
The laborers talk away the eventide,  
Rehearse the plan so gloriously begun,  
What house to rear, and where the street shall run.  
The morning comes, and with its earliest gleam  
Loud ring the anvils, glowing like the sun;  
There fall the axe and adz, that shape the beam,  
And here the noisy raftsmen labor in the stream.

Now grows the village; there the tavern grows,  
A little inn with large, inviting sign;  
There the new store its medley contents shows.  
O'eropping all, yet simple in design,  
The general care, there grows the house divine;  
Th' unfinished steeple, like a skeleton,  
Shows the blue sky between its ribs of pine;  
Its gilded point now courts the early sun,  
And holds it latest when the toilsome day is done

*This sees some Indian from the distant hill,  
With power unequal to his savage will!  
Cursed is the day in every tawny breast,  
Which turned the spectral pale-face toward the west!*

Now from the belfry rings a cheerful sound,  
The air hangs trembling between joy and fear,  
And echoes answer from the hills around,  
Frighting the wild duck from the sedge mere,  
While trembles by the stream the listening deer!  
There's not a breath by note of songster stirred,  
The squirrel drops his nut and turns to hear!  
All nature listens, like a startled bird,  
To hear the marriage bell, the first those woods e'er  
heard.

But hark! again the melancholy toll,  
Spreading the shadow of the pall around,  
While nature answers to its dreadful dole!  
Beside the church there lies the sacred ground,  
And in its midst is made the first new mound!  
The fairest flower of all that western space  
Rests in the grave by sweetest blossoms crowned—  
The pure in heart—the beautiful in face—  
A fitting dust was hers to consecrate the place!

Thus it begins; but who shall know the end?  
What prophet's thoughts shall down the future go,  
To tell how oft again that bell shall send  
Through all the vale the notes of joy or wo—  
What graves shall sink—what countless mounds shall  
grow—  
What rich, aspiring temples here shall stand  
For time to darken and to overthrow;  
How here at last shall lurk some savage band,  
While woods and wolves unchecked shall claim their  
naive land?

*Then in the region of the setting sun,  
Shall sleep the Indian with his deadly gun;  
Nor one survive to curse within his breast  
The day which turned the pale-face toward the west!*

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN ABROAD.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

### THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, January 14, 1847.

On the morning of the 13th of January, A. D. 1847, I found myself in the court of a house in Torre del Greco, selecting a horse from a crowd of villainous-looking animals, in order to do what every visitor to Naples must—viz., ascend Vesuvius. Where all are equally bad, a selection is readily made. I picked out a gray pony, and purchased a staff to assist my steps when I should be obliged to dismount. From its being burnt at the end like a New Zealand war spear, I inferred that it had made the ascent before.

I soon found that my horse was a truly extraordinary animal. At times he would walk along apparently absorbed in deep reflection, and then suddenly rousing himself, would go at a creditable pace. Occasionally this absence of mind would prompt him to stop short in the road. No exertions which I could make had the slightest effect upon him. I belabored him with cudgel in a style which would have disgraced me forever in the eyes of a person possessed of the least feeling for the brute creation. But my blows, like the strokes of a mesmerist, only seemed to soothe and lull him into still deeper fits of abstraction. He was the wonder and admiration of the party. Von Schwartz at last wormed the secret from John. It was the first time that the horse had ever ascended the mountain!

Our road for a long distance led us through those vineyards from which the celebrated Lacryma Christi is made. At every turn, as we ascended the mountain, a glorious view would burst upon us. The whole extent of the bay, with its varied panorama of town, tower, islet, strand and castle, spread out broad and wide before us. Far, far below, rose the white walls and tiled roofs of Portici, while at a yet greater distance many vessels lay at anchor in the blue water.

At last we arrived at the Hermitage, where a worthy father insisted on our purchasing some bottles of Vesuvius wine for our refreshment when we should have gone further on. After riding some time on the most break-neck path imaginable, we dismounted and began ascending the mountain in earnest. We had already ascended about two-thirds of the distance; but our exertions thus far were sloth and indolence itself compared with the climb which our guides now led us.

We had passed the fields and vineyards, and now stood in the plain of eternal sterility. Still

we toiled onward and upward, and at length reached a place which seemed in truth consecrated to the Barrenness of Desolation. Around, in every direction, lay piled the lava in every shape which confusion could invent. Wild, weird-like and fantastic forms seemed rising around, while the ghastly red and yellow hues with which they were clad, gave them a livid, reptile-like appearance, according well with the ideas which they awoke. Hot and damp, the infernal sulphur vapor steamed up around, while in every deep crevice we saw the red glare of the mountain fire.

And all so still and calm—save when at measured intervals we heard the blast of the volcano as it discharged a new volley of red-hot masses of scoria, shooting them for hundreds of feet into the air, whence they fell back again upon the lava hillock. At times these masses would roll to our feet, and in a few minutes become cool. While we were watching these discharges, our guides were busily engaged in cooking eggs at one of the red-hot crevices in the mountain—illustrating the fact that there is romance as well as reason in the roasting thereof.

We soon picked out a cool corner, and lunched with an appetite which astonished even our macaroni-eating attendants. Having concluded my meal, I strolled around a point of rock where I found seated alone the soldier who had been sent with us as a guard.

The peasantry about Vesuvius are said to be a pack of wretches prone to open robbery, &c. A soldier is consequently sent, free of expense, with all those who ascend the mountain. This soldier was decidedly a first-rate fellow. He had not begged from us during the day, nor had he once pestered us with that mean obsequiousness, which, with a Neapolitan, is equivalent to begging. As a curiosity and an anomaly unparalleled, I brought him to the party, and recommended him as a fit subject for reward and praise.

Our descent was readily accomplished. We had been half an hour climbing from a spot to which we returned in five minutes. Our guide affirmed that he had made the descent in two minutes. This must not be understood, however, as applying to the whole mountain, but to that part which is extremely steep and difficult to climb. We had ascended by a path which led us over lava and scoria, but returned over a slope of black sand, down which we slid with comparative ease.

At Torre del Greco we doffed our burnt shoes and "settled" with the guide. In our payment we tendered him a gold coin, which he refused to receive, preferring silver. Gold in France and Italy is always at a premium, and is consequently so rare that many among the lower orders have never seen it in the form of money. I remember once in the south of France, when a friend, having paid a shoemaker with a Napoleon, the unsophisticated sutor called in divers friends, who turned it over and commented upon it as if it had been a Roman medal. While at Portici recently, a rail-road agent refused to receive a similar coin because it had a yellow look, and turned over two or three until he found one red enough to suit him, although fully convinced that all were of precisely the same weight.

#### A CHAPTER ON DIVERS THINGS IN NAPLES.

"There are many things in this city," quoth Von Schwartz to me, as we strolled one day along the Toledo, "which, though most noteworthy in themselves, seldom receive print-mention. The traveler generally hurries from ruin to gallery, fills his note-book with æstheticisms or dilettantisms according to his abilities, and vanishes, taking no heed of the thousand and one marvels which he meets at every turn. Verily, since the days of Goethe, no one has written very well on Naples."

"You are right," I replied; "he wrote well. Pity that he wrote so little."

"He knew what he was about: large diamonds have not always the purest water. But what I admire in him is the extraordinary quickness with which he has seized upon every little local peculiarity. His remarks are for the most part exactly such as the traveler would make daily for years after his return home, whenever any incident would recal in familiar conversation things seen in distant countries—as, for instance, his chapter on the fondness of the Neapolitans for ornament. See"—he cried, turning—"a case in point. What would we think in America of a provision store like that yonder?"

"That the proprietor was decidedly an eccentric genius."

"Yet here you pass it by without ever noticing it. Such a window in America would detain you some time, I trow. With us, only light or elegant articles are arranged with any regard to the beautiful; but here things are regarded in a different light, and the butcher or grocer can see no reason why legs of mutton or boxes of chocolate should not be ornamented as well as the fancy goods of his neighbor. And really there is some taste in these arrangements. See how the dark hue of the cheeses contrasts with the oranges with which they alternate—how those gourd-shaped cheeses are bound about with lemon

leaves (I really thought at first that they were fresh fruit)—how the candles are ornamented with colored papers—gold leaf on the legs of mutton and scarlet ribbon around the cutlets! Then the horn hung up at the door as a charm against the Evil eye, and the picture of the Virgin inside with an ever-burning lamp before it. How thoroughly Italian! You occasionally see a book-store without a picture of the Virgin, but never a lottery-office or an *aqua vitæ* shop."

"I have noticed," I replied, "that the bakers generally have remarkably large lamps and many pictures of the Mother."

"Yes—and that reminds me that on my first visit to Naples I seriously annoyed a cigar dealer by innocently attempting to light a cigar at the lamp which burnt before the sacred image in his store. But hold—now that we are upon the subject of Neapolitan peculiarities, I will give you some extracts from my note book.

"It is this extravagant love of ornament, of perpetually endeavoring to adorn and beautify common-place objects, which caused Madame de Stael to remark, in Naples, a perpetual '*air de fête*;'—it always seemed to her as if the shops were dressed up for a holiday. Ceilings handsomely painted with flowers and other devices are always to be found even in the smallest houses. The *corrioli* decorated with the most brilliant colors; the horses hung with every variety of brass ornament, and with small flags on their heads; the dress of the *contadini* or peasant women, which is often one glare of gold and crimson, all indicate a love of ornament, not devoid, indeed, of taste, but carried in too many instances to extravagance.

"The Neapolitans have been said, and justly, to be extremely idle; but this accusation should not be urged against them with much severity. In a climate which thaws away all resolution and energy, where the necessities and many of the luxuries of life may be procured by the slightest exertion, and in a country where there is no settled demand for labor, it is not wonderful that many should be without regular occupations. But even the most indolent show no disinclination to work whenever they can connect with it any romantic or poetic ideas. 'I find in this people,' says Goethe, 'a lively and spirited industry—not to become rich, but to live free from care.'

"The Neapolitan believes that he lives in a terrestrial paradise, and has a very indifferent opinion of the *Oltremontani*, or men of the north. For them he has this proverb—'*Sempre neve, case di legno, gran ignoranza, ma danari assai*!'—'Always snow, house of wood, great ignorance, but money enough.'

"Neapolitan boys beg in an amusing manner.

They place two fingers on the mouth and then quickly remove them, opening the hand and extending it in a begging attitude. This gesture is generally accompanied by the words, '*Mossieu, mossieu, mourra di fam!*' which they intend for the French of—'Sir, sir, I am dying of hunger!' but which, like the Chinese boy's request—'*Siryougiveyonebottilijumpinthewater!*'—would hardly be understood by those speaking the language. I have frequently known fat, well-dressed little boys to scream out 'Dying of hunger!' in tones which would excite anything but pity.

"The Neapolitan, from the admiration which he hears expressed for the relics of early times, attaches to the word '*antico*' a far more extended signification than that of ancient. Two American friends, walking in the vicinity of a cotton-field near Pompeii, were accosted by some boys, who brought them several small cotton pods as curiosities, with the expression, '*Ecco, signori, molto antico!*'—'Look here, gentlemen, they are very antique!'"

## CAPRÆ.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lulled in the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a purple isle in Bant's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser ray.—Shelley.

I had often read and admired the above-quoted beautiful verses, which, for melody both of language and expression, are unrivaled. But it was not until I had visited Capræ, the "purple isle" referred to by Shelley, that I fully understood its force.

Capræ is an island, celebrated in ancient times as the residence of the Emperor Tiberius, in the middle ages as having been once occupied by Frederic Barbarossa, and in modern days for that wonder of wonders, "the blue grotto."

Not wishing to have my friends quote Juvenal to my prejudice—

"*Verbosa et grandis epistola venit a Capræis,*"

I shall limit my description of the Capræan marvels.

We left Sorrento (a place buried in groves of orange trees and celebrated as the birth-place of Tasso) about nine in the morning, and after a long row, found ourselves under its mighty cliffs. In a few minutes our boatman, pausing before a very small opening in the rocks, requested us to stoop in order that the boat might enter. Hardly knowing what we were about to see, we complied, and having thus entered, a sight burst upon our eyes of unrivaled beauty.

We found ourselves in a cavern, about two hundred feet in length, and of nearly the same

breadth—the floor entirely covered with water, which, owing to the concentration of the sun's rays through the narrow passage, appeared of an intense sulphur-blue. So extremely bright did it appear, that every ripple in the water and every splash of the oars sent forth flashes of blue light, causing the whole cavern to glow as if lit by the fire of a witch's caldron. The dark roof, arching dimly over our heads, and the other boats, hardly seen in the sad, mysterious light, moving slowly over what appeared to be a sea of molten sapphire, formed a scene of strange, dream-like beauty—a scene which no language can adequately describe nor image illustrate.

We left with regret the fairy grotto, and once more sailed along under the cliffs and by Barbarossa's fortress. The magic wonders which I had just beheld had awoken in my mind a train of wild legends and strange fantasies which the sight of this building was by no means calculated to dispel. Of all the emperors, there is no one, with the exception of Charlemagne, to whose name so many wild, unearthly legends are attached. In Germany, the peasant tells you that far away in the Hartz Mountains there is an old castle where Barbarossa, or Rothbart, the old iron king, yet lives, sunk in profound slumber. His red beard has grown through the table on which he rests. Once only in modern times has he been awakened. A traveler who had lost his way found himself standing by the king, who, aroused by the sound of his steps, demanded, "What century is it?" "The eighteenth," answered his terrified auditor. "Ah," replied the monarch, "it is not yet time," and then once more relapsed into slumber. What he intends doing when this mysterious time arrives, is not as yet known.

I was aroused from these reveries by our boat's grating on the beach. As we landed, a crowd of peasants, leading asses, eagerly besought us to hire them. We were six in number, and only five donkeys were to be had. Von Schwartz was the unfortunate individual who was thus left *sans* donkey. What befell him after we had ridden away, will appear from the following lengthy extract from his note-book, headed, in large, angry-looking letters—

## "ANOTHER HORSE ADVENTURE!"

"'*Signore, signore—eccellenza, eccolo qua!*'" exclaimed a voice at my elbow. I turned, and, lo! a raw-boned, wall-eyed horse had been obtained for me—an animal who seemed, as far as looks were concerned, to be animated by the very spirit of deviltry and viciousness. I objected, but my objections were overruled by his owner, who did his best to prove that this beast, which had evidently never worn bridle before, was the Bucephalus of Italy. 'He is just suited to you, signore. Try him, your excellency.' Overcome by his persuasion, I mounted the animal, who at

once began a *pas seul* on his hind legs, in a manner which convinced me that he was in truth an extraordinary beast. I dismounted, when his owner, as a last, desperate resort, attempted to ride him. The horse at once began kicking and plunging, and concluded with a bound and rear, which well nigh threw his owner headlong.

"*Ah, che buono cavallo!*" I exclaimed, 'how beautifully he capers!' The crest-fallen cavalier dismounted with difficulty and disappeared.

"An ass was at length obtained, with a driver or guide, who soon proved to be a decided original. As we went over the mountain, he addressed the donkey in a strain of admonition which was perfectly unique.

"*Ah, wretch, are you still as lazy as ever? Coshpetto!* Have you no shame, no feeling for my misfortunes?' (A kick and two or three blows.) '*Ah, a hungry family will want macaroni to-day, and all through your slowness.*' (A punch with the stick.) '*The bambino*'—the baby—'is crying at the door, and you ass are starving it. *Coshpetto! Diavolo!* The gentleman will give me no *buono mano* unless you go faster. Ah, signore, I pray do not withhold my *buono mano* for the faults of this cursed ass. Ah, *Corpodi Bacco!*'

"I at length reached the top of the mountain,

where I found my companions, with their donkeys, each attended by a girl, who drove the animals. One or two of these fair donkey-drivers were decidedly good-looking. On visiting the villa of Tiberius, and finding a large mosaic pavement, we proposed that they should dance the *Tarantella*, which they at once declared their willingness to do, 'if we would give them a *piastre*.' A ducat being agreed upon as the dance-money, an old tamborine was speedily produced, and the happy party began a series of movements which bore a striking resemblance to the well-known Indian dancing of America.

"Those who have only seen the *Tarantella* danced upon the stage, can have no idea of the same as it is performed in Italy. The step, as I understood it, appeared to be uniform throughout, only increasing in quickness with the dance. The variety and interest of the thing seemed to consist in the movements of the head and arms. Towards the end all became strangely excited, and our guide, springing among the maidens with a bound which sent his hat on one side and the contents of his pocket on the other, began to dance as if the *tarantula* had bitten him in truth. A general laugh from our party broke up the affair, and mounting our asses, we rode back to the beach."

## SIXTY-FIVE.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
Full many a prank and wild  
Of mine, when 'neath the walnut tree  
I played, a little child.

My mother bore a widow's cares,  
Yet bless'd the tiny hand  
That fain would wipe away her tears  
In our dear Angel-land.

Though now her grave is made, I trow  
That if she were alive,  
Long years, like grief, her form would bow,  
For I am sixty-five.

But still my gentle mother's face  
To me is fairer yet  
Than when, within her warm embrace,  
My smile her sad eyes met.

Though I have trod the stranger's soil,  
Where Freedom's flag's unfurled,  
And won the rightful meed of toil  
In this new glorious world,—

I seek once more the silvery beach  
Where Baltic waves are piled;  
Once more my thought, with widening reach,  
Sees mother and her child.

Once more I lift the wintry clod  
Where beds of daisies thrive;

Once more I press the soft green sod,  
Though I am sixty-five.

I see the hoary, moss-grown towers,  
Redden in morning's light—  
I see the dew-filled violet flowers  
In the star-shine of the night.

The rustlings in the forest dell  
Full many a strain survive;  
And I've heard an echoing Sleswig bell,  
Till I am sixty-five.

I ever did, and ever will,  
Good from all things derive,  
Therefore I bless, with grateful thrill,  
My three-score years and five!

Fair children gather round my hearth,  
They gather round my board;  
No fear of fume blights their birth,  
Or locks a miser's hoard.

Together we will wend our way  
Up to God's shining host;  
His hand holds out the lamp, whose ray  
Prevents our being lost.

Ay, life in this good land is fair,  
Though Toil and Care may strive,  
When Freedom, Faith and Love prepare  
Such joys for sixty-five.

## THE OLD ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE REV. A. STEVENS.

THE GUARDIAN was projected by Steele previously to the close of the Spectator, but not commenced till a few months after. The first number is dated March 12, 1713. It is conducted on the same plan, and its moral tone is, with few exceptions, the same. In the first paper, which is written by Steele, the object of the work is said to be, "to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly, and to disappoint the wicked and profane. My design is, upon the whole, to make the pulpit, the bar and the stage all act in concert in the care of piety, justice and virtue."

The character which Steele assumes in the Guardian is not very dissimilar to his Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., of the Tatler. Nestor Ironsides, Esq., is a serious old man, perhaps too grave for the satire and humor requisite in the work he undertook, but in all respects fitted for the sober moralities which not unfrequently occur in his pages. He describes himself as past all the regards of this life, and having nothing to manage with any person or party, but delivering himself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave and who thinks he is passing to eternity. "All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain. If I can keep clear of these two evils I should not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy and revenge, are excrescences of the mind which I have cut off long ago; but as they are excrescences which do not only deform but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have."

In the second paper he introduces the chief *dramatis personæ* of the work. He sketches his own history, particularly his introduction to Mr. Ambrose Lizard, a commoner of one of the colleges of Oxford at the time that he himself was educated in that celebrated town. Through this gentleman he became acquainted with the Lizard family at Lizard Hall, the inmates of which are the chief characters of the work. Mr. Lizard's son, Marmaduke, becomes the pupil of Nestor Ironsides, of whom Nestor remarks—"The interest I had in him to the time of his death, also with my present conduct towards the numerous descendants of my old friend, his father, will make possibly a series of history of common life,

as useful as the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen."

He proceeds to remark that the chief entertainment of the reader will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year—about which time she lost her husband, Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity. He left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child.

As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. "As there is no circumstance in human life which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests and diversions, shall be represented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard."

The fifth paper, also by Steele, is devoted to a description of the female part of the Lizard family:—the mother, who has passed several years in widowhood, is described as an ancient and religious lady, who has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only the visits of her own family; her thoughts all run on the incidents of her earlier days. Nestor observes that he visits her in hours of weariness or depression, to divert his mind by referring back to those days which alone he calls good. The passages of the time when they were in fashion, with the countenances, behavior and jollity, "so much, forsooth, above what any appeared in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes." This conversation, he pathetically says, "revives to us the memory of a friend who was nearer than a brother to me, of a husband who was dearer than life to her. Discourses about that near and worthy man generally send her to her closet and



me to the dispatch of some necessary business, which regards the remains, I would say, the numerous descendants of my good friend. I am got, I know not how, on what I was going to say of this lady—which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her, (only with respect to this,) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her, whose behavior towards her may be an example to others, and make young people apprehend that when the ancient are past all the offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them."

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskillfully in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Miss Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be. Miss Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavor to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, to enforce everything that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of the servants. It is by her management that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. "She is what one would call a perfectly good young woman, though all her dutifulness has not preserved her against *love*, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation but small fortune—at the same time men of great estate are proposing to the mother for her. My lady tells her that passion must give way to prudence, so that Miss Jane must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence, banish the man she loves and marry the man she hates."

The next daughter is Miss Annabella, who has a lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, with a "certain dishonest cunning;" she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, while she is observing all the company and laying up store for ridicule.

Miss Cornelia passes so much of her time in reading that it "gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her, as she is a fine young woman." The giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love. Nestor "rails at romances before her for fear of her falling into those deep studies," but he fears his imprudent prohibition has only excited her curiosity, "for she said of a glass of water, into which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty, lovely air, 'It is crystalline!'"

Miss Betty is "mightily" acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my Lord Such-a-one's leading my Lady Such-a-one out from the play. She is prodigiously acquainted with the world, "and the other day asked her sister Jane, in an argument,

'Dear sister, how should you know anything, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family.'"

Miss Mary, the youngest daughter, whom Nestor has named "the Sparkle," is the very quintessence of good-nature and generosity, the perfect picture of her grandfather; and "if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them are apparent in Miss Mary." Nestor cannot resist his partiality to this child "for being so like her grandfather." He says, "How often have I turned from her to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter."

The sixth paper describes the male members of the Lizard family. Sir Harry Lizard, heir of Sir Marmaduke, lives at his country seat, has an income of £8,000, is a man of good understanding, but more virtues than accomplishments; is very systematic in his expenditures, economical, but not avaricious; a quick calculator; looks well on horseback; is a fine breeder of horses, but loves not races.

In the thirteenth number, the history of the male members is resumed. Mr. Thomas is a modest, amiable young man, "with a voluble speech, a vacant countenance and easy action, pleasing manner, and generally beloved. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions." William, his brother, is of a severer disposition; is inquisitive, and inclined to the study of the law.

The youngest son, John, is a Fellow of All-Souls' College, Oxford; is tall and vigorous, and of cheerful countenance. "He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner of recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart." He is rather piously inclined, and disposed to go into holy orders.

It has been justly remarked that the excellency of descriptive writing consists in the specification of minute points, and that abstract and general statements fail to interest the reader. It is not the rude outline of the landscape, however accurate, which is chalked on the canvas of the artist, that excites the pleasure of the amateur, but the picture in the completeness of its minutiae, the blending of its hues, the contrasts of its lights and shades. A bird on the wing, the curling smoke of a retired cottage, or a bright stream leaping down the declivities of a hill, impart an effect to landscape painting which no general sketch could possess. The fact is equally true in descriptions of life and character. Who has not remarked it in the interior scenes of *Teniers* or *Ostade*, or in the low-life representations of *Hogarth*? The perfection of Sir Roger

de Coverley's character arises from our ideas of his household arrangements, the character of his butler, and his chaplain, and the whimsicalities of his ordinary conversation. Steele's sketch of the Lizard family possesses this excellency—its minuteness introduces the reader at once to an intimacy with all its members. Each is sufficiently distinguished, and yet there are no unnatural contrasts. The unity of the whole picture consists in a principle of good-nature, a sincere amability, which seems hereditary in the blood of the household. It is from his knowledge of and intercourse with this family that Ironsides derived some of his finest thoughts in these essays. The matronly converse of the old lady, the domestic management and courtship of her daughters, the discourses of the tea-table, the tastes and business plans of the elder sons, and the education of the younger, afford topics of discourse as various as are most of the circumstances of actual life. They give, indeed, a miniature representation of society in its more virtuous forms, which, while it recommends the virtues, reflects odium, by contrast, on the vices of social life.

The Lizards are perpetually appearing in the *Guardian*, and thus give dramatic unity to the general plan of the work.

The writers of the *Guardian* comprise the best of those who had contributed to the *Spectator*. Addison wrote upwards of fifty papers, full of his own peculiar humor and nice discriminations of character. Steele's amount to seventy-one numbers, allowed to be equal if not superior to his *Spectators*.

Bishop Berkeley was one of the most considerable of his writers, both in the number and excellence of his articles. Hannah More says of his essays, "that they are not to be placed even beneath those of Addison. They bear the marks of a mind at once vigorous and correct, deep in reflection and opulent in imagery." Berkeley confined himself almost entirely to religious topics, especially such as have been the objects of skeptical ridicule. He was a man of remarkable erudition. We owe to him some of our most valuable ideas of psychology and physics. In his "Principles of Human Knowledge," and "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philomus," he carries the infidel speculations of his day, especially the logic of Hume, to their legitimate results; he argues with imperturbable gravity against the existence of matter, and clearly demonstrates his point from the postulates of Hume. Beattie observes, if "his arguments be true, they prove that to be false which every man every moment of his life believes to be true, and that to be false which no man from the foundation of the world has doubted." It was the publication of the last of the above-mentioned works that brought him to London, where he became engaged to write his *Guardians* for Steele. Here, likewise, Swift introduced him to his celebrated *Vanessa*. This

lady, being mortified at Swift's neglect, left the whole of her fortune to be divided equally between her lawyer and Berkeley—a circumstance the more extraordinary, as Berkeley had never seen her from the time of his leaving London to her death.

Berkeley's mind was as elegant as profound—he was, in fine, one of those rare intellects whose versatile powers apply with facility and success to all subjects. His style is admired by the best critics, especially as a model for philosophical writing. It has a perspicuity, vivacity and smoothness unrivaled. His heart, if possible, excelled the excellencies of his head. Bishop Atterbury said of him, that he "did not think so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence and such humility, had been the portion of any until he saw Berkeley." The benignity of his temper reflects itself in all his writings, and the reader is constantly made conscious that he is communing with a select spirit. A remarkable instance of his benevolence was his project for converting the American Indians. He prepared to establish a college for their education. He resigned his preferment at home, worth £1100, and became the superintendent of this plan for £100 a year. He sustained great labors and losses in this beneficent design, visited America, resided some time in Rhode Island, but, through the want of energy among his patrons, failed of his object. He died at Oxford, 1753, while sitting in the midst of his family, commenting on the lesson in the burial service. *Huc pietas, huc prisca fides*.

Pope wrote some most excellent papers for the *Guardian*. The recipe for making an epic poem is admired as one of the best satires in the language; that on gardening is scarcely less perfect. His paper on pastorals, in which he makes a humorous comparison between his own pastorals and those of Phillips, is called by Dr. Johnson "a composition of artifice, criticism and literature to which nothing equal will be easily found." Chalmers remarks, that though Addison saw through this ingenious trick, Steele was so deceived as to delay its publication some time, lest Pope should be offended. It produced an irreparable breach of friendship between Phillips and Pope.

The *Guardian* continued till October 1, 1713, when it suddenly ceased with its 175th number. This was occasioned by a quarrel between Steele and Tonson, the bookseller. The only information we have of the compensation given the contributors, is in the case of Berkeley, to whom, the commentators say, Steele gave a guinea and a dinner for each paper.

We have already mentioned that the *Englishman* followed the *Guardian*, in the first paper of which Steele announces that he had purchased from "Nestor Ironsides, Esq., his lion, desk, inkstand, paper, &c., and that Nestor had recommended him to turn patriot." He accordingly

confines himself almost entirely to politics, and we look in vain for the fine critiques on manners and literature which gave such interest to his former writings.

Thus ended, with the Guardian, the first period of the English classical Essay.

The "lion" referred to above (a gilt lion's-head letter-box, which was kept at one of the London Coffee-houses,) became a relic; it was long pre-

served at the Shakspeare Tavern, Covent Garden, and was at last sold, in 1804, for more than one hundred dollars.

An interregnum ensued before Johnson, by the publication of the Rambler, elevated again the periodical essay to a classical character. During this interval numerous similar publications were issued, notices of which shall be given in our next number.

## MADAME ROLAND.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

[Madame Roland went to the block in company with an aged man, whose terrors in the prospect of death seemed utterly to overwhelm him. She spent her last moments in trying to support and strengthen him.—ALISON.]

"COURAGE, old man! does death then thus appal thee,

Clad in the horrors of the headsman's stroke?

Oh! let my voice to manliness recall thee,

Thy fellow-traveler to the streaming block!

Would I could take thy terrors to *my* breast,

And give *thee* portion of its calmness and its rest.

"Let me allay the anguish, hoary stranger,"

Those clustering ice-drops on thy forehead show;

I have had long acquaintanceship with danger,

I have had stern companionship with woe!

Few years, 'tis true, above my head have rolled—

But oh! *such* years as make the *heart* grow *sere* and old!"

"Thou art a *woman*!" "Yes, a wife—a mother—

With ties to life perchance as dear as thine:

But thinkest thou therefore, oh mistaken brother,

Woman should in her impotence resign

(Red though the earth, and black the heavens above)

Her steadfast truth—her faith—her honor, or her love?

"Cheer thee—then cheer thee! Woman's soul, unshaken

By the wild terrors of an hour so grim,

Its latent spark in manhood's heart should **waken**—

Her lamp by *his* should waver and be dim!

Yes—yes—I see thou wilt be brave to die,

By thy strong heaving breast—and by thy kindling eye!

"Hold up thy head—the land is just before us,

Where Love and Peace—where Truth and Justice dwell;

We'll heed them not, these clouds that darken o'er us—

We'll make our entrance worthily and well!

Sprinkling the threshold with our hearts' best blood,

We'll join the great and wise, the beautiful and good!"

## THE MORNING CLOUD.

One lovely vernal morn, I saw,

Just as the sun shone on the lea,

A cloud up from the vale withdraw,

And to the distant hill-top flee.

'Twas silvery in the dawn, and soft,

Breathed from the crystal stream below,

And as it lightly stole aloft,

It seemed a wand'ring fleece of snow.

Awhile it hovered round the hill,

As loth to leave the vale beneath,

Or prone to taunt the downward rill,

And play o'er all its waving wreath.

Then, startled by the breeze it flew,

Till, onward, round the rugged rock

Its snowy tinsel veil it drew,

The features of the crag to mock.

Or it might hope to hide what wore

Naught of the blushing morn's attire;

Itself the while reflecting more

The spreading tint o'er hill and spire.

But now the sovereign source of day

High and more high resplendent towers,

With burning flame and heating ray,

To claim it with the dews and flowers.

The couching vales with light now fill—

The lea shines in a lucid shroud—

The shelt'ring shadow of the hill

Can shield no more the morning cloud.

And, rising from its ambush there,

It spreads and lessens on the sky,

Till now, dissolved in common air,

The morning cloud is lost for aye.—B.

## OUR ARTISTS.—NO. XIII.

### STUART.

STUART's genius was eminently practical. There are two very distinct processes by which superior abilities manifest themselves—that of intelligence and that of impulse. As great military achievements are realized equally through self-possession and daring, skill and bravery, foresight and enthusiasm, the calmness of a Washington and the impetuosity of a Murat, literary and artistic results owe their efficiency to a like diversity of means. The basis of Allston's power was a love of beauty—that of Stuart's, acuteness; the one possessed delicate, the other a strong perception; one was inspired by ideality and the other by sense. Hence Stuart has been justly called a philosopher in his art. He seized upon the essential and scorned the adventitious. He was impressed with the conviction that as a portrait painter it was his business to deal frankly with nature, and not suffer her temporary relations to interfere with his aim. Hence his well-known pertinacity in seeking absolute expression and giving bold general effects—authentic hints rather than exquisitely-wrought details. Hence, too, his amusing impatience at everything factitious and irrelevant. A young physician whom he desired to paint in remuneration for professional services, made a studied toilet, and with a deep sense of the importance of the occasion, appeared punctually at the hour designated. Stuart was prepared to receive him—canvas, throne and palette all arranged. To his visitor's surprise, however, after surveying him a moment, he deliberately seated himself and commenced a series of those interesting narrations for which he was celebrated. Time flew by, and the annoyed Æsculapius heard the hour chimed when he should be with his expectant patients. At length he ventured upon the dangerous experiment of interrupting the irascible but fluent artist. "Mr. Stuart, this is very entertaining, but you must be aware that my time is precious. I feel very uncomfortable." "I am glad of it," replied Stuart; "I have felt so ever since you entered my studio." "Why?" "Because you look so like a fool. Disarrange that fixed-up costume, and I will go to work." His siter, feeling the justice of the rebuke, pulled off his stiff cravat, passed his hand through his hair, and threw himself laughing into an easy attitude. "There," said the painter, catching up his brush with alacrity and quite restored to good nature by the metamorphosis, "now you look like yourself." This anecdote illustrates a great principle upon which Stuart habitually acted, and to which is

attributable much of his success. He sought expression in the intervals of self-consciousness, and considered no small part of the art of portraiture to consist in making the subject forget himself. To this end he cultivated his powers of observation and memory, and studied human nature with as much zeal as art. He sought a command of the original elements of expression, and endeavored, by exciting idiosyncrasies, to bring out the character, until eye, lip and air most eloquently betrayed the predominant spirit of the man; and this, when transferred to the canvas, alone realized his idea of a portrait.

Stuart's name boasts the less romantic associations of the "pungent grains of titillating dust," as Pope calls snuff. A Scotch gentleman—one of those quaint disciples of Boerhaave who were among the original settlers—undertook to practice the healing art among the Quaker colonists of Rhode Island, but neither his manners, dress nor turn of mind assimilated with their severe philosophy; and in considering the most available expedient within his power to insure a support, it occurred to him that the large quantity of snuff annually imported from Glasgow was a guarantee that the article might be profitably manufactured here. Accordingly, a sequestered rivulet, at which the Pequot warriors had often drunk before they were dispossessed of Naragansett, was chosen as the site of the experiment. It appears that there was not sufficient mechanical skill in the colony to erect the mill, and the doctor sent home for one of his thrifty countrymen experienced in the business. The new emigrant was the father of Gilbert Stuart, to whom he gave the middle name of Charles to perpetuate his Jacobin opinions, which the son, with characteristic waywardness, dropped as he rose to fame. Not so, however, with the habit thus early acquired of taking snuff, which copiously sprinkled his linen, and, as in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was ever resorted to in the intervals of story-telling, at the conclusion of a witty rejoinder, or as he leaned back from his easel to observe the effect of an hour's limning.

There was in Stuart's character something of the dogmatic spirit which belonged to Dr. Johnson. Indeed, it would not be difficult to establish a striking parallel between the two. Decided talent, fertility in conversation, inveterate prejudice, a rough exterior and a marked individuality distinguished alike the artist and the author, and it is curious to note how spontaneously they fell into an antagonist position when chance brought them together. Stuart, while a student in London, was accidentally introduced to Johnson,

who, coolly expressing his surprise that an American should be so apt in his vernacular, asked the youth where he learned such good English. "Not in your dictionary, sir," was the indignant reply. Easily won by agreeable companionship, which formed his principal delight, and of a really kind disposition at heart, his self-esteem instantly resented the slightest wound. His pride of opinion and a sense of the dignity of his vocation, or rather of the genius of which, in his best days, it was the exponent, caused him to retaliate summarily anything that might be construed into a personal affront. A family of distinction having ordered a portrait of one of its leading members, and capriciously delayed the promised remuneration, he had the picture fitted as a door to his pigsty; and when Cooke the tragedian fell asleep in his studio, he substituted an ass's ears for those of the great actor in the likeness. The main obstacles against which Stuart had to contend throughout his career were his own perversity and imprudence. In every exigency in his affairs, the best-devised plans which friendship or benevolence undertook in his behalf were contravened by the artist's willfulness, and thus many sincerely interested in his welfare were alienated. While abroad, in early life, and especially during a jovial sojourn in Ireland, he acquired convivial habits which sometimes interfered essentially with his professional success. If his vigorous intellect had been sustained by methodical industry, there would have been more equality in his efforts and less vicissitude in his fortunes. But the social man and the devotee of art were at frequent war, although perhaps there never was an instance where the one was so happily made subsidiary to the other. His talk "drew the soul to the surface." He was a proficient in knowledge of character, and whether statesman or mariner, soldier or agriculturist occupied the chair, he discussed political affairs, dangers by flood and field or the state of crops, with such zest and so many attractive illustrations from his store of anecdote, that each auditor in turn became perfectly at home, and exhibited his most characteristic appearance. Alternately residing in the principal cities of America, after a visit to Great Britain, he enjoyed familiar intercourse with the leading minds of the day on both sides of the water. Obligated at one time to become an organist in London for a bare subsistence, and at another commanding prices second only to Reynolds and Gainsborough, and overwhelmed with profitable commissions, with a strong physical organization, and that sharp, practical insight which distinguishes the Scotch character, a lingerer at the banquet and a keen student of art, his life abounds in the most skillful achievements and the most eccentric irregularities.

In portrait-painting Stuart illustrated the most

valuable principles, and in endeavoring to seize upon these, it must be remembered that he painted indifferent works enough to have ruined the credit of any artist whose ability had been less unequivocally manifested. His main idea was to interpret for himself and represent according to his own free perception. "I wish," he said, "to find out what Nature is for myself, and see her with my own eyes. Nature may be seen through different mediums. Rembrandt saw with a different eye from Raphael, and yet they are both excellent—but for dissimilar qualities." Upon this judicious and liberal view Stuart habitually worked. His best portraits are therefore glimpses of character. Even those heads which time has robbed of all intensity of expression, he seems to have restored without any sacrifice of truth—as in the case of the elder Adams. It was this feeling for the original, this loyalty to individual conviction as the source of excellence that led him to prefer the unschooled criticism which his works received at home, where he said—"They were compared with nature, of which they were direct imitations, instead of being estimated, as abroad, by their approach to Titian and Vandyke."

Quick of apprehension, discriminating and rhetorical, Stuart, when he chose to exert the valuable quality, could exercise rare tact both in the labors of his art and the pleasures of society. He had great command of satire, and where he could not win by entertaining, found no difficulty in exciting a fear of ridicule which checked the machinations of enmity. This accounts for the different impressions he created, according as the individual was fascinated or frightened. He possessed the hardihood rather than the susceptibility of genius, and effected his triumphs by the force of a comprehensive mind, which takes in all the relations of a subject and effects a complete instead of a fragmentary result. Allston said of him that he could thoroughly distinguish the accidental from the permanent—no insignificant merit in portrait painting. It is acknowledged that his likeness of Washington is the only just representation of a countenance wherein the tranquillity of self-approval blends with wisdom and truth, so as to form a moral ideal in portraiture as the character was in life. It is lamentable that such inadequate copies of this head have gone abroad, owing in some instances to the inability of engravers, and in others to the use of spurious originals. It was the last of his portraits of Washington alone with which Stuart expressed any satisfaction. He promised to present it to the family when finished, and with a humorous shrewdness in accordance with his character, left the head alone upon the broad canvas in order to retain what he justly deemed his most invaluable trophy.

## MRS. PINKERTON'S AVERSION.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"I LIKE these Newburys," said Mr. Pinkerton, seating himself at dinner after a friendly visit to his next door neighbors; "the old gentleman, though a little too boisterous, and, I should judge, rather keen in money matters, is frank, cordial, good-natured, and not too opinionated; he is an acquisition—the sort of man with whom one likes to stand about the doorsteps, or discuss matters of an evening over the papers. As to the daughter—you don't take soup in your tumbler, George?—the daughter is a merry, sweet-looking little puss—"

"A lovely, graceful girl," interrupted Mrs. Pinkerton; "with all the refinement that is a little lacking in her mother—not, indeed, that I can call Mrs. Newbury unrefined, but she is somewhat downright and determined, and rather given to over-dressing. Antoinette is free from all that, and I predict will be the belle of the winter."

"I agree with you—so take care of yourself, George, I advise you."

"Thank you, sir," demurely answered George, the only scion of the house—a handsome and promising student of law. He did not add that the caution came too late.

"Their establishment is very complete," observed Mrs. Pinkerton; "the house is really very handsome, now that it is finished and fitted up. I did not suppose that one on a plan so different from that of our own, which gave us so much deliberation, could be so comfortable and commodious. Most persons would consider it not inferior to ours."

"I particularly like their little front room off the lobby," rejoined Mr. Pinkerton, "which Mr. Newbury designs for his own private sitting-room and to receive a choice friend in. Nothing could be more snug for quietly digesting the journals and enjoying a cigar. I am sorry that I did not contrive some such place for myself. It is an advantage of those basement houses that the ground-floor can be cut up without the hesitation one would feel in irregularly dividing a principal story."

"The pantry on that floor, and the closets for china, plate and table linen, struck me more than anything else," said Mrs. Pinkerton; "they are even larger and finer than mine—and so filled and well-arranged! The silver, to be sure, is not old family plate"—she added, glancing from the massive castors and bread-tray before her to the glittering sideboard—"which in my opinion renders it less valuable; but it is very rich and of stylish

patterns, which, with the majority of people who know no better, would go for more than antiquity. I at first suspected that there might be a little ostentation in Mrs. Newbury's proposing to show me her house, but I soon was satisfied of the contrary. She was quite ready to acknowledge any superiority that had struck her in our arrangements. For instance, she remarked that she had half-regretted her crimson and gold curtains and furniture after seeing the light and elegant effect of our blue and silver color. I was glad not to agree with her. I candidly acknowledge that when I saw the things unpacked, I thought they would look too gaudy for correct taste, but my first glance at them after they were in their proper places, proved to me that they were admirably suited to the style of the rooms."

"I hope," said George, "that while you and Mrs. Newbury were comparing your other possessions, you did not neglect to discuss your interesting progeny? I should like to know how my various qualities would rate in proportion to those of Miss Antoinette."

"We have more important topics before us than my saucy son, however worthy the young lady may have been of our consideration. I was right, Mr. Pinkerton, in concluding that Mrs. Newbury does without a housekeeper. She attends personally to every part of her *ménage*, and actually seems to enjoy it."

"A remarkable woman!" observed Mr. Pinkerton. "Often as I have heard the business of housekeeping canvassed among you ladies, I have never met with one who gave me an idea that she really found enjoyment in it."

"Mrs. Newbury is one who appears naturally constituted for such duties," returned Mrs. Pinkerton, with something of a sigh; "she is fond of bodily exercise, is very energetic, and has a taste for directing and controlling—to crown all, she has the most unvarying and robust health. She says she never had the slightest nervous affection in her life. I was startled to hear it, I confess, for I am always afraid, rather, of such desperately healthy people; but to do her justice, she seems decidedly a person who can sympathize with one who suffers, though she may never have been afflicted herself."

"I am glad to hear it, for your sake, my dear. Altogether, we may congratulate ourselves on our neighbors," concluded Mr. Pinkerton; "we must go to work earnestly to make friends of them. It would have been a serious drawback to our comfort to have had a disagreeable family so close

to us, particularly as there is a prospect that neither house will change owners very soon. Mr. and Mrs. Newbury seem to think themselves established for the remainder of their days, and as to ourselves, we are both old enough to have got over the love of change. At all events, a house we were six or seven years planning ought to satisfy us as a thing for life."

If the Newburys had discussed their neighbors in family conclave, it would have been found that they arrived at pretty much the same conclusion. They admired the Pinkerton mansion and its belongings almost as much as their own, and with the Pinkertons collectively they were highly pleased. A few trifling reservations might have been made. Mr. Newbury might have pronounced Mr. Pinkerton, though a highly respectable, generous, gentlemanly man, a little too pompous and fond of deference; and Mrs. Newbury might have hinted that Mrs. Pinkerton was somewhat over-sensitive and fastidious and precise—for which, after all, perhaps, she ought to be compassionated, as it was possibly owing to the delicate state of her nerves. As to George, as far as he could be seen into, he was an unexceptionable young man, as times go. Upon the whole, they could not have hoped to find neighbors to suit them better.

Both families were wealthy and in the same circle of society. The Pinkertons were "old inhabitants," and the Newburys had recently changed their residence from another city, Mr. Newbury having purchased the fine new house they occupied, close to the one which Mr. Pinkerton had a short time before finished for himself.

The favorable first impressions were not changed on a closer acquaintance of the two families. After a month or two, seldom a day passed without their seeing each other or rendering some neighborly service or courtesy. Mrs. Pinkerton was well known for always finding out where the best and cheapest of everything in the commissary line was to be obtained, and Mrs. Newbury always had the benefit of her discoveries. In return, during her frequent ailments, her appetite was daily stimulated by some of the various niceties through which Mrs. Newbury proved herself an adept in the art of coddling the sick. During the winter, a splendid entertainment was given in each house, on which occasions china, plate and servants were freely lent and borrowed, and the taste of Antoinette Newbury was as much in requisition for the arrangement of the supper-table at Mr. Pinkerton's as the one at home. She and George were tacitly regarded as the links that were to connect the families still closer. Indeed, Mrs. Pinkerton did not hesitate, in the presence of her son, to covet such a sweet girl from her parents; while Mrs. Newbury, in writing to her elder daughter, who had been married a year or two, hinted pretty openly that Netty was in a fair way to form a connection not less desirable than her own. Through the whole

season, not the slightest incident occurred to disturb the cheerful tenor of their sociability and good-will.

At length, one day, when spring was far advanced, Mr. Pinkerton found his wife looking thoughtfully out of a window in what she called her summer chamber. She had moved into the room that morning from the front of the house, anticipating the luxury of a shaded and well-ventilated apartment during the warm weather.

"Well, my dear, I hope you find your new room quite up to your expectations?" said he.

"I am afraid I have gained nothing by the change," she returned, gloomily. "It is rather trying, after having planned a room entirely to my mind, to discover in the very first hour that it is impossible for me to occupy it with any degree of comfort."

Mr. Pinkerton looked in surprise round the room, and then at the disturbed countenance of its mistress.

"Did it never occur to you," proceeded Mrs. Pinkerton, "that the pump in Mr. Newbury's yard would be a serious objection to my being in this part of the house? You know, if there is anything in the world to which I have an utter aversion, it is the noise of a pump. I never could endure it on my own premises; and you may recollect how urgent I was that the well on this property should be dug at the farthest part of the lot and on the side of the dead wall. And now to have the pump of a neighbor, over which we have no command, under my very nose! It is enough to make one use a vulgar expression! The thing is rather hard for human patience."

"Tut, tut, my dear—you will get used to it."

"A consolatory prospect to hold out to me, Mr. Pinkerton. One has always to endure a great deal before getting used to disagreeable things," said Mrs. Pinkerton, sighing. With everything around her to make her happy, she felt, for the first time since her entrance into her new house, that there was a drop of bitterness in her cup of enjoyment. This was her own figurative reflection—not ours.

Two or three days passed, and at each operation of the pump Mrs. Pinkerton's paroxysms of nervousness and melancholy increased in strength and duration. At length she protested it was no longer to be borne, and that she must make an effort to check the frequent recurrence of the evil. Her plan was diplomatically to approach the subject to Mrs. Newbury, whom she believed to be acute enough to catch the most shadowy hint, and too good-natured not to act upon it for a neighbor's relief. So she ran in to see her at an early hour. She found an opportunity to commence without delay, for a servant was washing the oil-cloth of the hall, while Mrs. Newbury stood directing him in one of the parlor doors.

"I suppose you find the water of the pump suitable for all your domestic purposes?" said Mrs. Pinkerton, courageously.

"Oh, it is delightful—as soft as rain water—and so pure! I have always been very particular about my washing, and we have never had clothing and household linen to look so beautifully-white as now. My husband even noticed the change in his linen, and I have several times joked him about pulling up his collar and turning back his wristbands further than ever."

"I remarked, from the very frequent pumping of your servants, that you must use the water liberally," observed Mrs. Pinkerton, pointedly, taking it for granted that she would be asked if the pumping disturbed her.

"I could not keep house without abundance of good water," answered Mrs. Newbury; "and I have always taught my servants that to use it plentifully makes their work more speedy and more creditable. I never feel at ease unless everything is bright and sweet and clean."

"But do you not think it injurious to health, the dampness arising from so much washing and scouring?" rejoined Mrs. Pinkerton, glancing at the wet oil-cloth, and determining to lay hold of a new argument.

"No, indeed; we are completely inured to it," smiled Mrs. Newbury; "and perhaps we protect ourselves from any bad effect by our aquatic exercises in our own chambers."

There was a pause, of which Mrs. Newbury availed herself to give her servant instructions to wash the front windows. The pump sounded an accompaniment to her orders. Mrs. Pinkerton shrugged her shoulders and shuddered elaborately.

"Is not the noise of a pump very unpleasant to you?" said she. "Nothing makes me so excessively nervous."

"Quite the reverse," returned the impracticable Mrs. Newbury; "to me it is always cheerful—a sound of industry and comfort."

Mrs. Pinkerton's patience began to fail.

"Yours is so close to my windows that I hear it every time the handle moves," she resumed. "Our own is out of hearing. I insisted upon having it on the other side of the house, as far off as possible."

"But how inconvenient that must be," said Mrs. Newbury; "it must be very laborious to your domestics to go so far, and must very much retard their work."

"My theory is different from yours," returned Mrs. Pinkerton, tartly, in spite of herself. "I believe that a little water carefully and judiciously used, may be made to go as far as double the quantity. I have a dislike to"—splashing and slopping, she was about to say, but corrected herself, and substituted—"prodigality in anything, even water."

She sat a few minutes longer, and then finding that Mrs. Newbury either could not or would not comprehend her drift without her speaking more plainly than politeness would sanction, with a manner markedly cold, she bade her good morning.

"Poor Mrs. Pinkerton must be threatened with one of the nervous spells she tells us about," observed the unsuspicious Mrs. Newbury to her husband; "I never saw her so little inclined to be cheerful, and looking so uneasy."

Mrs. Pinkerton went home in a state of irritation, which she would have been very much ashamed to acknowledge. Was Mrs. Newbury really so dull as not to understand her hints?—or was she so selfish as not to regard them? She chose to patronize the latter proposition. "The woman is essentially vulgar," said she to herself; "she has not a single idea above the concerns of her housekeeping, nor a feeling beyond her pride in dusting and scrubbing. It is strange that I, who always had a distaste to such characters, should have been so drawn in by her—one of those people who, for the credit of having the brightest windows and cleanest pavement in town, would not care to drench the passers-by into consumptions." These reflections she indulged secretly, for, having been so profuse in her encomiums on her neighbor, her pride would not have allowed her to show her disappointment, except in very gradual and cautious manifestations. She flattered herself with being distressed from having been deceived in a disinterested friendship, and during the remainder of the day was alarmingly dismal and taciturn.

The next morning came, and nothing had happened to brighten "the winter of her discontent."

"Is it not an intolerable nuisance?" she exclaimed to her son, who was sitting at her chamber window. "My dear George, cannot you suggest something to relieve me of that abominable noise?"

"Perhaps we might contrive to muffle the pump," said George.

"It is very disrespectful in you, young man, and very unkind, to be laughing at what you must perceive is affecting not only my spirits, but my health. To be candid with you, there has been no improvement in your manners of late. Some of your present associations are far from conducing to your benefit. You affect a bluntness and a spirit of joking which evidently you have borrowed from Mr. Newbury."

"I beg pardon, my dear madam; I was not aware of the imitation—though, from the praises I have always heard you lavish upon Mr. Newbury, I should think I might be perfectly excusable to take him for a model."

"There it goes again!" said she, without noticing his reply. "How often would you suppose that pump has been going since breakfast? No less than thirteen times, upon my word! The cook, the housemaid, the waiter and the coachman have all taken turns at it. I had a faint hope that Mrs. Newbury might, on second thought, pay some attention to my remonstrances, though she would not appear to understand them at first, but I was mistaken. I generally judge people more favorably than they deserve."



"Did you really remonstrate with Mrs. Newbury on the subject?"

"As explicitly as I could with propriety. I expressed my aversion to the sound of pumping, and told her that I could hear hers much more plainly than our own, at the same time trying to convince her that work might be very well done without a deluge of water. I said everything I could without asking her in round terms to restrict her servants in going to the pump."

"Wouldn't it have been better, as Mrs. Newbury is a very frank, straightforward woman herself, to come to the point openly and at once? At all events, you would have ascertained whether she was disposed to gratify you or not."

Mrs. Pinkerton meditated a moment, and then rang the bell.

"I wish you to go with a message to Mrs. Newbury," said she to her maid. "Give my compliments to her, and say that I should feel much indebted to her if she would instruct her servants not to go so frequently to the pump—that I am very nervous this morning, and the noise is making me seriously ill."

The girl delivered the message *verbatim*.

"By all means—anything I can do to relieve her. I thought yesterday that she was about to have an attack," returned Mrs. Newbury, promptly. "Wait a moment, Kitty."

She hastened to give orders that some vessels of water should be pumped for the kitchen, and a tubful for other purposes, and that no one should afterwards go to the pump without absolute necessity. She had been engaged in superintending preparations for dinner, her husband having invited three or four old acquaintances that happened to be in town; but she quickly changed her cap, and giving Kitty a mould of wine-jelly to carry, she preceded her home, saying she would wait in the parlor until she had learned if she could be admitted to Mrs. Pinkerton's room. In a few minutes Mrs. Pinkerton herself appeared, in her usual morning-dress, though looking a little different from her wont. She was somewhat flurried at the visit of her neighbor, not knowing which way it tended. Mrs. Newbury looked only surprised.

"I am agreeably disappointed to find you able to be down stairs," said she. "From the message brought me by your servant, I judged that you were quite indisposed, and I came prepared to treat you as an invalid, bringing some strengthening jelly with me."

Mrs. Pinkerton felt that an explanation on her part was imperative. She thanked Mrs. Newbury for her kindness, regretting that she had given her so much trouble, and added—"You, my dear Mrs. Newbury, who are blest with such excellent health, cannot imagine how much what you would consider slight causes, affect a person of such weak nerves as mine. The sound of that pump is very painful to me. I cannot tell how much I have suffered from it ever since I moved

into my new chamber in the back part of the house, and nothing but my fear of distressing you prevented me from complaining of it before."

The broad brow of Mrs. Newbury fell a little. She had new light upon the remarks of Mrs. Pinkerton on the previous day.

"And how is the evil to be remedied, Mrs. Pinkerton?" she asked.

"I could only devise one way," returned Mrs. Pinkerton, blandly—"your prohibiting your servants from running so frequently to the pump."

"And pumping longer while they are at it?" asked Mrs. Newbury.

"Oh! no! no!" shuddered Mrs. Pinkerton; "those protracted bangings and thumpings—like that, for instance, going on at this moment—they are excruciating!"

"Then I am sorry to say that, as far as I am concerned, but little can be done," answered Mrs. Newbury, gravely. "I could not do with less water—at least, such a quantity as you would propose—without changing the whole course of my housekeeping. A good deal is required to have things go on properly in an establishment as large as mine; and"—she added, with a good-humored smile—"I have no doubt, if you took the trouble to observe, my dear Mrs. Pinkerton, you would find that not less is used about your own. As to the noise, I dare say you will soon be so accustomed to it that you will not hear it—that is, if you make an effort. A little philosophy, I believe, sometimes works wonders against those nervous antipathies. If that should not succeed, surely, my dear madam, in a house so large as this, you might occupy a room where the source of the annoyance would be out of hearing."

Mrs. Newbury arose to go, and Mrs. Pinkerton drew herself up with offended dignity.

"I ought to feel under obligations for your opinions, madam," said she, stifly.

Her evident pique and resentment somewhat discomposed Mrs. Newbury, though she bade good morning with her usual courtesy. She described the scene to her daughter, and related the conversation of the day before. Antoinette listened anxiously, and with many attempts at excusing Mrs. Pinkerton.

"I should like to believe you right, my dear," said her mother. "I always wish to believe as much good as possible of my neighbors, and it is greatly against my will to entertain any hard thoughts against Mrs. Pinkerton, but I think it proper to put you on your guard. A woman who allows her temper to be irritated by incidental causes, which she would not perceive if she kept her mind usefully employed, and expects others, on whom she has no particular claim, to give themselves real inconvenience to remove them, instead of quietly taking herself out of their way, is a very disagreeable person to have any sort of connection with."

But when Mrs. Newbury had reflected more

coolly, she thought that perhaps she had been too hasty and too plain in replying to her neighbor, and too little disposed to make allowance for her, and she forbore to mention the matter to her husband, lest he might think the same.

Two weeks passed, and except that George Pinkerton called as often as before at Mr. Newbury's, no visits passed between the families. Mrs. Pinkerton, unconsciously, perhaps, had colored so highly her two interviews with Mrs. Newbury, in representing them to her husband, that he thought her so seriously aggrieved as to be justified in her part of the non-intercourse.

During the whole time, the pump retained its power over her nerves, which, indeed, for several days, was aggravated by her seeing Mr. Newbury himself walk around it and vigorously wield the handle. The bright idea struck her lively imagination that he enjoyed her irritation, and was amusing himself at her expense, perhaps through the instigation of his wife.

"It is rather singular," she remarked to her son, "that Mr. Newbury should choose such an occupation as hourly inspecting that pump."

"I believe that he designs some improvement in it," returned George; "so I heard Mrs. Newbury say several weeks ago—and at the same time she jestingly remarked that a fine pump was his hobby."

"Um!—odd enough that the very thing should be his hobby which is my aversion!"

"My dear madam, has not the poor man as good a right to his hobbies as you to your aversions?"

Mrs. Pinkerton clasped her hands and turned up her eyes in silent consternation at the imperitence of the question.

A day or two after this brief colloquy with her rebellious son, as she was passing through the yard under her chamber windows, a heavy stream of water suddenly spouted over the fence and descended on her head. She sprang into a lobby, and in a few moments the whole household had collected around her. She hysterically reiterated her expectations of rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and consumption, and was led to her chamber. In a few hours, however, after she had had her clothes changed and had rested awhile in bed, she was able to come down stairs and to dictate to Mr. Pinkerton the proper manner of demanding an apology from Mr. Newbury, who, she persisted, must have been the perpetrator of the outrage in *propria persona*. Whilst thus engaged, Mr. Newbury himself nodded to them through the front windows, and without ringing at the door, walked familiarly into the room, his face flushed with exercise and radiant with smiles.

"I want you to walk over with me, neighbor Pinkerton, to see my improvement," said he, rubbing his hands and a little out of breath. "We can now have any quantity of water on every story. I believe you have heard me talk about the new forcing-pump I had ordered for my well? It works capitally. Come along!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Pinkerton, frigidly; "I do not make pumps my study."

"I merely wish you to see the effect; you can easily understand it. Will you walk along, madam?"

"I wish to understand from you, sir," interrupted Mr. Pinkerton, "as you, of course, must be held responsible for the conduct of your household, how and by whom a quantity of water was thrown into my yard this morning, directly upon Mrs. Pinkerton, to the jeopardy of her delicate health."

"Was such really the case? Upon my word, I am most sincerely sorry. I presume that it was by one of my servants experimenting in my absence—no doubt that mischievous cub Sam, the stable boy; it is like one of his tricks to be meddling with the hose without knowing how to manage it. Of course he intended no harm. But to return to the pump—it throws the water, not only up to the third story, but over the roof."

"Confound the pump!" exclaimed Mr. Pinkerton, angrily; "I wish to have a decisive explanation and apology."

Mr. Newbury had a warm temper, and in an instant he was swelling with indignation, but he commanded himself, and, looking steadily at Mr. Pinkerton, he answered—"I have given an explanation that ought to satisfy a gentleman. I have no apology to make."

He walked out of the house with a measured step, but as soon as he had entered his own, his wrath gave way. It was not appeased by his wife, who, with unusual want of prudence, described to him what she considered the unreasonableness of Mrs. Pinkerton.

"We are done with them from this day," said he; "you in particular, Antoinette. Though I noticed Mrs. Pinkerton's keeping herself out of our way of late, it never struck me that there was anything wrong, as her son made his visits as usual. The less we have to say to such a finical, overbearing tribe the better;" and ringing the bell, he said to the servant that answered it—"If Mr. George Pinkerton should call here at any time, from this henceforth, remember to say, all of you, that there is no one at home."

There was now a regular breach between the two families, of which Mrs. Pinkerton was anxious to be the first to give public demonstration. She sent out invitations for a large dinner-party, from which the Newburys were to be excluded. In her anxiety to purvey properly for her guests, and in supervising the preparations of her kitchen and dining-room, she was so much absorbed as to quite forget the pump—so much so, that she would not have been able to give a positive answer if she had been asked if the new one made as much noise as the old.

On the morning of the dinner-day, the kitchen chimney was in full blast at an early hour, when one of the maids made the alarming discovery that a large closet, built against it in the second

story, and lined with wood-work, was on fire. Mr. Pinkerton and his son were both absent, and the men servants had been sent away on errands. The screams of the women, including Mrs. Pinkerton, brought out the whole domestic force of Mr. Newbury. The alarm was heard by Mr. Newbury himself, who, from the back parlor window, perceived that the flames had burst through the roof and burnt a considerable distance from the chimney. The day was one to make the progress of fire particularly rapid—warm, dry and windy; and though he dispatched his boy for the nearest engine, he knew that it was too far off to be a very sure reliance. He speedily applied a hose to the forcing pump, directing it to the roof, and when he had instructed a servant how to manage it, he hurried into Mr. Pinkerton's. By promptly excluding the air from the burning press, and then dextrously using the supply of water brought up by the affrighted females, he soon succeeded in extinguishing the flames. He then re-scaled the fence, and found that his assistant at the pump had worked with equal good effect.

"You are now safe, madam," he called to Mrs. Pinkerton; "a little more water on the roof is all that is necessary;" and he heard the voice of Mr. Pinkerton calling to her, while he gave directions to his man not to withdraw the hose for a few minutes.

Mrs. Newbury and Antoinette had been drawn out of the house to see the operation of the pump, and were still in the yard, when they perceived Mrs. Pinkerton hurrying through the entry towards them, all in tears, and her husband coming, though at a more composed gait, after her.

"God bless you, sir," she sobbed, drawing up to Mr. Newbury. "How can I thank you enough? You have been the means of preserving our property, and have saved me from getting my death of fright, while I felt that I almost deserved it. That blessed pump!"—and she looked as if she was about to throw her arms around it—"what a treasure it has turned out to be, after all! Can you forgive me, sir? Mrs. Newbury, can you pardon my selfish, my ridiculous want of consideration?"

Mr. Pinkerton added his apologies, and both were frankly and kindly excused.

"You must let us ask one proof of your entire forgiveness," said Mrs. Pinkerton—"that you will all dine with us to-day. If you refuse, you will subject me to the mortification of narrating my want of reflection and temper to the whole room-full we have invited, for I shall feel myself bound to explain your absence."

Mrs. Newbury glanced at her husband and daughter, and then cordially assented to go.

The dinner went off as smoothly as if nothing had happened to threaten its destruction. Mr. Newbury led Mrs. Pinkerton to the table, while his wife was escorted by the master of the house, both marked with every attention as the most honored of the guests. Before the company separated, it had been surmised by some of them that the entertainment had been given in honor of a certain expected alliance between the two families, which conjecture was not afterwards contradicted, for George and Antoinette "engaged" themselves, and received the sanction of their parents, as a conclusion to the ceremonies of the day.

## TO A FRIEND LEAVING FOR EUROPE.

REMEMBER me—that simple phrase  
Speaks more than thousand words can tell—  
More of affection's wealth conveys,  
When "kindred hearts" responsive swell,  
Than breathes in passion's wildest tone,  
Or e'en the eye's mute witchery:  
I ask but *this* when thou art gone—  
This single boon—Remember me.

Remember me when thou shalt pray  
That all our sins may be forgiven;  
Our spirits thus together may  
Ascend at that same hour to heaven:  
And on that "day of sacred rest,"  
When thou, in silent fervency,  
Shalt bless their names who love thee best—  
In that warm prayer, remember me.

Remember me when morning breaks  
Thy golden visions, bright, though vain;  
And ere the noisy world awakes  
To call thee to its haunts again—

And when the glorious setting sun  
Sinks silently beneath the sea,  
And thou, day's busy turmoil done,  
Hast time to love, remember me.

Remember me when twilight dim  
Darkens thy pathway o'er the sea—  
When hoary Ocean's vesper hymn  
Comes with its murmured melody;  
When "starry sentinels" look down  
From their high thrones, to watch o'er thee,  
And thou art silent and alone,  
In that still hour remember me.

Remember me whene'er a flower,  
Faint and discolored, meet thine eye,  
Drooping beneath the wintry shower,  
For *my* sake pass that flower not by,  
But take it when its pallid crest  
Swoops as the cold blast sweeps the lea,  
And shelter it within thy breast—  
And, dear one, *then* remember me.—E.

## THE FRONTIER FORT.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

WALTER Singleton bore the commission of an ensign in a company of United States Infantry, which many years since was stationed at the small block-house fortress of Fort Gratiot, where the deep waters of Lake Huron are disembogued into the rapid strait of the river St. Clair. Fort Gratiot is at this day an important and well-fortified station, pointing its heavy cannon against the Canada shore and threatening to annihilate with its artillery any hostile sail that might venture to drop down the tide of St. Clair.

But at the period of our tale, the fortress was a small quadrangle, built of rough-hewn logs from the neighboring forest, and surrounded with an unsightly, but stout palisade of cedar posts, thrust into the ground; and deemed sufficient to withstand any assault of the Ottaways, Chippeways, and Miamis; being the three principal savage tribes that then held dominion among the uncivilized wilds of Michigan.

Walter, a youth of some eighteen summers, was proud of the rank he held in the service; and was especially delighted with the wild and remote station, where his command was placed. He loved to trace the wild places of the woods, and to explore the fresh paths of the wilderness, and he rejoiced in the wild sports that they afforded; and whenever he could manage to escape from the restraints of military life, he would seize upon his rifle, and pass forth into the wilds, nor would he retrace his steps, until the deer, the bear, and the wild turkey had fallen beneath his aim. Walter had thus become enamored of the freedom and license of savage life; and was almost tempted to forsake the tame routine of drill and parade, and exchange his laced frock for the hunter's jacket, and join himself to some of the tribes of the native children of the forest around. And this inclination, as it chanced, was greatly strengthened by an event that befell him in one of his hunting expeditions.

At the distance of one hundred miles from the fort, where the clear flowing Saginaw river empties its waters into the broad bay of that name, stood the deer-skin tents, and the rude branch-built wigwams of an Ottawa village. These Indians preserved a friendly intercourse with the garrison; and the officers freely mingled among the wild savages in their native village; while the Indians, on their part, made frequent visits to the fortress, to bargain their furs and peltries for the guns, ammunition and blankets of their civilized neighbors. During one of these visits our young ensign had been deeply smitten with the charms of the sweet Shiawassee, or the

Running-water, who was the daughter of Mattituck, the head chief of the Ottawa nation. And well might the romantic ensign look upon the Indian damsel with eyes of love and admiration; for nothing could exceed the brilliancy and liquid lustre of her dark eyes, nor the rounded grace and symmetry of her limbs. Her raven-black locks flowed in unrestrained freedom adown her rounded shoulders, and the prettiest and smallest feet in the world, encased in little brown moccasins of doe-skin, and fancifully ornamented with white quills and red beads and feathers, tripped away through the paths of the woods, with the lightness and grace of the antelope. Shiawassee, moreover, had a voice as sweet and merry as the song of a bird; and a hand as soft and dimpled as that of a city beauty, although those small fingers were well skilled to draw the bended bow, and to loosen the winged shaft, with deadly accuracy, at the brindled deer, or the loping wolf. The features, too, of Shiawassee were of Grecian regularity, and her complexion had no deeper tint than the nut-brown cheeks of the fair daughters of Andalusia and Arragon. The maiden looked upon the handsome face and manly figure of the young soldier, and listened to his vows of admiration, and returned his love; and often would she wander forth alone to the forest to meet him in some wild glen of the wilderness; or on some lonely and yellow beach of the broad lake shore, whenever the youth could make his escape from the duties of the fort.

And well might the gallant youth find favor in the soft heart of the native damsel. His clear olive complexion, embrowned by exposure to sun and wind, and often flushed rosy-red by exercise, together with his fine features and cheerful expression, would have gained for him the fame of manly beauty in higher circles than then peopled the frontiers. Over his white forehead, and across his shoulders flowed a profusion of curly locks of raven blackness, and altogether, he might have been admired as an Adonis of the woods. A light fatigue cap, of blue cloth, encircled with a band of gold lace, was set jauntily upon his head, and his appropriate dress consisted throughout of deer-skin frock and leggings, adorned with a complex tissue of tags, loops and ribbons. A broad belt of hide was strapped round his light waist, and in it were thrust his hunting knife and pistol. A short heavy rifle was carelessly poised in his hand, as if the weighty instrument were no heavier than a willow wand.

The youth passed with a quick and elastic step along the woody glade, and soon the striped flag

of the little fortress had disappeared beyond the tall tops of the wilderness. The youth pressed on with a light step and a lighter heart, for he was again at large among the prairies and the woods, and he was happy to be on the track of the deer and the bear, and he trusted that he should speedily fold in his arms the light waist of his Indian sweetheart. A bright morning sun of autumn rode clearly in the heavens; and the sparkling hoar-frost of the early November time had melted away before its influence. A fresh and genial breeze swept through the fading woods, tossing wantonly about the colored foliage, or wafting the deep hued leaves, all painted with crimson and scarlet and gold, high above the tree-tops like so many flocks of bright-plumaged birds. Beneath the thick umbrage of the groves the earth was soft and damp, with the dews and melted frosts of the previous night, as if showers of rain had been dashed upon them. With a quick step he passed over the soft moss and the decaying foliage that heaped the ground, looking intently on every side for the antlers of some browsing deer, or the tawny hide and black muzzle of some acorn-seeking bear.

The sharp eye of the hunter had looked in vain into every thicket and dingle on his route, and had yet found no track of his quarry, even in the most "likely places" for their retreat. At length while following an Indian trail, which wound its tortuous course along the winding rivers that cast their tribute in the lake, he suddenly emerged from a dense copse of the witch-hazel and alder, into a broad open glade of the wood; and here his eyes were unexpectedly greeted by the figures of a noble buck "of ten times," accompanied by a doe and two fawns. "Now for a venison-supper," exclaimed the youth to himself, "if eye and trigger-finger fail me not; and now for the fore-shoulder of the buck deer."

He raised his rifle slowly and carefully to his shoulder, and for a moment or two directed his eye along the glittering tube, till its sight was brought well in range with the animal; but precisely as the trigger was drawn, the shy creature had caught the alarm, and slightly averted in its position as the sharp crack of the gun pealed on the air. But the ball, though it shot "wide" of the mortal spot selected by the hunter, yet inflicted a severe wound; and as it lodged in the side of the buck, the wounded creature staggered for an instant, and then plunging forward with a desperate bound, fell heavily to the ground. His frightened companions instantly stretched away with the speed of arrows, and the excited hunter as promptly sprang forwards to secure his victim. But before he could reach him, the deer had regained his feet, and pawing the turf with his sharp hoofs, and tossing his branching antlers in the air, seemed resolved desperately to await the attack of his enemy. The youth advanced boldly towards him, forgetting, in his ardor, how perilous it is to encounter a wounded stag at bay, and how fatal is the wound inflicted

by its pointed horns. The animal suddenly sprang forward in mad career towards the youth, who only saved himself from the shock by casting himself prostrate beside the trunk of a fallen oak, that luckily lay in the way. The deer, unable at the instant to pause in its swift career, fell headlong over the log and the hunter; but ere the creature could again scramble to his feet, the active youth was upon him, and his keen knife was buried in its heart. The hunter, then securing a tip of the antlers as a trophy, and a slice of the fat haunch for his evening meal, reloaded his piece, and hastened on his way.

The golden sunset of the following day was pouring its streaming flood of glory over the broad waters of Saginaw Bay, and across the sparkling waves of the Saginaw river, as Walter approached the village of the Ottawas; and as he abruptly emerged from a dense grove of chestnuts, that crowned the steep brow of a projecting eminence, the river, the lake, and the scattered wigwags of the savages, lay extended, like a map, beneath him. As he directed his gaze toward the village, he perceived that some unusual solemnity was about to be performed, for the warriors were extended in long procession, and the air was rent with the outcries of the squaws and children. The hunter soon mingled with the crowd, desirous to witness the ceremony, which was the interment of a warrior of the nation. The dead body of the chief, washed, anointed, and painted after the fashion of his tribe, was borne on the shoulders of four chiefs. The women followed it, lamenting his loss with bitter cries and howlings, intermixed with songs, celebrating the deeds of the deceased, and those of his ancestors. The men mourned in a less extravagant manner. The whole village attended the body to the grave, which was then interred, habited in the most sumptuous ornaments that the deceased possessed. With his body were placed his bow and arrows, and other articles which he most valued, and provisions for the long journey he was about to undertake. When the dust was spread over the grave, the favorite charger of the chief, a noble gray war-horse, was led to the spot, and there immolated over his master's ashes, that the steed and the rider might together depart for the bright fields and the fair hunting grounds of paradise.

When the ceremony had concluded, a loud cry of sorrow and lamentation arose from the multitude, and we have thus endeavored to verify the burden of the lament for the Ottawa chief.

Bring here the warrior's bow of yew!  
 Bring here the painted bow,  
 That in the stormy battle slew  
 The panic-stricken foe;  
 And shell-embossed shield,  
 The axe of sharpened stone,  
 The weighty club of bone,  
 And the broad paddle which he lov'd to wield  
 Far over Huron's blue and billowy field.

And ere ye leave him to his final rest,  
Place o'er the chieftain's manly breast  
The shaggy trophies of his might;  
The skins of otter and of deer,  
Skins of the gaunt and grizzly bear,  
Skins of the panther, slain in fight,  
Slain by the warrior's mighty spear  
Far up its lonely mountain fair;  
And spoils of the rough unwieldy bison, slain  
Amid its flowery haunts, the prairie's boundless plain.

Then from his pastures lead  
The hunter's favorite steed,  
And slay him at his lifeless master's feet;  
For in the self same grave 'tis meet  
The rider and the steed should sleep;  
That when death's rounded dream hath fled,  
The chief may to his courser leap,  
And seek those blissful regions spread  
With flowers of endless bliss, to please the honor'd dead.

Green, lovely pastures, rich with bloom,  
Enrich'd with flowers, and fresh with dew,  
Will greet his passage from the tomb,  
And steep his senses in perfume,  
And charm with fond enticements ever new;  
Dim woods around their shades will cast  
When noon with crimson blushes glows,  
And in their shady depths a sighing blast  
That over dripping fountains had pass'd,  
Will lull his charmed spirit to repose.

Those plains, with wild herds sprinkled o'er,  
Will greet him and his fiery steed;  
And soon his brandish'd spear with gore  
Shall redden as his victims bleed;  
Clear limpid lakes of heavenly blue  
Shall smile beneath his glancing oar;  
And the old woods, his wild halloo  
Repeat with joy from shore to answering shore.

And often where the silver brook  
Down the green vale its music pours,  
Within some grotto's viny nook,  
Reclin'd upon its grassy floors,  
He shall enfold in boundless bliss  
His Indian girl with many a vow—  
And oft imprint the warm and honeyed kiss  
Upon her glowing cheek, and on her flushing brow.

And when the purple dome of night  
Is flecked with morning's streaming gold;  
And when the western sky is bright  
With twilight's robes of gorgeous fold,  
Let all the mourning camp together bring  
Their votive offerings to the dead—  
And let them solemn, warlike measures sing,  
And let the generous tear be shed!

The song died along the falling shades of evening, and the collected groups of warriors and women dispersed to their several habitations, and the young soldier was invited to his wigwam by the old chief Mattituck, with whom the daring young officer and expert hunter was a choice favorite. A bountiful feast of deer meat and moose-meat was spread before the guests, comprising the principal warriors of the nation; but the young soldier had no eyes but for the slender Shiawassee, who reverently waited upon her aged sire. When the feast

was finished, and the guests had retired, the young man wandered forth to the moon-lit forest, accompanied by the Indian girl. They lingered long by the crystal pool of the woods, and loitered away the moonlight hours along the sparkling current of the river, and by the yellow beach, watching the frothy billows as they tumbled in from Saginaw Lake, and broke with a dull and heavy roar along the shingles.

"Dearest Shiawassee," exclaimed the youth, "is not the night beautiful, with its yellow moon, and its winking stars, and its drifting clouds, and its shadowy woods, and its bright shores, glorious with the bursting billows? Yet the night, with all its marvellous glories, is not more beautiful to my sight than the sweet Shiawassee, the Running-water. When will the maiden give her hand, as she has her heart, to the young soldier of the pale faces? Let the old Mattituck but give me his jewel, and I will forsake the tents of my people, and come hither to dwell with my Indian princess, among the wigwams of her kindred. I will build for myself a cabin, from the boughs of these autumn trees, and will place it at the warm edge of the forest, on the banks of the running stream, and Shiawassee shall forever share the cup and the bear-skin couch of her white hunter. Or if Shiawassee desire it, I will bear her away to the distant country of my own people, where the waves of the blue Atlantic thunder against the rocky shore; and my roof, embosomed among its orchards and its groves, shall be her roof; and my people shall be her people."

"The pale face," returned the maiden, "speaks sweet words, and there is honey upon his lips, and Shiawassee loves to listen to their music better than to the song of the nightingale when it chants to the drowsy groves of the night. But the hour has not yet come when Shiawassee may yield her hand to her lover. For I read even now a dark and angry frown upon the faces of our warriors, and they often cast fierce and lowering looks towards the little fortress of your people. And I fear that a dark day of strife and of bloodshed is about to burst upon us, when the hands of my people and kindred will be turned against the bosoms of your people. Let us then wait till this storm passes away."

"The words that the maiden speaks," replied the soldier, "are gloomy and menacing, but I trust that her fears and suspicions will soon prove groundless. The hatchet has been solemnly buried between your people and mine; the pipe of peace has been smoked in the council circle, and there are only friendly greetings between us when the red man meets the white soldier in the forest. There can be no cause for fear; and no hinderance to our happy union. What says the maiden?"

"There is indeed much cause for fear," replied the girl, "and I know from the stifled mutterings of my tribe, that the thunder of war will soon resound, and the fiery bolt of vengeance will soon descend. Listen to the fierce words that this day

fell from the lips of the terrible Sarawa, who is a suitor for my hand, and a hater of you and your people. These were his words: 'Death to the pale-faces! I will forever follow on their tracks—I will watch for them in the wood, and on the mountain—I will ambush their way by day and by night—I will deny myself food and rest—I will enter at no door—I will sleep under no roof, until I have had vengeance upon them, and ample vengeance. If the white man sleeps, my knife shall be at his throat; if he walks the wood, my rifle shall be pointed at his heart. I will be the scourge of their race,—I will drink their blood as I now drink this water,—I will wash my hands in their best hearts' gore.' Such were the words of Sarawa—and they found a ready response from many a dark chief around him. But if a day of hatred and darkness should come upon us, and the hearts of my people are bent on death and bloodshed, then shall the ranks of your people be warned of the impending storm, for the sake of the pale-face who has won my heart."

"You say well, noble-hearted maiden," said the soldier, "and your friendship may thus prevent the effusion of much generous blood. If your people meditate a dangerous attack, you must find means to apprise me of the danger, and we can easily avert the assault, by showing to your warriors that we are ready and on our guard. Do you pledge me to give us such timely warning?"

"I do so pledge myself," said the damsel, "and will accomplish it at every risk of life and limb. I will watch the faces and the councils of my people, and if they arm for the attack, I will fly to the woods, will ford streams and bogs and swamps, and will warn your people to stand to their arms. If I shoot a red arrow into your entrenchments, let that be interpreted as the bloody signal of instant hostilities. If I shoot a white arrow, still be on your guard, for although the danger may not be urgent, still it may not be long deferred. And if I can gain admission into your gates, without danger of discovery from our lurking scouts, then will I enter, and disclose the nature and extent of the menaced danger. Have I spoken well?"

"Thou hast spoken the words of humanity, and with no forked tongue," replied the youth; "sweet words springing up from a pure heart, like the crystal-clear waters of the fountain-spring, bubbling up from the grassy heart of the meadow. The words of Shiwasssee shall preserve the little band of pale-faces from the edge of the axe and the knife and the lives of her own people from a swift and sure destruction. But the hours of the moonlight night are waxing late, and the horned-owl from the top of the oak hoots out like a passing bell, the mid hour of the night. It is time that we return to the old man's wigwam, lest we excite suspicion, and when the first red of dawning shall color the cheek of the eastern sky, the lover of Shiwasssee must tear himself from the sunshine of her presence, and return to the tents of his people. I shall warn them to keep vigilant watch and

ward; and we shall look out most anxiously for the flight of the warning arrow of Shiwasssee." And having thus spoken, the young man affectionately enfolded the hand of the maiden within his own, and the couple returned to the wigwam of Mattituck.

As they passed through a dark copse on their homeward way, the sharp senses of the soldier detected the light and guarded step of the moccasin over the damp foliage that strewed the forest walk, and his quick eye detected the indistinct figure of a savage warrior, lurking among the thickets, and apparently watching and following their steps. The youth could not mistake the vast and clumsy frame of Sarawa, in their lurking spy, and he momentarily expected to hear the whistle of his treacherous arrow along the glades of the wood; but the pair passed on unmolested, and passing beneath the bear-skin door of the wigwam, they sought their several repose. But scarcely had the eastern sky become reddened with the dawn, when the youth, after taking a little refreshment, and bidding an affectionate adieu to Shiwasssee, departed from the village, and striking into the dense forest, made the best of his way towards the fortress. On the evening of the following day, he gained the block-house, just as the sentinel discharged the sunset-gun from the rampart, and the flag of stars and stripes descended from the tall banner-staff. Walter passed in at the chief gate of the fort with a heavy and weary step, and without delay sought an interview with his superior officer, Captain Lovet; and gave him the important information of the meditated assault of the savages.

On the following day every possible preparation was made by the little garrison to place their works in the best state of defence. The guards were doubled, and the artillery pieces were heavily loaded and pointed from the embrasures. No person was allowed to withdraw beyond the defences, but a greater portion of the little band were constantly kept under arms. But a week passed away without any attack, nor indeed had a single savage been descried by the sentinels from the walls, and the men, wearied with the confinement, began to relax their vigilance.

But on the evening of the seventh day, the sentinel gave notice that he had discovered among the thick woods around, several gliding figures, and he doubted not that the savages were lurking about, with no friendly purpose; and during that night the fatal red arrow was shot by some unseen hand from without the walls, and fell in the centre of the camp. On the following day every preparation was made to repulse the expected assault, but no signs of a present enemy were discoverable. When nightfall had again darkened the earth, however, a dim figure was discovered to issue from a thicket of alders, within gunshot of the fort, and presently a female figure presented herself at the gate, and demanded admission. Walter was the first to spring toward the gate of entrance, and after exchanging a word or two with the stranger,

ordered that the heavy portal should be swung open, and he then eagerly caught in his arms the weary and muffled figure of Shiwawsee.

"What news, what news, doth my darling bring?" eagerly inquired the soldier; "are your people in force around us?"

"I have come in great peril," replied the maiden, "to warn you of coming death and danger. Every copse and dingle of this wilderness around are filled with our armed and battle-painted warriors, and they have sworn to raze this fortress to the earth, and to leave no surviving pale-face to tell the fate and fall of his comrades to others of his people. To-morrow, then, be on your guard; for the hostile tribes will then appear before your entrenchments, and will engage in their favorite game of ball-play. It is arranged that they shall cut shorter their rifles, that they may the better conceal them beneath their frocks and blankets, and then in the heat and excitement of the play, some one is to cast the ball over your ramparts, and the whole attacking party is then to pour in at the gate as if to secure it, and then will commence the work of massacre and death. I have warned you; be ye vigilant! Yet be merciful, and spare the lives of your enemies, and especially lay no violent hand on the gray hairs of the venerable Mattituck, for the sake of her who gives you this warning. And now let me depart in peace; farewell!" And so saying, the noble maiden passed through the collected soldiery, and soon disappeared beyond the gate.

On the following morning at daylight, a numerous party of savages were found collected on the level lawn before the fortress; and several of them were admitted within the fort, as if the soldiers were unconscious of the meditated hostilities. In the afternoon of that day, the whole tribe was divided into two contending parties, and the exciting game of ball was commenced with great apparent interest and animation. It was noticed, however, that each warrior, instead of throwing aside his garments, still continued to wear his blanket or hunting-frock; beneath which was concealed his short rifle. In the meanwhile every preparation was made by the soldiers to resist the attack; the men

were all placed under arms, and every gun was loaded with ball. One leaf of the great gate was suffered to remain open; but guarded by a force of picked men, under the command of Ensign Singleton. The rest of the troops were posted in advantageous situations, where they could annihilate with their musketry all who entered the camp with hostile intent.

The game continued for an hour with unabated spirit, and at length about the hour of sunset, the whole force of Indians had gathered together, in the heat of the sport, beneath the walls of the fortress. At that moment some powerful hand hurled the contested ball high above the flag-staff, and it fell in its descent into the very centre of the enclosure. The savages then made a simultaneous rush towards the gate, and many of them were allowed to enter it unmolested; but suddenly the portal was closed by the united efforts of several stout soldiers, and the leading Indians instantly saw they were caught in a trap, and were separated effectually from the co-operation of their brethren. The soldiers instantly advanced upon them with leveled bayonets, and the Indians were ordered to throw down their arms and surrender. But several of the fiercest of the savages, led on by Sarawa, refused to submit, but casting aside their garments, brandished their rifles and hatchets, and attempted to withstand the advancing ranks of the soldiers. But their resistance was all in vain. The red men were mowed down in files, by the steady bayonet and the heavy and sustained volleys of musketry, and in a few minutes all resistance had ceased within the block house; and those who had remained without, after a few discharges from the cannon, broke away, and fled in utter rout and dismay from the field.

When the smoke of the brief contest had melted away on the air, an examination of the dead and wounded Indians took place, and among the mangled and bloody corpses of the slain were discovered the bodies of the old chief Mattituck, and by his side the lifeless form of a lovely Indian girl, which Walter, with great horror and distress, recognized to be that of Shiwawsee, who had thus sacrificed her life to prove her devotion to her lover.

## LINE INSCRIPTIONS ON A MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN THE WOODLANDS AT LAUREL HILL.

BY S. C.

When low and lone in the silent dells  
The grass shall wave above my breast,  
And music of the Sabbath bells  
Shall echo o'er the place of rest  
Where sleeps the Bard:—  
O! then, ye lov'd of Earth, draw near,  
And shed, where bloom the flow'rets wild,  
The mourner's tear.



## THE TREASURY.

### BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

DEAR mother! dost thou love me yet?  
Am I remembered in my home?  
When those I love for joy are met,  
Does some one wish that I would come?  
Thou dost—I am beloved of these!  
But as the schoolboy numbers o'er,  
Night after night, the Pleiades,  
And finds the stars he found before—  
As turns the maiden oft her token—  
As counts the miser aye his gold—  
So, till life's silver cord is broken,  
Would I of thy fond love be told.  
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—  
Dear mother, dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?  
Oh! when the hour to meet again  
Creeps on, and, speeding o'er the sea,  
My heart takes up its lengthened chain,  
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—

When land is hailed, and from the shore  
Comes off the blessed breath of home,  
With fragrance from my mother's door,  
Of flowers forgotten when I come—  
When port is gained, and slowly now  
The old familiar paths are passed,  
And, entering—unconscious how—  
I gaze upon thy face at last,  
And run to thee, all faint and weak,  
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—  
Oh, if my heart break not with joy,  
The light of heaven will fairer seem.  
And I shall grow once more a boy;  
And, mother, 'twill be like a dream  
That we were parted thus for years:  
And, once that we have dried our tears,  
How will the days seem long and bright—  
To meet thee always with the morn,  
And hear thy blessing every night—  
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born."  
And be no more, as now, in a strange land forlorn!

### OLD AND NEW FASHIONS.



#### ART OF DRESS.

LET no woman suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may have been deadened in his mind by a slatternly, negligent mother, or by plain maiden sisters, but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some it causes a sense of actual pleasure, in others a consciousness of passive enjoyment; in some it is intensely felt while present, in others only missed when gone. None can deny its power over them, more or less; or, for their own sakes, had better not be believed if they do.

Such being the case, the responsibilities of a wife in this department are very serious. In point of fact, she dresses for two, and in neglecting herself, virtually defrauds her neighbor. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural



course, deserves either to see them break out on his own person or appear in that of another.

But independent of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self-interest. It is all very well for bachelors to be restricted to a costume which expresses nothing beyond a general sense of their own unfitness to be seen—since they can be safely trusted for publishing their characters to the world with that forwardness which is their chief element—but Heaven forbid that the spinsters should ever take to the same outward neutrality. With their habitual delicacy of mind and reserve of manner, dress becomes a sort of symbolical language—a kind of personal glossary—a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect. Will Honeycomb says that he can tell the humor a woman is in by the color of her hood. We go further, and maintain that, to a proficient in the science, every woman walks about with a placard on which her leading qualities are advertised.

The present dress has some features worth dwelling on more minutely. The gown is a good thing, both in its morning and evening form, and contains all necessary elements for showing off a fine figure and a graceful movement. Till lately, it was cut down in a sharp angle, low in front, with the collar running down it, which made the throat look long; now it is closed up quite high, with the collar sprouting round, which makes the throat look round. There is something especially beautiful, too, in the expanse of breast and shoulder, as seen in a tight, plain-colored high dress—merino or silk—like a fair, sloping, sunny bank—with the long, taper arms, and the slender waist so tempting and convenient between them, that it is a wonder they are not perpetually embracing it themselves. Nor is this effect lost in the evening-dress, but, on the contrary, increased by the *berthe's* carrying out that fair, sunny bank still deeper, or rather environing it with a rich ring fence, of which we admire the delicacy and beauty, though it impedes our view of what is beyond. Far be it from us to attempt to describe the mystery of the *berthe*—except as the cestus of Venus transferred from the waist to the shoulders. We men have worn almost every part of a woman's dress, so that scarcely one sex has been known from the other; but, thank heaven, this, at all events, has remained sacred. No man ever wore a *berthe*.

And then—to let our eyes fall lower, if they will—the long, full folds of the skirt, which lie all close together above, like the flutings of an Ionic column, as if loth to quit that sweet waist, but expand gradually below, as if fearing to fetter those airy feet; and the gentle swinging of the robe from side to side, like a vessel in calmest motion, and the silver whisper of the trailing silk as that dear one slowly approaches, the hem of whose garment we long to kiss. Low that hem and close to the ground, but we would not have it higher. Let the foliage sweep the earth, rather than grow, as with a grazing line above it. And if there be portions of this vile world—streets and squares and crossings—too impure for the drapery to touch, are they not doubly so for those feet?

Flounces are a nice question. We like them when they wave and flow, as in a very light material—muslin or gauze, or *barege*—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel or a "dissolving view;" but we do not like them in a rich material where they float, or in a stiff one where they bristle, and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat and throw light and shade where you don't expect them. In short, we like the gown that can do without flounces, as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers, but in either case it must be a good one.

The plain black scarf is come of too graceful a parentage—namely, from the Spanish and Flemish mantilla—not to constitute one of the best features of the present costume. It serves to join the two parts of the figure together, enclosing the back and shoulders in a firm, defined outline of their own, and flowing down gracefully in front, or on each side, to mix with that of the skirt. That man must be a monster who could be impertinent to a woman in any dress, but especially to a woman in a black scarf. It carries an air of self-respect with it which is in itself a protection. A woman thus attired glides on her way like a small close-reefed vessel—tight and trim—seeking no encounter, but prepared for one. Much, however, depends upon the wearing—indeed, no article of dress is such a revealer of the wearer's character. Some women will drag it tight up their shoulders, and stick out their elbows (which ought not to be known to exist) in defiance at you—beneath. Such are of the independent class we described, with strong sectarian opinions. Others let it hang loose and listless, like an idle sail, losing all the beauty of the out-

line, both moral and physical. Such ladies have usually no opinions at all, but none the less a very obstinate will of their own.

Some few of what are now-a-days called mantillas, which are the cardinals or the capucins of a century ago, are pleasing and blameless. A black velvet one, turned up with a broad, dull, black lace, like bright metal chased with lead, is very good. Also, when made of plain silk, black or light-colored, with no other trimmings than, in milliner's language, "the own." But too often these articles, of which an endless variety exists, are merely made the vehicle for indulging in a weakness for fringe, gimp, and other such trumpery, with which they are overloaded. Arm-holes, too, are a part of them to which we particularly object. The lady behind them looks as if she was sitting in the stocks for a public misdemeanour, or seeking a customer and offering her hand through.

Nor is a shawl a recommendable article. We mean a common square one. Some are beautiful in quality, and others too unpretending in pattern to be criticised. But whatever piece of dress conceals a woman's figure, is bound in justice to do so in a picturesque way. This a shawl can never do, with its strict uniformity of pattern—each shoulder alike—and its stiff three-cornered shape behind, with a scroll of pattern standing straight up the centre of the back. If a lady sports a shawl at all, and only very falling shoulders should venture, we should recommend it to be always either falling off or putting on, which produces pretty action, or she should wear it up one shoulder and down the other, or in some way drawn irregularly, so as to break the uniformity. One of the faults of the present costume, as every real artist knows, is, that it offers too few diagonal lines.

The female hat of the present day is one of the only very artificial features, and will puzzle future costume-hunters to account for, both in its construction and its use, more than any other article now worn—if, indeed, any memento of it survive, for it is unfit either for painting or sculpture. Not but what a hat of the present day is becoming enough to some, as any frame-work filled with laces, ribbons and flowers, round a pretty face, must be—but it is at best an unmeaning thing, without any character of its own, and never becoming to any face that has much.

There is one of the race, however, for which we must make special exception—not for its native beauties alone, its polished, glistening circles and delicate neutral tints, but for a deep mysterious spell, exercised both over wearer and spectator, in which it stands unrivaled by any other article of female attire—we mean the *plain straw hat*. From the highest to the lowest there is not a single style of beauty with which this hat is not upon the best understanding. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest; it gives the coquettish young lady a little dash of demureness, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry; it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh, and the pale one more interesting; it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady-like still. A vulgar woman never puts on a straw bonnet, or at least not the straw bonnet we have in our eye—while the higher the style of carriage and the richer the accompanying costume, the more does it seem in its native element; so much so, that the most aristocratic beauty in the land, adorned in every other respect with all that wealth can purchase, taste select, or delicacy of person enhance, may not only hide her lofty head with perfect propriety in a plain straw hat, but in one plainer and coarser still than a lower style of woman would venture to wear. Then all the sweet associations that throng about it—pictures of happy childhood and unconscious girlhood, thoughts of blissful bri-

dal tours, and of healthy country life; and of childhood, girlhood, tours and life such as our own sweet country can alone give. For the crowning association of all consists perhaps in this, that the genuine straw bonnet stamps the genuine American woman—no other country can produce either the hat or the wearer.

But, after all, in these important matters of dress, however recommendable some of these details may separately be, it is a lady's own sense on which their proper application depends. She did not choose her own face and figure, but she does choose her own dress, and it should be ordered according to them. Attention to a few general rules would prevent a great many anomalous appearances. For instance—a woman should never be dressed too little, nor a girl too much; nor should a stumpy figure attempt large patterns, nor a bad walker bounces; nor a short throat carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl—and so on. But, as we have just said, every woman in the world may wear a plain straw hat.

Let no one think we exaggerate the importance of dress. As far as we see, there is nothing that can be proved to be half so important. Whether we visit old countries or discover new, or read history, or study mankind under this aspect or that, but one and the same result invariably presents itself, viz., that human nature, in all times and in all latitudes, is found, has been found, and will ever be found with the same wants and wishes, passions and propensities, promises and disappointments—only in a different dress—that, as the author of *Sartor Resartus* would say, man is the same clothes-horse, whether painted in the high ruff of Zucchero or in the low collar of Sir Joshua.

Of course there are a number of the sex, especially among very young ladies, who, from one reason or another—deficiencies in the pocket, or the tyranny or tastelessness of those put in authority over them—are prevented from doing justice to their own talents in this line. "But then," as Burns says—

"There's something in their gait  
Gars ony claes look weel."

Upon the whole, a prudent and sensible man, desirous of "looking before he leaps," may safely predicate of the inner lining from the outer garment, and be thankful that he has this, at least, to go by. That there are such things as female pirates who hang out false lights to entrap unwary mariners, we do not deny. It is only to be hoped that sooner or later they may catch a Tartar on their coasts—for of all the various denominations of swindlers who practice on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a dandy during courtship and a dowdy after marriage.

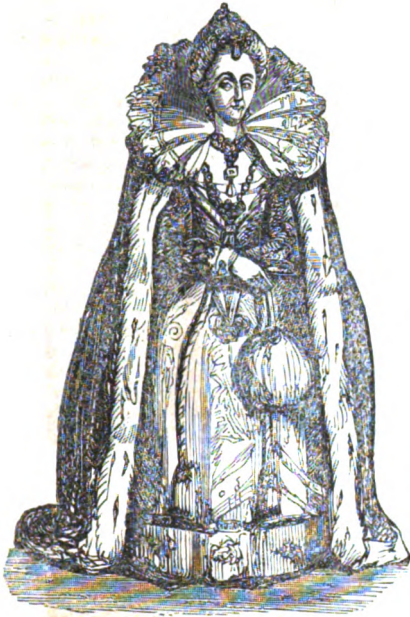
As regards an affectation not unfrequent in the sex—that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet—we can only assure them, for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affectation going. We should doubt, in the first place, whether the woman who is indifferent to her own appearance be a woman at all. At all events, she must be either a hardened character or an immense heiress, or a first-rate beauty—or think herself one. There might be instances, like the fair Elgiva, of women having been tyrannically disfigured on purpose to alienate the affections of those they loved, but what history can cite the woman who could voluntarily disfigure herself to alienate the affections even of one she loathed? Elfrida would not dress herself ill even to save her husband Athelstane's life; and though Miss Strickland sticks to the old story that the Countess of Salisbury put on a negligent attire to divert the attentions of Edward III., yet, if the truth were known, we make no doubt it was a becoming one.

Another foolish habit which we have remarked ladies to indulge in, is that of stigmatizing fashion as a thing of whims and caprices—which works in a blind, random, helter-skelter way, and drags its votaries along much in the same manner. Even the "Lady of Rank" has passed this fallacy without examination, and talks of "the usual absurdities of Fashion," "of the capricious goddess," "of Fashion's amusing itself at the expense of her votaries," etc. etc., with a frequency which, in a legislatrix of no rank, might be tiresome. Now, far from this being the case, the attentive student will soon discover that Fashion, like the animal or vegetable, or mineral kingdom, has laws and boundaries of her own, deep seated in the nature of things; and that if she be a goddess at all, she is one of very regular habits. He will find that she always preserves certain balances and proportions; that when they had great farthingales they had enormous ruffs; when they had short waists they had low foreheads; when they had wide sleeves they had small heads—and so on. Of course, in the time of transition, when a struggle is taking place between the plume that is casting off and that which is coming on, some apparent confusion may occur—as all birds are shabby in their moulting season. But the worst discrepancies are occasioned by one class of foolish women, who have not the sense to be off with the old love before they are on with the new, and try to combine both the old chrysalis and the new wings; or by another class, female Nashes, who ignorantly mix up all styles of architectures, and put an antique portico on to a modern body. We merely throw out hints; but the subject is worth a systematic investigation. That there should be such a thing as fashion in dress at all, does not enter into our argument, and would, indeed, be unworthy the consideration of any rational being. With fashion in thought, speech, arts and sciences, law, physic, politics and religion, the world would be strangely out of fashion, indeed, if there were none in dress.

But to return to our immediate subject. Having thus explained the final cause of dress as an instinct implanted in man, and exercised by woman solely for his good, let us endeavor, with all due humility, to say something about the experimental department.

We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called Nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loil gracefully, and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—the skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play. In former days, what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry the Eighth's time?—or of her forehead under her hair in George the Third's time?—or of the slenderness of her throat in a gorget of Edward the First's time?—or of the full of her shoulders in a welt or wing in Queen Elizabeth's time?—or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop-sleeve even in our time? Now-a-days, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils. Forehead bright and smooth as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ears, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on the side of the head like a delicate shell. Throat, a lovely stalk, leading the eye upwards to a lovelier flower, and downwards along a fair sloping ridge, un-

dulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder; whence, from the pendant calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale, pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding "at their own sweet will," and especially contrived by Nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about.



To illustrate more fully these differences of costume, and the greater gracefulness as well as comfort of the present fashions over the past, we have given the two pictures at the beginning of this article; and we here add graphic likenesses of England's most popular queen—Elizabeth and Victoria. The interval between these regal costumes is nearly three hundred years.



### POETRY.

POETRY is universal. It includes every subject, and can no more be restricted in its range than the intellect, the hope and the faith of man, of which it is the grandest exponent and the most sublime expression—making intellect more intellectual, hope more hopeful, and religion more religious. Even those critics and poets who have striven to it, in more dogmatism and wilfulness of assertion, have, in spite of themselves, done homage to its nobler uses, and blessed where it was their intention to revile.

Dr. Johnson did not always exclude poetry from any one field of human inquiry. "In a poet," says he, "no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination. He must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety—for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth: and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his readers with remote allusions and unexpected instruction." This is well said, and although it applies mainly to the adornments, and scarcely to the essentials of poetry, it is easy to see that the critic had forgotten the previously-recorded opinions already al-

luded to when he wrote it, and that in his heart he would set no limits to the illimitable. It may seem superfluous to some minds to dilate upon a matter that ought to be so obvious; but "error is a snake that requires much killing."

### POETRY TO REMEMBER.

NIGHT hath made many bards, she is so lovely—  
For it is Beauty maketh Poesy,  
As from the dancing eye come tears of light.  
Night hath made many bards, she is so lovely;  
And they have praised her to her starry face  
So long, that she hath blush'd and left them often.  
When first and last we met we talked on studies—  
Poetry only, I confess, is mine,  
And is the only thing I think or read of,  
Feeding my soul upon the soft, and sweet,  
And delicate imaginings of song;  
For as nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,  
So poets live upon the living light  
Of Nature and of Beauty—they love light.

— See,  
The moon is up—it is the dawn of night;  
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady star—  
Star of her heart.

Ye stars, how bright ye shine to-night: mayhap  
Ye are the resurrection of the worlds—  
Glorified globes of light! Shall ours be like ye?  
Nay, but it is! This wild, dark world of ours,  
Whose face is furrow'd like a losing gamester's,  
Is shining round and bright, and smooth in air,  
Millions of miles off.

I have seen him when he hath had  
A letter from his lady-love: he blessed  
The paper that her hand had traveled over  
And her eye looked on, and would think he saw  
Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes  
Wandering amid the words of love there traced,  
Like glow-worms among beds of flowers.

There is a dark and bright to everything—  
To everything but beauty such as thine,  
And that is all bright.

Loveliness is the base of every virtue;  
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest—  
My God keeps all his pity for the proud.

The world is full of glorious likenesses.  
The poet's power is to sort these out,  
And to make music from the common strings

With which the world is strung; to make the dumb  
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw  
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water,  
Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,  
Illimitable faith, strong as a state's  
In its own might, in God, no bard can be.

We live not to ourselves; our work is life,  
In bright and ceaseless labor, as a star  
Which shineth unto all worlds but itself.

There's something in  
The shape of harps as though they had been made  
By music.

The clouds which hide  
The mental mountains rising highest heaven,  
Are full of finest lightning, and a breath  
Can give those gathered shadows fearful life,  
And launch their light in thunder o'er the world.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod  
Which trembles toward the inner fount of feeling,  
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,  
The many sweet, clear sources that we have  
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms.

## "GUIDANT ÉTOILE."

BY CARL LINLEY.

The daylight waxeth dim—  
The vesper bell steals o'er the dewy lea,  
While at the altar many a family  
Blend in the evening hymn.

A lonely pilgrim kneels  
Upon the wild brook's shore; tear chaseth tear—  
Sigh followeth sigh—fear bringeth other fear—  
None careth how he feels.

Darkness is gathering fast  
O'er mount and valley—and the wind's cold breath  
Comes as the solemn whisperings of Death—  
Voice of the shrouded past!

How, whither shall he go?—  
No cheering word—no helping hand—no light;  
Without are silence, shadows, sullen night—  
Within is bitterest woe.

A pure and peerless star  
Opes its meek eye and hovers o'er his way,

As angels, when the good man bows to pray,  
Come from the fields afar.

He blesseth then its light—  
Loudest and happiest are the fervent praises  
That, as he journeyeth on, the wanderer raises,  
Strong in his hope and might.

I am that pilgrim—Life  
Is the dark pathway which I sadly tread—  
A way where nobler hearts than mine have bled—  
Tumult, confusion, strife!

Thou art that star of peace—  
And I will seek thy guidance while I live,  
If Pleasure shall her golden offerings give,  
If cares and fears increase.

Dearer thy beamings are  
Than is the sunlight to the moaning sea—  
Fondly I'll pray that thou may'st ever be  
My own, my "Guiding Star!"

## LINES TO —.

At early morn my thoughts are thine,  
When sunbeams lighten up the lea,  
Through each sad hour, till day's decline,  
My heart unfettered flies to thee.

At evening's calm and tranquil hour,  
When silence reigns o'er land and sea,  
When dew drops sparkle on each flower,  
I breathe my prayers to heaven for thee.

In dreams I still thy name repeat—  
What name on earth so dear to me!  
This faithful heart must cease to beat  
Ere it can think of aught but thee.

For, oh! within the world's wide range  
There's naught like thy sweet smiles to me;  
Time, fate or distance ne'er can change  
My fond, undying love for thee.—Essex.







## A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

### LETTER I.

#### *Hepsey Mayberry to Hetty Homely.*

*Mrs. Dawkins gives some account of a literary soiree she attended at Mr. Mayberry's, and gives invitations to one her son and daughter intend having.*

MY DEAR HETTY:—You know that the church where Mr. Thatcher preaches is two or three miles from where we live, and that, as the intermission between the morning and afternoon services is too short to admit of our returning home to dine, we generally slip a few "creature comforts," such as cake and fruit, into a basket, which we deposit in the wagon-box, and by which Jowler always voluntarily stands, or rather lies as sentinel till it is needed—well knowing that if the post, like sinecures held by his betters, gives him no employment, it affords him a weekly revenue in the shape of a substantial piece of molasses gingerbread, packed away in a snug corner of the basket by Eunice.

As Sunday proved to be a fine day, we, of course, all wished to attend church. Our large double wagon not being sufficiently capacious to hold all of us, John had a good excuse to hire Josiah Cawley's new chaise for the accommodation of Miss Seraphina Feeswind and himself.

Poor John—the profound sense he entertained of his own importance and enviable situation when Miss Seraphina condescended to accept the invitation which, with fear and trembling, he gave her to take a seat in the chaise, came near making a fool of him for the time being, causing him to mince in his gait, and to turn out his toes at least two points of the compass further than would have been tolerated by the dancing master, had he been present. He likewise held his head so high that it was impossible for him to see where he stepped, so that he trod on Jowler's tail, as, "sedately glad," he sat watching the progress made by Eunice in packing the basket—an insult which he resented by a somewhat savage growl, that proved as trying to the fair Seraphina's nerves as it was humiliating to himself, when he found, by the stern reproof administered by John, that he had violated the rules of good breeding. The caresses of Eunice, with whom he is a great favorite, could hardly reassure him so as to cause him to venture from under the table and resume his customary air of dignified composure.

The manner John assisted Seraphina into the chaise and in which he followed himself, were unique and are indescribable. How he effected either is a mystery which I am unable to solve, as he appeared as unbendable as if suffering from te-

tanus. He is not the first person, however, who has come within the limited sphere of my observation, on whom a wish to appear genteel has had this unhappy effect.

I am afraid that Mr. Thatcher's excellent and practical sermon received less attention than the plumed bonnets and rich shawls of my cousin and Seraphina.

At the close of the morning service they all went to walk, except mother and me. We had, both of us, had plenty of exercise in the performance of such household labor as was indispensable before leaving home. Mother went over to grandmother's pew to spend the intermission with her, and I took up the Bible and turned to the chapter from which Mr. Thatcher selected his text.

Aunt Jemima Kinnacum, as you will probably recollect, sits in the pew directly back of ours, and just as I had finished reading the chapter, I heard some person speak to her, who, I knew by her voice, was Mrs. Dawkins.

"Do tell me," said Aunt Jemima, "what two gals them were dressed out so grand, that sot in Mr. Mayberry's pew this forenoon?"

"Haven't you heern?" said Mrs. Dawkins. "Why, one of 'em is the darter of Mr. Mayberry's brother Daniel, that lives in Boston, and t'other—the one with sich black hair and eyes—is a Miss Feeswind, one of Judy's mates."

"Well, if they ain't both of 'em pesky proud, I'll never guess agin."

"La, no; they ain't a mite prouder than you or I—Miss Feeswind, in partic'lar, is one of the sociablest, pleasantest critters you ever laid your eyes on. I spent an evenin' and a whole forenoon with 'em, so that I feel jest as well acquainted with 'em as I do with you."

"Well, I do declare if that ain't curious," said Aunt Jemima. "Now, it looks 'xact to me as if I should be afared to open my mouth afore 'em."

"It ain't to be wondered at if you should feel a little skeered. You know you've always lived in an uncommon out-of-the-way place, so that you never had much chance to see what was goin' on in the world. You must consider that the case was different with me. My father, you remember, was a major, and owned one of the best farms and one of the biggest housen there was up to the head of Flounder river—an exceedin' pop'lar place, you know. The parade-ground where the companies meet to train, was within a stone's throw. Bein' a malicious officer of high standin', and well to do in the world, my father gin his darters the best of larnin', and owin' to a custom he had of dinnerin' all his brother officers grand muster-day, we had a fust-rate chance to larn perliteness; so that from



that time to this, I've never been a mite put out of countenance afore strangers, let them be ever so genteel. Not that I'm brazen-faced—you know to the contrary of that—but I don't feel put down in company, 'cause I'm always sartain that I know when to speak and when to hold my tongue."

"I wish I had your larnin' and knowledge," said Aunt Jemima, "for now I'm afeared to act myself when I'm afore strangers."

"No, no, Aunt Jemima; you don't want to rob me of mine—you mean you want some of the same kind."

"You were a lucky critter in marryin' Mr. Dawkins. He's got good larnin' too. Didn't he teach the Flounder river deestric school the winter afore you were married?"

"Yes, and the winter afore that. It wa'n't 'cause he wa'n't as well to do in the world as any young man in these parts, but he was always lookin' out for a chance to airm somethin'. On the whole, as you say, 'twas pretty lucky for me that I married him. You know he courted me on and off for the matter of four year. Jonathan Cawley, old Colonel Cawley's oldest son, was exceedin' attentivve to me at the same time whenever he could get a chance, and I couldn't determine in my own mind which to have, for though Mr. Dawkins had the most interest,\* Jonathan's father was a colonel, and it seemed to me that the darter of a malicious officer should naterally have the son of one."

"It sartainly did," said Aunt Jemima.

"It did, that's a fact. Howsomever, after a while I found out that Jonathan used sperit to success, and then I wouldn't have anything more to say to him. But la you, how I'm runnin' on. I wouldn't have Nabby and Jeemes hear me talking about my old sparks for the univarsal world. But I always say anything to you, for you know we've been jest as intermate as two sisters ever since we were children."

"We sartainly have, so you needn't mind tellin' me."

"I don't, 'cause I know 'twill go no furdur—but I'd no more idee of sayin' a word about 'em when I come and sot down by you, than I had of goin' to the moon. Jest as Jonathan Cawley popped into my head, I was goin' to observe to you that I can act out my part in a lit'rary sworrey equal to any of 'em."

"I shall expose my ignorance by askin'," said Aunt Jemima, "but I desire to know what a lit'ny swarney is? There, I see you're laughin' at me, and I s'pose I didn't call it right."

"Don't mind my laughin'," said Mrs. Dawkins, recovering herself; "I ought to be ashamed not to have more command over myself, when I've a son and darter that are either of 'em old enough to be married, but your pronounation of that word was so droll I couldn't help it. Bein' naterally of

a quick turn myself, it makes sich blunders seem more laughable to me, I s'pose, than they would to a dull paisson. It was a sworrey—not swarney. But never mind—a mistake is no haystack, as the sayin' is, so I'll compose myself, if I can, and try and give you some idee on it, for they had one at Mr. Mayberry's the evenin' Mr. Dawkins and I were there."

"They did?" said Aunt Jemima. "If that wa'n't curious!"

"Well, in the first place, there was a table right in the middle of the floor, but instead of havin' it set out with a curlation, as they did to Mr. Thatcher's the Fourth o' July, it was kivered all over with books and newspapers."

"Good, now! I couldn't b'leved it," said Aunt Jemima.

"'Twas 'xact as I say, and a table with a whole heap of books and newspapers on it is a main pint in a lit'rary sworrey."

"It is? Then I don't b'leve I should care much about one."

"I thought jest so, and expected that, for the first time in my life, I'd got where I shouldn't be able to jine in the conversation. But I kept a sharp look out, and, as I said afore, bein' naterally of a quick turn, it wasn't long afore there was a chance for me to slide right into it as slick as ile."

"Well, I do declare if that wa'n't curious."

"And that wa'n't all—I didn't merely jine in the conversation, I acterally led it; and Miss Feeswind, for all she's a Boston lady, was as attentivve to what I said, if not more so than any on 'em, partic'larly when I told her about the nice stockin' yarn my darter Nabby spun and colored. She and Judy Mayberry were amazed like when I told 'em that Mr. Dawkins and I and Nabby and Jeemes all wore blue stockin's to meetin', for, by what I could find out, blue is all the fashion in Boston, and they didn't expect anybody knew it up this way—and no we didn't, but, mind ye, I was cunning' enough not to let 'em know to the contrary. Besides the yarn, we talked about raisin' squashes and mush-millions, and all kind of interestin' matters, so, I tell you, we had a right down pleasant, sociable time as ever I experienced. Nabby liked what I told 'em about it so well, that she's detarmined to have a sworrey at our house at any ra'e. Now, Jeemes—you know what a calkerlater the critter is, always contrivin' to forrard the work in doors and out—thought we'd better have an 'apple-bee,' 'cause, he said, dried apples would always sell to the peddlers, if to nobody else. Mr. Dawkins was of his mind, but Nabby and I carried the day, and so we pitched upon next Thirdsday—and my main business with you is to ask you to tell your niece, Ruthy Kinnacum, that we want her to come. They ain't goin' to invite any but the young folks, or I should ask you. They didn't invite any other to Mr. Mayberry's. Mr. Dawkins and I happened to pitch on that evenin' to make 'em a visit, so, after we got there, nothin' would do but we must jine the sworrey. But I do declare, if I

\* Many of the old-fashioned people of New England use the word "interest" to signify property of any kind except personal.

don't mind, I shall stay talkin' till the folks begin to come to the arternoon meetin'. Don't forget to tell Ruthy that we shall expect her to the sworry next Thirdsday—and now I must go and speak a word or two to Hepsy Mayberry."

"I've been tellin' Aunt Jemima all about your sworry," said she, taking a seat by my side. "You know what a cravin' disposition she has—and now she knows blue stockin's are the fashion, Hopson won't have a dust of indigo in his store by to-morrow noon. But I shall have the hands of her, for we always eat breakfast by candle-light these 'ere short days, and I shall be at Hopson's by the time the sun has got cleverly in sight, to do my tradin' for the sworry—we shall want a few plums and some spice, and an extra gallon of molasses, you know—so that I shall have a chance to buy all the indigo I want. Nabby thought she couldn't get ready till next Thirdsday, and she and Jeems wanted me to tell you that they should depend on you and your brothers and cousin and Miss Feeswind. And look here, Hepsy, I want you, if you can without having Miss Feeswind observe you, to slip two or three books into the wagon-box, for books are rather scarce at our house. No matter what ones they be, for a book is a book, you know, and I minded that nobody consarned themselves with 'em that evenin' at your house. Mr. Dawkins and Jeems take a porlitical paper, so you needn't put yourself out to bring any newspapers. And, now I think on it, I want to ask how Miss Feeswind makes her hair curl so, for Nabby has a mighty notion of curlin' hern jest so. Jeems plagues her, and tells her that red curls won't look well; but I don't call Nabby's hair red, I call it Lunnun-brown. But, massy on me, if there ain't Miss Feeswind and all the rest of 'em in the porch, so I guess I'd better be off with myself."

She rose and left the pew, but immediately returned.

"What a forgiutful critter I am," said she; "I like to forgot the main part of my arrant. Nabby

charged me to ask you to come right arter dinner, if you can, so as to help her fix some of her trinklets. Jeems has got to go to Hopson's store some time this week to buy a new axe, and he means to get it afore the sworry, so as to make one of the Cawley boys help him grind it. It's somethin' of a job, you know, to grind a new axe, and Jeems, as I told Aunt Jemima, is a calkerlatin' critter, and says if he's obleeged to spend so much time for nothin', he will, if he lives, git the grindin' of the axe out of some of 'em; and so his father told him to lay siege to one of the Cawley boys, for though they don't seem to have any great gump-tion, they can grind a new axe or scythe so as to cut like a razor. As I was sayin', he'll have to go to Hopson's store arter it, so we'll make him put it off till Thirdsday noon, and if you think you can bring things to bear so as to come with him, he'll call arter you."

I told her if it would oblige her daughter, I would try to be ready at the hour she mentioned.

"That's right," said she. "And now I must be in airmest about goin', for all the young folks are done talking together in the porch and are beginnin' to come in, so I s'pose they see the minister comin'. Nabby's to meetin' to day—she sot in the singin' seats; so you heerd her if you didn't see her, for she's got an amazin' powerful voice. I tell 'em that your brother Thomas, with his bass-viol, and Nabby, when her voice is real clear, make more music than all the rest of the singers put together. But there, I must and will go now, for your marm is done talkin' with your grandmarm, and your father and Capting Carr seem to be jest windin' up their discourse, and there's your brother John and Miss Feeswind right arter him comin' up the broad aisle. Now, mind and remember to be ready when Jeems calls arter you next Thirdsday."

I shall write again when the Dawkins' *soirée* has "come off," and in the meantime I remain,

Truly yours,

HEPSEY MAYBERRY.

## A LAY OF THE HEART.

BY J. B. F. OSGOOD.

Love you, dearest? Doubt it never;  
Naught in life our hearts may sever:  
The Persian rose may cease to blow—  
The tears of dawn may fail to flow  
And dead its blushing cup—  
The wooing sun may cease to smile,  
Nor from its lovesome breast the while  
May drink its attar up,—  
Yet, rose of mine, my life shall be  
To love and drink of love from thee.

Love you, dearest? Naught may ever,  
Even death, our fond hearts sever:  
The prattling spring, in summer's heat,  
Doth let its lingering life pulse beat  
A last sweet tribute free  
To languid stream that glides along,  
Warbling its own sad funeral song,  
To mingle with the sea:  
So from your heart my life waves run,  
Till death again shall make us one.

## TALE-WRITING—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

**TWICE-TOLD TALES.** By Nathaniel Hawthorne. James Munroe & Co., Boston. 1842.

**MOSSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.** By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Wiley & Putnam, New York. 1846.

IN the preface to my sketches of New York Literati, while speaking of the broad distinction between the seeming public and real private opinion respecting our authors, I thus alluded to Nathaniel Hawthorne:—

"For example, Mr. Hawthorne, the author of 'Twice-Told Tales,' is scarcely recognized by the press or by the public, and when noticed at all, is noticed merely to be damned by faint praise. Now, my own opinion of him is, that although his walk is limited and he is fairly to be charged with mannerism, treating all subjects in a similar tone of dreamy *innuendo*, yet in this walk he evinces extraordinary genius, having no rival either in America or elsewhere; and this opinion I have never heard gainsaid by any one literary person in the country. That this opinion, however, is a spoken and not a written one, is referable to the facts, first, that Mr. Hawthorne is a poor man, and, secondly, that he is not an ubiquitous quack."

The reputation of the author of "Twice-Told Tales" has been confined, indeed, until very lately, to literary society; and I have not been wrong, perhaps, in citing him as *the* example, *par excellence*, in this country, of the privately-admired and publicly-unappreciated man of genius. Within the last year or two, it is true, an occasional critic has been urged, by honest indignation, into very warm approval. Mr. Webber, for instance, (than whom no one has a keener relish for that kind of writing which Mr. Hawthorne has best illustrated,) gave us, in a late number of "The American Review," a cordial and certainly a full tribute to his talents; and since the issue of the "Mosses from an Old Manse," criticisms of similar tone have been by no means infrequent in our more authoritative journals. I can call to mind few reviews of Hawthorne published *before* the "Mosses." One I remember in "Arcturus" (edited by Matthews and Duyckinck) for May, 1841; another in the "American Monthly" (edited by Hoffman and Herbert) for March, 1838; a third in the ninety-sixth number of the "North American Review." These criticisms, however, seemed to have little effect on the popular taste—at least, if we are to form any idea of the popular taste by reference to its expression in the newspapers, or by the sale of the author's book. It was never the fashion (until lately) to speak of him in any summary of our best authors. The daily critics would say, on

such occasions, "Is there not Irving and Cooper, and Bryant and Paulding, and—Smith?" or, "Have we not Halleck and Dana, and Longfellow and—Thompson?" or, "Can we not point triumphantly to our own Sprague, Willis, Channing, Bancroft, Prescott and—Jenkins?" but these unanswerable queries were never wound up by the name of Hawthorne.

Beyond doubt, this inappreciation of him on the part of the public arose chiefly from the two causes to which I have referred—from the facts that he is neither a man of wealth nor a quack;—but these are insufficient to account for the whole effect. No small portion of it is attributable to the very marked idiosyncrasy of Mr. Hawthorne himself. In one sense, and in great measure, to be peculiar is to be original, and than the true originality there is no higher literary virtue. This true or commendable originality, however, implies not the uniform; but the continuous peculiarity—a peculiarity springing from ever-active vigor of fancy—better still if from ever-present force of imagination, giving its own hue, its own character to everything it touches, and, especially, *self impelled to touch everything*.

It is often said, inconsiderately, that very original writers always fail in popularity—that such and such persons are too original to be comprehended by the mass. "Too peculiar," should be the phrase, "too idiosyncratic." It is, in fact, the excitable, undisciplined and child-like popular mind which most keenly feels the original. The criticism of the conservatives, of the hackneys, of the cultivated old clergymen of the "North American Review," is precisely the criticism which condemns and alone condemns it. "It becometh not a divine," saith Lord Coke, "to be of a fiery and salamandrine spirit." Their conscience allowing them to move nothing themselves, these dignitaries have a holy horror of being moved. "Give us *quietude*," they say. Opening their mouths with proper caution, they sigh forth the word "*Repose*." And this is, indeed, the one thing they should be permitted to enjoy, if only upon the Christian principle of give and take.

The fact is, that if Mr. Hawthorne were really original, he could not fail of making himself felt by the public. But the fact is, he is *not* original in any sense. Those who speak of him as original, mean nothing more than that he differs in his manner or tone, and in his choice of subjects, from any author of their acquaintance—their acquaintance not extending to the German Tieck,

whose manner, in *some* of his works, is absolutely identical with that *habitual* to Hawthorne. But it is clear that the element of the literary originality is novelty. The element of its appreciation by the reader is the reader's sense of the new. Whatever gives him a new and inasmuch a pleasurable emotion, he considers original, and whoever frequently gives him such emotion, he considers an original writer. In a word, it is by the sum total of these emotions that he decides upon the writer's claim to originality. I may observe here, however, that there is clearly a point at which even novelty itself would cease to produce the legitimate originality, if we judge this originality, as we should, by the effect designed: this point is that at which *novelty becomes nothing novel*; and here the artist, to preserve his originality, will subside into the common-place. No one, I think, has noticed that, merely through inattention to this matter, Moore has comparatively failed in his "Lalla Rookh." Few readers, and indeed few critics, have commended this poem for originality—and, in fact, the effect, originality, is not produced by it—yet no work of equal size so abounds in the happiest originalities, individually considered. They are so excessive as, in the end, to deaden in the reader all capacity for their appreciation.

These points properly understood, it will be seen that the critic (unacquainted with Tieck) who reads a single tale or essay by Hawthorne, may be justified in thinking him original; but the tone, or manner, or choice of subject, which induces in this critic the sense of the new, will—if not in a second tale, at least in a third and all subsequent ones—not only fail of inducing it, but bring about an exactly antagonistic impression. In concluding a volume, and more especially in concluding all the volumes of the author, the critic will abandon his first design of calling him "original," and content himself with styling him "peculiar."

With the vague opinion that to be original is to be unpopular, I could, indeed, agree, were I to adopt an understanding of originality which, to my surprise, I have known adopted by many who have a right to be called critical. They have limited, in a love for mere words, the literary to the metaphysical originality. They regard as original in letters, only such combinations of thought, of incident, and so forth, as are, in fact, absolutely novel. It is clear, however, not only that it is the novelty of *effect* alone which is worth consideration, but that this effect is *best* wrought, for the end of all fictitious composition, pleasure, by shunning rather than by seeking the absolute novelty of combination. Originality, thus understood, tasks and startles the intellect, and so brings into undue action the faculties to which, in the lighter literature, we least appeal. And thus understood, it cannot fail to prove unpopular with the masses, who, seeking in this literature amusement, are positively offended by instruc-

tion. But the true originality—true in respect of its purposes—is that which, in bringing out the half-formed, the reluctant, or the unexpressed fancies of mankind, or in exciting the more delicate pulses of the heart's passion, or in giving birth to some universal sentiment or instinct in embryo, thus combines with the pleasurable effect of *apparent* novelty, a real egoistic delight. The reader, in the case first supposed, (that of the absolute novelty,) is excited, but embarrassed, disturbed, in some degree even pained at his own want of perception, at his own folly in not having himself hit upon the idea. In the second case, his pleasure is doubled. He is filled with an intrinsic and extrinsic delight. He feels and intensely enjoys the seeming novelty of the thought, enjoys it as really novel, as absolutely original with the writer—and himself. They two, he fancies, have, alone of all men, thought thus. They two have, together, created this thing. Henceforward there is a bond of sympathy between them, a sympathy which irradiates every subsequent page of the book.

There is a species of writing which, with some difficulty, may be admitted as a lower degree of what I have called the true original. In its perusal, we say to ourselves, not "how original this is!" nor "here is an idea which I and the author have alone entertained," but "here is a charmingly obvious fancy," or sometimes even, "here is a thought which I am not sure has ever occurred to myself, but which, of course, has occurred to all the rest of the world." This kind of composition (which still appertains to a high order) is usually designated as "the natural." It has little external resemblance, but strong internal affinity to the true original, if, indeed, as I have suggested, it is not of this latter an inferior degree. It is best exemplified, among English writers, in Addison, Irving and Hawthorne. The "ease" which is so often spoken of as its distinguishing feature, it has been the fashion to regard as ease in appearance alone, as a point of really difficult attainment. This idea, however, must be received with some reservation. The natural style is difficult only to those who should never intermeddle with it—to the unnatural. It is but the result of writing with the understanding, or with the instinct, that the *tone*, in composition, should be that which, at any given point or upon any given topic, would be the tone of the great mass of humanity. The author who, after the manner of the North Americans, is merely at all times *quiet*, is, of course, upon *most* occasions, merely silly or stupid, and has no more right to be thought "easy" or "natural" than has a cockney exquisite or the sleeping beauty in the wax-works.

The "peculiarity" or sameness, or monotone of Hawthorne, would, in its mere character of "peculiarity," and without reference to what is the peculiarity, suffice to deprive him of all chance of popular appreciation. But at his failure to be

appreciated, we can, *of course*, no longer wonder, when we find him monotonous at decidedly the worst of all possible points—at that point which, having the least concern with Nature, is the farthest removed from the popular intellect, from the popular sentiment and from the popular taste. I allude to the strain of allegory which completely overwhelms the greater number of his subjects, and which in some measure interferes with the direct conduct of absolutely all.

In defence of allegory, (however, or for whatever object, employed,) there is scarcely one respectable word to be said. Its best appeals are made to the fancy—that is to say, to our sense of adaptation, not of matters proper, but of matters improper for the purpose, of the real with the unreal; having never more of intelligible connection than has something with nothing, never half so much of effective affinity as has the substance for the shadow. The deepest emotion aroused within us by the happiest allegory, *as* allegory, is a very, very imperfectly satisfied sense of the writer's ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty we should have preferred his not having attempted to overcome. The fallacy of the idea that allegory, in any of its moods, can be made to enforce a truth—that metaphor, for example, may illustrate as well as embellish an argument—could be promptly demonstrated: the converse of the supposed fact might be shown, indeed, with very little trouble—but these are topics foreign to my present purpose. One thing is clear, that if allegory ever establishes a fact, it is by dint of overturning a fiction. Where the suggested meaning runs through the obvious one in a *very* profound under-current, so as never to interfere with the upper one without our own volition, so as never to show itself unless *called* to the surface, there only, for the proper uses of fictitious narrative, is it available at all. Under the best circumstances, it must always interfere with that unity of effect which, to the artist, is worth all the allegory in the world. Its vital injury, however, is rendered to the most vitally important point in fiction—that of earnestness or verisimilitude. That "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a ludicrously over-rated book, owing its seeming popularity to one or two of those accidents in critical literature which by the critical are sufficiently well understood, is a matter upon which no two thinking people disagree; but the pleasure derivable from it, in any sense, will be found in the direct ratio of the reader's capacity to smother its true purpose, in the direct ratio of his ability to keep the allegory out of sight, or of his inability to comprehend it. Of allegory properly handled, judiciously subdued, seen only as a shadow or by suggestive glimpses, and making its nearest approach to truth in a not obtrusive and therefore not unpleasant *appositeness*, the "Undine" of De La Motte Fouqué is the best, and undoubtedly a very remarkable specimen.

The obvious causes, however, which have pre-

vented Mr. Hawthorne's *popularity*, do not suffice to condemn him in the eyes of the few who belong properly to books, and to whom books, perhaps, do not quite so properly belong. These few estimate an author, not as do the public, altogether by what he does, but in great measure—indeed, even in the greatest measure—by what he evinces a capability of doing. In this view, Hawthorne stands among literary people in America much in the same light as did Coleridge in England. The few, also, through a certain warping of the taste, which long pondering upon books as books merely never fails to induce, are not in condition to view the errors of a scholar as errors altogether. At any time these gentlemen are prone to think the public not right rather than an educated author wrong. But the simple truth is, that the writer who aims at impressing the people, is *always* wrong when he fails in forcing that people to receive the impression. How far Mr. Hawthorne has addressed the people at all, is, of course, not a question for me to decide. His books afford strong internal evidence of having been written to himself and his particular friends alone.

There has long existed in literature a fatal and unfounded prejudice, which it will be the office of this age to overthrow—the idea that the mere bulk of a work must enter largely into our estimate of its merit. I do not suppose even the weakest of the Quarterly reviewers weak enough to maintain that in a book's size or mass, abstractly considered, there is anything which especially calls for our admiration. A mountain, simply through the sensation of physical magnitude which it conveys, does, indeed, affect us with a sense of the sublime, but we cannot admit any such influence in the contemplation even of "The Columbiad." The Quarterlies themselves will not admit it. And yet, what else are we to understand by their continual prating about "sustained effort?" Granted that this sustained effort has accomplished an epic—let us then admire the effort, (if this be a thing admirable,) but certainly not the epic on the effort's account. Common sense, in the time to come, may possibly insist upon measuring a work of art rather by the object it fulfils, by the impression it makes, than by the time it took to fulfil the object, or by the extent of "sustained effort" which became necessary to produce the impression. The fact is, that perseverance is one thing and genius quite another; nor can all the transcendentalists in Heathendom confound them.

Full of its bulky ideas, the last number of the "North American Review," in what it imagines a criticism on Simms, "honestly avows that it has little opinion of the mere tale;" and the honesty of the avowal is in no slight degree guaranteed by the fact that this Review has never yet been known to put forth an opinion which was *not* a very little one indeed.

The tale proper affords the fairest field which

can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose, for the exercise of the highest genius. Were I bidden to say how this genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its powers, I should answer, without hesitation, "in the composition of a rhymed poem not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour." Within this limit alone can the noblest order of poetry exist. I have discussed this topic elsewhere, and need here repeat only that the phrase "a long poem" embodies a paradox. A poem must intensely excite. Excitement is its province, its essentiality. Its value is in the ratio of its (elevating) excitement. But all excitement is, from a psychal necessity, transient. It cannot be sustained through a poem of great length. In the course of an hour's reading, at most, it flags, fails; and then the poem is, in effect, no longer such. Men admire, but are wearied with the "Paradise Lost;" for platitude follows platitude, *inevitably*, at regular interspaces, (the depressions between the waves of excitement,) until the poem, (which, properly considered, is but a succession of brief poems,) having been brought to an end, we discover that the sums of our pleasure and of displeasure have been very nearly equal. The absolute, ultimate or aggregate effect of any epic under the sun is, for these reasons, a nullity. "The Iliad," in its form of epic, has but an imaginary existence; granting it real, however, I can only say of it that it is based on a primitive sense of Art. Of the modern epic nothing can be so well said as that it is a blindfold imitation of a "come-by-chance." By and by these propositions will be understood as self-evident, and in the meantime will not be essentially damaged as truths by being generally condemned as falsities.

A poem *too* brief, on the other hand, may produce a sharp or vivid, but never a profound or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity, without a certain duration or repetition of the cause, the soul is seldom moved to the effect. There must be the dropping of the water on the rock. There must be the pressing steadily down of the stamp upon the wax. De Beranger has wrought brilliant things, pungent and spirit-stirring, but most of them are too immassive to have *momentum*, and, as so many feathers of fancy, have been blown aloft only to be whistled down the wind. Brevity, indeed, may degenerate into epigrammatism, but this danger does not prevent extreme length from being the one unpardonable sin.

Were I called upon, however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as I have suggested, should best fulfil the demands and serve the purposes of ambitious genius, should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion, and afford it the fairest opportunity of display, I should speak at once of the brief prose tale. History, philosophy, and other matters of that kind, we leave out of the question, of course. *Of course*, I say, and in spite of the graybeards.

These graver topics, to the end of time, will be best illustrated by what a discriminating world, turning up its nose at the drab pamphlets, has agreed to understand as *talent*. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons analogous to those which render length objectionable in the poem. As the novel cannot be read at one sitting, it cannot avail itself of the immense benefit of *totality*. Worldly interests, intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, counteract and annul the impressions intended. But simple cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out his full design without interruption. During the hour of perusal, the soul of the reader is at the writer's control.

A skillful artist has constructed a tale. He has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents, but having deliberately conceived a certain *single effect* to be wrought, he then invents such incidents, he then combines such events, and discusses them in such tone as may best serve him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very first sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then in his very first step has he committed a blunder. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale, its thesis, has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed—an end absolutely demanded, yet, in the novel, altogether unattainable.

Of skillfully-constructed tales—I speak now without reference to other points, some of them more important than construction—there are very few American specimens. I am acquainted with no better one, upon the whole, than the "Murder Will Out" of Mr. Simms, and this has some glaring defects. The "Tales of a Traveler," by Irving, are graceful and impressive narratives—"The Young Italian" is especially good—but there is not one of the series which can be commended as a whole. In many of them the interest is subdivided and frittered away, and their conclusions are insufficiently *climactic*. In the higher requisites of composition, John Neal's magazine stories excel—I mean in vigor of thought, picturesque combination of incident, and so forth—but they ramble too much, and invariably break down just before coming to an end, as if the writer had received a sudden and irresistible summons to dinner, and thought it incumbent upon him to make a finish of his story before going. One of the happiest and best-sustained tales I have seen, is "Jack Long; or, The Shot in the Eye," by Charles W. Weber, the assistant editor of Mr. Colton's "American Review." But in general skill of construc-

tion, the tales of Willis, I think, surpass those of any American writer—with the exception of Mr. Hawthorne.

I must defer to the better opportunity of a volume now in hand, a full discussion of his individual pieces, and hasten to conclude this paper with a summary of his merits and demerits.

He is peculiar and *not* original—unless in those detailed fancies and detached thoughts which his want of general originality will deprive of the appreciation due to them, in preventing them forever reaching the *public* eye. He is infinitely too fond of allegory, and can never hope for popularity so long as he persists in it. This he will not do, for allegory is at war with the whole tone of his nature, which disports itself never so well as when escaping from the mysticism of his Goodman Browns and White Old Maids into the hearty, genial, but still Indian-summer sunshine of his Wakefields and Little Annie's Rambles.

Indeed, *his* spirit of "metaphor run-mad" is clearly imbibed from the phalanx and phalanstery atmosphere in which he has been so long struggling for breath. He has not half the material for the exclusiveness of authorship that he possesses for its universality. He has the purest style, the finest taste, the most available scholarship, the most delicate humor, the most touching pathos, the most radiant imagination, the most consummate ingenuity; and with these varied good qualities he has done *well* as a mystic. But is there any one of these qualities which should prevent his doing doubly as well in a career of honest, uprigid, sensible, prehensible and comprehensible things? Let him mend his pen, get a bottle of visible ink, come out from the Old Manse, cut Mr. Alcott, hang (if possible) the editor of "The Dial," and throw out of the window to the pigs all his odd numbers of "The North American Review."

## TO A CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

BY ISABELLA LELAND.

My beautiful Japonica, thou hast been kindly nurs'd,  
And soon thy rosy petals from their calyx green will  
burst:

For from each little nook they peep, and, like a summer  
rose,  
Their radiant hues will gladden us in this cold month of  
snows.

My lovely flower! month after month have I watched  
patiently  
The first faint streak of crimson on thy opening buds to  
see—

For though a *little plant*, thou art to me a treasured thing;  
The memory of joyous days thou unto me dost bring.

My petted flower! a dear one's gift, an earliest gift wert  
thou,

Ere scarce a melancholy thought had flitted o'er my  
brow;

My heart was all so full of hope, of mirth and laughter  
wild,  
I hardly deemed that I had ceased to be a wayward  
child.

Oh! 'tis a blessed thing that we the future cannot know,  
The future, that oft bringeth joy, yet oftener bringeth  
woe,

For could its teeming pages unto us unsealed be,  
How very few of us could own a heart from sorrow  
free.

My beautiful Japonica! thou art a peerless one.  
With thy glowing leaves just waiting for the warm  
glance of the sun,

Then wilt thou burst upon us in thy gorgeous array,  
And yet thou canst not win a smile from me, bright one,  
to-day.

Thou standest in the window seat, in all thy beauty rare,  
Yet my thoughts keep wandering from thee to him who  
placed thee there;

My own true friend—the dearest one this heart hath  
ever known—

Oh! even *now* methinks I hear his ever pleasant tone.

But memory alone may bring that sound unto me now!  
I never more may hear his tone, may gaze upon his brow  
That voice which ever unto me hath words of kindness  
given,

Hath gone to swell the glorious song that seraphs chant  
in heaven.

Oh! it doth chill my very heart to know I ne'er may see  
That noble form, so well beloved save in my memory!  
To feel that never may his hand clasp mine within its  
fold!

That hand!—oh! can it be that it hath long in death lain  
cold!

Ah! little recked, my own dear one, that thou, a fragile  
flower,

Whose rare and glorious loveliness scarce lasteth but  
an hour,

Should bloom a thing of beauty, when beyond the deep  
blue wave,

His soul had sought its home in heaven—his mortal form  
a grave!

My beautiful Japonica! oh, thou hast filled my soul  
With thoughts so sorrowful that I my tears may not  
control;

For visions of my early hope come flitting one by one,  
Like spring's sweet blossoms blighted by the mid-day's  
scorching sun.

Yet, lovely flower, when thou and all thy beauty are  
forgot,

Each rosy-tinted leaf of thine a thing remembered not,  
Where brighter flowers that fade not, in a home from  
sorrow free,

Where parting words are spoken not, my loved one I  
shall see.

# AMELIA; OR, A YOUNG LADY'S VICISSITUDES.

A NOVEL.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 203.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by L. A. GODEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER SECOND.

### A SECRET DISCLOSED.

THE Cotterells lived in a handsome house, elegantly and tastefully furnished; and the door was opened by a very polite, smart-looking, first-class mulatto man. Their new visitors found Mrs. Cotterell and her daughter in the drawing-room, entertaining Misses Milkby and Waterly, who had contrived to ascertain the exact time when Mrs. Pelham Prideaux was to make her intended visit, and they had therefore chosen this morning for their own call. These young ladies were chaperoned by their respective mothers, who were sisters, and of the species nearest approaching to dumb; being a shade below the unfortunate class of biped mutes, for they had no comprehension in their faces, and you could not even talk to them with your fingers.

The Cotterells were women of the most prepossessing appearance and manners, and dressed with such taste as to improve the large share of personal beauty possessed by both. Amelia Cotterell placed herself beside Sophia Fayland, and commenced with her a pleasant and animated conversation, occasionally addressing Misses Waterly and Milkby, till she found that their whole attention was riveted on Mrs. Prideaux, who, as usual, said or did nothing particular. Mrs. Cotterell talked to the matrons, and at times vainly endeavored to dig a few words out of the two that sat together on *fauteuils*, looking stupidity with all their might.

Amelia and Sophia at once understood each other. Friendship at first sight (unlike love at first sight) is rarely felt except where there is congeniality of mind, if not of heart. In a quarter of an hour our two young ladies seemed to have been acquainted for years.

Several other visitors came in. Mrs. Prideaux rose to depart; Mrs. Derrington did the same; and Sophia took a reluctant leave of her new friend, with whom she would gladly have stayed all day.

The Misses Milkby and Waterly had to remain even after the exit of Mrs. Prideaux; for their mammas (like most people that are dull and tiresome *à outrance*) always made immensely long

visitations, having a rooted habit of occupying places that (to quote from Dr. Johnson) would be better filled by empty chairs.

While returning home in the carriage, Sophia became voluble in the praise of Miss Cotterell, whose mother also was spoken of approvingly by Mrs. Derrington.

"Really!"—said she—"I should never have suspected these ladies of *parvenueism*. Everything about them appears perfectly well; and they seem as if they had all their lives been accustomed to a certain style, which is seldom thoroughly understood by persons who are not 'to the manner born.' I can truly say that I perceive neither in their establishment, nor in themselves, the least want of that indescribable air of something that Miss Rodwell talks about, and that she asserts is only to be found among people of birth."

"I hate that expression!"—said Sophia, warmly. "Miss Rodwell is enough to sicken one of people of birth. It was her prevailing topic last evening at Mrs. Hautenberg's."

"Sophia! Sophia!"—said Mrs. Derrington, treading significantly on the young lady's foot—"you know not what you are talking about."

"Miss Rodwell does not!"—persisted Sophia—"with her incessant nonsense about an indescribable air of *nothing*, for such it must be, if imperceptible to eye, ear or understanding."

"My dear Mrs. Prideaux!"—said Mrs. Derrington—"I hope you will excuse poor dear Sophia. She is a mere child of nature, quite new to any world except a very small one enclosed within the walls of a fortress. When she has seen a little more of society, she will change most of her ideas, and learn also to express them less freely. What is *your* opinion of the Cotterells?"

"I have called on them!"—replied the great lady. "Of course I believed them to be visitable."

"And are they not?"—inquired Mrs. Derrington, anxiously.

"I see no objection to them!"—was the rejoinder.

Mrs. Derrington resolved on being very intimate with the Cotterells.

Mrs. Prideaux, having set down her companions at their residence, took leave, and drove to her own.



"What sort of a young lady is Miss Prideaux?"—inquired Sophia.

"A pattern for you"—was the reply of her aunt.

Sophia was answered. Miss Prideaux being absent on a visit to Philadelphia, she had not yet seen her.

Mrs. Derrington sent the Cotterells an invitation to her morning-receptions, and they came to the next. Mrs. Prideaux, by the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Derrington, had been prevailed on to grace this one with her presence; and the intended honor and glory having been privately spread round among the persons whose presence was particularly desirable, the reception was unusually full.

On the following morning Sophia went, by invitation, to spend the day with Amelia Cotterell, and found it a day of delight. In the afternoon came Percival Grafton, who was evidently a daily visitor; and in whom even the unpractised eyes of Sophia Fayland discovered a lover of her new friend, and a confirmation of the reports to that effect. Yet what young lady of sixteen, living at a military post, can be unpractised in the usual signs of admiration. We retract the word. But she saw a great difference in the manner of receiving the admirer. Sophia expected to see Amelia blush, and sparkle, and look fluttered, and speak not quite naturally; according to the custom of her young friends at the fort when they saw the lieutenants. But Miss Cotterell continued just as usual; received Mr. Grafton without the least embarrassment or agitation; talked to him with perfect ease, and not to him alone. Sophia resolved to profit by the lesson. "In future"—thought she to herself—"when Captain Camplin comes to see me, I will not behave like Charlotte Otley and Lucy Lester, whenever they are visited by Mr. Marden or Mr. Milford. I will be quite as calm and easy to him, as Miss Cotterell is to *her* lover—if I can."

The Cotterells were soon afloat on the full tide of fashion. They were invited to "all the parties"—including a large one at Mrs. Derrington's. Mrs. Prideaux (who was too great for parties) had them at her very select reunions, which they found extremely dull.

Percival Grafton was almost everywhere seen with them; and report said that he was engaged to Amelia Cotterell. To her this report was only hinted; when the hints were slight she did not take them; when palpable, she always made some reply that prevented their repetition. Percival, on his part, answered these allusions by an inference that he was not yet so happy.

"Sophy"—said Mrs. Derrington to her niece—"you are so much with Amelia Cotterell that every one supposes you *must* be in her confidence. Therefore I am continually asked if Percival Grafton is not her accepted lover. For several months past he has talked of visiting Europe. But we hear nothing of that now."

"That he admires her beyond all other women is plain enough"—replied Sophia—"but I have no

reason to think he is her accepted lover. They never sit on sofas together, and talk in low voices to each other. Whenever I have entered the parlor and found them alone, they were seated on chairs, and conversing in their usual tone, and by no means on love topics. Neither does she show off her accomplishments, or talk ultra sense whenever he is present."

"That shows her policy"—said Mrs. Derrington. "No man was ever won by a girl's talking sense to him. The contrary is far better."

"Well, then"—pursued Sophia—"I have never heard Amelia talk foolishly to Mr. Grafton, or to any one else. She is always perfectly natural. She neither looks in his face all the time, as Charlotte Otley does in Mr. Marden's, nor fixes her eyes on the ground, like Lucy Lester if Mr. Milford only speaks a word to her. When she sings a duet with Percival Grafton, her voice does not tremble. When he reads poetry to her, she seems to hear only the poet. She does not praise everything that *he* praises; and condemn all that *he* condemns; and assent to all that *he* suggests. For instance, she never agrees with him on the subject of music; and he tries in vain to make her like Italian. Also with regard to painting, he prefers the old masters, and she the artists of our own time. He doats on Carlyle; and she says Carlyle requires a translator to put him into good English. He cannot imbue her with his enthusiasm for German literature; and he never can persuade her to waltz. He cannot convince her that Europe is far superior to America. She is, indeed, the most truly American girl that I have ever known. How my father would delight in hearing her talk. And Captain Camplin, too—at least, the captain would be pleased with her patriotism. Then, above all, she never seems the least annoyed at *my* presence when Mr. Grafton is with her. She never seems to regard me as Madame de Trop. Neither has her mother a way of quitting the room, as a hint that they ought to be left alone."

"Very unlike Mrs. Milkby and Mrs. Waterly"—remarked Mrs. Derrington. "*They* always leave their daughters a clear field, and make their exit as soon as a gentleman makes his entrance."

"If they sat there all the while it would cause no difference and be no restraint"—remarked Sophia. "Any man might propose before their faces, and they would give no sign of either seeing or hearing. However, I think it will be a very long time before either of *their* daughters is likely to receive an offer."

"You are mistaken, Sophy. No girls marry off better than such as Miss Milkby and Miss Waterly. You know Miss Whelmerdown, with her overpowering vivacity, and her torrent of talk!"

"I always see her surrounded by beaux."

"So she is—but beaux are not lovers, or even admirers. Depend on it, the two insipid cousins will go off much better than Kate Whelmerdown. I doubt, indeed, if any man will ever think of *her* as a wife."

It was true that Percival Grafton seemed to find no happiness but in the society of Amelia Cotterell. Yet nothing could be more delicate than his attentions, and nothing more delicate than her manner of receiving them.

His parents were not living. His sisters were married and settled in distant parts of the Union. His share of his father's property would have enabled him to live respectably, even without a profession, for he had no vices. But few young Americans are satisfied to live idly, even if respectably; and Percival Grafton was a good speaker, and knew that he had talent enough to make a figure at the bar.

When his friend Rossmore rallied him on his devotion to Miss Cotterell, and inquired why he delayed addressing her explicitly, Grafton replied that he waited till he was certain of having awakened an interest in her heart which would at once insure the acceptance of his proposal.

"All I have seen and known of Amelia Cotterell"—said Rossmore—"leads me to infer that she is a girl of too much delicacy, refinement and dignity, to bestow her heart before it is asked, or to allow herself to believe in the depth or reality of a passion that so long holds back from declaring itself."

"Can she not perceive it?"—said Grafton.

"She is not a woman to act upon hints"—replied his friend. "Be explicit, and if she does not accept you at once, (as very probably she may not,) wait awhile till she knows your heart and her own still better, and then try your fate again. Depend upon it, Amelia Cotterell will not meet you half way. Why should she—young, beautiful, talented, admired, and the only child of a rich and generous mother?"

"And have I nothing to set off against all these qualifications of the lady?"—said Percival Grafton, proudly.

"Certainly, you have much"—replied his friend. "And people who believe that you are addressing Amelia Cotterell, exclaim—'What a suitable match!' Even Mrs. Pelham Prideaux has pronounced her fiat in its favor"—he added, smilingly.

Percival Grafton thought of nothing else during a restless night; and before morning he resolved on taking Rossmore's advice. Soon after breakfast, he repaired to the mansion of the Cotterells, and inquired, as usual, for the ladies. Mrs. Cotterell had gone to spend the day with an old friend in the city; but Amelia came down to him immediately. She wore a most becoming morning-dress, and he thought she had never looked so lovely. And she felt a preëntiment that the day and the hour had come, when Percival Grafton would disclose to her the secret of his heart; if secret it could be called.

And so he did—and in tones the most earnest and impassioned.

Amelia withdrew her hand, and changed her place to one directly opposite her lover; the color

suffusing her cheeks, and mounting even to her temples. She made an attempt to speak; but hesitated, and seemed unable to articulate a word.

"How am I to interpret this silence?"—said Grafton. "May I indeed hope that a day will come when I can call you my Amelia?"

She rallied. Her face resumed its natural tint. She raised her eyes till they met those of Percival, and said—"Before I can reply—before I ought to reply, you must hear the disclosure of a secret. I am *not* the daughter of Mrs. Cotterell."

He looked much astonished, and at length exclaimed—"And who, then, Amelia, are your parents?"

"My parents are people in humble life. Start not! My father is a country innkeeper. His name is Hans Helfenstein. He and my mother are both of German birth."

She fixed her eyes upon Grafton's; and his lowered beneath her glance. His cheek turned pale, and his lips trembled, as he said—"Are your parents living?"

"They are"—she replied. "And I have brothers and sisters."

"Oh, Amelia!"—he exclaimed, covering his face with his hands, which he withdrew after a moment's reflection.

She continued, in a voice that tried in vain to be firm—"This secret was only confided to me last week, on the day I attained my eighteenth year. Till then, I had been carefully brought up in the belief that I was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cotterell. My more than mother then acquainted me with the truth; giving me permission to relate it, when addressed by a man that—that I regarded favorably."

The eyes of Percival sparkled with delight at this implied avowal of her feelings towards himself. He caught her hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"And now"—said Amelia—"endeavor to listen calmly to my little narration, which I will relate as concisely as I can."

We will not recount her story in her own words, for she spoke too modestly of herself, and gave but a mere outline of the facts. The particulars were as follows:—

Mr. and Mrs. Cotterell were happy in each other, and fortunate in the acquisition and enjoyment of considerable wealth; but children were wanting to complete their felicity. They had but few relations, and those were distant, and settled in distant places. Mr. Cotterell was originally from the west, and being about to pass some years in New Orleans, they were on a visit to his old neighborhood on the Ohio, and staying at the house of one of his old friends. In a corner of the fine farm of Mr. Milwood, and directly on the road, stood a small log hut, that was allowed to remain there as being the first habitation of the first settler of the place. At this time it was inhabited (rent free) by a German family, who, having been seven years in our country, had learnt

the language. Hans Helfenstein and his wife had come over as redemptioners. They had served out their time, and had now set up on their own account. The man had been hired by Mr. Milwood as a farm-laborer. His wife performed days' works for Mrs. Milwood, when additional assistance was wanted in the house; and of evenings knit yarn stockings for sale. They had five children, the youngest of whom was a little girl named Amelia. She one day accompanied an elder sister who came on an errand to Mr. Milwood's house. Mrs. Cotterell took a fancy to the child, who was then only two years old. So also did her husband, who, like herself, was exceedingly fond of children. Next day they stopped in at the log hut to shelter themselves from a sudden shower, and heard the father, who had just come in from work, lament that he had so many "mouths so feed," and that his children were all too young to be "worth their victuals." His wife also complained; and said that so much of her time was occupied in taking care of the family, that she had now no leisure to earn a penny for herself.

On their way home, Mr. Cotterell said to his wife—"Suppose we relieve this man of one of his mouths, and feed it ourselves?"

"You mean to propose our taking charge of that pretty little girl, his youngest child?"—was her prompt reply.

"Exactly so"—answered her husband. "I am certain that, under your care, this cottager's daughter may be converted into a young lady. And we really do want something more to love."

"We do, indeed"—said Mrs. Cotterell. "I am absolutely pining for a pet."

On the following day the desire of adopting little Amelia was mentioned to her parents, who at first received the intimation with surprise and pleasure. But, on further consideration, they were not satisfied that their child should be placed in so desirable a situation, and brought up in the enjoyment of all that kindness and wealth could bestow, without themselves deriving some benefit from it. And Hans Helfenstein informed Mr. Cotterell, that as he looked forward to the time when this child, like his others, might become useful or profitable to him, he could not consent to give her away for nothing. And the mother declared that she must be paid for the feelings with which she would part from little Amelia. As the feelings that were to be paid for could not be very deep, and as it was evident that the father thought only of making money out of his child, Mr. Cotterell wisely stipulated that if he allowed them a compensation for her, or, in plain terms, bought her of her parents, the Helfenstein family were to give her up entirely; and no interference on their part was hereafter to be offered or permitted. They were to resign all interest in the little Amelia to her new parents, for such Mr. and Mrs. Cotterell promised to prove themselves. None of her family were to see her again, but they were to hear of her at every payment of the annuity which Mr. Cotterell

consented to allow them as the price of her daughter, and oftener if necessary. These conditions may seem hard; but it is borne out by all experience, that the happiness of an adopted daughter and that of her benefactors is always compromised by communication with her real parents, as their jealousy of her affection usually far surpasses their gratitude for the improvement in her lot, and the kindness bestowed on her. If her parents are low and sordid people, (as was the case in this instance,) there is no fear of their grieving much at the separation.

To make all safe, writings were drawn up, and duly witnessed and signed; one copy being left with Hans Helfenstein, the other retained by Mr. Cotterell, who pledged himself to bring up Amelia in every respect as his daughter, and as such to leave her a large share of his property. The annuity settled on her parents was to cease if they attempted to hold any communication with her. She was to take the name of Cotterell; and the history of her origin to be allowed to die away, without any revival of it by her own family.

All being arranged, the little girl was taken at once from her home; Mrs. Cotterell fearing that the parents might regret their bargain, and finally refuse, on any terms, to give up their child. This fear was groundless. They bore the separation with great *sang froid*; the father remarking that it was foolish to fret about one child when they had so many left; and that it was easier to part with Amelia than with any of the others; she being so little that as yet they had "got no good out of her." The mother's last words were a desire that Mrs. Cotterell would give the child a white frock, and a gold neck-chain, as speedily as possible. The oldest of her sisters cried at the parting; and was reminded by the second that she would now get rid of the trouble of washing and dressing Amelia, and putting her to bed. The boys stared in silence.

The young Amelia soon took her place in the hearts of her new parents, for she was a beautiful and engaging child; and all traces of her origin were soon obliterated, by her being taken at once down to New Orleans, where a very lucrative business detained Mr. Cotterell for several years. When they finally settled in New York, it was supposed, of course, that the little girl, who called them father and mother, was their own child; and she had no recollection of any other parents. The annuity was punctually paid, and was of great assistance to the industrious and thrifty Helfensteins, who were soon enabled to rent some land for themselves; and afterwards they bought a small farm with a large old house on it, which they converted into what some persons call an inn, and others a tavern.

In the mean-time Amelia was flourishing and expanding into beauty and intelligence of no common sort. There was nothing German, either in her face or figure. Her mother, a peasant-girl from the Tyrol, had in early youth been singu-

larly handsome; and boasted of her grandparents having come from the Italian side of the frontier.

Amelia, with downcast eyes, gave Percival Grafton a synopsis of the foregoing narration. When she had finished, his silence induced her to glance at his countenance, and she saw that it was much disturbed, and fancied she beheld a struggle between love and pride. She generously determined to break off the conference, and let him have time to deliberate. "And now,"—said she—"that I have put you confidentially in possession of my true history, I will say no more. It were best you should take your leave for the present. We will see each other again."

"Oh! Amelia!"—he exclaimed—"why have you told me all this?"

"Could I in honor conceal it from you?"—was her reply.

"You say it is still a secret?"

"It is—but like most secrets, some unforeseen circumstances may bring it out."

"And it may be publicly known that you are the daughter of—of—"

"A tavern-keeper"—was her courageous reply—"for that my father certainly is—a truth which I shall never deny. A country tavern-keeper."

He struck his forehead, and traversed the room in agony. Amelia made an attempt to leave him. He caught her dress—"Stay—stay"—he exclaimed—"stay but one moment. Amelia, I love you more than ever—I do by all that is sacred."

"I have not the vanity to suppose you love me for myself alone"—replied Amelia—"I see that you cannot."

The clock now struck. "Amelia"—said he, mournfully—"how short a time has sufficed to destroy my happiness. When that clock struck last, all was bright before me."

"All is dark then, now"—was her answer—"I understand you. The daughter of Hans Helfenstein, landlord of the Buck, can never be the wife of Percival Grafton."

He made no reply—Amelia released her dress from his grasp, and left the room. Hastening to her chamber, she threw herself on an ottoman, and when she heard him depart, and the door closed after him, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

She remained all day in her room; restless, unhappy, and trying in vain to occupy herself with her needle, or a book. Her sewing went wrong, and she comprehended nothing of what she read. She gave herself up to the indulgence of her sufferings from wounded pride, and disappointed affection; and she wept herself into a headache. Still she cherished a latent hope that Grafton's best feelings would eventually triumph. She knew that he loved her; and she felt how easily he could make his peace with her, if atonement was speedily offered.

On returning home towards evening, Mrs. Cotterell found her with pale cheeks and heavy eyes,

and prescribed for her headache various remedies, which Amelia gratified her mother by trying; but at last was obliged to say that she feared she could obtain no relief except from repose. Mrs. Cotterell then left her to herself, and she went to bed for the night.

Having scarcely slept at all, Amelia looked very pale next morning, and her headache continued; and no visitors were admitted that day. But on every ring at the door, she could not refrain from starting, and raising her head, expecting either Grafton himself, or a billet from him. Neither came.

After dinner Mrs. Cotterell took up the evening paper, and with an exclamation of surprise read the name of Percival Grafton in the list of passengers that had sailed that morning for France in the Havre packet. Amelia did not faint, but she was so near it, that Mrs. Cotterell threw down the paper, and ran to her assistance. As soon as she was able to speak, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and told her all, in a few broken words. There was a pause; Mrs. Cotterell being too indignant to speak.

"And now"—continued Amelia—"I have nothing more to do than to endeavor, with all the resolution I possess, to expel him from my heart, and my memory as soon as possible. I am sadly, deeply disappointed in him. But I think I can nerve myself to bear it. Certainly I will try."

"Is he worth a single tear?"—said Mrs. Cotterell—"Dearest Amelia, be true to yourself."

"At least, he is not mercenary"—said Amelia.

Her mother kissed her affectionately, and replied—"Strong, indeed, must be the pride, the absurd, the senseless, the un-American pride, that could overrule the manifold temptations of beauty, refinement, mind, heart, and wealth, all united in my darling Amelia. But grieve not, my beloved girl. It is well he showed himself in time. You never could have been happy with Percival Grafton."

"My dearest mother, we will speak of him no more"—said Amelia.

On the following day our heroine sent for Sophia Fayland, to spend the day with her. But not even to her loved young friend did she give the slightest hint of any thing that had passed between Grafton and herself at their last interview. Sophia had learnt his departure from the papers; but though she wondered much, she had too much delicacy to make any remark upon it to Amelia, (who, she saw, was not in her usual spirits), far less, to inquire the cause.

On leaving the house of Mrs. Cotterell, Percival Grafton strolled mechanically into his office; and there found a note from Rossmore, apprising him that he had unexpectedly been obliged to depart for the south on particular business, and should be absent two or three months. Grafton felt his friend's absence a relief; for he knew that whenever they met, Rossmore would inquire how his suit prospered with Miss Cotterell; and that, if he

disclosed to him the truth, he would, in all probability, warmly condemn his conduct, and reproach him with having thrown away a pearl of priceless value.

After tumbling over some law papers without knowing a word of their contents, Percival Grafton, restless and unhappy, went out, and unconsciously wandered down to the Battery. There he saw a ship departing for Europe. This brought to his remembrance that, before he knew Amelia Cotterell, he had planned a visit to France and other parts of the Transatlantic world. To fly from the probability of meeting her again, seemed now the most desirable course he could think of; for his pride revolted from all idea of returning to conciliate Amelia, and to offer his hand to the daughter of an emigrant tavern-keeper—he whose family had for three generations belonged to the aristocracy of New York, and had kept that glory untarnished by marrying only among their compeers of the first circle.

His resolution was taken after but little deliberation; and Percival Grafton hastened immediately to engage his passage in a packet-ship that was to sail next morning for Havre, and to make all necessary arrangements for his abrupt departure.

He commenced his voyage in the hope that as time and distance increased, and as new scenes and new people came before him, he should cease to think deeply and remorsefully of Amelia Cotterell. And he trusted that as the days wore on, he should lose the "compunctious visitings," and misgivings as to the rationality of his conduct, which haunted him incessantly, long after the shores of his country and hers had faded from the ocean horizon.

Let it not be supposed that the sudden departure of the elegant and admired Percival Grafton, the undoubted lover of the also elegant and admired Amelia Cotterell, could take place without exciting much surprise and many conjectures, and, of course, numerous false and idle reports. Some persons went so far as to question Sophia Fayland; but that young lady, like Harry Percy's wife, "could not utter what she did not know." And for a similar reason her aunt Mrs. Derrington was applied to in vain.

During the nine days that are usually allowed for working off the wonder consequent to any remarkable event in what is called the world, all manner of absurd and groundless stories were circulated on this occasion. Morning-receptions, whether well or ill, attended; *soirées* thin or crowded; parties select or mixed; and even dress-makers' fitting-rooms all teemed with discussions concerning the probable or possible state of affairs between Mr. Grafton and Miss Cotterell. And yet nothing was certain, except that he had actually gone somewhere. Many had seen him embark in the Havre packet, though some had witnessed his departure in a ship that sailed the same day for England; a proof that newspapers are not to be believed, and that their lists of pas-

sengers are full of mistakes. Nay, some contended that he had only gone to Boston, a gentleman having been told so by a gentleman that saw Percival Grafton at the Tremont Hotel. A few believed him to be still in the city of New York, and wondered that so much nonsense should be talked about him.

For instance—at Mrs. Hautonberg's *soirée*, the amiable Mrs. Honeywood was perfectly sure Mr. Grafton was still in town. For though he really did sail in the ship for Havre, he changed his mind before they were outside Sandy Hook, and he had landed in the pilot-boat. This a gentleman had told her. And a lady had informed her that he came back to offer himself to Miss Cotterell, who joyfully accepted him. And that now they were both so happy in their recent engagement as to have lost all inclination to mix with the world around them, they being the whole world to each other: and this charming seclusion was the reason they were no longer seen in society.

This information was set aside by Miss Newley declaring that Amelia Cotterell had never been out so much as during the last and present week. That she was to be seen everywhere; and appeared uncommonly gay, though Mr. Grafton had positively gone to Europe; that she had visited the theatre with a large party on the evening after he sailed, and that she had greatly enjoyed the play.

Miss Frotham asserted that she knew, from good authority, Mr. Grafton had only gone to Baltimore; and that he and Miss Cotterell were to be married as soon as he returned. This was certainly true, for a friend of Miss Frotham's employed the sister of the mantua-maker that was making Amelia Cotterell's wedding dress.

"What is it—Oh! what is it?"—inquired several young ladies, coming closer and listening eagerly.

"Oh! of course, white satin and blond"—answered Miss Frotham.

"No, of course, in the case"—interposed Mrs. Le Quick. "A friend of mine saw it herself at the dress-maker's; and it is entire thread lace over real cambric."

"What are you all talking about?"—joined Miss Rodwell—"I know, from the best authority, that he *has* gone to Europe, and that the match is entirely broken off. She fell in love with Slingsby Fyque, or, at least, flirted with him outrageously. So Grafton was justifiably jealous, and properly affronted, and gave her up. That is the real cause; Slingsby Fyque has hinted as much himself."

"The more reason for not believing it"—observed Augustina Brockendale. "Such an absurd story is beneath the dignity of contradiction."

"Oh! dear!"—exclaimed Mrs. Brockendale—"you are all at the old subject that I have been hearing of these three months. Somebody refusing Percival Grafton—who was it? Miss Cotterell or Miss Milkby—Poor fellow!—He drowned himself, —did not he?—I am sure I heard something of his

going on the water, or into the water—which was it? My head is so confused, ever since the prospect of a war with Scotland.”

“Percival Grafton *has* sailed for France in the last Havre packet”—said Augustina Brockendale, turning to Miss Frotham, and speaking and looking very positively.—“The presumption is, that he offered himself to Amelia Cotterell, and she refused him.”

“How very strange!”—said Miss Waterly.—“She must be delirious.”

“As to Mr. Fysque”—said Miss Billings—“she may as well give up the chase at once—I am certain she will never catch him. I have reasons for what I say.”

“If she does not get Fysque”—said Miss Waterly—“I wonder, who she *will* take—may be, Highpole or Shortman. She would have hardly Riggons or Bass.”

“Contemptible nonsense!”—frowned Augustina Brockendale, turning away indignantly, “I have no patience to hear any more of it.”

“Sophia Fayland could tell all about it!”—said Miss Pryer.

“Do you suppose Amelia Cotterell really makes a confident of such a chit,”—exclaimed Miss Rodwell—“even though she has shown so little taste as to select her for a friend?”

“Well, what does Mrs. Derrington say?”—persisted Miss Pryer.

“Mrs. Derrington says nothing; for she has ascertained that Mrs. Pelham Prideaux says nothing”—was the answer of Miss Rodwell. “After all, who cares?”

“On my word!”—exclaimed the vivacious and voluble Kate Whelmerdown—“this Grafton and Cotterell business is the best joke I ever heard in my life—and *I’ve* got the true version. It was Amelia that offered her hand, and Percival that declined accepting it. Was not that capital? How I laughed when I heard it! A lady to be refused by a gentleman—funny, is not it? I should have liked to have seen her face when he told her that he was already engaged to a young lady who had gone last month with her family to France, and whom he was to follow as soon as he could get through an important law-case. I wish I could have seen the fair Amelia. How flat she must have looked. She has been in fainting fits ever since. Can any thing be more ridiculous? What fools these very wise young ladies make of themselves.”

“Are you certain all this is true?”—asked Miss Rodwell.

“Certain! Mrs. Cotterell herself entrusted the whole story, confidentially, to a friend of hers, who related it to a friend of Mary Ballroller, who told it to me. I thought I should have died of laughing.”

(To be continued.)

## THE DEAD AT LOBOS.

FAR in a sunny clime an islet lies,  
Like an emerald 'mid the deep blue seas,  
With gold crowned aloes towering to the skies,  
Where tropic birds pour forth their minstrelsy,  
And, sporting 'mong the flowers, fly to lave  
Their rainbow plumage in the foaming wave.

There, in that bright, yet lone, secluded spot,  
Where nature reigns all glorious and supreme—  
Where her pure face is seen, and hand hath wrought  
Each dell as lovely as a fairy's dream—  
Far from their homes and all who held them dear,  
Those gallants spirit lie reposing there.

With light, elastic step, and buoyant hearts,  
They bade adieu to kindred, friends and home,  
And sighed for glory—prized, yet dearly bought,  
A soldier's prowess, or a soldier's tomb:  
But ere they reached those scenes of chivalry,  
Death took them hence, an unresisting prey.

No mother's hand to soothe the burning brow—  
No sister's love to cheer the wearied soul—  
No loved ones near, but cold and pallid now  
*Rose Cottage, S. C.*

They sleep in death, far from the world's control:  
The sister in her anguish mourns them here—  
The mother's cherished hopes are buried there!

No marble tablet marks the sacred spot—  
Nor willow, planted by affection's hand—  
Nor country's flag, on whose blue folds are wrought  
The stars and stripes of our own native land:  
The roaring waves strange anthems chant for them—  
The sea bird shrieks their mournful requiem!

Its golden chalice hath the cactus filled  
With pearly tears the sorrowing mist hath shed;  
The whispering sea shell hath kind vigils held,  
And bright flowers flung their incense o'er the dead:  
The moon in concert her mild radiance lends,  
And with the orange blossom sweetly blends.

Are they forgotten? No! no heart so cold,  
That throbs for thee, Columbia, but must spare  
A little place on memory's scroll of gold,  
For those who lie lone and neglected there:  
And let each bosom breathe a heartfelt sigh  
For those who've left to mourn their destiny!

SOPHIA.

## FÉMELLE AUTORITÉ.

THE days of chivalry have passed; the gallant and valorous knight has sheathed his sword, laid aside his spurs, taken off his cuirass, and the deeds of "noble daring" do not characterize the paramour of the nineteenth century.

Modern gallantry will, therefore, permit us to take a calm, impassionate and impartial view of female influence.

We are aware of our inability to wield a pen equal to the importance and magnitude of our subject. But when we assure the public that the effort is made neither for the purpose of being applauded, nor becoming conspicuous, we humbly hope that the few desultory remarks submitted, may pass for facts, and that the writer will not be considered as being an adulator or misogynist. For while it is his wish to avoid, as much as possible, the too frequent error of ascribing imaginary excellencies to ladies, he desires to do them justice, and liberally to contribute his mite in bringing before the reader the tremendous influence of woman. Oh! for the avoiding of Scylla and Charybdis, and a calm smooth sail over the ocean of criticism!

Every nation of which we have any account, that has existed from the most remote period to the present time, presents some striking impression and important events illustrative of female influence. We will instance a few.

The Greeks were involved in a ten years' war with Troy on account of Helen—the most beautiful woman of her age.

The Roman Republic furnishes us with repeated instances, of importance, when female influence was powerful and eminently conspicuous.

It was the injustice done Lucretia by Sextus, at the midnight hour, that caused the sires and sages of Rome to destroy and raze to oblivion its kingly government.

It was in protecting Virginia from the ruthless hand and amorous passions of the disgraceful Appius Claudius that blotted from existence the Decemvirs.

On a certain occasion, when Rome was menaced with destruction by the celebrated Coriolanus; when the cloud of pernicious darkness impeded the bright and clear rays of her noon-day sun, and threatened to burst in all its fury; and when every inhabitant fearfully anticipated one common ruin, we have a most salutary and effectual example of female influence. The lords and people of the city had gone out for the purpose of trying, by their profound eloquence and persuasive reasoning, to get Coriolanus to withdraw his army, and leave the town uninjured, but all in vain. Finally, after all other expedients

had failed, a resort was made to the females of the place. Veturia, Coriolanus' mother, his wife Volumnia, and two children, together with many matrons, were sent out. When Coriolanus saw them coming to his camp, he remarked to his soldiers that he "would not give up or withdraw himself and army from taking the city." But after all his assertions, firmness, stubbornness, and the consideration of the injustice done him by banishment, he was prevailed on to do so, by this influential delegation of females, even though it cost him his own life. The occasion forced him to assert, and that very correctly, "that a mother's tears were the most persuasive eloquence."

The British writers assign one cause, which facilitated the entrance of the Saxons into that island, viz., the love which Vortigern had for Rowena, the daughter of Hengist.

Edwin, the King of Northumberland, after much deliberation and examination, was persuaded, by his wife Ethelburger, to declare in favor of the Christian religion. Also Peada, who married the daughter of Osway, after ascending the throne of Mercia, was induced to embrace Christianity. These are facts, which go to show that the fair sex have had the merit of introducing the Christian doctrine into all the most considerable kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy—a strong evidence on history's page, and one truly praiseworthy, of female influence.

During the reign of Edward III. of England, we have another beautiful example of female influence, when his queen, on her knees before him, and with tears in her eyes, prevailed on him to spare the six heroic burgesses. Let the female *knee* bend the angelic form to the humiliating position of a suppliant; let their delicate cheeks be watered with the pure and limpid tear of earnestness for the accomplishment of any object, which is in the power of man to grant, and it will be granted.

Queen Elizabeth, who wielded such a memorable scepter for forty-five years on the throne of England, is justly entitled to the respect and attention of all. Her influence, in a national point of view, will ever be cherished with emotions of patriotism and pride, while those of her intellectual qualifications remain as a lasting testimony of female talent and female worth.

With this imperfect and hasty sketch of female influence in a national and political point of view, we will pass briefly to the consideration of some of the illustrious few, who have, by their poetical works, meliorated the condition of mankind, and thrown a brilliancy around the native brightness

of their own sex. Among whom are conspicuous Baillie, More, and Hemans.

The vivid imagination, the exquisitely delicate taste and gentle heart, which dictated the glowing sentiment, and formed the moral stanza of those works, cause them to occupy a conspicuous place among the libraries of the great, the good, and the wise. When ages shall have swept off numbers from the stage of action and consigned them to the "land of the sleepers," the lyre that was tuned so charmingly in verses, by those whose names I have mentioned, will continue to vibrate in the same gentle strains that gave it utterance, exerting an influence calm, steady, and widening.

There cannot be a more sublime and powerful example cited of female influence on man, than that of Eve over Adam in the garden of Eden. The goodness of God had placed Adam where clear limpid streams flowed gently at his feet—over his head were suspended the most delicious fruits—around him the "vine-clad hills" presented their beauties—by his side walked gracefully, lovely Eve—the birds of paradise warbled notes of peace and tranquillity—the gently breathing winds proclaimed purity—but alas! the curiosity of woman led Eve to pluck and eat the forbidden fruit; and though the express command of God rose before Adam, and with the voice of Stentor spoke the awful consequences—yet, with shame and confusion of face, he acknowledged to his Master that "she gave me of the fruit, and I did eat." How changed all things became in an instant! The transparent stream now threw up mud and blackness—the enticing fruit lost its charms—the blushing flowers withered and died—the once soft life-breathing winds now howled with destruction and exhaled poison and decay—lovely Eve was changed from an immortal to a mortal being, and all nature wore the weeds of universal, dreary mourning. Let us not indulge longer this disobedience and its consequences. But let us rather notice the influence of woman in general, which, over the habits and destinies of man, is so unlimited in its extent and so durable in its action, that to ensure success in the accomplishment of any object is but to obtain their sanction.

It is female influence that nerves the arm of the patriot and causes him to protect the rights of his country. 'Tis this that buoys up and warms to action the cowardly as well as the spirited warrior, and causes him to march forth fearlessly to fight and defend his liberty. 'Tis this that makes the ploughman drive early and late his ox, to expose himself, in agricultural pursuits, to the intense heat of the parching sun. Think it not strange when I tell you that female influence causes the aspiring student to trim the midnight lamp, and spend the silence of the night in the most intense lucubrations. It broods over our classic shades; it hallows the most secret inclosures, and, while it wields the sceptre of

emperors and worlds, it exercises an influence over the minor individual acts of young men—apparent in their brushed hair, smoothly tied cravats. It shapes, in a great degree, their conduct, and controls their actions.

Notwithstanding the brevity we intended, we cannot but pay that tribute of regard to a mother's influence, which the world acknowledges, and which is as boundless as human being, as extensive and as durable as the time of man. In whatever clime, country, or age fortune may place him; wherever removed by distance from the land of his nativity, a mother's influence will go with him and remain with him; it will be to him like an anchor sure and steadfast. In time of penury and want, it will give energy and perseverance; in the hour of adversity, it will be to him a healing balm; in temptation to dissipation, it will be such a preventive as to cause the most thoughtless to reflect upon, and the more prudent to resist the allurements of vice. Mothers! the intense anxiety for the future welfare of your children, made known by sleepless nights, unwearied exertion and constant counsel, be assured, is not in vain—but will, in days and times to come, be to them more valuable than jewels, and more precious than rubies.

Not to speak separately of the influence which young ladies—as belles—exert on young men—as beaux—for it is an inexhaustible subject to traverse the labyrinth of lovers in its boundless influence, we will close by noticing the consoling influence of woman on man. In all the circumstances, in which man may be placed in this world of vexation and sorrow, his dearest solace is found in the kindest endearments of woman.

In the spring-time of life, when the earth, with its countless seductions, is opening before the ardent mind like a beautiful pasture of rich and variegated flowers, inviting him to revel in the luxuriant delights, of which untrammelled youth alone is susceptible, he feels in his heart a vacuum which these can never fill, and which forces him, with the poet, to exclaim—

"Without the smiles from partial beauty won,  
Say, what were men? A world without a sun!"

Has he merged into middle age, and learned by experience that all the pleasures of buoyant youth are frivolous and vain? He seeks in the society of some beloved one that comfort and consolation which are only to be found in the enjoyment of domestic happiness. And when struggling with all the difficulties and trials to which his position, as a husband and father, subject him, the single smile of approving love which greets him at his home, adds fresh vigor to his efforts, and falls upon his harassed mind like "one drop of fragrance from thousands of roses."

Where manhood's strength has waned, and hoary and decrepit age has succeeded—when his glossy ringlets have given place to locks of snow, and his once powerful mind is just trembling and



on the verge of aged childishness, he turns with helpless confidence to the kind assiduities and affectionate attention of woman; and in the society of a wife, whose love has defied "old time himself," or in the filial devotion of a daughter, contentedly resigns himself to the monotonous remnant of his days.

In every situation, under all circumstances, in all ranks of society, the influence of woman is felt and acknowledged; sweeping onward, like the noiseless current of a deep and mighty river,

to its terminus in the great reservoir of all things human.

Mother, sister, daughter, wife—dear and hallowed names! May your lustre never be tarnished, your sanctity never be profaned! May you never cease to be spells to cast out the evil passions of men, and to invoke the pure and tender affections! May you grow forever in fragrance and freshness on the dreary way of life, causing the desert places to be glad, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose! VERITAS.

## THE FINE ARTS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

SULLY.



THERE is a species of female beauty almost peculiar to this country. Perhaps it is best described as the very opposite of robust. Indeed, it is winsome partly from the sense of fragility it conveys. Lightness of figure, delicacy of feature, and a

transparent complexion are its essentials. It is suggestive at once of that quality which the French call *spirituelle*; and we can readily account for the partiality it excites in foreigners, from their having been accustomed to the hearty attractions of the Anglo-Saxon, or the noble outline and impassioned expression of the southern Europeans. It is an acknowledged fact, that the physical development of American women is precocious, and the decay of their charms premature. The variability of our climate, the want of regular exercise in the open air, and the harassing responsibilities they so early assume, too often unrelieved by wholesome pastime, are some of the reasons assigned for this state of things. Explained as it may be, however, these characteristics of American beauty are visible all around

us; and to arrest graces so ethereal, and truly embody them, requires somewhat of poetry as well as skill in an artist. If ever there was a man specially endowed to delineate our countrywomen—particularly those of the northern and middle states, where the peculiarities we have noticed, are chiefly observable—it is Thomas Sully. His organization fits him to sympathize with the fair and lovely, rather than the grand and comic. He is keenly alive to the more refined phases of life and nature. His pencil follows with instinctive truth the principles of genuine taste. He always seizes upon the redeeming element, and avails himself of the most felicitous combinations. Sully's forte is the graceful. Whatever faults the critics may detect in his works, they are never those of awkwardness or constraint. He exhibits the freedom of touch and the airiness of outline which belong to spontaneous emanations. Indeed, his defect, comparatively speaking, lies in this fairy-like, unsubstantial manner. Many of his female portraits strike us as "too wise and good," too like "creatures of the element," to be loved or blamed. Some of them float before the gaze like spirits of the air, or peer from a shadowy canvas like enchanted ladies. They are half-celestial, and we tremble lest they should disappear as we gaze. As a universal principle, we are far from advocating this style—but are there not subjects to which it is exclusively adapted? Do we not meet human beings who make a similar impression on the mind? Lucy Ashton is a representative of the species. Let us advert to Scott's description:—"Her exquisitely-beautiful, but somewhat girlish features, were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the unseel of worldly pleasure. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid and feminine, and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger than to court admiration. Something there was of a Madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and of residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." We cannot better designate Sully's particular aptitude than by saying that he could realize upon canvas the mental as well as bodily portrait of such a heroine. One consequence of the fastidious taste and graceful perception of this artist, is that where the subject is unpromising, he is sure to catch the most desirable expression. We often see coarsely-moulded faces apparently destitute of all charms—faces that inspire respect by the cha-

acter they display, but offend ideality, and leave the affections untouched. Intimate acquaintance, however, reveals a certain mood wherein a softness gleams in the eyes or a smile flashes like some benign inspiration, throwing over every feature an interest and grace undreamed of before. To this casual expression Sully will apply himself. It seems a rule and habit with him never to send a disagreeable portrait from his easel. He has an extremely dextrous way of flattering without seeming to do so, of crystalizing better moments and fixing happy attitudes. All his men, and especially his women, have an air of breeding, a high tone, and a genteel carriage. His taste in costume is excellent. One always feels at least in good society among his portraits. He seems to paint only ladies and gentlemen. However his actual power may be estimated, there are about his works the absolute tokens of an artist's spirit. There is sensibility in his delineations; they are invariably modest, refined and graceful. He never offends our sense of the appropriate, or trenches on the self-respect of those he portrays by the least approach to exaggeration. The series of illustrations of Shakspeare he commenced, are happily, but not forcibly conceived. Portia is fair and dignified, but not sufficiently vigorous; Isabella is as chaste and nun-like as Shakspeare has made her, but her dormant and high enthusiasm does not enough appear; Miranda, a character better adapted than either to Sully's pencil, has an arch simplicity caught from nature herself.

Sully is identified to an unusual extent with the ornaments of the stage. He is a discriminating lover of acting and music. His portraits of Cooke, Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Wood, are among his most genial and successful efforts. The St. George's Society of his adopted city commissioned him to paint the queen upon her accession to the throne. Within a few years he has executed a very spirited portrait of Washington, in the act of reviewing the troops at the time of the whisky riots. There is a chivalrous dignity in the expression and gesture rarely so effectively embodied. The present war with Mexico broke off a negotiation whereby this picture would have been purchased by the government as a donation to a foreign potentate.

Talent for the arts is natural to Sully's family. His English parents were gifted in dramatic ability; his brother, whom he soon outvalued, initiated him into practice, and his children excel in tasteful accomplishments.

Mind is by no means exclusive in its appreciation, but readily perceives whatever of grace is discernible in the whole range of literature and art. His associations have favored this native insight, and a remarkably liberal and amiable disposition makes him cognizant of the least symptom of merit. His kindness to young artists is proverbial, and it is very difficult to induce him to play the critic, so prone is he to seize upon the hopeful aspect—not only of the face he is depicting, but of the character or production submitted to his judgment. Sully was very early thrown upon his own resources, and his connections were dependent upon him at an age when other artists are usually free of all responsibility, but such as their vocation imposes. The manly and cheerful spirit in which he met the exigencies of his youth, is worthy of his generous heart. His voluntary sacrifices at this period, equal those of any of his noble compeers. Many anecdotes are related, all significant of that elasticity which seems to belong to artistic organization. Goldoni compares despondency to a fencer and says, as long as one stands upon his guard and parries the enemy's attack, there is no danger, but the moment a defensive attitude is resigned, the thrusts prove fatal. Upon this principle, Sully acted at the discouraging opening of his career. At the south, where his labors as an artist commenced for a long time they gained him a very precarious subsistence. His zeal for improvement led him to visit Europe with insufficient means, and the economy he practiced for many months in London, would form a striking chapter in the annals of self-denial. Hare Powell, of Philadelphia, was an efficient friend at this crisis, and through his aid several private galleries were opened to the young artist, and he was enabled to study the English school of portraiture under signal advantages. He has experienced to a remarkable degree the caprices of fortune. Taste has undergone a variety of fluctuations since he became known to fame. The branch of art he espoused, and even the peculiar excellencies for which he has been distinguished, exposed him to a more than ordinary reliance on the fashion of the day. Sometimes he has been overwhelmed with orders, and at others obliged to change his residence for the sake of employment. For many years, however, he has prosecuted his art in Philadelphia, where few men are so deservedly respected and beloved.—*The Literary World.*

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## FOR MORRIS.

BY JULIA PALMER.

I'm gazing on that star, love,  
That rests so beautiful and bright—  
A sparkling gem His hand hath placed  
Upon the shadowy brow of night.

I'm thinking of the times, love,  
I've watched that glowing star with thee—  
I'm gathering sadly, one by one,  
The scattered links of memory.

I'm dreaming of thy witching smile—  
Thy sunny eye's clear dancing light;

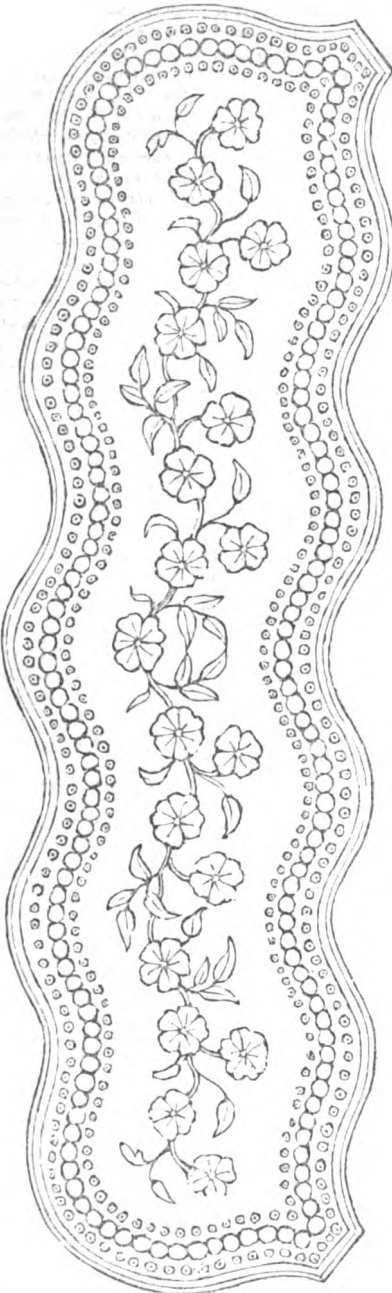
I'm hearing now those kindly tones  
I've heard so often with delight.

I'm standing here, in fancy, love,  
Beneath the high trees' shade, with thee—  
And the voice of winds, that murmur low,  
Breathes, softly sweet, its melody.

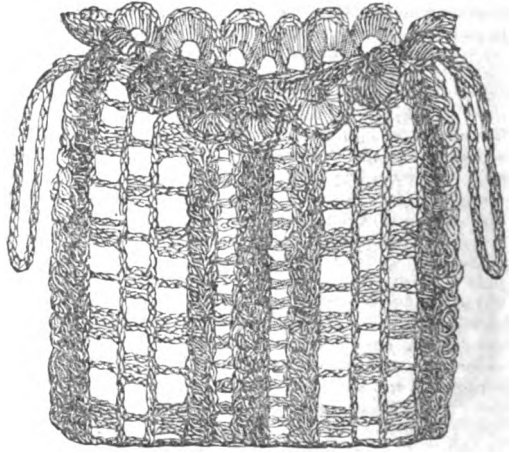
I'm praying for thy future, love—  
May yon pure star its emblem be;  
So calm and bright may beam the light  
That gilds thy peaceful destiny!

## LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

EMBROIDERY.—CUFF.



CROCHET.—BAG.



Material coarse crochet silk, ponceau and French blue; gold passing or thread No. 3, which is rather finer than the silk, and Ficelle, crochet needle No. 18; standard gauge.

Make a chain of 170 stitches; at the end of each row cut off the silk, leaving about two inches, and commence at the other end.

*1st row.*—Ponceau, all treble.

*2d row.*—Gold, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; repeat.

*3d row.*—Blue, all treble.

*4th row.*—Gold, the same as 2d.

*5th row.*—Ponceau, all treble.

*6th row.*—Ficelle, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 treble, 2 chain, miss 2; repeat, and end with 1 treble.

*7th row.*—2 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble; repeat.

*8th row.*—The same as 6th; repeat these eight rows three times more; then work to the 5th row, making in all four stripes of Ficelle and five of silk and gold; fold the bag, knot the ends neatly together, and crochet the sides with the gold thread, and commence the edging round the top of the bag.

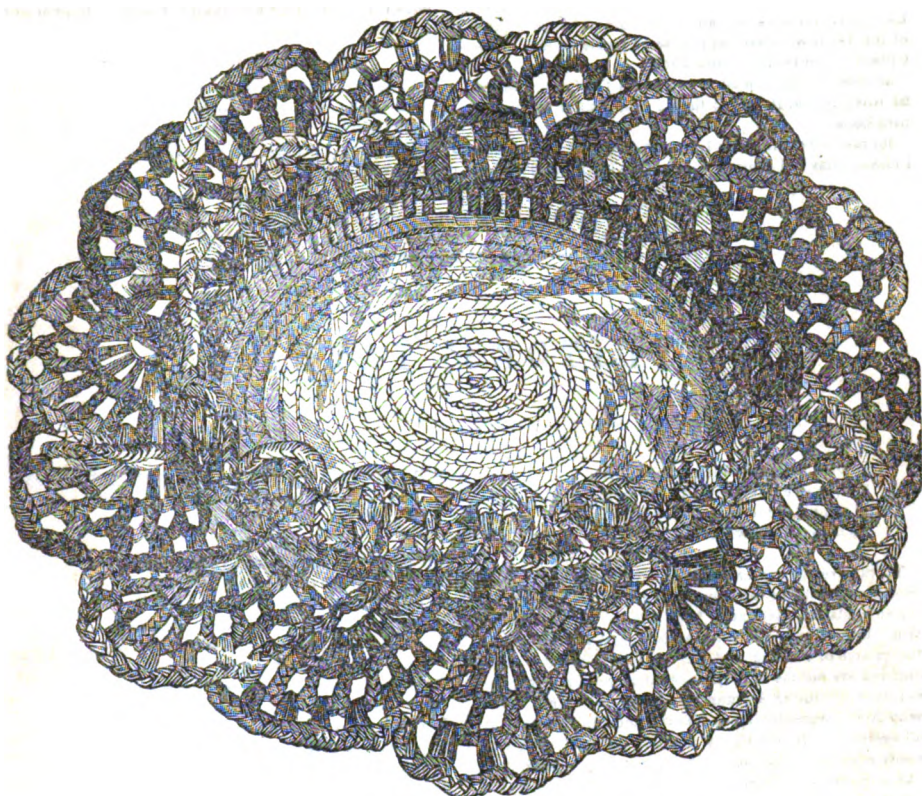
*1st and 2d rounds.*—Blue, 1 chain, 1 treble, all round; this is for the cord.

*3d round.*—7 chain, miss 3, 3 plain; repeat.

*4th round.*—Ponceau, 1 chain and 1 treble, seven times in the 7 chain of the 3d round; 1 chain, miss 1, 1 plain in the centre of the 3 plain in the 3d round, miss 1; repeat.

*5th round.*—Gold, 3 chain, miss 1, 1 plain; repeat, and fasten off.

Line the bag with blue or white sarcenet, and finish with silk and gold tassels and cord.



## FLOWER STAND.—CROCHET.

Single German wool, five distinct shades of red violet, four shades of amber, and one skein of yellow green shaded. Finest ivory crochet needle. The centre to be worked in plain crochet, with the lightest shade of violet; make a chain of 4 stitches, and make it round by working one plain stitch in the first chain stitch.

*1st round*—Work 8 plain stitches in the 4 chain.

*2d round*—Work 2 stitches in every stitch; there will now be 16 stitches.

*3d round*—1 plain, and 2 in every second stitch; repeat 8 times; join on the second shade of violet.

*4th round*—2 plain, and 2 stitches in every third stitch; repeat 8 times.

*5th round*—3 plain, and 2 in every fourth stitch; repeat 8 times.

*6th round*—5 plain, and 2 in every sixth stitch; repeat 8 times; there will now be in the round 45 stitches; commence a small wreath pattern in amber on a violet ground.

*7th round*—Third shade of violet, first shade of amber; work 3 stitches of violet and 1 stitch of amber in the same stitch as the last violet stitch; repeat 15 times.

*8th round*—The same shades; 3 stitches of violet and 2 stitches of amber in the 1 amber of 7th round; repeat 15 times.

*9th round*—Fourth shade of violet, second shade of amber; work 3 violet stitches and 2 amber stitches, working the first stitch of the amber in the last stitch of the amber in the 8th round; repeat 15 times.

*10th round*—Same shades; work 3 amber stitches in

the 3 violet of the 9th round, and 2 amber in the 2 amber of the 9th round; repeat 15 times.

*11th round*—Fourth shade of violet, third shade of amber; work 2 amber stitches and 3 violet; repeat 15 times, but at the end of the round work 2 violet instead of 3 stitches.

*12th round*—Fifth shade of violet, fourth shade of amber; work 2 amber, 2 violet, and 2 violet in one stitch, in all, 4 violet; repeat 15 times.

*13th round*—Fifth shade of violet, first shade of amber; work 1 amber in the first amber stitch of the 12th round, then 4 violet, and 2 violet in one stitch; repeat 15 times. This finishes the wreath.

*14th and 15th rounds*—Fifth shade of violet; work 7 plain, and 2 in every eighth stitch; repeat. This finishes the centre.

*16th round*—Fourth shade of violet; 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; repeat.

*17th round*—Third shade of violet; 3 chain, miss 3, 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble; these four trebles are all to be worked in the 1 chain of the 16th round; then 3 chain, miss 3, 1 plain in the 1 chain; repeat.

*18th round*—Second shade of violet; 3 chain, miss 4, 3 treble in the 2 chain of the 17th round, then 3 chain, miss 4, 1 plain in the 3 chain. 1 chain, miss the 1 plain in the 17th round, 1 plain in the 3 chain, repeat; and fasten off.

## FOR THE SECOND EDGING.

Shaded green wool; make a chain of 7 stitches.

*1st row*—6 plain, 3 chain, 1 plain; turn back.

*2d row*—3 chain, miss 1, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1

treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble; these 5 trebles are all to be worked in the 3 chain of the 1st row; then 1 chain and 1 treble 6 times in the 6 plain of the 1st row; turn back.

3d row.—1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble in the 1 chain of the 2d row; repeat 10 times; then 1 chain, miss 1, 1 plain; turn back.

4th row.—3 chain, miss 1, 1 plain; repeat 6 times; then 1 chain, miss 1, 1 plain, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 plain, 1 chain,

miss 1, 1 plain. This finishes one scollop. Repeat from the 1st row, and work fourteen scollops.

#### TO MAKE UP THE FLOWER STAND.

Cut a card round, about half an inch larger than the centre piece, and sew it to the wrong side of the 16th round, leaving the half inch of the card for the scollops; then turn up the inner edging and sew the scollops on the card.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

The wish to know—the endless thirst  
Which even by quenching is awaked,  
And which becomes or blessed or cursed,  
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked.—*Moore.*

THERE are always two sides to every question. We would not wish our fair young friends to be deceived by the subjects we have lately been urging on their attention. Learning is not *all* that is necessary for ladies; the course of reading and self-training we have commended are not the only qualifications required to constitute a charming woman. In truth, there are those who do not consider these mental accomplishments at all desirable. It is only by modesty in exhibiting her knowledge, or rather not exhibiting it, only allowing it, like a pure atmosphere, to brighten and beautify all around her, that a young lady can become most attractive, and draw minds less cultivated to her shrine. The sexes were intended as companions for each other, and when either party is greatly superior, this agreeable intellectual intercourse is destroyed. When the mental superiority is on the side of the woman, there are required much delicacy of sentiment and real humility of heart, or she will certainly become obnoxious to many censures and severe criticisms. Looking over our old manuscripts—of which we have many a dingy specimen, that might pass, so far as legibility is concerned, for rolls from Herculaneum—(some have been waiting room for insertion in our "Book" for years)—we chanced to find a poetic epistle we recollected receiving from an English correspondent. It ought to have been published long ago; and the sentiments it embodies are, we believe, nearly obsolete in Europe. Twelve years have greatly changed the world. Englishmen are not now so frightened at a "Blue." Our good, sensible American citizens have always appreciated female intelligence. They have felt and acted on the truth of what Sheridan wrote and Napoleon said, that, to quote the former, "Women govern us, let us try to render them perfect: the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men." Napoleon said—"The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." Still we would not have our young friends depend on their *learning* as the spell to gain friends and secure happiness—these are the blessings that kindness and goodness only can permanently secure. But the poem—here it is, without omission, just as Sir Harry wrote it.

### SIR HENRY I'S REASONS FOR DECLINING HIS FRIENDS' RECOMMENDATION OF A WIFE.

Pressed by his friends a clever girl to marry,  
"I'm sick of clever misses!" cried Sir Harry:  
"I'd rather take a wife without a guinea,  
Simple and lovely, and not quite a nunny,  
Than any rich *Blue* you can recommend me.  
From all such learned clacks kind Fate defend me!  
Those Lady Dabs at Hebrew, Greek and Latin,  
Anna Commenas, Crichtons in white satin,  
Revolt my taste just as the women hate  
Dandies, who love of silk and lace to prate.  
I can't bear such travesties, and shall never  
Take for my wife a girl the world calls clever—  
As that, in eighteen hundred thirty-four,  
Implies, I apprehend, a great deal more  
Than the same word conveyed in days of yore.  
Our grandmamas were clever when they wrote  
A fine Italian hand, and penned a note  
Without a blunder in orthography,  
And knew just so much of geography  
As to be certain continents are dry lands,  
And when seas circle lands, those lands are islands;  
That Egypt is not in America,  
Nor Ganges next door neighbor to the Tay.  
Moreover, dames were *listeners* in those days—  
The art of *listening* is above all praise.  
Now what a change! With tongues like forging hammers,  
With logic, algebra and learned grammars,  
They talk you down as fiercely as Xantippe,  
Or that choice oddity, my Laddy Grippy.  
Italian, French, nay, Latin, I might grant,  
But six tongues sure a woman cannot want.  
A clever wife must show off each acquirement,  
Frequent the *Blues*, and bring them home to us,  
Spoiling with jargon all our calm retirement,  
And putting good, plain people in a fuss.  
Those *Blues* are quite a nuisance past enduring,  
The Antipodes to everything alluring;  
A cold, wet blanket on all conversation  
That is not argument or dissertation  
On Locke, Mnemonics, Dugald Stewart, Reid,  
And all the goosequill phalanx each side Tweed.  
I vote a ship-load of those dames beyond seas,  
With Lyon, Ross and Parry, if they please,  
To taste the coolness of the polar breeze,





GODEY'S MEZZOTINT FASHION PLATES.

*as appeared by Habit to Society.*









В А Р Ш А В А

WILLIAM A. D. MORSE BY

AMERICAN BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

70 ЯНВ 04 М 02

NOT TAKE FROM FILLS AT DEWAYS OR THEREABOUTS

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on ten staves, each containing a single melodic line. The music is in G major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#) at the beginning of the first staff. The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the notes. The lyrics are: "The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree, / The rose tree, the rose tree." The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

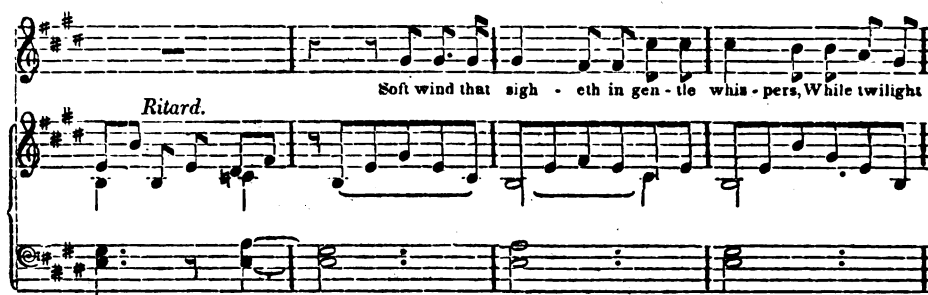
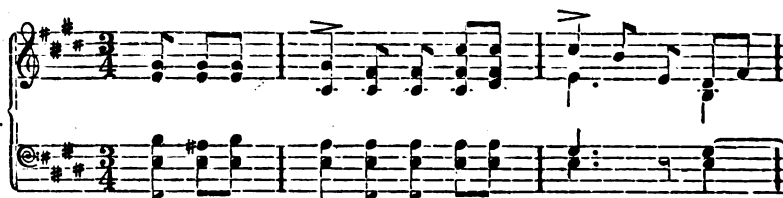
SOFT WIND THAT SIGHETH.  
BALLAD.

MUSIC AND WORDS BY  
ERIKA BERGENSHOLD,

COMPOSER OF

"I WAKE FROM PLEASANT DREAMS OF THEE."

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.



SOFT WIND THAT SIGHETH.

num bers, hope's soothing strain; It brings a round me the heart's com-pa-nions, And life's first

*Rall.* *Tempo.*  
fresh-ness I feel a - gain. Soft wind, oh! lull me to balmy sleep; And in bright

*Rall.* *Tempo.* *Rall.*  
vi - sions my sen - ses steep: Soft wind, oh! lull me to balmy sleep. - - -

*Ritard.*

2D VERSE.

Sad wind! that waileth through the dark midnight,  
My soul respondeth to thy wild moan;  
Thou seem'st to tell me of joys departed,  
Of friends once cherished, now lost and gone:

In mournful accents thou haunt'st my pillow,  
Like some lone spirit from the drear tomb,  
And bitter mem'ries and thoughts awaken'st,  
That fill my bosom with grief and gloom;  
Sad wind! oh! hush thee, nor mock my woes;  
Oh! let the weary find calm repose.

# SOFT WIND THAT SINGETH.

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The top system contains the vocal parts: Soprano (Soprano), Alto (Alto), Tenor (Tenor), and Bass (Bass). The bottom system contains the piano accompaniment, with staves for the Right Hand (R. H.), Left Hand (L. H.), and a central staff for the Piano (Piano). The music is written in a key with three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

**Vocal Lyrics:**

Soprano: I have heard the soft wind that singeth  
 Alto: I have heard the soft wind that singeth  
 Tenor: I have heard the soft wind that singeth  
 Bass: I have heard the soft wind that singeth

**Piano Lyrics:**

R. H.: I have heard the soft wind that singeth  
 L. H.: I have heard the soft wind that singeth  
 Piano: I have heard the soft wind that singeth

Take some time spirit in the great town  
 And first mention and then in the great town  
 I have heard the soft wind that singeth  
 I have heard the soft wind that singeth  
 I have heard the soft wind that singeth

Oh! the soft wind that singeth  
 Oh! the soft wind that singeth  
 Oh! the soft wind that singeth  
 Oh! the soft wind that singeth  
 Oh! the soft wind that singeth

And leave young men like me to live at ease.  
They've always some cramp subject on the *tapis*  
That makes a slight-read fellow quite unhappy.  
One snaps you up for errors in chronology,  
Another pesters you with craniology,  
And then a third confounds you with geology,  
Dragging you down craters, through caverns and strata,  
without the slightest apology.

No, no; my wife must be a blooming creature,  
Completely feminine in mind, form, feature;  
Her voice of music, like to Memnon's lyre  
When played upon by rays of heavenly fire;  
Serene her temper as the summer seas  
Sleeping beneath the balmy evening breeze;  
Her language pure and natural, and tender—  
To such a girl my soul I could surrender.  
But she must be to me alone devoted,  
Nor ever sigh to be or praised or quoted.  
She must have quick and fine perceptions, too,  
Of all that's graceful, delicate and true;  
Must relish Campbell, Moore and Keble, as I do,  
But know no more of book-making than Dido,  
Nor ever seek to dabble in the knowledge  
Becoming in the Fellow of a College  
Or solemn University-Professor,  
But awful when a lady's the possessor—  
Goliath's head upon a pigmy's shoulders,  
Preposterous in the sight of all beholders.  
No wife for me of such undue dimensions,  
Thanks to my friends for all their kind intentions.  
Doubtless they'll quote me Epictetus Carter,  
Who could write Greek, stitch shirts or net a garter,  
Alive to all the minor cares of life,  
A pattern for a chimney corner wife,  
Who of her classic lore made no parade,  
But rather sought to hide it in the shade,  
Quiet, domestic, as a woman should be,  
And unpretending as a milk-maid could be.  
There are exceptions to all rules, and she,  
I grant, was charming as a *Blue* might be;  
But what a risk to run with open eyes,  
Amongst such lots of blanks to gain a prize.  
I *might*, 'tis true, draw a sweet Betsy Carter,  
But 'tis much likelier I should catch a *Tartar*!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.—As the best answer to Sir Harry's witty poem, we will give an example of the beneficial influence of a wife's learning on the happiness of her husband.

"Among the witty and the vain who formed Voltaire's applauding clique at Ferney, was one who, though remarkable in his own day even in so brilliant an assemblage for his conversation and accomplishments of society, would scarcely have been remembered but for his more illustrious son. This was John Huber, the father of him who is the Father of Bee-masters; and Francis himself probably enjoyed the honor, at whatever that may be rated, of being patted on the head by the patriarch of Ferney; for he was a precocious and enthusiastic child, and the pride of his father, who imparted to him that love of science which, while it produced the misfortune, proved also the comfort of his life. One of his relations had ruined himself in the search after the philosopher's stone; and he himself impaired God's greatest blessing of sight at the early age of fifteen, by the ardor with which he devoted himself to philosophical studies. His father sent him to Paris to be under the care of the most experienced physicians; but though his general health, which had also given way, was restored by the sensible prescription of rural life and diet, the cataract baffled the skill of the oculist Venzel, and he

was sent home with no better promise than that of a confirmed and increasing blindness. 'His eyes, however,' says his biographer De Candolle, 'notwithstanding their weakness, had, before his departure and after his return, met those of Maria Amée Lullin, a daughter of one of the syndics of the Swiss republic. They had been companions at the lessons of the dancing-master, and such a mutual love cherished as the age of seventeen is apt to produce.' It was far too deep and too true an affection to run smooth. The father of the girl naturally regarded the growing blindness of the youth as destructive of all advancement in life, and positively forbade his suit. Meanwhile poor Huber dissembled his increasing infirmity as well as he could, and, with a pardonable fraud, spoke as though he could really see. There was at least language enough in his eyes for Maria Lullin, and she, as resolute as her father, would allow no subsequent misfortune to quench the light of other and happier days. At twenty-five, and not till then, did the law allow her to decide for herself, and seven long years was a dangerous trial for any girl's fortitude, beset with the remonstrances of her friends and the daily vanishing hopes of restoration of sight to her lover. But she was nobly faithful. She was proof against all persecutions and persuasions; and when the seven weary years were at length over, she gave her hand where her heart had been given long before—to him who, though her husband, could scarcely act the part of her protector. The youthful partners at the dancing academy naturally ripened, as our Scotch friends can best understand, into partners for life. And she became not only Huber's wife, but his assistant in his researches; she was 'eyes to the blind,' his reader, his secretary, his observer.

"No higher praise can be given to Huber than to say that he was worthy of her. He was the most affectionate and devoted of husbands.

"Her voice was all the blind man knew,  
But that was all in all to him!"

"As long as she lived," he used to say in his old age, 'I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind.' And, alluding to her small stature, he would apply to her the character of his favorite bees—

"Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant."

OUR "BOOK."—We have received an interesting letter from a subscriber and contributor in Indiana; the following extract will show that our work is there appreciated:—

"The dear Lady's Book has again paid us its monthly visit—and what an abiding well-spring of gladness it is! Here in the deep woods, far away from crowds, the mind would surely grow dull and starve if it were not supplied with proper nutriment—and what so delightful as our own dear American magazines! The love of reading is, I think, stronger even than the love of writing." (Undoubtedly so with the largest number of people.) "Sicknesses, frequent and long, and twice almost 'to death,' by incapacitating me for the performance of my domestic duties, made me a scribbler." (Happy for her that her mind had been cultivated, so that she could thus improve and employ the long weary days of confinement!) "How little could this have been anticipated eight or nine years ago, when my elder sister and myself, in turning away from the home and scenes of our childhood to accompany our parents to the forest, thought we must abandon for the future our embroidery and music, and bought botanical works, that at least we might make friends among the flowers. My heart wells up into my eyes when I think of the beautiful vista of life



our kind heavenly Father has opened for us here in this green wilderness! In no country, save our own beloved land, could a large family like ours have recovered itself in any degree from the complete wreck of property our dear father experienced before leaving our native city."

We may not give the details of these efforts, which have been crowned with such success—but we would observe, that men, husbands and fathers, who have such worldly reverses to encounter, are greatly sustained by the companionship of intelligent female friends. With such settlers, no wonder the "Far West" is fast becoming the glory of the Union. The conclusion of the letter is too pleasant to be omitted:—

"Dear Madam—I must open this long letter again to thank you for the 'Treasury' the Lady's Book contains. I was just looking over the history of 'Sarah Martin.' Oh, how upright she may stand in the judgment day, when she will be told to 'arise and shine, for her redemption draweth near!' Though many good people condemn all 'fashion-plate' periodicals, I think a well-conducted one, like the Lady's Book, is calculated to do immense good, by presenting religious truths and the 'beauty of holiness' in company with good taste, refinement and genius, exclusive of everything of a dubious moral character. I wish everybody, religious people and all, would take it! C. L."

ONE WORD TO LADIES.—The publisher must consider the lady to whom he is directed to send the "Book" as responsible for the subscription. It has happened several times that ladies whose names have been forwarded to the office as subscribers, after having the "Book" sent one, two and even three years, have refused payment, saying they never ordered the publication; it was done by some friend! And yet the lady acknowledges she has received and read the work—without knowing from whom it came. For the future, we hope every lady who receives the "Book" as a "present from a friend" will be prepared to pay for the work, if the friend does not.

Our "Book" seems to give universal satisfaction to our readers. We feel much gratified by their praises—only one circumstance is wanting to complete our contentment. If those who owe us for the work would send the balance promptly, our periodical would be among the richest, as it is now the best in the land. The trifle

that each indebted subscriber would have to pay could not cause much inconvenience, but the amount of all these trifling sums is very great for us to lose. Who will be the first to pay?

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—Accepted:—"Shall I be Gray?" "Leaves from my Journal," "On the Death of an Infant"—(we should like to hear from the author again)—"The Birth of the Lily of the Valley," "The Bouquet," "Sketch of a Tour through the Mountains," and "Bartimeus."

We have a number of MSS. on hand that we shall examine, and shall report our decision next month.

NOTE.—The author of "Literary Coincidences" is assured that these articles are welcome, and so will be those proposed.

"PORTIA," not "VOLTIA," should have been the signature to "Some Changes," in the October number.

"J. L.," of Mount Sterling, Ala., is informed that the lady who edits the "Work Department" is absent from the city. The letter shall be laid before her immediately on her return.

"J. M. N." We cannot answer the question. If the author does not choose to put his or her name to an article, we do not think that we are authorized to mention it.

We received some time since a letter from "S. A. J.," 91 Benefit street, Providence. We answered and addressed it to Providence, R. I. Was this correct? The name of the state was not given by the writer, and there was no post mark on the letter.

"Subscriber," in South Waterford, is informed that a remittance of \$20 in advance constitutes "a life subscriber." We cannot supply the back numbers wanted.

"A." is informed that a portion of Miss Leslie's novel will be published in every number till completed, and that the portions published in the October, November and December numbers, will be given entire, with an additional chapter or chapters, in the January number for 1848.

"The One Horse Carrriage." There were two trifling errors in spelling in this story, which the reader has probably ere this corrected.

"E. W." Better late than never. The additional one dollar is charged for non-payment in advance, as our terms call for. The apology for the delay is accepted. We are ready to receive as many more apologies, if accompanied with a remittance.

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF EDMUND SPENSER—with a *Special Exposition of the "Fairie Queen."* By John S. Hart. Wiley & Putnam: pp. 514. We named this work in our last number, and are happy to find that its merits greatly exceed the measure of praise then expressed. It is a book eminently suited to cultivate a pure and high poetical taste. We commend it most warmly to our readers. As a "book for the boudoir" it can hardly be rivaled. The publishers deserve much credit for the beautiful manner in which the work is produced.

TAM'S FORTNIGHT RAMBLE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Mackellar. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart: pp. 216. This very interesting book seems the outpouring of one of the kindest and best hearts that ever beat in the bosom of man. The sweet domestic

pictures are so tenderly and warmly expressed, that we are sure every true woman's heart will respond to his sentiments. We shall give an extract in our next number.

BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street. We have been favored by the publisher with a copy of this fine old work, which he has presented to the public in a very handsome style. It has, besides an original engraving, a copy of the Frontispiece to the original edition, a quaint affair, which typifies the several grades of melancholy. This book, when first published, ran through eight editions. Few books were more read or more deservedly applauded. The author of Tristram Shandy thought it worth plagiarizing from, and other authors are greatly indebted to it. A century almost elapsed before a new edition was

thought of. The copy from which the London edition was printed is dated 1651-2. It is now a standard book. Dr. Johnson said that "this was the only book that took him out of bed two hours before he wished to rise." This volume contains "a new edition, corrected and enriched by translations of the numerous classical extracts, by Democritus Minor, to which is prefixed an account of the author."

**THE BOYS' TREASURY OF SPORTS, PASTIMES AND RECREATIONS.** Lea & Blanchard. This is a companion work to "*Endless Amusement*," by the same publishers, noticed by us last month. It is a glorious little book, and contains over four hundred illustrative engravings. Every amusement that a boy can think of is here treated of familiarly and illustrated. There are some of a graver cast for older heads. We shall give extracts from this work as well as from "*Endless Amusement*."

**PUBLIC MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.** By John T. S. Sullivan, Esq. Carey & Hart. Mr. Sullivan has in this work given us a history of the public men of the Revolution, including events from the peace of 1783 to the peace of 1815. It is embraced in a series of letters by the late Hon. Wm. Sullivan, LL.D. It also contains a biographical sketch of the author, with additional notes and references by his son. This is an admirable work. The letters of Mr. Sullivan are models of epistolary correspondence, and they breathe a spirit of patriotism that do credit to their author. The dedication is a beautiful specimen of the style of the younger Mr. Sullivan, who is well known in this city as a gentleman and a scholar.

Berford & Co., New York, through R. G. Sherman, of Hart's Buildings, in Sixth street near Chestnut, have sent us vol. 6 of "*The Modern Standard Drama*," handsomely bound, containing eight plays and a portrait of Bulwer—also, in separate numbers, "The Follies of a Night," "The Iron Chest," "The Bridal," "Evadne," and "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady;" and of the Minor Drama, "Beauty and the Beast." These works are very well got up, reprinted from the most correct editions, and have all the stage business marked, description of costumes, etc.

**THE HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND EMPIRE UNDER NAPOLEON.** By M. A. Thiers. Carey & Hart. This is part seven of the cheap and correct edition, translated by D. F. Campbell, with notes and additions by H. W. Herbert. This number contains events from 1805 to 1807.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF WM. ALEXANDER.** J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We are here presented with some very fine poetry, well printed, and presented to the public in a neat dress. It also contains a good portrait of the author, well engraved by Welch.

**THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.** Part 4. C. S. Francis & Co., New York. This work is very well illustrated and well printed.

**MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH FRY.** Vol. I. J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street. A memoir of this good woman is at length given to us by the enterprise of the Philadelphia publisher. A fine portrait of her benevolent countenance graces the book. She was a woman who formed the bright exception, not the rule, in the history of women. Her numerous friends who desire to know her better and to possess a more detailed account of her life, have now an opportunity, by perusing her letters, her journal, and those incidents in her life which illustrate her character. This work has been prepared for the public by two of her daughters, with the assistance of their father. They have well performed their task, and we have here a work that may be read

profitably by all, of one that seemed to have been called by God—being eminently fit for it—for his own service.

**LEGENDS OF MEXICO.** By George Lippard. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. A very interesting work, in Mr. Lippard's peculiar style. A little inflated, but still very entertaining. Mr. L.'s writings are more popular with the mass than the few—certainly not the most unprofitable preference. His *Legends of the American Revolution* were very popular.

**THE MONTHS.** By W. H. C. Hosmer. George S. Appleton, Philadelphia. We gave a notice of this work last month. Mr. Appleton, 143 Chestnut street, has it for sale.

**HOWITT'S NATURAL HISTORY ILLUSTRATED, and Howitt's Tales in Verse.** Harper & Brothers, New York. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Two very entertaining little works designed for children, with the usual tact of Mary and William Howitt.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** No. 29. Same publishers, New York and Philadelphia. This number completes Cromwell's reign, and commences the history of religion. It also contains a very liberal number of embellishments. No. 29 completes the history of religion, and contains the constitution, government and laws, national industry and literature, science and the fine arts. This number has eighty-one engravings, each one of which is illustrative. Truly, this will be a valuable work when completed.

**A SIMPLE STORY.** By Mrs. Inchbald. Same publishers, ditto. We once published this story ourselves, and it is really one of the most delightful in the English language—a specimen of beautiful writing and a well-told tale.

**MARGARET GRAHAM; OR, THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE.** By G. P. R. James. Same publishers, ditto. Another novel from the steam-mill of the indefatigable Mr. James, and like all the others, very pleasant and agreeable. We defy any person to read one of this author's novels and not be pleased with it, fashionable as it may be to decry him. We think "Margaret Graham" possesses more interest than his preceding work. It will please the ladies. And how much does our readers suppose is asked for this work? The enormous sum of six and a quarter cents.

**NORMAN'S BRIDGE; OR, THE MODERN MIDAS.** By the author of "The Two Old Men's Tales." Same publishers, ditto. We would desire no other recommendation to read this novel, than the fact that it is the production of the author of "The Two Old Men's Tales"—a book which, once read, can never be forgotten. While it possesses almost as much pathos as that celebrated work, it abounds more in incident, and the dialogue is yet more sparkling. There is probably no author who has been more successful than the one whose production we are now noticing. Though not very voluminous, there certainly are no three works in light literature that can exceed in interest "Emilia Wyndham," "The Two Old Men's Tales" and "Norman's Bridge."

**LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH AND THE COURT OF FRANCE.** Same publishers. Parts 5 and 6. We gave a very favorable notice of this work in our last number. It is really very interesting. You glide from anecdote to anecdote, from witicism to raillery. We should like to make some extracts, especially the interviews between Madame de Maintenon and M. D'Aubigné, but we refer our readers to the work. To those who only wish to be entertained, not instructed, they will find it as amusing as any work of fiction. To the ladies this work will be particularly pleasing, as it treats more upon the females than the males of the reign.

**BURTON; OR, THE SIEGES.** By Professor Ingraham. T. B. Peterson, 95 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.



phia. This is a history of Burr's conspiracy, *romanced* by the author of "Captain Kyd," "Lafitte," &c. All readers of the works of this gentleman are aware of his powers of narrative and his skill in blending fact and fiction. He has made a good two volume novel on this well-known subject.

**INGLEBOROUGH HALL AND THE LORD OF THE MANOR.** By Henry W. Herbert, author of "Cromwell." Same publisher. Herbert's mind is decidedly bent upon history, and every subject upon which he writes must have that for its basis. Hence his works are never dull. He writes with great ease and upon any subject. We once came near puzzling him. We gave him an engraving to illustrate—"The Death of the Red Deer." There was nothing in it to inspire a story, and yet he made one out of it, and a good one—one that is running, like the deer before his death, its course through the country. In one instance its title was somewhat changed. The New York True Sun, in copying it, called it "The Death of the Red Deer"—meaning, we suppose, the decease of a feminine Indian. We can promise the reader of "Ingleborough Hall" an agreeable day if spent in its perusal.

**THE DUKE AND THE COUSIN.** By Mrs. Grey. Same publisher. All those who have read "The Gambler's Wife" and "The Young Prima Donna," well know of what Mrs. Grey is capable. In the present work she has surpassed her previous efforts. We once published a story entitled "The Prima Donna," written by one of the most intelligent and learned men of the day, Alexander Dimitry, Esq., now president of the principal college in New Orleans, a friend endeared to us by many years of intimacy.

**THE COMPLETE ANGLER**—or, *the Contemplative Man's Recreation, with biographical preface and copious Notes by the American editor—with illustrations*—being Nos. 101 and 102 of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading" J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. A friend of ours who took this book on a fishing excursion, informs us that he contrived by reading it to make the party comfortable even under the infliction of a hot sun and a dearth of the finny tribe. We do not doubt him, for our own experience of the work tells us that it is one of the most entertaining books of the day. Messrs. W. & P. have evinced great judgment in the selection of their works for this library. They publish none but standard books, adopting in reality the motto they have selected from Charles Lamb—"Books which are books."

**MINOR DRAMA.** Vol. 1. Berford & Co., N. York. Sherman & Co., Hart's Buildings, Philadelphia. The volume now before us of this very well got up work, contains "The Irish Attorney," "Boots at the Swan," "How to Pay the Rent," "The Loan of a Lover," "The Dead Shot," "His Last Legs," "The Invisible Prince," and "The Golden Farmer." Each number contains a plate, full stage directions, and a description of the costumes. The volume also contains a portrait of John Sefton as Jimmy Twitcher. It is the best edition of plays ever published in this country. We have also received "Luke the Laborer," a drama, by Buckstone.

**THE INSNARED; OR, WOMAN'S HEART.** T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Lady Charlotte Bury has here given us a novel of a very superior kind to those generally published. Woman's heart is a delicate subject to meddle with, either in reality or on paper, but her ladyship has contrived to make a most interesting novel of her "Woman's Heart." Indeed, it is better than either "Flirtation" or "The Divorced." Peterson has on hand all the publications of the day.

**ATWILL'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.** We have just

received No. 3 of this excellent work, which contains all the new music of the day. It is published monthly by Mr. A. at No. 201 Broadway, New York.

**CHAMBERS' MISCELLANY.** Edited by Robert Chambers. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. This is No. 3 of this excellent work, and contains six well written articles very well illustrated.

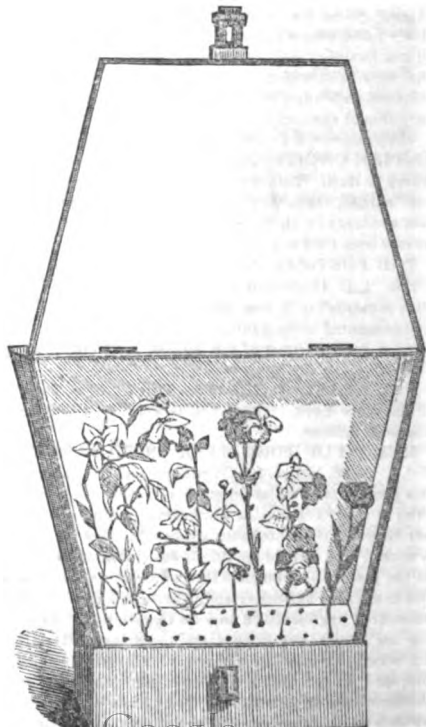
**THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.** By John Sanderson. Carey & Hart. Glorious book! decidedly the best work upon Paris ever written. This work was reprinted in England, and was there supposed to be a translation from a French author. Carey & Hart have been obliged to issue this edition. The demand for it was so great that it was with difficulty a copy could be procured to reprint from. The public will be obliged to them for their new edition of this popular book.

Mrs Sarah J. Howe has opened, at the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, a room for the display and sale of eastern and other periodicals. We hope that she may succeed. The good folks of Cincinnati will surely patronize a lady.

**FLOWER CASE.**—This case forms a receptacle for flowers which may be transmitted from one part of the country to another and yet retain all their pristine freshness and fragrance. Wet sand is employed in the lower partition, in which are apertures for the stalks of the flowers. The simplicity of the plan, as in all really good inventions, is remarkable. What a convenience to transmit flowers from one place to another where horticultural exhibitions are held.

The case may also, as occasion requires, be used for conveying drawing materials or as a luncheon box.

The portion of the box that is lifted up, shuts down over the flowers, and the handle is behind.



We again give a piece of new music in this number, "*Soft Wind that Sigheth*," now first published in America.

Mr. and Miss Durang's Dancing Academy, No. 259 Market street, opens on the fourth of October. There are perhaps no better teachers of this art than Mr. and Miss D. Their time and attention are exclusively given to their scholars, and their progress, we are told, is astonishing. Their polka and cotillon parties are to be given in the upper saloon of the Museum.

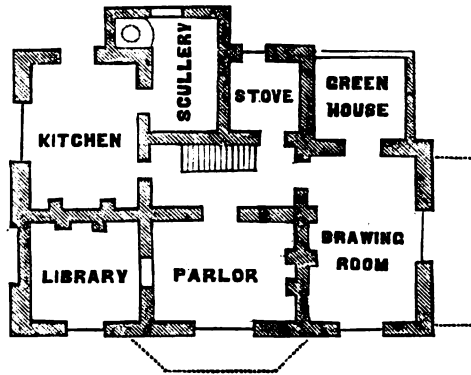
Another of our beautiful mezzotint fashions is published in this number. These fashions, judging from our newspaper notices and from subscribers' letters, have given great satisfaction. We also publish our music in

a manner that it may be detached from the book, if necessary. Our embellishments in general seem to please both on account of their beauty and utility.

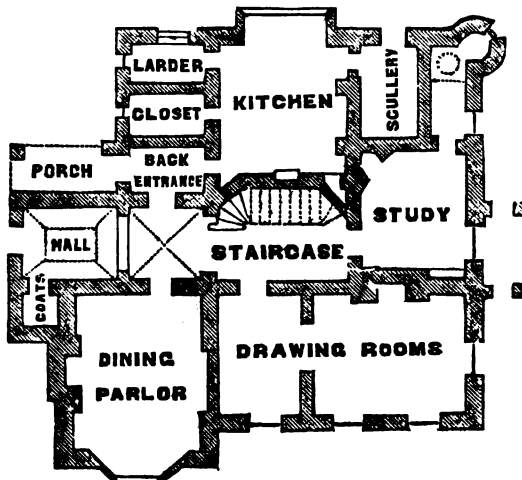
We call attention to the ladies' fashions of Furs, &c., for the ensuing winter, to be seen at the store of Mr. Oakford, No. 104 Chestnut street. Mr. O. has all varieties of childrens' beavers, caps, &c., and many little knick-knacks to suit the ladies. We say nothing of gentlemen's hats, as everybody knows that Oakford's is the place for them.

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE.—In this number it will be perceived that we have given two colored Model Cottages—the diagrams and descriptions of the interior we give below.

PLAN OF COTTAGE ON THE RIGHT OF PLATE.—COTTAGE ORNÉ.



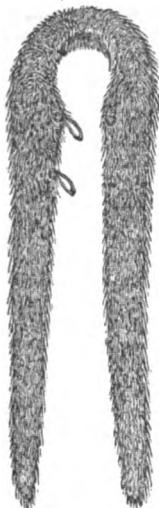
COTTAGE ON LEFT OF PLATE.



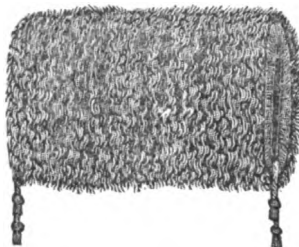
# OAKFORD'S FASHIONS

## FOR FALL AND WINTER, 1847.

No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.



No. 10.



No. 1, Fur Tippet.  
No. 2, Muff.  
No. 3, New Parisian Style Tippet.  
No. 4, (Mouse Col'd.) Beaver Bonnet with Plume.  
No. 5, Paris Style of Hats for Gentlemen.

No. 6, Youths Fancy Hat.  
No. 7, The Oakford Hat for Gentlemen.  
No. 8, Youths Cap New Style.  
No. 9, Infants Cap with Plume, fine velvet.  
No. 10, (Ladies') Riding Hat, fine Bl'k. Beaver with plume.

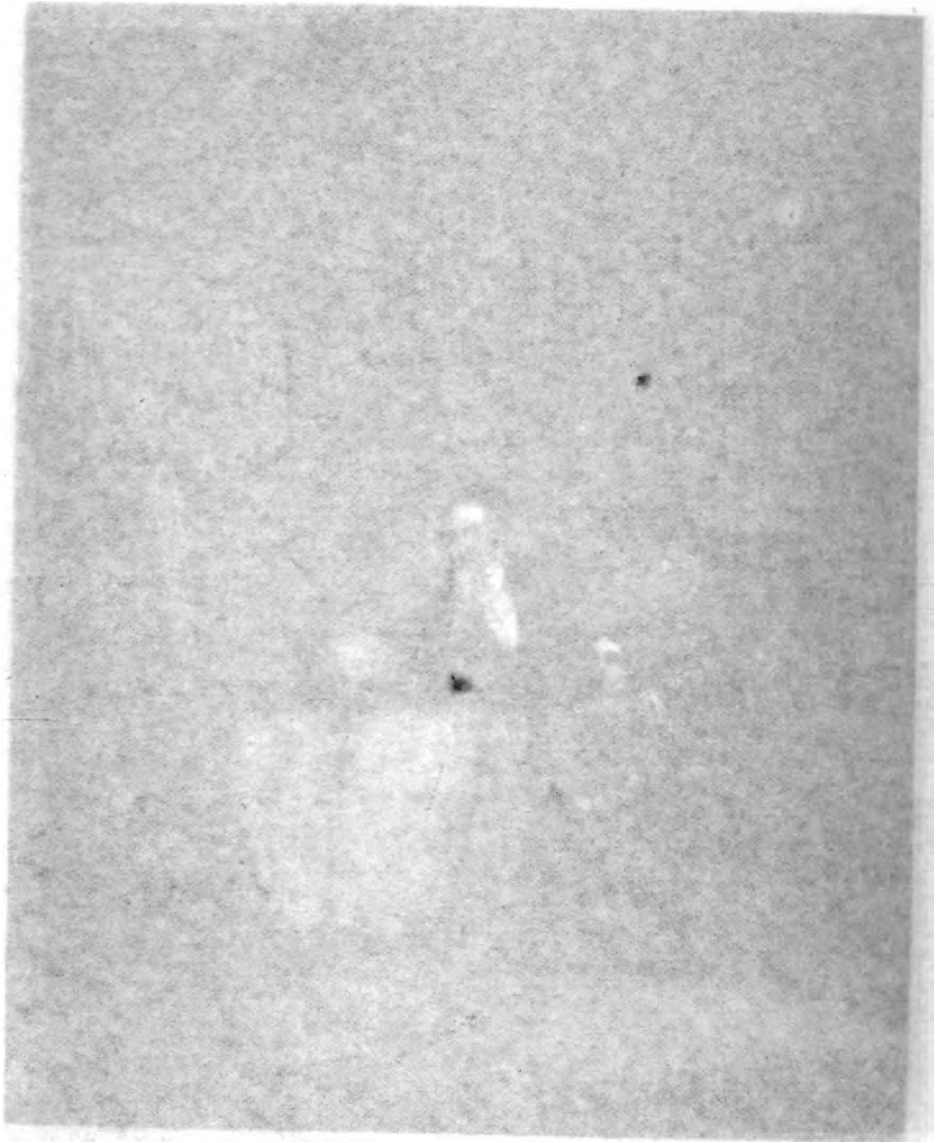
The above New Styles are prepared for Godey's Magazine, by Charles Oakford Esq., at his fashionable establishment No. 104 Chestnut Street, Which he has lately fitted up in a most magnificent manner.





THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE WIDOW.



Digitized by Google



THE END OF THE WORLD.



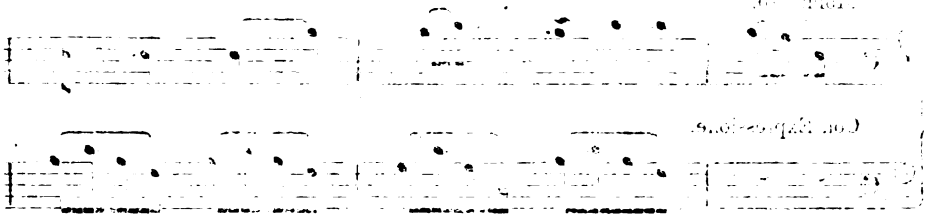


THE BLUE BIRD

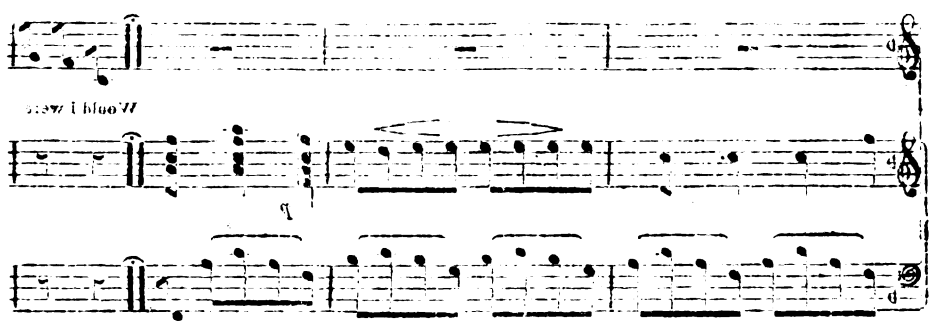
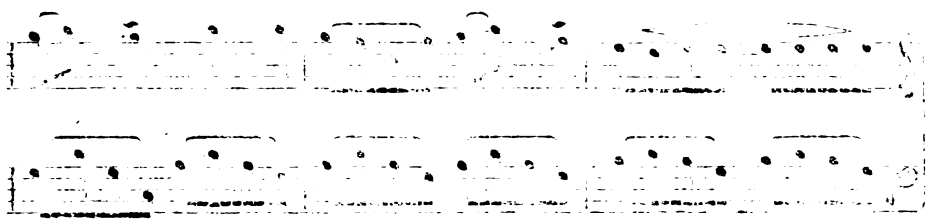
WILLIAM T. MURPHY, M.P.S.

WILLIAM T. MURPHY, M.P.S.

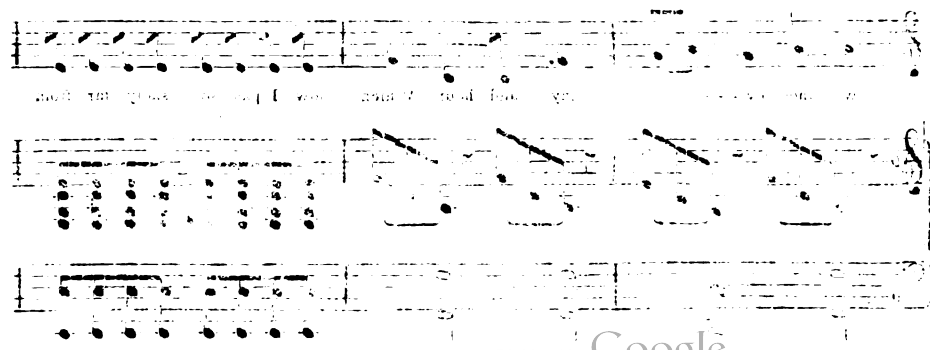
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Andantino



Andantino



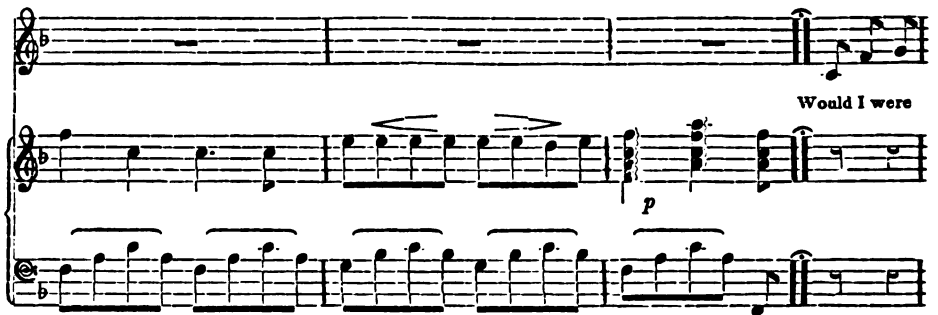
# NEW SONG.

WORDS BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

MUSIC BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

MODERATO.

Con Expressione.



NEW SONG.

thee, Would that my form pos-sessed the ma-gic pow-er,

Lento.

To fol-low where my heavy heart would be. What-e'er thy lot o'er

With emphasis.

land or sea, Would I were with thee e-ter-nal-ly!

D. C. 8va.

SECOND VERSE.

Would I were with thee when, the world forgetting,  
Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown,  
While bright and red our evening sun is setting,  
And all thy thoughts belong to heaven alone.  
While happy dreams thy thoughts employ,  
Would I were with thee in thy joy!

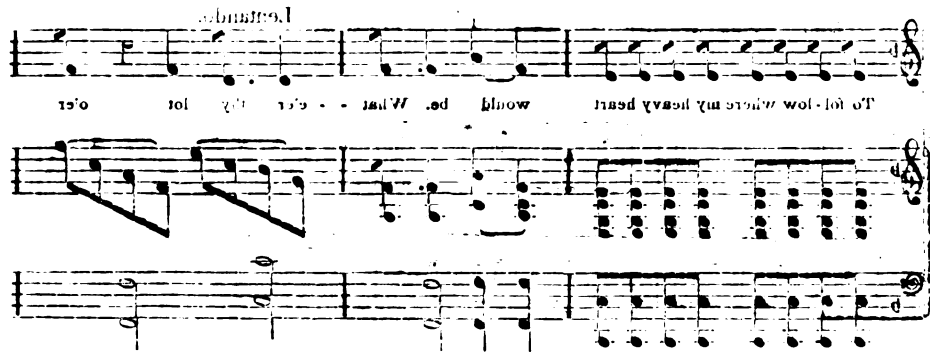
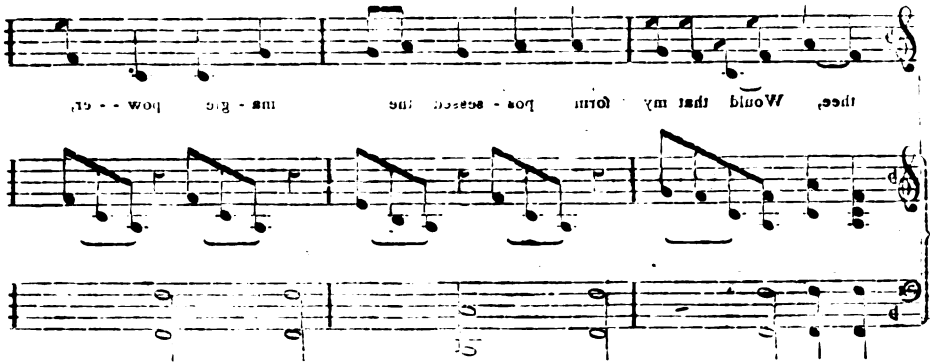
THIRD VERSE.

Would I were with thee when no longer feigning  
The hurried laugh that stifles back a sigh;

When thy young lip pours forth its sweet complaining,  
And tears have quenched the light within thine eye.  
When all seems dark and sad below,  
Would I were with thee in thy woe!

FOURTH VERSE.

Would I were with thee when the day is breaking,  
Or when in crowds some careless note awaking,  
In joy, or pain, by sea, or shore;  
And when the moon has lit the lonely sea,  
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me.  
Would I were with thee evermore!



When thy young life bore forth its sweet complaining,  
And tears have drenched the light within thine eye;  
When all seems dark and sad below,  
Would I were with thee in thy woe!

FOURTH VERSE.  
Would I were with thee when the day is breaking;  
Or when in some careless note swaying,  
In joy or humbly sad or sore;  
And when the moon has lit the lonely sea,  
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me,  
Would I were with thee evermore!

SECOND VERSE.  
Would I were with thee when the world forgetting,  
Thy weary limbs upon the turf are lying;  
While bright and red our evening sun is setting,  
And all our thoughts flying to heaven's home,  
Would I were with thee in thy joy!

THIRD VERSE.  
Would I were with thee when no longer in being,  
The hurried tangle of thy life is lying;

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1847.

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### THE WIDOW AND THE WIDOWER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

#### THE WIDOW.

"I HOPE to be spared that trial," said Bertha, turning her head from the light, in order that it might not fall so clearly upon her face, and evincing at the same time, more disturbance in her voice than she wished to betray.

"In times like these," returned Margaret, "there is no guarantee for exemption. A single day may produce changes the most unexpected. We are involved in a war that promises to continue for years. An unjust war, in which every one of us must feel an interest and an ardent hope for success."

"Give us peace, I say, at any sacrifice," spoke up Mrs. Algeron, warmly. "Nothing can compensate for the horrors of war."

"Not even liberty?" inquired Bertha, turning her large, steady eyes upon the last speaker.

"Have you more liberty now than before the rebellion commenced?"

"Rebellion!" The eyes of Bertha flashed, and an indignant reply trembled on her tongue; but she restrained her feelings, and remained silent.

"Yes, rebellion! By what other name can you characterize the act of these revolting colonies?" said Mrs. Algeron.

"By the name of revolution!" returned Bertha, in a calm, dignified voice.

"Your softer name does not change the quality of the act, nor will it atone for the murderous loss of life, and destruction of property that have flowed therefrom. It's all very well for a young thing like you to talk, but wait until you feel the iron ploughshare of this war as I have felt it, and your blood will grow warm with a different feeling from that which now sets it flowing so rapidly through your veins."

"The effects upon you, Aunt Ellen, have certainly been very painful," returned Bertha, in a gentle voice. "But it has so happened that in both the instances where you suffered so severely, we were but defenders. The burning of Norfolk was the work of your friend, Lord Dunmore; and the attack at Great Bridge, where poor Herbert was so severely wounded, was made upon the provincials who gallantly maintained their position."

"But it all flowed from rebellion," said Mrs. Algeron, much excited. "Lord Dunmore only performed his duty to his sovereign."

"In wantonly destroying the most populous and flourishing town in Virginia, in a mere spirit of revenge at receiving a few shots from an old house on the shore, fired by some over-zealous provincials! Had your property there offended the British king so deeply that nothing less than its reduction to ashes could atone for the offence? How your blood can help being fired at such wanton, outrage and wrong is more than I can comprehend?"

"You talk like a silly girl whose head has been turned," replied Mrs. Algeron, much fretted by the interrogatory of her niece. "You will think and feel more soberly before a year passes, take my word for it. While others have been under the cloud, your sky has been bright with sunshine. This war is not to be much longer confined to the north. We shall have it among us ere long with all its horrors. I am well assured that Sir Henry Clinton contemplates active operations against the southern states, and that his first point of attack will be Charleston. General Lincoln cannot defend this place. His force is altogether inadequate."

"Why do you say this, aunt?" asked Bertha, evincing a good deal of concern.

"The rigors of a northern winter are unfavorable to active operations. While the north has rest, our sunny clime will be ploughed with fire and sword."

"Let them come," said Margaret, speaking with enthusiasm, "there are brave hearts in this sunny region."

"Yes, brave and true hearts," said Bertha. But even while she spoke, her cheeks grew paler, for she thought of Henry's ardent espousal of the continental side, and the certainty of his being engaged in the war should it again unhappily extend to the south.

"I hardly think you will be spared the trial of which you spoke," remarked Mrs. Algeron, who saw what was in Bertha's mind.

"If not," replied Bertha, rallying herself, and speaking with firmness, "God will give me strength to bear it."

"I trust so," responded the aunt, coldly. She had expected that her words would have made a more marked impression upon the mind of her niece.

"Here comes Henry now," said Margaret. "Let us see if his anticipations for the south are of as gloomy a character as Aunt Ellen's."

Captain Lee entered a moment after, and greeting the circle of ladies pleasantly, sat down by the side of Bertha.

"Am I not right, Henry," said Mrs. Algeron, "in my inference that Sir Henry Clinton will visit upon us some of the blessings of war this winter?"

"That, I believe, is no longer a matter of inference," returned Lee. "A fleet, under the command of Admiral Arbuthnot, has actually sailed from New York, and its destination is believed to be Charleston. But, if General Washington can reinforce General Lincoln in time, as he is endeavoring to do, Sir Henry will not find the taking of Charleston a thing of such easy accomplishment."

All present noticed that Bertha's face grew suddenly pale, and that it then, gradually, though by slow degrees, recovered its calm expression. Much was said about the consequences and results of a campaign in the southern country, and it was pretty generally agreed, that a most vigorous resistance would be made.

"I suppose you will come into active service, Captain?" said one of the ladies.

"It is highly probable that I shall."

The wife of Henry Lee felt a cold, shivering sensation, and her eyes turned involuntarily towards a little boy, who was playing in one corner of the room with a pet kitten.

"I rather think, Bertha, that you will be of my opinion, before long," said Mrs. Algeron.

"What is that?" asked Lee.

"Why, that peace, purchased at any price, will be cheap."

"Never!" said Bertha, speaking quickly and firmly, "Never!"

"No, never!" responded her husband, turning upon his wife a look of admiring approval.

"The day that calls Henry to the scene of strife, will correct this false enthusiasm," said Mrs. Algeron.

The eyes of Lee remained fixed upon the coun-

tenance of his wife. Bertha did not hesitate, but replied—

"I hope, aunt, that the love of my country may never be extinguished in the love of myself."

"Well spoken, Bertha!" said Lee, a look of admiration settling upon his face. "There is but one right path for any of us to walk in, and that is the path of duty. We are not to ask by what flowery stream it winds, through what rugged defile, or amid what dangers, before deciding to take it. I thought I had not mistaken the heart of Bertha, Aunt Ellen."

"Time will show how much all this is worth," retorted the staunch old royalist.

"Yes, time proves all things," said Lee, pleasantly, "and time will, therefore, prove exactly how much this is worth."

It will be thought no matter of wonder that Mrs. Lee made the most minute and eager inquiries of her husband, as soon as they were alone, as to the probable transference of hostilities to the south, now that she felt greatly disturbed at the prospect of Captain Lee's being called into active service. Still the wish to have him shrink from the post of duty and danger, did not find a place in her mind.

No very long time elapsed before certainty took the place of rumor. The arrival of Admiral Arbuthnot at Savannah gave the first certain intelligence of Clinton's design to attack Charleston. With almost breathless interest did every true patriot in the south await the result. Alas! it was fatal to their hopes. The means of defence possessed by General Lincoln were utterly inadequate, and the city fell into the hands of the British forces.

For a time everything looked dark in the south. Then there was a revival of hope in the hearts of those who still loved and aspired after liberty, and good deeds were done for the patriot cause by Sumpter and Marion. But the total rout of the army under General Gates, and the death of the veteran De Kalb at Camden, again threw doubt and gloom over the minds of the most confident and hopeful.

All these events were noted in their passage by Captain Lee, who felt more and more impatient every day to step forth from his secluded and inactive position, far away from the points where the strife was most severe. At length he succeeded in establishing a rallying point for the few around him, whose love of country was strong enough to inspire them with a wish to do something for her defence. A company of sixty brave men was formed, and made ready for active service. Out of his own private means, Lee furnished the necessary equipments, and placing himself at their head, started for the encampment of General Greene.

At every step of this movement Captain Lee made his true hearted wife acquainted with his acts and intentions.

"Bertha," he would say, when her woman's fears at times overcame her, "unless every man, who loves his country, comes forward to her aid,

in this great crisis, her liberties are gone. I have held back long enough, too long; and it has been for your sake, I must confess it. But I can stand still and look on no longer. It would be a crime against my country were I to do so."

"I do not say to you stand still and look on with indifference," Bertha would reply, "although my heart trembles at the thoughts of your going. Rather let me say, join with the brave men, who are fighting for our homes and our firesides, and may God give our country a happy deliverance."

"And He will, Bertha. He will, if there be many such spirits as yours to animate her defenders."

Notwithstanding her true, brave heart, Mrs. Lee found the trial of parting with her husband, when the time came for him to take his place at the head of his company, and march against the enemy, most severe. She clung to him, and wept long, and passionately upon his bosom.

"Oh! this cruel, cruel war!" she murmured, while the tears fell over her pale face. "It is terrible to think of what it may cost us."

"Bertha," said Lee, in a firm voice, and with a calm expression of countenance, "up to this hour I have felt the inspiration of your brave spirit; let it go with me still. Let the memory of our parting hour be such as to fill me with courage to press on and do my duty; not palsy me in the time when my country most needs my aid. Dear Bertha! let not our parting be in tears."

"And it shall not be!" said the heroic wife, lifting herself from the bosom of her husband; "I am no longer a weak woman, but the wife of a brave soldier, who goes forth in the service of his country."

The face of Mrs. Lee had an expression of heroic firmness.

"Go!" she said, speaking with a sudden inspiration of feeling. "Go! Your country has need of you, Henry. I will not ask you to shun danger; it will be rather your duty to seek it. I will only say, think not of yourself nor me, when the fierce times of conflict come, but think of the wrongs of those whom the enemy seeks to oppress."

And that parting, which was terrible to the heart of Bertha, was borne without another tear, or the betrayal by a faltering word or quivering lip of the wild fears that so deeply agitated her bosom.

With thrilling life and rattling drum, the little band of right-spirited men marched forth from their homes, and took their slow and weary way towards the head-quarters of General Greene, and joined the army, when just on the eve of its long retreat before Cornwallis, and a short time previous to the battle of Guilford.

Scarcely had the stirring sound of life and drum died on the ears of Mrs. Lee ere her spirit sunk under a presentiment of evil that forced itself upon her mind. Much blood had already been spilt at King's Mountain, Camden, and the Cowpens; and the bitterness of death had passed into many of the best families in the states. It was a war of great

extremity and great suffering, and the fear that she would never see her husband alive again, appalled her. Her aunt and sister were both away, and there was neither affection from Margaret, nor pride aroused by her aunt, to sustain her. She stood alone. And how many, both among the high borne and the humble, of whose trials no history has been written, nor any record kept, thus stood alone in those fearful times.

Three weeks after Captain Lee had marched to join the continental forces, Mrs. Lee, whose mind had come into a state of great anxiety, dreamed, one night, that her husband came to her bed-side, and stood for some moments looking at her. His face was very pale, and had a look of great exhaustion. After standing thus for a few moments, he drew aside a scarf that lay across his breast, and showed a deep wound in his side. Mrs. Lee awoke with a wild scream. She slept no more that night. By morning her resolution was taken. She had not the least doubt of her husband's being wounded; perhaps, mortally, and her determination was to join him with the least possible delay. With the execution of this design, her friends attempted to interfere, but their opposition had not the smallest weight with her. Under the escort of a relative, she started, on horseback, to travel a distance of nearly three hundred miles for the purpose of joining her husband. Arduously, day after day, was this long and fatiguing journey prosecuted, but when she at last arrived nearly at the point where she had hoped to find her husband, she learned to her dismay that General Greene's army had retired through North Carolina towards Virginia, hotly pursued by Cornwallis, and with scarcely the hope of escape.

By forced marches Captain Lee had succeeded in joining that portion of General Greene's army encamped on the Pedee, just as it was on the eve of retreating towards the Yadkin. Severely did it chafe his spirit to be compelled to retire, precipitately, before the enemy, that he had come full of patriotism to encounter; but he did good service with his brave little company under the command of Colonel Lee in diverting and harassing the British troops, while the army under Greene made good its retreat.

At Guilford, where a decisive battle was fought between the American army under General Greene, and the British army under Cornwallis, Captain Lee received a severe wound in his side, and was borne insensible from the field, after having distinguished himself for great bravery. Half of his men were killed.

Three days after the fierce conflict, in which both armies retired from the field with great loss, the surgeon, who was in attendance upon Lee, informed him that there was little hope of his recovery. His wound had shown a strong tendency to inflammation from the first, and mortification had, in spite of all the doctor's efforts, supervened.

Lee was a brave man, but he shrunk from the thought of death, as he lay under the inspiration of



no excitement, and with the image of his wife before him. It was not the fear of dying as an event personal to himself, but the thought of his bereaved wife and orphaned child, that made him shrink from the last sad agony. But neither mortal fear nor reluctance stays the approach of death. Steadily progressed the fatal disease occasioned by the wound, until all pain ceased, and then came a deep physical quiet; the precursor of speedy dissolution.

In the brief pause, if it might so be called, the mind of Lee became perfectly calm and clear. He reviewed the circumstances through which he had just passed with such haste and fervor; and reflected deeply upon the act, which had resulted in fearful consequences to himself and young wife.

"It was right," he murmured to himself, satisfied with the conclusions of his own mind. "I have fallen at the post of duty, like hundreds of my fellow-citizens."

A gentle sleep stole over his senses, in which there came sweet dreams. Bertha stood like an angel of love bending over him, and he heard her voice, saying—

"Even unto death, Henry, suffer and be strong."

The sensation produced by this vision awoke him. It was not all a vision! for, indeed, bending over him, though in tears, was his faithful Bertha; but, warned by the physician, she controlled herself, and with her finger on her lips, enjoined calmness and silence.

"My heart dreaded this, Henry," she said. "Even before it took place, I had a foreshadowing of the dreadful event, and hastened away to join you, and minister to you in pain. The surgeon has told me the worst; and I trust that I am prepared for it. Severe as is the trial, God will give me strength to bear it."

Thus, in the greatest of all afflictions that a woman could be called upon to suffer, did this heroic wife lay her hand upon her throbbing heart to keep it still, and seek to throw around the last hours of her husband's life a halo of comfort. Thus did she seek to remove the bitterness of death. To have given way to a wild burst of anguish, such as required her every effort to repress, would only have put thorns in her husband's dying pillow, and her love was too deep, too unselfish to allow any weakness of character to betray itself, and thus plant a thorn where she would lay a flower.

Speedily ran out the few remaining sands of life, and the hour of final parting came. The mind of Lee was bright, and his wife remained calm, to the last. Forgetful that this sleep was to be his final sleep, the dying man closed his eyes as his head lay upon the breast of his wife, and breathed away the closing moments of existence in time. It was some minutes after his heart had ceased to beat, before Bertha was aware that all was over. Then how instantly did the tensely strung nerves give way, and the brave heart melt! When the attendants came in, both were insensible. Many days elapsed before the widowed Bertha could rally

her weakened powers of mind; and then, self-control came back but slowly.

A week from the time of her husband's death, Mrs. Lee, after having given directions for the removal of his body, turned her face homeward. The presence of old and familiar things caused the wounds in her heart to bleed anew. But even while she stood looking with tearful face upon the pictured representation of one who had been so dear to her while living, and drew tenderly to her side the gentle boy, who bore his name, she felt an elevation of spirit that sustained her in her affliction. This was her sacrifice for the good of the whole; this her burden, the bearing of which was to make lighter the heavy weight that was pressing upon her country with paralyzing force.

Yes, this it was that sustained the patient, high-souled sufferer in her night of affliction. The consciousness that a duty had been done, a stern and painful duty, kept her head above the rushing waters. And all this passed; all this was suffered and patiently borne, and not a breath of fame heralded to the nation the gallant deed of her husband. He had fought for his country, and shed for her his best blood, but a brief notice of his death, in the list of the killed, was all that was ever said of him in the dispatches of the day, and his name never found its way to the studied page of history.

How little accustomed are we to think of how much the precious freedom we enjoy has cost. Thus hundreds of brave men perished in those times that indeed tried men's souls; and thus did many a noble-minded wife, parting with her husband for all she knew for the last time, nerve her heart against its native weakness, and speak words of encouragement to the performance of a stern duty, even while the blanching cheek and quivering lip betrayed too much of what really lay beneath.

#### THE WIDOWER; OR, THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

EVERY one in passing through life has times of darkness, after which there breaks a dim light upon his mind, followed by the cold gray tints of morning. But to few, very few, does the broad bright day come in its sunny brightness. There is a change from darkness to light, but the light is dim and cold, and the way is not clear before the straining sight. Soon even this poor image of day fades in the mental horizon, and all is dark again. And thus life progresses, from darkness to the feeble dawn; but to few—we repeat it—to very few does this dawn advance until lost in perfect day; nor can it thus advance to any one until he has right views of life, and then, not until these views, becoming active principles in his mind, are brought down into ultimate forms.

At twenty-one Albert Earnest stepped upon the world's broad stage as a man, confident that he

would be able to act well his part, even without the aid of a prompter. He had talents, was well educated, and the profession he had chosen was law. A student in the office of an eminent counselor, and admitted to the bar under his patronage, and with a share of his practice, Albert Earnest might well be pardoned for imagining that there was a plain way before him, and that the most complete success, of course, accompanied by the most perfect satisfaction of mind, would be his in the end.

Our young friend was ambitious. He wished to stand high in the community, so that all eyes could be upon him.

"The world shall hear of me before I die," was a favorite thought with him; and sometimes it even fell into oral expression.

With ardor, activity, and unwearied industry, Earnest commenced his life-struggle. He did well, very well, at every step,—but his best performances fell so far short of what others—longer on the stage, and more perfect in their parts—could do, that he was dissatisfied with himself, and often unhappy. He pressed on, however, the more ardently for these depressing contrasts, and night, ere long, gave place to something resembling the morning, in which he could see the advancement he had made, and feel some small degree of self-congratulation. This light was only dim and brief. It faded as he caught sight of some towering eminence before him, upon which stood one whose talents and genius had enabled him to mount far above the great mass of his fellow-men. He did not feel deeply moving in his soul the power that was to lift him up to that proud eminence. He felt that he possessed power, but not adequate to the attainment of such a height. He was discouraged and unhappy; but still he abated not an effort. He struggled and toiled on, even in darkness.

In the midst of this stern effort, he was touched by a gentle sentiment. A beautiful being passed before his eyes, and filled his heart with her presence. For a time his mind was all absorbed in a new pursuit. He saw no longer the high reward of ambition, but only the reward of love. In this new pursuit he was successful, and led to the altar a young and lovely bride. For a time he believed himself to be perfectly happy. But old states came back upon him. There was something yet to be obtained before he could be happy.

Once more he turned with renewed energy, and a more determined purpose to his life-pursuit. He sought eminence as an end, by means of the legal profession. Usefulness to the community, in his profession, formed no part of that end. His own elevation was the good after which he was struggling. Of course, in this struggle the community received a benefit, perhaps nearly equal to what it would have received had his end been the good of the whole instead of the good of the individual; the difference was to himself. Of the nature of that difference he had no idea. He comprehended not

that great truth, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Success crowned the efforts of Albert Earnest. He rose rapidly. At the age of thirty, he stood very high at the bar of his native state. It happened, just at that time, that a fierce struggle was going on between two great political parties. Each, in the hope of gaining ascendancy in the councils of the nation, chose the most popular man that could be found, and nominated him as the party candidate for a seat in congress. Earnest received one of these nominations, and consented to serve. He was elected; and a clearer morning, with the promise of a longer and brighter day than he had yet known, opened upon him. At Washington, during the first session he attended, Earnest did himself great credit. Letter writers lauded his efforts for the party from one end of the country to the other, and created an interest everywhere in the brilliant young congressman.

As might be supposed, Earnest, who looked mainly to the attainment of a distinguished name, felt much elated by his success. All was bright around him; and his sun was yet far below its zenith.

During the second year clouds began to show themselves along the horizon of Earnest's sky. His over-zealous devotion to party, instead of to the general interests of his country, not only made him a point of attack from the opposition, but exposed him to charges and allegations that, when publicly brought, fretted and fevered his mind to a high degree. Thus far, he had only been pressing the downy pillow of political life—now he was beginning to feel the thorns that were concealed beneath. Instead of going right on in the plain path of duty, regarding, as a truly wise man ever does, the good of the whole in the faithful performance of all the obligations of his office or station, Earnest turned now to the right, and now to the left, to parry a thrust here, or return a blow there. Thus, he soon stood out in full view, as one engaged in a mere war of personalities, instead of a public servant earnestly striving to promote the general good. Severely was he now paying the penalty of the mistake he had committed, in endeavoring to rise into eminence by means of a party nomination to office—even though the office were a high one. With other and better views he might have taken the same office, and filled it with honor to himself and benefit to the nation; but the selfish end of mere distinction blinded his judgment, and led him into the commission of errors that caused the firm ground he had imagined himself standing upon to shake beneath his feet.

In the strong passionate whirl of excitement in which Earnest lived, every gentler domestic sentiment was, for a time, extinguished. His beautiful, loving-hearted wife, whose devotion to her husband was as tender and deep as ever burned in a woman's breast, felt, sadly felt, that he had changed towards her. His letters were few and brief, and contained little more than words. It

was plain that he wrote home as a duty, and not because he wished to send his heart there, that his wife might read the love that was inscribed upon it.

To feel that he was cold towards her, painful as it was, grieved not Mrs. Earnest half so much as did the slanders that were heaped upon his good name. There was a cause for this coldness in the new and exciting interests with which a public station had filled his mind. It was only upon the surface, her own heart assured her: at the centre all was yet warm with a true affection. Still, this external coldness, added, as it was, to most acute pangs, occasioned by one dishonorable charge after another, that was made against her husband by a venial party press, and by hired concoctors and venders of political detraction at Washington, caused the cheek of Mrs. Earnest to grow pale.

During his brief visits at home, Earnest could not help noticing that his wife did not look so well. But his mind was too full of something else to more than remark upon it.

At length a stormy session of Congress, in which the two great parties struggled long and fiercely for the ascendancy, came to a close, and Earnest returned home to resume the duties of his profession, feeling that he had won but few laurels, although he had received many severe wounds. Poorly, indeed, was he satisfied with the result. The morning that opened with such a beautiful promise of a bright and glorious day, had too soon grown dim with gathering clouds, and ere the sun had reached the glowing zenith, thick darkness enshrouded his sky, and a fierce tempest was breaking upon his head. He was unhappy—more unhappy than he had ever felt, for his disappointment was the greatest he had yet known. Instead of gaining eminence he had gained detraction. Instead of displaying great ability, he had displayed great weakness, and had spent more time in petty personal and narrow party contentions, than in carrying out any schemes of usefulness to his country. All this he now saw and felt, and he was deeply mortified at the error he had committed—error almost ir retrievable.

A few months of quiet at home permitted the bitter feelings of his nature again to come forth, and the heat that still glowed at the center of his heart to extend to and warm the surface. He felt that there was a blessing in home, and something elevating and purifying in the very atmosphere that surrounded his innocent-minded wife, whose virtues had never before appeared to shine so brightly.

They were sitting together one day, talking of their two children, a girl and a boy, and looking into the future with hope for these beloved ones. Earnest felt a new impulse, and the inspiration of a higher end. He had glimpses of a new truth; he saw that there were a better purpose and a higher reward than in distinction for its own sake. Still, there was mingled with this the weakness of a fond desire that his boy might become a distinguished man. But this hour of pleasant, healthy

communion of thought and feeling, was not to pass without the tempter's presence. A servant came to the door, and announced a committee of gentlemen in the parlor, who had particular business with Mr. Earnest.

This committee proved to be some old political friends, who had come to announce to Earnest that he had been again nominated as a candidate to run for Congress, and to know if he would accept the nomination. His first impulse was to decline the honor that had been conferred upon him. But a whisper of ambition caused him to hesitate, reflect, and then agree to run again as a party candidate, under the assurance that his election would be certain.

"Who were they, dear?" asked Mrs. Earnest, when her husband rejoined her. There was doubt in her face, and clearly expressed anxiety in the tones of her voice.

"I have been again nominated for Congress," was replied.

"But you will not accept the nomination?" His wife spoke with eagerness.

"I could not decline, Flora," he answered.

"Then you have agreed to run again?"

"I have."

Mrs. Earnest did not reply, but her countenance fell, and there came over it an expression that was painful to look upon.

No further allusion was made to the subject; but Earnest never forgot the strange look that settled upon his wife's face when he declared his intention of again becoming a candidate for a seat in the national legislature.

The canvass that ensued was characterized by a bitter, criminating, and accusing spirit. Strong efforts were made to destroy public confidence in the two candidates by allegations against their personal characters. An upright, honest man, in whose whole life there was not a passage he could wish to hide, Earnest felt keenly these base attempts to do him injury. For two months he was in a state of feverish excitement; and his mind was so filled with the one idea or hope of a successful issue to the contest in which he was engaged, that he saw not how deeply his wife was suffering, nor how rapidly her health was failing. The primary cause of this failure in Mrs. Earnest's health was far more radical than the distress occasioned by seeing her husband lost in the mad excitement of a political canvass, and hearing him shamelessly traduced, when she knew him to be a man of unflinching integrity. But, even though there was a primary cause, there was also a secondary and exciting cause, and this was in the disturbance of mind to which we have just referred.

Upon a re-election to Congress Earnest set his heart. During his first term he had committed many serious mistakes, and had exhibited many weak points. But let him get once more within the legislative halls of his country; let him again have a chance to be heard; and he felt that he could build up for himself a name and a fame that

would make the past forgotten. So earnest was he to secure his re-election, that he stepped below the dignity of manhood, and stooped to use his personal influence in order to secure the favor of votes.

At last the trial day came; the votes were cast and counted, and Earnest suffered a defeat. It was night with him again, and it soon became darker and more profound; for, within a month after his defeat, his oldest child, a boy, sickened and died—that boy, for whom he had so often looked into the future with hope and pride. Yes, it was night again with him, gloomy night; and made gloomier far by the reflection which would cross his mind, that, although in the prime of manhood, in the zenith of his intellectual strength, he had signally failed in the attainment of his dearest hopes in life. He had gained some eminence, it is true, but he stood far, very far below the position to which he had aspired.

The death of this child fell with a heavier blow upon his wife than Earnest imagined. He saw her tears, pale face, and bowed head, but he did not see how feebly the vital forces moved in the center of her physical frame; nor was he aware of the fact, that weak as her spirit felt, it did not and could not cling to him fully for support, for though its tendrils reached out searchingly in all directions, they found only here and there a point of attachment. No, he was not aware of this; for he did not know, as he should have known, the loving heart that beat in her inner bosom. Not but that he was even gentle and kind towards her; not that he did not love her; not that he treated her with cold neglect. The cause lay deeper. As his second self, she yearned intensely to enter into and sympathize with him fully in his highest aspirations. But mere ambition—the selfish love of making for himself a great name—ruled in the upper regions of his mind, and with this she had no fellow-feeling. She had simpler, but truer and nobler views of life; and so her spirit could not unite itself fully with that of her husband—could not so blend with his until the two became as one spirit.

One truth Earnest learned in this season of darkness and affliction, and it was of use to him afterwards; he learned that in forgetfulness of self, and in the quiescence of selfish ends, there was a strong sustaining power and deep peace for the troubled spirit.

New excitement followed this calm state. As the current of his thoughts and feelings began to flow on again in the old channels, the old ambition for political elevation stirred within his heart once more. There was something like disgrace attached to his defeat at the late election; at least he felt that there was, and so did some of his friends. To cover this, a foreign mission was suggested. At this Earnest caught eagerly; and from that time until the appointment was made, which took place in the course of a few months, he could think or dream of little else.

Much to the surprise, and no little to the disappointment of Earnest, his wife begged the privilege of remaining at home with her parents during the time her husband stayed abroad. Her health had become feeble, and her spirits had lost the buoyant tone of former years. Earnest strongly urged her to accompany him; to which she replied, in a sad voice—

“If you insist upon my going, Albert, I will go; but I shall be far happier here.”

“Happier away from your husband?” he said, with a significance that made her heart bound with a wild throb.

“I will go, Albert,” she replied, instantly. “Pardon me if, in the selfishness of my feelings, I forgot a wife’s duty.”

Earnest felt that, little as he had said, he had said too much; but his effort to unsay it had no effect. His wife had taken, on the instant, her resolution, and steadfastly adhered to it. When he set sail for the foreign country in which he was to represent his government, she went with him. There was something in this self-devotion of Mrs. Earnest that caused her husband to think of her more, and to regard her with a tenderer interest than he had yet done. She could not conceal from him, though it was plain that she tried hard to do so, the fact that her heart was ever turning towards the beloved ones in her old home, and longing to be with them. As the wife of a foreign minister, she filled the position in which circumstances had placed her with becoming dignity. All who came into association with her, respected, honored, and loved her. The beautiful consistency of his wife’s conduct, and the high estimation in which she was held, were, to Earnest, a matter of no little pride. She had never appeared to him so lovely, so wise, so truly good before. He saw her in a new light, that revealed new points of beauty; and in loving her more tenderly and truly he ceased to bend with such intense idolatry before the shrine of self-aggrandizement. She was winning him away from ambition.

After they had been abroad for a little over a year, the approach of an event, looked for with trembling interest by Mrs. Earnest, caused her to turn her eyes towards home.

“Albert,” she said one evening as they sat alone, she with her head reclining against him, “Albert, dear,” and she spoke with a slight faltering of the voice, “I don’t want to leave you, but I cannot tell how eager I feel to go home, that my mother may be with me. She has always been with me, you know.”

“It is a long voyage for you to take alone, Flora,” her husband remarked.

“But I will take it cheerfully, Albert.”

“If I could only leave my duties here and return with you.”

“But you cannot. If I go, I must therefore go alone.”

“What will be done with Agnes?”

“I must take her with me.”

"And leave me all alone?"

"I know it is hard, dear husband," Mrs. Earnest said, laying her arm across his bosom, and looking with dimmed eyes into his face. "But Agnes will be much better with me. Don't you think she will?"

"Yes, I suppose it will be best. But if you go, you will have to start immediately."

"Yes; I must leave you within a week."

And at the expiration of a week, Mrs. Earnest left P—— for the United States, accompanied by her little daughter and a servant.

Earnest felt strangely after he had parted from his wife. He thought of her with a feeling of tenderness unknown before; accompanied by a presentiment that they would never meet again. A shadow came over his spirit, that grew darker every day. He felt that night was again approaching, and his heart shrunk from the gathering shadows in dread of a deeper darkness than he had yet known. Of little account in his eyes seemed now the reward of ambition, and poor the honors for which he had striven. Scarcely a week elapsed after parting with his wife, before the thought of resigning his post as foreign minister, and following her home, there to sink into private life and enjoy its inestimable blessings, passed through his mind. The thought once formed lingered for a time, and then fixed itself, and was ever present with him. Two months, at least, must elapse before he could hear of his wife's arrival at home. It was a long, long time to be in doubt and suspense. Before the expiration of this period, the question of resigning his place, or holding on for a time, was seriously debated; but there was no decision of the matter until a letter came from Flora, announcing her safe arrival in the United States. It was a long, tender, appealing letter, and urged him to come home, with such arguments and entreaties as, in his then state of mind, could not be resisted. A part was in these words.

"If you are ambitious to serve your country—if your country's good is your end in seeking political elevation, then I will say—serve your country in any office you may be called to fill. But is this so, Albert? Have you not rather sought distinction, and the poor reward to be found in the honor that men pay to those who stand above their fellows? Look closely at your own motives, my dear husband, and see what are the ruling ends that govern you. Do they spring from a love of doing good to others, or of gaining something for yourself. If the latter, you are doomed to a perpetual darkening of your fondest hopes; if the former, to perpetual and ever brightening sunshine.

"We may never meet again, dear Albert! I feel as if I should not recover from my approaching illness. If such should indeed be the case, oh! think of this, my earnest appeal to you: remember it as the last tender injunction of one who living loved you, and dying prayed for your happiness."

The scales fell from the eyes of Albert Earnest. He saw where he stood, and comprehended the great error in life that he had committed, though not so clearly as he did a few years afterwards.

Ten days from the receipt of this letter Earnest was on his way to the United States. Two weeks was all the time it took the swift rushing steamboat to cross the broad Atlantic; but to Earnest they seemed like as many months. On arriving in New York, he learned the fatal truth that Flora had died just two weeks before, shortly after giving birth to a son.

The unhappy man was stricken to the earth. For many days he remained in New York, not even announcing his arrival in the country to his friends; but of that they soon became aware, through other sources, and surprised at his neither writing nor coming home, some of them went to seek him. He was found in a listless, dark, and gloomy state of mind. The blow had completely stunned him. To meet with those who had been with his wife in her last illness, and who could repeat the many loving remembrances that she had left for him, when life was beating low, stirred his heart again within him, and gave him, even in this, the darkness of his blackest night, the hope of a coming day.

His return to the shrine of his early love, the fires of which were now extinguished, was, indeed, a sad pilgrimage. And when he knelt at that shrine, his very soul was bowed to the earth.

But he had duties in life to perform; and he lifted himself up to perform them, strong as was the effort it required to do so.

Almost the first thing that met his eyes at home was a portrait of his wife, that had been painted after her return from Europe. He started with a sudden thrill when his eye rested upon it—it was so wonderfully life-like. As he gazed long and mournfully into the sweet face that looked upon him with almost living affection, he could not help murmuring with Cowper,

"Oh! that those lips had language!"

In the presence of this image of the loved and lost one, his children were brought to him. Agnes! the dear Agnes, so like her mother! And the babe, whose coming had been in tears. As he held these sweet pledges of love in his arms, and looked into the pictured representation of their mother's face, he felt that her spirit was present with them.

From that hour Earnest had new purposes clearly formed in his mind. He was cured of ambition. And from that hour the morning again began to break.

Five years have elapsed since that period of deepest gloom, five years of unselfish devotion to the duties of his profession. Without thinking about, or seeking for distinction, he has gained more honor for the well-directed efforts of a vigorous mind, than he ever gained before. It is broad

bright day with him now, and the light, instead of declining, seems ever advancing towards noon; and if he does not again make mere self-aggrand-

izement the ruling end of his life, it will so continue to increase, even to the mellow autumn of a peaceful old age.

## THE TREASURY.

BURNS.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

\* \* \* \* \*

I've stood beside the cottage bed  
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath;  
A straw-thatched roof above his head,  
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,  
His monument—that tells to Heaven  
The homage of earth's proudest isle  
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
Boy-Minutrel, in thy dreaming hour;  
And know, however low his lot,  
A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,  
The power that gave a child of song  
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,  
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,  
Despair—thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

Ay, read the names that know not death;  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,  
In which the answering heart would speak,  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
Before its spell with willing knee,  
And listened, and believed, and felt  
The Poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,  
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"  
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
From throne to cottage hearth?

\* \* \* \* \*  
And Burns—though brief the race he ran,  
Though rough and dark the path he trod,

Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,  
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and wo,  
With wounds that only death could heal,  
Tortures—the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen,  
And moved, in manhood as in youth,  
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow,  
Were written in his manly eye  
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood  
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,  
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,  
With the mute homage that we pay  
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
The last, the hallowed home of one  
Who lives upon all memories,  
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,  
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,  
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,  
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home  
Is lit by Fortune's dinner star,  
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,  
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed  
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,  
My own green forest-land:

All ask the cottage of his birth,  
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
And gather feelings not of earth  
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,  
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!  
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
His funeral columns, wreaths and urns?  
Wear they not graven on the heart  
The name of Robert Burns?

#### LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

FEW persons, and especially ladies, have united so much solid sense and learning to wit, fancy and lively powers of description, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure and delightful; yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, the just reflections that spring out of them, and the happy clearness and idiomatic grace of her style, we shall hesitate in placing her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. This accomplished lady was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1680. She was educated, like her brothers, in the Latin, Greek and French languages. In 1712 she married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, and on her husband being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles, and made the friendship of Addison, Pope, Gay, and the other distinguished literati of that period. Her personal beauty and the charms of her conversation were then unrivaled. In 1716 her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Mr. Pope, &c., delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing among the villagers in Turkey the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions, Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native country and on mankind. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope seems to have entertained for Lady Mary a passion warmer than friendship. He wrote high flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to her, and she treated them with silent contempt or ridicule. On one occasion, he is said to have made a tender declaration, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, and made the sensitive poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool self-possession of the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to the shafts of ridicule. In 1739, her health having declined, Lady Mary again left England to reside abroad. Her husband (who seems to have been little more than a decent appendage to his accomplished wife) remained at home.

She visited Rome, Naples, &c., and settled at Louverre in the Venetian territory, whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relatives. Mr. Montagu died in 1761, and Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return to England. She arrived in October 1761, but died in the following year. Her letters were first printed surreptitiously in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published in five volumes in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. The letters from Constantinople and France have been printed in various shapes. The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong, masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly letters, not critical or didactic essays, enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit, like the correspondence of Pope.

#### [To E. W. Montagu, Esq. - In prospect of Marriage.]

\* \* One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter anybody. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion - and who could bear to live with one they despised?

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to traveling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconsistency, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *déjà* given by satiety. \* \*

## [To the Same—On Matrimonial Happiness]

\* \* If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humor, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gayety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think, (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me,) though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeable the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *voulupté*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness, and the gentleman falls in love with his dogs and his horses, and out of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favor of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, as 'tis necessary to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. \* \*

## [To Mrs. S. C.—Inoculation for the Small-pox.]

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S. 1717.

\* \* Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met, (commonly fifteen or sixteen together,) the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle, (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch,) and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that, binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a

very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

## [To the Countess of Bute—On Female Education.]

LOUVERE, Jan. 23, N. S. 1763.

Dear Child—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician: it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England—I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of showing it; and his uncle, the present Duke of Argyll, has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning; in that case, by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavors to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can



be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious; she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject—first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph, I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. \* \*

#### BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE.

When the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson was asked

"why so many literary men were infidels," his reply was, "Because *they are ignorant of the Bible.*" If the question be asked why the lovers of general reading so often fail to acquaint themselves with the sacred volume, one reason that may be assigned, doubtless is, they are not aware of its interesting *variety*. This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following eloquent extract of her recent work, entitled the "Poetry of Life."

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyrie in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert, to the lamb in the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust, to the cattle upon a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon, to the cedar of Lebanon—from the crystal stream gushing out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste, to the fruitful vineyard and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness, to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visions of the blest—from the still small voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory—there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or to evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and, therefore, there is no impression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture, no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply, and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and of sympathy, comprehended in the language and the spirit of the Bible."

## SHALL I BE GRAY?

BY T. HEMSTED.

When a few more Springs have bloomed and passed  
Our hills and vales among,  
And the Autumn winds o'er the grave of flowers  
A few more dirges sung;  
When each scene that was dear to my youthful eyes  
Shall grow dim in the after day,  
And my soul shall pant for the pathless skies,  
Oh, tell me, shall I be gray?

When they who were dear to this heart of mine  
Have left me, one by one,  
And the forms that I loved as a mother loves,  
Are cold 'neath the church-yard stone;  
When each youthful joy it was mine to share,  
As a tale hath passed away,  
And earth is 'reft of its early charms,  
Oh tell me, shall I be gray?

When I shall stray by the ancient wall,  
And beneath the spreading yew,  
Where youthful love with ardent hand  
Its rude memorials drew;  
While I search in vain for some cherished trace  
Of those that have passed away  
As the much-loved name from the hoary trunk,  
Oh, tell me, shall I be gray?

When life, grown old, no longer wears  
The hues it earliest wore,  
And my heart shall yearn for the light of eyes  
I may meet on earth no more;  
When this brow of mine hath other lines  
Than it wore in my early day,  
And my eye is dim with the mists of time,  
I know that I shall be gray!

## MOSAIC NOTES.

### A DAY OR TWO AT JUDGE W—'S.

BY J. E. ORTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### INKLING OF AN ADVENTURE—THE JUDGE'S MUSICAL PIGS.

I PASSED a day or two with my old friend and relative, Judge W—. Though now an old man, he is as interesting and intelligent as ever. He has a theory of his own, in law, physic and divinity, and scouts at animal magnetism and phrenology. He preserves his lungs from decay by filling them several times a day with tobacco smoke, and his mind from rust by constant use. His knowledge on almost all subjects is complete, and his logical powers are so keen that he will split a hair indefinitely and preserve the distinctions perfectly through all the meshes and labyrinths of argument. On the whole, he is one of the most companionable, instructive and excellent old gentlemen I have ever met with. He lives in a large old-fashioned house; his daughter-in-law, who superintends his domestic affairs, is the perfection of a housewife; his farm is delightful, and as well tilled as a garden; and I passed my time with him very agreeably. I slept in a large airy chamber, and found everything in excellent order. The sheets were as white and as sweet as bleached wax, and my first night passed off with dreams of Elysian tint and texture. I reposed on a bed of down and violets, and naiads sung to me as I slept.

But the following night in that chamber was a very different affair. My companions were of another order; and though no Benedict, I confess I did not sleep alone. Let no one, however, wrong me with uncharitable suspicions, but wait patiently for the denouement, and then he may condemn me if he will. There are circumstances in life in which we have no longer the power to choose our company or to be alone. This proposition must be self-evident, both to the actualist and the metaphysician; and under its broad and impervious wings I take shelter.

But now a word as to Judge W—'s pigs. They were musicians in their way, born so, like Ole Bull and Wallace—as Horace hath it,

*"Pigga nascitur, non fit."*

They were black, too; dark as Erebus, but of beautiful form—if, indeed, it be possible to associate the idea of beauty with the animal. At second thought, I am willing to assert, unquali-

fiedly, that they were beautiful, and stake my reputation as a connoisseur upon it. And to go farther still, and come to the point at once, it is an opinion I have long entertained, that pigs—that is, little pigs a month old or so—as a general proposition, are not bad-looking. Despised as the animal is, it nevertheless has about it its attractive points; and in its early youth, while yet clean and uncontaminated by the world, I am willing to maintain, it is decidedly a handsome and interesting creature, and by no means devoid of genius and sensibility. This, I think, in the end, I shall be able to make apparent.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### EXTRAORDINARY CONCERT—NOVEL INSTRUMENT OF MUSIC.

EARLY in the second day of the period I passed with Judge W—, as we were rambling over his farm, we came across a large, matronly specimen of the pig genus, with fourteen little responsibilities in her train. The judge called my attention to them, and remarked that they were Berkshires, and very fine samples of that excellent breed. But he said nothing at that time about their astonishing taste and faculty for music—reserving that, no doubt, for a surprise.

About two hours afterwards, as we were discussing a refined point of philosophy in his parlor, our conversation was suddenly brought to a pause by the intervention of an extraordinary volume of melody, which filled all ears to the exclusion of every other sound. The judge raised himself moderately from his chair, and enjoyed it for a few moments in silence; then taking his hat and cane, we passed out of doors. It was evident at once, on gaining the open air, that the orchestra, of whatever it might be composed, was of sufficient compass for the whole plantation—if, indeed, it might not also serve for several of those adjoining—and I listened with undisguised admiration.

Everybody has heard of the Irishman's ingenious instrument intended to supersede the piano. It was composed of a horizontal sounding-board with a row of holes, through which were inserted the tails of big and little pigs, scientifically arranged according to the tones of their owners'

voices. These answered in the room of keys, and the instrument was played on by pinching or pulling, instead of a stroke, as with the piano. The contrivance I now witnessed and am about to describe was equally novel and ingenious; but though composed in part of the same elements, it was arranged on quite a different principle.

On proceeding into an adjoining field, we discovered the fourteen little pigs whose acquaintance I had made in the morning, standing in a circle around a hole in the ground, much like a well, and arranged with great regularity, with their tails out and heads pointing in towards a common centre. They were stretching their little throats to the utmost. But, after all, it was evident that they were merely an accompaniment, performing, as it were, the lighter parts; for out of the hole itself, like the pipe of some tremendous organ, came a rush of sound so powerful as to be almost, indeed, quite deafening. I listened with astonishment.

When the first few minutes of wonder were over, I approached the grand vocal conduit before me, with a view to note its organization and arrangement more perfectly. It was very like a well, stoned in the same manner, but without a curb; and some twenty feet from the surface, I discovered the parent of the little prodigies above, splashing in the water and accompanying her blows with the whole volume of her voice.

But, after all, I found that this orchestral contrivance was attended with considerable trouble and inconvenience; for when it became necessary to bring the performance to a close, the judge was obliged to erect a windlass in order to restore the principal vocalist to the upper earth, an undertaking which cost four men a couple of hours of severe labor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AN ADVENTURE IN AN ANCIENT CHAMBER.

I HAVE already intimated that the night which followed the extraordinary musical concert described in the preceding chapter, was not without its adventure. It was nearly ten o'clock when I bade the judge good night and retired to my room. As I passed in, my mind was fully absorbed with the subjects we had been discussing, and I took little notice of anything. But I well recollect shutting and latching the door, for a due attention to my sleeping-room in this particular—to close the door or place it open, as I may happen to fancy will conduce to my health and comfort—is a thing that I never forget. Disrobing, I sprang lightly into bed and extinguished my light. Three minutes after, the current of my reflections was interrupted by a noise; and listening, I judged that some one came to my door, opened it and stepped in. Thinking that the servant girl might

have found it necessary to come in for something or other, I gave myself no uneasiness; but, after a little, was surprised that she did not go out again, as I distinctly heard a light footfall on the carpet, and apparently moving about the room. The night was without a moon, the blinds were closed and the windows curtained, so that as for the matter of seeing, I might as well have been without eyes.

Pat, pat, went the light feet—creak, creak, went the floor—now in a distant corner and now by my bed. At length I spoke. There was no reply, and all was still. A moment after, the sounds recommenced, and louder than ever. What could it mean? If not a person, what was it? Could it be that a dog, a pig, a cat or a snake had found access to my room and taken up his abode with me? But what was I to do? Should I raise the house and make myself ridiculous? After all, such things have been, and it might be only a freak of the imagination. But I found a sort of terror creeping over me—a terror of some unknown and mysterious thing, which the darkness of night, or, horrible thought! the darkness of my mind hid away from me—and with all was mingled a strange apprehension that I was about to become, unwittingly, a fit subject for laughter. I shook myself to make sure of my identity, and set my thoughts upon the rack to ascertain whether I entertained just notions of my locality; and then, summoning all my resolution, determined, be my visitant what it might, witch, ghost or goblin, or even old sootie himself, to compose myself to sleep. I turned over and sunk myself heavily into the down; and already visions of other scenes and other worlds, in the shape of dreams, were flitting across the mental curtain, when I was startled by a slight blow upon the shoulder.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### AN ADVENTURE IN AN ANCIENT CHAMBER—CONTINUED.

INSTANTLY I threw my arms about me, but found nothing. A minute after I was satisfied that something was on the bed or against it. Throwing out my hand again, it received a slight tap, but the momentum might have been all my own. I compared it in my mind to hitting the nose of some animal, which was quickly withdrawn. Highly excited, I arose in the bed, and made up my mind to solve the mystery in some form.

It was dark as the nights of Egypt. The only possible glimmer from without, made its way between two of the slats of a movable Venetian blind, about half way up one of the windows; which I probably should not have noticed at all, through the addition of a curtain, had it not been

that I now distinctly perceived a dark body, about as wide as a man's hand, pass slowly over it, until it traversed the whole width of the window. Thinking, perchance, some member of the family might still be up, I hallooed several times, but to no purpose. My voice came back upon me in hollow echoes, and all was still; even the unnatural sounds around me, for the moment, had ceased.

Springing out on the floor, with half a suspicion that I should alight in a den of serpents, I slipped on my pantaloons and stockings, found my extinguished candle, and felt my way to the door, and through the dark, interminable passages of the old mansion, to the parlor. It was dark and deserted; but I found some coals in the stove, and with my candle burning dimly, returned and examined my room. Nothing unusual was to be seen. All was silent as the grave; the ancient furniture shone like mirrors; there were no marks of footsteps on the carpet, and everything was quiet, clean and fragrant.

In sore disappointment, I set down my light and prepared again for bed. As I was about to get in, I perceived a dark object moving upon the farther pillow, and drew back. Taking my candle in my hand, I advanced again with caution, and soon recognized in the intruder an animal, familiar, no doubt, to most of my readers. It was a mouse. Plump, sleek and shining, he sat on his haunches, and eyed me with an air of innocence and meek composure which almost made me desperate. I cast my eyes hurriedly around for some missive of offence, but there was none within reach; and with a glance of compassion at my bare hands, I made a demonstration in the direction of the enemy, with the best will in the world to mutton him. But the little rascal was too slippery for me. With a scrabble, curvet and a leap, he landed on the floor, and with inconceivable dexterity, escaped the horrible catastrophe of being crushed under my naked feet, as I danced above and around him, and finally disappeared through a crevice in the hearth.

## CHAPTER V.

### AN ADVENTURE IN AN ANCIENT CHAMBER—CONTINUED.

RESTORED to myself again, I jumped into bed and tried very strongly to laugh. My light was still burning, and I watched with some interest the denouement, which, I felt convinced, was still in reserve. I was not disappointed. In a few minutes a mouse walked deliberately out of the same hole in the hearth into the middle of the room, and there went through with a variety of light vaulting, such as, no doubt, was set down to his part in the programme. In a minute more another emerged, and fastening his sharp claws

in the wainscot, elevated himself some three or four feet, and, Sam-Patch like, jumped down on to the carpet. Soon another made his appearance, and could content himself with nothing short of the top of the old-fashioned bureau, where he performed a variety of antics, and at last ventured the daring leap from his lofty elevation to the floor.

I lay and watched the progress of the performance with much interest, until the numbers of those engaged were increased to ten or a dozen, all in active gambols in every part of the room and over everything, in promenades, in gallopades and caracols, until the question arose in my mind as to the possibility or propriety of farther sleep.

I recollected having read in the newspapers—those vehicles of surprising truths to which we are indebted for so much of our knowledge—several cases of little children having been devoured by rats, but none, as I could remember, where a full-grown individual had been subjected to such treatment, or, indeed, any instance where mere mice had resorted to an expedient so dreadful. Besides, these appeared to be well-fed and fat: and, at last, convincing myself that at the worst I had only to apprehend the loss of a toe, an ear, or, at most, my nose, I blew out my candle, composed my person, and, with a strong effort of the will, making myself as insensible as possible to sound and touch, went to sleep.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN ADVENTURE IN AN ANCIENT CHAMBER—CONCLUDED.

I SLEPT pretty quietly till morning, though several times I was sufficiently awake to be aware that the villainous little reptiles were capering over my bed. It was broad daylight when I fully awoke, and casting about to ascertain my condition, to my great joy I perceived myself sound and uninjured; but was at once aware, from a certain crawling sensation over my person, that I was not without a bed-fellow—if, indeed, there might not prove to be more than one. Highly incensed, I gave a variety of blows and kicks at random; but, as would seem, with little or no effect. Proceeding then more deliberately, I threw off the coverings one by one, until I came to the sheets, when a little scoundrel of a mouse bounded out and escaped. I also bounded on to the floor, and commenced dressing.

The example thus set by two of us was not without its effect on others, tenants of that same multi-tenanted bed, for, within two minutes more, several additional mice peeped out, and, seeing it was day, made for the same sly hole in the hearth. I did not attempt to interfere with their retreat; but one of them turning back, having probably

forgotten something, like Lot's wife, met with an untimely fate. Approaching the bed within a few feet of me, he gave a spring, caught his claw in the valance at the height of a foot and a half from the floor, turned a splendid somerset, and landed upon the pillows.

Bethinking myself that my strange adventures of the night would never be credited without a witness, I slipped on my gloves, and, gathering

all my energies, commenced the attack. Fortune favored me, and I was successful; when, grasping the head of the trembling little quadruped between my thumb and forefinger, with all the heartlessness of a Herod or a Nero, I confess, I made a finish of him. He kicked some, but perceiving that his time had come, like the great Cæsar of the Romans, he yielded himself decently to his fate, and died without a groan.

## FOREBODINGS.

BY JESSE HOWARD.

THE summer is past with its fervid breath,  
Scattering seeds of disease and death:  
I have seen the aged around me fall,  
And the young lie stretched 'neath the funeral pall;  
But the Angel of Death hath passed me by—  
I knew that I was not yet to die:  
"Not now! not now!" sweet voices ring,  
For all I have loved have perished in spring.

THE winter has come with its stern, cold grasp,  
Folding the earth in an icy clasp:  
Its breeze blows cool on my aching brow,  
And I long for the vigor of past years now;  
But it brings no life to my languid frame,  
As I linger from day to day, the same,  
And still those voices within me ring,  
"Not now! not now!" I shall die in spring.

THERE was a time when the world seemed fair—  
When I never thought that deceit was there,—  
When o'er my hopes there had come no blight,  
And all seemed lovely and good and right:  
The past came back with a sunny beam,  
And life was one beautiful, fairy dream;  
How I longed for the seasons again to bring  
The fresh, pure breath of the early spring.

BUT clouds have shadowed my summer day,  
And all its sunshine hath faded away;  
The hopes, the friends that it brought, have fled—  
Some have proved faithless, and some are dead:

For year by year, ere the flowers have come,  
Some one hath gone to his long, last home:  
Around me their memories are lingering,  
Till I shudder and shrink from the voice of spring.

I sought Thee, Lord, in that early youth,  
When the world wore ever the gurb of truth;  
But Thou hast ordered Thy beams to shine  
Deep in this erring heart of mine,  
Tearing the veil of deceit away,  
That darkened my path to the realms of day:  
I thank Thee, my Saviour, for sorrows given,  
To lead me thus early from earth to Heaven.

THERE is rest in that home of light, I know—  
There, there to my Saviour I long to go;  
And something within me seems to say,  
With the violet's breath I shall pass away—  
When all I have loved so vainly here,  
I shall meet again in that glorious sphere:  
There fadeless flowers are blossoming,  
For Heaven is one eternal spring.

My Father, I fain would bless Thy name,  
That so great salvation I dare to claim:  
Oh, give me faith that will brighter grow,  
As life's dim taper burns yet more low;  
And even as now, oh! let it be,  
When thy dread summons shall come to me:  
No longer to earth and its joys I cling—  
Let me, oh! let me die in spring.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

BY WM. C. RICHARDS.

THIS motto I give to the young and the old,  
More precious by far than a treasure of gold;  
'Twill prove to its owner a talisman rare,  
More potent than magic—'tis "never despair!"

No! "never despair," whatsoever be thy lot,  
Though Fortune's gay sunshine illumine it not;  
Mid its gloom, and despite its dark burden of care,  
If thou canst not be cheerful, yet "never despair."

O what if the sailor a coward should be,  
When the tempest comes down in its wrath on the sea,  
And the mad billows leap like wild beasts from their lair,  
To make him their prey if he yield to despair!

But see him amid the fierce strife of the waves,  
While around his frail vessel the storm-demon raves,  
How he rouses his soul up, to do and to dare,  
And, while there is life left, will "never despair."

Thou too art a sailor, and Time is the sea.  
And Life the frail vessel that upholdeth thee;  
Fierce storms of misfortune will fall to thy share,  
But, like thy brave prototype, "never despair!"

Let not the wild tempest thy spirit affright,  
Shrink not from the storm, though it come in its might;  
Be watchful—be ready—for shipwreck prepare—  
Keep an eye on the life-boat—but "never despair!"

## THE STAGE-COACH.

BY P. H. MYERS.

THERE are but few positions in which a man is liable to be placed, where he may not derive some edification or amusement from the events of the passing hour. The pillory may form an exception to this rule. The stage-coach, certainly, does not. Alas! for that class of venerable vehicles, now nearly obsolete, but around the memory of which, cluster so many delightful associations! Even now do I hear, in imagination, the rattling of the rapid "Telegraph," as with flashing wheels, and swaying body, it was wont to dash, behind four noble grays, into the little village of L——, disturbing not a little the otherwise uninterrupted quiet of that rural town. The loud *too-ah-ah* of the mellow horn, (blown, mayhaps, by a *mellow-driver*, too,) the rumbling wheels, the cracking silk, and all that little extra parade with which a real Jehu, proud of his profession, or, in other words, "*stage-struck*," was wont to approach a village, are vividly recalled to my mind. Having waited one fine autumnal morning for this arrival long beyond the "usual time," which, by the way, like the "usual number" in our legislative proceedings, was unknown except in theory, I had become exceedingly impatient of delay. But when I beheld the haste with which the panting steeds approached the station, being sufficiently verdant to suppose it a specimen of their uniform speed, I dismissed all thought of complaint, and quietly took my seat in a vacant corner. Fatigue, and some private griefs had so far blunted my usual curiosity that, without pausing to take a survey of my fellow passengers, I availed myself of my fortunate location to obtain a semi-reclining position, and closed my eyes for a while upon the external world. The latter days of the old system of public posting had exhibited some extraordinary improvements in point of expedition, and begun to shadow forth the wonders of that more brilliant era in which it is our good fortune to live, and in which, to adopt an Hibernicism, the traveler can perform a long journey, even quicker than he can stay at home. At the appointed station, the relay was in readiness at the door; the clink of the falling traces was heard ere scarce the wheels of the incoming coach had ceased to revolve, and woe to the luckless wight, who, miscounting on full three minutes furlough, had strayed beyond the power of instantaneous return, at the one peremptory summons.

On the present occasion, we had scarcely got well in motion, when a succession of loud shouts from the rear, in which the words "fire!" and

"stop thief!" only could be distinguished, arrested general attention. The outcry proved to proceed from a tardy passenger, whose claim to notice was instantly acknowledged by the driver, with whom, as with his fellow passengers, he subsequently proved to be on the best of terms. Indeed, it was only because the *ins* and *outs* had respectively supposed him to be of the opposite party, that he had been left behind. The personal appearance of Mr. Merrell, such was the name of the new comer, was prepossessing in the extreme. He was young, with a decidedly handsome countenance, and with that frank and ingenuous expression and deportment, which win favor at sight. Fully aroused to passing events by this little episode, I began a hasty survey of the rest of our little community; but no sooner had my eyes set off on this excursion, than they were arrested by a countenance of the utmost loveliness, in the opposite corner of the coach, peering from beneath a mashed and battered Tuscan, and radiant at that moment with a smile of peculiar pleasure. Possibly the smile was occasioned by something in connection with the return of the straggler, for it soon appeared that, however general the remarks of the youth, his looks were continually directed towards the young lady. That an elderly gentleman, who might have been a clergyman, or a retired counselor, slept soundly at the lady's side, and a lean man, with a foreign and puzzled expression of face, occupied a portion of the same seat, were all the additional facts which then came to my knowledge. That all of them had passed the night in their present "cabined, cribbed, and confined" position, was sufficiently evident by the occasional relapses of each into those peculiar cat-naps which such circumstances usually induce. But to witness the waking up of that Tuscan! The passing off of an eclipse was but moonshine to it! The flashing eye, and smiling lips, and glittering teeth—but I am digressing. Time and the coach rolled on. The breakfast hour came, and Somnus took his final flight. Everybody knows what sleep-dispelling properties are contained in a dish of strong coffee. That favorite beverage proved, in this instance, very good. Not so the "lacteous fluid," to use a modern expression, with which it is usually flavored. Some foreign particles therein excited remark, and drew from some quarter of the table the feminine ejaculation "Mercy!" Merrell, who seemed bent on extracting fun even from annoyances, replied that the cream, certainly, bore some resemblance to

that virtue, inasmuch as, according to high authority,—

"The quality of mercy is *not strained*."

We could not, perhaps, say the same of his wit. That evidently was *strained* to a degree: but inasmuch as the laugh was led by the beautiful unknown, it would have been churlish to scrutinize it too closely. Others, perhaps, who did not, like ourselves, see the "*cream* of the joke," will be less lenient. The other viands proved unexceptionable, and the meal was disposed of with a dispatch corresponding to the speed with which we had arrived, and with which, in a few moments more, we were whirled away. It was a glorious day. The sky was cloudless and serene, and the sunlight came tinged with that peculiar hue, more common to the balmy days of Indian summer, than to the earlier season of which I speak. We passed beside a tract of woodland, through which the first chilling breath of Autumn had preceded us, drying up the life-springs of the more tender foliage, and substituting for its healthful greens those more gorgeous colors, which, like the bloom on the consumptive's cheek, though beautiful to behold, are but the harbingers of decay. Now and then we beheld a leaf, detached, as it appeared, by the mere force of gravitation, fall slowly and circuitously to the ground, as though, like man, reluctant to approach its final resting-place. Our fair companion having called attention to this decadence of the leaves, and the extreme tardiness of their descent, Merrell reminded her that the fact was one which had been deemed worthy of notice by a distinguished writer of her own sex. Did she not remember that beautiful poem of Mrs. Hemans, he asked, beginning—

"Leaves have *their time* to fall?"

The laugh, which was evidently expected, greeted this sally, in which even the foreign-looking gentleman joined, although, as it subsequently appeared, he was a Frenchman, scarcely comprehending the simplest phrases of our language, and consequently not very likely to appreciate a pun. But he was a Frenchman, and that was sufficient reason for his laughing, when a pretty lady sat the example. "'Twas ver fine," he said; "ma foi, dey shall take too much time—considerable."

Loquacity begets its like, and Monsieur soon became as voluble as his peculiar circumstances would permit, and rather more than they would justify. His good nature, however, secured him willing listeners, who did not hesitate to correct a mistake, or supply a *hiatus* in his remarks with the necessary word. This friendly aid he invariably acknowledged with a polite bow, and the emphatic words, "I shall thank you." An outcry from a pair of pertinacious puppies at the roadside, who saw fit to take offence at the passing of the coach, suggested to the Frenchman a sort of do-

mestic affliction of recent date, which he evidently had much at heart. This was the loss of a favorite and faithful follower of the canine race, known by the name of Ponto. His excellencies were the theme of a long eulogy. That he was not "a dog of France," would have been sufficiently evident by his name, had not his master informed us that he procured him in this country. Merrell, whose punning propensities seemed now fully aroused, remarked that it ought, at least, to be some consolation to know, that his friend's epitaph had been written by the prince of poets, centuries ago. Had not Virgil said—

"*Ponto nox incubat atra?*"

Merrill was evidently surprised to find that our blundering Frenchman, who made such murderous assaults upon the English tongue, was more at home in the language of the Cæsars—"Aha! *jeu de mots*!" said Monsieur, opening his eyes, and laughing heartily. Possibly, the punster was more pleased to see that his wit told in another quarter, and that the young lady was listening with laughing eyes, to an explanation from her companion.

Seduced by a prospect of a better view of a portion of that beautiful scenery which characterizes the valley of the Mohawk, through which we were passing, I submitted to a temporary banishment from the presence of wit and beauty, and "mounted the box." I entertain a great respect for a good coachman. The man who can drive four-in-hand with a confident air, and composed mien, was always an object of my especial admiration. But how any one should be able to accomplish this extraordinary feat, and at the same time calmly converse on other subjects, was a matter difficult to comprehend. It was, therefore, with timidity that I essayed an occasional remark to my companion, and that only, at first, under favor of a perfectly level and sandy strip of road. The collected manner in which he gathered whip and reins into one hand, while his team was on a ten mile trot, and half turned upon his seat to point out some remote localities, touching which I had questioned him, while it increased my admiration, dispelled a portion of my fears, and I ventured upon further remarks. He proved a sprightly and somewhat intelligent young man, proud of his station, to which he had been recently promoted, and quite conscious of his own dexterity. He could not tell why his fraternity were denominated Jehus, unless it was because they drove so like "Jehu." He listened with great interest to some details of the Jehu of whom the watchman of Jezreel proclaimed to the trembling monarch of Israel—"The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously." But he had his doubts. Jehu might have driven very well, but he did not believe that the ancient world had seen any thing in point of speed equal to the Telegraph line. A significant crack of the whip seemed to indicate

a settled opinion on this point, which I did not seek to disturb.

I have said that we were in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk. It is unnecessary to add that we were amid the scenes of many a stirring legend. Where now the silver stream murmurs quietly between fields of living green, or reflects in its glassy depths, the rugged rocks that tower heavenward from its margin—there, through dark and frowning forests, once led the war-path of the savage, o'er which, on awful errand bound, the dusky warriors stalked in solemn file,

"Still as the grave, but dreadful as the storm."

There, too, have the startled echoes responded to the sounds of a more civilized, though scarcely less bloody warfare. Not without shuddering may we think of those dread times, when human hearts were hardened by a long and bloody strife, and brother betrayed brother unto death; nay, more, when surpassing the ferocity of his red companions, the tory of the revolution himself wielded the fratricidal knife, and deemed the hellish deed no crime. Yet have those times their brighter themes, on which the mind may dwell with pleasure. Not least of these is that spirit of chivalry, which marked the patriot pioneers of Mohawk's vale, and whose noblest representative was the hero of Oriskany's bloody field. Glorious old Hurkimer! if indiscretion led thee to a fearful ambush of England's soldiers, and their murderous allies, 'twas Heaven permitted to show what human valor could achieve. Hemmed in by foes of thrice his strength, no thought of fear was his; but while the hottest raged the battle, and that fierce wound was given, which afterwards brought death, still to his steed he clung, and thence with lighted pipe, and countenance serene, cheered his brave brethren on. Alas, for him! for whom his native state, in grateful memory of his worth, voted the tribute of a monument, but who yet sleeps unhonored by a stone. But this is manifest digression. Happy he, whose licensed pen may group all subjects, roaming "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—yet, who, like the stolen gaberlunzie, having no fixed destination, fears not to lose his way.

My companion, who had become communicative, related many interesting anecdotes, connected with the wars, which were among the floating legends of the neighborhood. One, which he said was well attested, related to the conduct of some petty officer, called for the first time to the tented field. His courage had been of the highest order, when it was not needed, but suddenly evaporated in the hour of trial. At the first distant sight of the foe, he had turned and fled, with every manifestation of terror, nor paused until he found shelter within the sanctuary of home. On returning to the interior of the coach, I related the exploit of this carpet-knight, which caused much laughter. But Merrell begged to dissent from the derision, with which we seemed to re-

gard him. Like that valiant band of corsairs, he said, whose praise Lord Byron had so eloquently sung, the Mohawk soldier had only resolved to

"strike singly, silently, and home,  
And sink outwearied rather than overcome!"

The witticisms of our companion, which occurred at intervals during the day, and served to relieve a monotonous ride, were far from being unwelcome, however forced or impertinent they may appear crowded together on the page of a magazine. There were, indeed, many fragments of conversation between the punster and Miss Lovell, as our fair friend was called, which, doubtless, possessed an interest of a very different nature. But by some singular coincidence, they always occurred when the coach was going most rapidly, or over the roughest roads, thereby rendering necessary a very close proximity of the parties, and preventing all eaves-dropping. But frequent smiles, and an occasional blush followed by a look of seriousness, were signs well calculated to excite suspicion, and I soon began to doubt, whether our fellow-traveller's wit was not intended, in part, to divert attention from something more serious; or, in other words, whether, like the coach-wheels, he was not throwing dust in our eyes.

The history and character of the Indians, that fruitful source of speculation and conjecture, could not well have failed to furnish their quota of conversation. But the various vexed questions in relation to these interesting people, did not, that I am aware, receive any particular elucidation. Whether, therefore, they are the lost tribe of Israel, or not; whether they are of Scandinavian or Norwegian descent, or whether their progenitors were inhabitants of Northern or Southern Asia, or both or neither, may still be considered as open questions. Merrell, indeed, seemed, by the expression of his countenance, to have some private opinion on the subject, with which, when urged, he favored the company. He thought the Indians were descendants of the ancient Trojans. He knew the theory was a novel one, but he believed there was high classic authority in its behalf. Virgil had indeed spoken of them as the very glory of that ancient city, which withstood a ten years' siege, only to become the victim of a shallow artifice at last. "Did not," he said, "did not Pantheus, the priest of Apollo, when flying from the burning town, and the enraged soldiery, with his gods in one hand, and his nephew in the other, did he not, in reply to good old bewildered Eneas, who stopped him to ask what all the rumpus was about, make answer—

"— fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et Ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum?"

A discussion of many interesting reminiscences of the wars now ensued, to which the foreigner listened with much attention, occasionally ven-



turing a remark, which, either from the singularity of the idea, or the awkward manner of expressing it, sent a merry smile around the company. "Did we not think," he inquired, "that our great war of independence had helped to *devil up* (Anglice—develop) the master-spirit of the French revolution?"

Although this question, by the way, is one that could hardly be answered in the negative, the genius of Liberty is fortunately not amenable for all the excesses which have been committed in her name. If, however, these two important events, the American and French revolutions, stand connected as cause and effect, what momentous results affecting the fate of the whole civilized world owe their origin to the thirteen despised and thirty settled colonies of America. Even the brilliant fortunes of Napoleon, the glory and carnage of a hundred battle-fields, the overthrow of empires, and the present relative power and position of all the governments of Europe—are traceable, in a direct line of circumstances, to that Archimedean lever, the Declaration of American Independence. If this is another digression, as I am inclined to suspect, let the manufacturers of this slippery and vellum-like paper be held responsible.

Not the least amusing of our fellow-travelers was a dignified little man, a small dealer in ideas, but who sought, like many others, to make good the deficiency of thought by a superabundance of words. He was one of your literal constructionists, too, who have no relish, because no appreciation for a joke, and could see nothing at all in Merrell's hits, however palpable; of course, he proved a capital target. The punster's pellets went through him without being felt. I have said he was a strict constructionist. A single incident may illustrate the remark. The elderly gentleman was pointing out to him a distant dwelling-house, and to define its locality, spoke of it as

being near a fork in the road. The other, after peering carefully some moments from the coach window, replied that he presumed he beheld the domicile which the gentleman had reference to, but that he could not see the *fork*. He must be excused for doubting whether any gentleman could discern so minute an object at so great a distance. The building, by the way, proved to be a parsonage, and the speaker went on, amid the suppressed merriment of the company, to comment upon the peculiar beauty and amenity of its situation. Merrell replied that his views were certainly correct, as far as its beauty was concerned, but in regard to *amenity*, he thought the church adjoining had decidedly the advantage.

But the day drew to a close, and so, to your relief, gentle reader, must my story. Fatigue, and famine, and dust, did their usual work upon our little party, and for the last few hours, conversation either wholly ceased, or revived only at long intervals, and in solitary and unheeded sentences. Mile-stones became objects of unusual interest. Distant spires were conjured up by too vivid imaginations, only to disappear as we advanced. It is true, the noble bridge, which spans the Mohawk near Schenectady, when attained to, enlisted some notice, and a feeble smile responded to an abortive effort of the wag, who doubted whether even the city of Doges could boast as large or strong a structure, though famous, he acknowledged, for a bridge of *sighs*.

Two tedious hours more brought us to the capital. The latter part of this period had been spent by Mr. Merrill upon "the box." That he found much relief from the change is hardly probable. Indeed, the last remark, which I heard him make, as he drew Miss Lovell's arm within his own, and escorted her into the hotel, was, that he was not apt to be unfeeling, but he must confess that on this occasion he had

"Rejoiced at his companion's '*woe*!'"

## COME WALTZ WITH ME.

TO —.

BY J. B. F. O.

All thanks, all thanks be given thee,  
For this thy kind request,  
Since thou, of all I love, art one  
Of those I love the best.

For Friendship, with a jeweled clasp,  
Hath bound my heart to thee.—  
Whoe'er would slip its diamond bolt  
Must ask of you the key.

So, let me softly fold thy waist,  
And clasp thine offered hand  
As lightly as the silent dew  
Falls on the sleeping land.

I ask no bugle's mellow notes  
With joy that fill the heart;  
Thy voice shall lead us in the dance,  
And greater joy impart.

Each mirror heart we'll gladsome read,  
As round we're noiseless twirled;  
To all else nigh a brief farewell—  
Each be the other's world.

So happy we—full oft I'd court  
Thy presence, and would fain  
Ask, in the words you kindly spoke,  
"Come waltz with me again."

## LOVE AND AMBITION.

BY FLORIDA NEVILLE.

VIOLET GREY was evidently troubled. It was distressing to look upon her pale and sorrowful face, or to catch a glance of her eyes, heavy with weeping and loss of sleep. All day long she had been unsettled. Nothing could engage her attention for any length of time. She tried reading, but the volume in her hand, interesting as it was, failed to amuse her, and she threw it aside. She turned to her embroidery frame; a few stitches were added to the unfinished piece, showing the least possible advance towards its completion, and it was laid in its place again upon the table. She opened the piano, and placed before her one of her longest and most difficult pieces of music, resolved at least upon an attempt to occupy herself for a time, but the effort was vain; a few notes were struck, and her fingers seemed to become impatient of their occupation. They passed softly and soothingly across her fair forehead, then dashed a tear or two from her eyes, and fell listlessly upon her lap. Still Violet yielded not without renewed exertions to the feelings that oppressed her. She was determined, if possible, to control the strength of her emotion; so she passed to her room, made some slight preparations at her toilet, and started off upon a walk. But how vainly in certain situations do we fly for relief from place to place? The wounded heart will follow us wherever we go; and the same scenes we have witnessed with pleasure by the light of love, will assume a dreary and desolate aspect when that light is obscured by clouds or darkness. And thus to Violet, everything seemed to have undergone a change. She had taken the same walk before, and every step had been traced with happiness, but now it was tedious and uninteresting; she had the wounded heart within her, and the sadness of troubled thoughts was her only companion. Wearied and exhausted after her repeated and fruitless efforts at self-control, Violet sought the retirement of her chamber. "At least," she said to herself, "I may think and I may hope." And she did think and hope; but her thoughts gradually became darker and more gloomy, and ever as the bright flame of hope shot up, affording a momentary comfort, the gaunt image of fear stepped forward to extinguish it, and all again was blackness. Then came on that terrible oppression at the breast, which we sometimes experience in our miseries, like the swelling of the over-tried heart, extending itself even to the throat, as if it would strangle and suffocate one, and which nothing but copious floods of tears can ever relieve. And

Violet threw herself upon her bed, and without longer struggling against her feelings, opened wide the flood-gates of her soul.

In another house not far distant, and alone in his study, sat Edmond Despencer; his head bent slightly forward and resting upon his hand, and his fine eyes fixed with an apparently earnest gaze upon the fire on the hearth. Had he a book in his hand, or materials for writing on the table before him, you would have thought most probably that he was simply weighing an argument or arranging the matter for a paragraph. But a glance at the contents of a small rosewood case which he had been examining, would have given you a far different and much more accurate idea of the nature of his reflections. And then, if you had turned from those letters, written evidently by some gentle hand, and from that miniature painting of one who must have been "beautiful exceedingly," to the trunks and boxes in the different parts of the room, and the scattered books and articles of apparel about him, to the empty drawers and cabinets, and rifled wardrobes, you might perhaps have judged that his reflections were not of the most agreeable character, and that sadness rather than thought was the expression of his marked and interesting features. Such was indeed the case, for Despencer was on the eve of a journey which had been planned, and was now hastened, with the view of separating him from Violet Grey.

It is a very nice and difficult matter to determine wisely upon a course of action when the result, whatever may be our determination, will necessarily be disagreement with some we love. Despencer was deeply attached to Violet Grey. He had known and loved her from childhood; and his affection, instead of diminishing as he advanced to manly years, had increased and gathered strength, changing only as it became more deep-rooted and abiding, until it made a part of his being. He had heard it said, it had been early instilled in his mind, no doubt in reference to this attachment that had sprung up between him and the fair companion of his youthful sports, that boyish affection passes with the rapidity of boyish years. But experience had taught him that such was not the case, at least so far as he was concerned. He had tried his feelings, and he would as soon have doubted his existence as the reality and genuineness of his love. "No," he said to himself, "I doubt it not; it must be love which influences me, when I am happy only with one, when in this one all my thoughts and

hopes and wishes centre; when all my actions have some reference to her; when I dream of her by night and am constantly laying plans for her happiness by day; when to please her is my chief gratification, and to grieve her would be my greatest affliction."

Still, with all his affection, Despencer was uneasy at the thought of drawing down upon him the displeasure of his parents. He knew they were averse to the intimacy existing between him and Violet. They had shown their opposition, not violently, it is true, but yet in a way that could not be misunderstood. Had they attempted threats or compulsion, they would have failed of their end; but if they were ambitious, they were also prudent and sensible people, and were well aware that they could only influence their son by dispassionate argument and the manifestation of extraordinary interest, which, indeed, they felt in his future welfare. To this, then, they diligently and perseveringly applied themselves. They spoke but little of Violet, and of this nothing that could offend. They scrupulously abstained from saying anything that would war against his feelings; but in their appeals to his judgment, all their powers were brought into play. They dwelt on his talents, on the advantages they gave him; the high position he might attain to in his profession; the honor he might expect from the good and great; the influence he could one day exert; the imprudence of binding himself by any engagement until his name should become known; the avidity with which his alliance would be sought at some future time by those whose name or wealth or influence would bring distinction—in short, they flattered his pride and lit up and nourished within him the flame of ambition. Then they would dextrously shift their ground, and speak of their anxiety on his behalf, of the care they had bestowed upon him, of their constant watchfulness and love, of the large sums that had been lavished upon his education, of the liberal hand that was still extended to him, and of the hopes and expectations they had cherished of his being one day all that they could wish. Such appeals frequently made, the more forcible because urged in the most gentle and affectionate manner, were not without effect upon Edmond Despencer. He still loved, loved deeply, loved as he could never love any but Violet Grey; yet his pride and vanity, and ambition and filial affection had each been powerfully worked upon. They rose up in their strength in battle array, and struggled hard for the mastery over his feelings; and love, whether conquered or not, was certainly driven from the field.

So Edmond Despencer and Violet Grey had met and parted after years of happy love—he satisfying himself with the thought that he was acting as a dutiful son; and she, without one word of complaint, submitting, but with sadness,

to his apparently conscientious scruples against continuing their engagement.

Prudent as Despencer's conduct would be pronounced, especially by parents, we must be permitted the opinion that it was in a high degree censurable, and calculated to have a most unhappy effect upon his character and prospects. We have viewed it in the best light it would bear, and we have done so with the conviction that in this light it was regarded by Despencer himself. Yet even thus, how can we otherwise than condemn his treatment of the good, the faithful, the lovely Violet Grey? Fidelity to her or compliance with the ambitious schemes of his parents, of these he had to choose; and with manifest injustice, he chose the latter. The rights of parents should ever be acknowledged, their wishes regarded and their objections respected; but when it comes to a question of fidelity to the being we love, no wish founded simply on caprice, and no objection founded on ambition or any other consideration, save the happiness of the parties concerned, should have any weight with us. Despencer's parents had no reasonable objection to Violet Grey, and their son was not bound to consult their whims and fancies; but he was bound, and by the strongest ties, to be true and faithful to her who had bestowed upon him the first warm gush of her affection, and whose love, he knew, was not a part merely of her life, but her whole existence.

It is astonishing with what restlessness and uncertainty the affections act when we have managed to overcome our first love. They have learned a lesson which it is not in their power to forget, a lesson which has opened the eyes of the soul to all that is beautiful and lovely in life; and then to this knowledge has succeeded the dark period of loneliness and desolation, when we feel, after all our experience in enjoyment, that we are wretched; and at last, in our wretchedness, we vainly attempt to rekindle the dying flame of love, to warm with its heat some new object of our fancy, as if we could recall again, and a number of times, the happiness of a first attachment. Thus, Despencer for a long time studied to content himself with his situation, unblesed by the smiles, unwarmed by the love of the still fondly-remembered Violet. But society threw open its doors and beckoned him to scenes of gayety and giddy mirth, and he was tempted to enter. Yet not without a sigh did he mingle with the happy throng, while his busy imagination pictured to him the image of one fairer than any around him and more worthy his devotion, with sadness on her brow, and the painful expression of deep but unhappy love recorded on every feature. Gradually, however, this image became less distinct, and his sighs less frequent; he could be amused and interested, and fascinated, and, in his turn, could be pleasing, agreeable and attractive. Ex-

citement, more than anything else, seemed to silence the reproaches which his conscience would busily wage; and this was sought and found, but with very doubtful propriety, in the effort to become admired, flattered and courted before all others. Neither was he without conquests, of which, could they have been honorably gained, he might have felt proud. More than one of the nobler of his fair companions had acknowledged his influences, and would have boasted of his addresses. And those addresses Despencer, on several occasions, was on the eve of making, now to one, now to another, and again to a third. But ever as the word trembled on his lip, there would come a beating at the heart, and his affections, as if awakened from sleep, would wander back and linger lovingly with sweet Violet Grey. Then would follow sad reminiscences and bitter reproaches—from the most authoritative of all sources, himself—and Edmond Despencer would be half-inclined, only half-inclined, to return to the ark of his first love and find peace for his mind.

But among those in whose society Despencer was thrown, there was one whose attentions to him, could they have been observed by Violet, would have made her pale face still paler and her heart beat still quicker with apprehension. Not a less marked effect, but of a different character, did those attentions produce upon Despencer's parents. Emilie Hastings had all the qualifications which they looked upon as necessary to the happiness of their son's married life. They took it for granted that no one would marry without love, and in addition to this—that is, supposing she loved their son—she had wealth and name, and family, and, of course, influential friends. Each and all of these they considered requisite to their son's advancement, and they did all in their power to hasten the engagement. This was not a matter of difficulty; but we must in justice say, the son was but little influenced by the considerations which had weight with the parents. Emilie had a refined mind and gentle manners, and a winning expression of countenance, and more than all, it was very evident she admired and, he thought, loved him. Of this latter, we, who must be supposed to know all things relating to our story, must have our doubts. It was natural that she should feel admiration, for Despencer, with his talents, manners, prospects and great conversational powers, could not have failed to excite it even in the most fastidious; but as to love, a close observer of character, which Despencer was not, might have detected that, whatever experience she might have had of it before, she felt none of its inspiring influences now. With all her gentleness she was proud, and with all her seeming devotion she was ambitious; and when this passion is kindled within us, it soon grasps and consumes the fuel of love. It would have been considered folly to suppose that Despencer would not attain to emi-

nence and distinction. There could be no question of this. Men had decided it of more acute perceptions than Emilie Hastings. His prospects then were a fair set-off for her advantages. So at least she regarded them, so they were regarded by her family, and the alliance was courted.

"Poor Violet Grey; I wonder if she has forgotten me? Can she have transferred her affections to another? Does she think of marriage? No, no; I cannot bear to think of her as the loving, smiling, faithful wife of any one but myself. And yet!"—and yet, Despencer would have said, *what must she think of me?* But he stopped; the thought was painful to him—for that moment he had been drawn into offering himself to Emilie Hastings, and had been accepted.

In marriages of a certain kind—it is in general different with what are termed love-matches—the wedding follows quick upon the engagement. Visits of courtesy pass between the families, papers are drawn up, and the priest or parson, or magistrate, is called in to solemnize the sacrament, or perform the ceremony, or bind the contract, according to the views and tastes of the parties concerned. In the present instance, a month or two elapsed, and Emilie Hastings became Emilie Despencer. It was a simple ceremony, and perhaps, under the circumstances, it was much better that it was so, for Despencer only thought he loved, and Emilie was certainly not marrying him, but his brilliant prospects. The promises and vows they took upon themselves were of the most solemn and binding character, it is true; but then we know these were made under excitement—they must of course have been—and how could they be considered of such obligation that they could not at any time be broken? When we marry in haste, we need not unduly complain if we come to repent at leisure; and when we mutually promise inconsiderately and without due deliberation, we should not be unreasonably disappointed if the promises should be disregarded or violated. But Despencer was married, and his parents were satisfied.

Now, it may have been observed by my readers, when a young man of talents and refinement marries a name and wealth and influence, he is very apt to consider that his fortune is made, and to give himself but little if any trouble about the drudgery or labor of his profession or business, as the case may be. Ambition sometimes comes to a sudden death. We are ambitious of distinction, and when we attain to it, no matter in what way—it may be reached by a marriage as readily as by years of application—we imagine we have risen to the height of our gradation, and would repose on our laurels. This might have done very well in the case before us if there had been love to fall back upon, but this we have ascertained was wanting; and the strongest of all feelings in either, amounting to a passion, was Emilie's desire to see her husband occupying a distinguished position by his own efforts. It was, after

all, a pardonable weakness, and Despencer should have yielded to her entreaties; but he could not help thinking if Emilie would show some love and a little less ambition, she would be a good deal more like Violet Grey. Such thoughts did not tend to mend the matter, but rather made it worse, and the consequence was, there were sometimes sharp speeches and tart replies, close quarters and curtain lectures; and sometimes, too, but not often—oh, no, dear reader, not often—there were gentle hints thrown out that Despencer was eating Emilie's bread and spending Emilie's money. This was playing with the sting of the bee, when the bee thought the sport had gone far enough, and we cannot be surprised that the poor bee stung. Neither can this be said to have made matters better. Certain it is, they were worse afterwards; and both Despencer and Emilie soon began to think that they had somehow, in one way or another, they could not exactly tell which, made a great mistake.

Still the difficulties might have been adjusted, and husband and wife might have lived comfortably, if not happily together. It was a great point gained when they found that they had made a mistake, and a considerable advance towards a settlement when they ascertained exactly what this mistake was. Neither could now look for love—this was out of the question;—but they might expect gentleness, and a slight giving in on each side to the peculiar failings of the other. The disposition was not wanting either in Despencer or Emilie to make this effort, for the one was not unreasonable, and the other, though quick and violent at times, was in general amiable and well-disposed. But, unfortunately, at this very juncture kind friends interfered—friends of Despencer disappointed that he had made no farther advances in his profession, and friends of Emilie descanting extravagantly on her depression and evident unhappiness; one class exciting the husband against the wife, and the other the wife against the husband. Well-meaning, prudent people they would be called, doubtless. How could it be otherwise, when they were the very same who favored and made the match? But they had little wisdom and no knowledge of character, and the business was brought to a crisis in a very short time. Emilie made it her pleasure to be wretched, and Despencer became reckless; and as there were grounds for believing they would be less miserable apart than together, they soon came to terms of disagreement.

Despencer survived—of course gentlemen always do in such cases—but poor Emilie took the matter to heart, and in a few months died of mortified pride.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is impossible to conceive of a situation more painful than that of Despencer during the separation and for a long period subsequent to poor Emilie's death. He was poor, for he had never received any of Emilie's money; his character

had suffered, for he had to face the frowns and steady opposition of her numerous family connections; his prospects were most unpromising, for he had long since given up the labors of his profession; his mind was in a state of unrest and inquietude, which unfitted him for application either to reading, writing, or the exercise of his oratorical powers—in short, he was completely broken down. Neither did it tend to ameliorate his condition to think that he had carved out his own destiny; for although he could not blame himself altogether for the issue of his unhappy marriage with Emilie Hastings, yet he did blame himself, and in no measured terms or language, for his ungenerous treatment of Violet Grey.

*Destiny* did we say? We were wrong. This was not Despencer's destiny. He was not a person to be kept down by frowns, opposition or calamities. These would rather serve to arouse him and nerve him up to a grand effort to place himself in his true position. If he had fallen, he would profit by his misfortune. A continued calm will corrupt the waters, and uninterrupted prosperity weaken the powers of the soul. Adversity is a severe school to be educated in, but its scholars are abler and wiser, and in the end generally successful. Under this tuition Despencer was now passing, and if the discipline was not agreeable, it was at least wholesome. He had formed his resolutions; his determination was fixed; he knew he had talents, and he did not intend they should be hid in a napkin.

There was something more than ambition that now influenced him. He had a faint hope that he might live and rise to distinction, and some day be able to make ample atonement to Violet Grey for all her wrongs.

And now commenced the struggle, and a severe struggle, indeed, it proved. Despencer excluded himself entirely from society. He gave up parties, balls and the opera. He neither played at billiards nor cards, nor mingled in any of the fashionable amusements of the day. Even his favorite exercise of riding he dispensed with. Such a change was not unobserved, but by the many it was misinterpreted. He cared not for this. He had only one object in view, and upon that object he was bent heart and soul. Men soon ceased to talk about him and his affairs, but he never ceased from his labors. Day and night, night and day, he devoted himself to the arduous duties of his profession. While others slept, he studied; in their hours of relaxation and pleasure he studied; while they attended to their personal or domestic affairs, he still studied. There was no time lost or thrown away; every day was divided off, and every hour had its particular occupation. With talents, application, system, perseverance, what is not possible? His past difficulties soon ceased to occupy his mind. The clouds that had settled over his prospects began to break away. Old friends that had become cold, now became warm again. His enemies

found opposition useless, and changed it to favor, more to be dreaded. Emilie's connections first became silent, then they put on the mock garments of charity, and at last were compelled to award faint praise to save themselves the reputation of justice. And Emilie even, had she lived, would now have felt proud of Despencer, and perhaps her gratified pride might have led her to love him, for he was universally acknowledged to be in the rank with the distinguished men of the day.

Violet Grey was now in her twenty-sixth year, in the full blush and bloom of womanhood. Ten years had passed since the time when she was first presented to the reader. This in a great measure was a period of trial; yet she appeared to have undergone no perceptible change. She was certainly not less beautiful; she might have become a degree more interesting. She wore an expression of calm and dignified thoughtfulness, which well became her finely-moulded features. In manners she was simple, yet elegant; in conversation she was brilliant beyond her sex. Her motions, whether in the dance, the waltz or the promenade, were exquisitely graceful, as her form was exquisitely beautiful. Many would have become soured by the disappointment she had experienced, less amiable, and irritable. But no such change had taken place in her. She was still, with all her dignity of manner and elegance of appearance, the hoping, loving, confiding Violet of "sweet sixteen." She harbored no suspicion of wrong in others; she cherished no harshness nor bitterness of feeling. She knew Despencer was unhappy in his married life, and was not surprised at its unfortunate termination; but she found it not in her heart to censure him, for was he not always happy with her? Was he not always gentle and disinterested? And had he not done violence to his feelings to gratify his parents? Thus, love was continually powerful and pity active in his behalf; and these pleaded for him successfully against all the offers and claims that were made for her hand. Not that she ever expected he would return again to his first love, but she could not bear the idea of having his image supplanted in her heart. There it was enshrined, with the undying flame of love upon the altar, and there it was to be enshrined forever. And she, too, was proud of Despencer's fame, but with her, pride followed after affection.

In the meantime, Despencer and Violet were each ignorant of the other's feelings. They had once loved, and they had parted in sorrow, not in anger: this reflection afforded grounds for hope that love might still exist between them. But Despencer feared that his marriage had shaken Violet's confidence, and Violet that his intercourse with the world had hardened Despencer's heart. He had sufficient cause for doubt, and his doubts would have pleaded powerfully against the effort to restore himself in her affections, had she been any other than Violet Grey. Besides, she

had refused offers of marriage, and he believed she had never loved and could never love but once. There was encouragement in these thoughts which urged him to go forward, and he determined at all events to risk a refusal.

Now, good reader, we hope you are not preparing yourself to blame our dear Violet. You will probably say that she should, without hesitation, have discouraged Despencer's advances; that he had treated her badly; that he was neither worthy her love nor confidence. We agree with you that a strong argument might be made out against him. No one was more aware of this than himself. Yet he made a most powerful appeal in self-defence; and we cannot doubt, had you been present and listened to his soul's eloquence, that you would have recommended him at least to the mercy of the fair judge, even if you were not fully satisfied of the justice of his case. Condemn her not, then, for going a little farther as a lover than you would go as a disinterested adviser. Nay, condemn not Violet for doing what, under the circumstances, you would most likely have done yourself."

"Then you have loved me, loved me always, loved me alone?"

"Always, my sweet Violet, and you alone. Yet I must say, there was a time when I thought I loved you not. Struggle had followed struggle, and it seemed that the door of my heart was at last closed against you. Alas! how sadly I was mistaken. Then, when it was too late, when I found that my affections would still cluster around you, how bitter was the reflection that I was irrevocably bound to another! I had deeply wronged you, I now wronged my wife. I labored to persuade myself that she was my Violet; I spoke to her endearingly, as I would have spoken to you; I loved her only as she served to awaken in me the impression of what you had been, as she occupied the place which you alone should have filled; and once in my dreams I called her by your name, and pressed her, oh! how fondly to my heart. That night I remember with a shudder—let me not dwell on it."

"And yet," said Violet, "if you were mistaken once, may you not be so again? You thought you loved me not, now you *think* you love me."

"Think, dear Violet? Do I know that I live? Do I know that I have affections? Do I know that I am wretched without you? Do I know that you are all that is good and lovely and necessary to my happiness? Then do I *know* that I love you. It is not a conceit, but a reality. I have tried my heart, and labored to make it yield to circumstances; have pressed it with argument and urged it with violence. Time has not changed, suffering has not subdued it. It was yours; it would bend to no other: it is yours still—yours only it can be forever. Do what you will—cast me off from you, banish me from your presence, say that you despise me for my

conduct, it will still beat and beat only for you. It has grown strong in its love, too strong to be overcome by disappointment, proof even against despair. And yet, with what gratefulness would it be cherished—how would it thrill with the exquisite music of happiness to find an answering chord in the love of its idol! Oh, Violet, my beloved, listen to its pleadings! By our early love, by our separation, by our sorrows, say that you at least have changed not! Reproach me as you may, only say that you love me."

A few moments of perplexing silence passed, as if Violet were not yet perfectly satisfied. The expressions of love, delight, doubt, difficulty, alternately rested on her beautiful face. Objection seemed trembling on her lip. Despencer continued—"There can be no objection but in your will, dear Violet. I have standing, wealth sufficient, reputation, love which cannot be doubted; and those who opposed our union are now where all errors of judgment are corrected. Had they lived to this day, or could they appear before us, I doubt not they would rejoice to find that their fatal error might yet be adjusted. They would acknowledge the injury they had done you; and then they would plead with you, Violet, as with a daughter, and beg you to look mercifully upon their son, even as I do now."

"Take me then, Edmond; I am yours, the

same that I have ever been. I have not changed—I cannot change, for I am sure that you love me."

Thus terminated Despencer's difficulties, and thus commenced, after years of sorrow, aggravated by reproach of conscience, a life of uninterrupted happiness in communion with Violet Grey. However strangely he had wandered from his early love, he had now returned to heal the wounds he had inflicted. He had made ample reparation, and Violet, on her side, had exercised forgiveness. The one had proved just, and the other merciful. And these divine attributes forever afterwards governed them in the varied relations of life.

Gentle reader, there is a moral to my truthful tale, which is, that the early attachments of life, except on grounds evidently sufficient, can never be violated with impunity. Misery will always follow a deviation from principle, and broken vows call down upon us the severest judgments. Reparation cannot always—it is very seldom that it can—be made; yet it is the only full atonement we can offer. And where this ability is taken from us by marriage or otherwise, although we may with prudence contribute to the happiness of those with whom we are connected, yet we cannot ever hope to secure our own.

## THE SHEPHERDS.

BY MRS. HALE.

RADIANT from the world of light,  
Swift as burning meteor's flight,  
Comes the angel messenger,  
Sent by Love divine to bear  
Tidings of great joy to earth—  
Of the blessed Saviour's birth—  
Of the good which He will teach us—  
Of the hope through Him will reach us—  
Peace on earth and joy in heaven,  
By the blessed Saviour given.

Whither speeds the messenger,  
Charged this glorious news to bear?  
World-crowned Roman doth he seek?  
Or the wisdom-loving Greek?  
Or the Eastern Magi meet,  
Come the Saviour's birth to greet?  
Or to schools of learning bear it?  
Or let wealth and greatness share it?  
Peace on earth and joy in heaven—  
Who shall hear this Gospel given?

Whither speeds the angel's flight?—  
'Tis a dreary, moonless night:—  
Bethlehem's shepherds, while their flocks  
Slumber 'neath the sheltering rocks,  
Must their watch untiring keep,

Lest the wolf invade their sleep:—  
Ha! what glory o'er them bendeth?  
'Tis a form of light descendeth!  
List! the mercy tone of heaven—  
"Lo, to you a Saviour's given!"

When the flower on Alpine height,  
Or the gem in cave of night.  
Or the date, 'mid arid sands.  
Ripens, brightens and expands.  
Who but God our reverence claims?  
So when He exalts the names  
Of the poor, oppressed, neglected,  
'Tis his wondrous love reflected:—  
Thus the tidings, sent from heaven.  
To the shepherd train were given.

Ye who feel life's burden press.  
Poor, and bowed in abjectness.  
Raise your grateful songs on high.  
Your redemption draweth nigh:  
Shepherds first the Gospel heard.  
Lowly seamen preached the word,  
And its holy truths will gather  
Men as children, to one Father.—  
And the world will then be given  
To the worshipers of heaven.

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN ABROAD.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

### THE CAMPO SANTO.

They all shall bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care;  
And saints, upon their garments white.  
These sacred blossoms wear.—*Longfellow.*

THERE is near Naples a very beautiful burying-ground, known as the *New Campo Santo*. The place cannot, as far as natural beauty is concerned, be compared with Mount Auburn, Greenwood or Laurel Hill, although it commands many beautiful views of the city and its environs. Its chief attraction is the number and beauty of the sepulchral monuments which it contains.

We were shown over the ground by a bare-footed capuchin, who seemed the very type of good-humored jollity. Had Rabelais written in the year 1847, I should say that Friar John was but a transcript of this person. Grave-diggers are proverbially merry, and something of this seemed to have been communicated to our worthy friend in brown, whose office it was to tend the corpses laid out in a long room adjoining the cemetery. In this place the bodies are laid on beds, with a rope attached to the arm, which, when pulled, rings a bell. Should the person revive, the bell would thus give notice to one who is always in waiting. When we entered, there was only one body, which was that of a beautiful little girl, who had died with a smile on her lips. How I wished that the bell would ring. How pleasant it would have been to have seen that death-smile changed for one of life and light.

At the end of the room lay the corpse of a girl of eighteen, awaiting dissection. The body was extremely emaciated, and the long black hair which hung loosely over the face and breast, gave it a strange, witch-like aspect. Yet in all we saw, there was nothing to harrow up the feelings, nothing to produce that fear of death and the grave which is so usual an attendant upon such scenes. There were here none of those "strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome."

Pleasant and cool upon the soul rest the memories of those gone before, when to the eye of sense there speaks nothing to remind us of the decay of those forms which we once almost identified with the souls which dwelt within them; but pleasanter far is it when we see the grave covered with emblems which speak only of hope and a blessed immortality. Many such I noticed among the bright flowery walks which here led us among the homes of the departed. One Latin

inscription spoke of the dead as a root planted in Earth to blossom in Heaven, while another simply stated that ——— was born on a certain day and rejoined the angels a few months afterwards.

It was with pleasant feelings that we left this burying-ground. A thousand gentle thoughts, a thousand tender associations were awakened by the beautiful death-memorials which lay around. Von Schwartz, who had not spoken during the excursion, was evidently in a reverie. Turning to me at last, he remarked—"When I visit such a place, I can almost regret that I have no friend buried here, that I may the more fully develop that deep spiritual melancholy which such scenes excite."

"Such a reflection as that," I replied, "though German to the last degree, is derived from the worse and not the better part of your philosophy. For depend upon it, that no occurrence which can truly excite regret should ever be recurred to for the sake of exciting mere poetic feeling."

"You are right," he replied. "*Vergiss die trenen Todten nicht.* Let us go."

### THE OLD CAMPO SANTO.

THERE is another burial-place not far from the city, which, though described by all travelers, is at present very seldom visited. I refer to the *Old Campo Santo*, where the bodies of the poor are interred—if that can be called interment which simply consists of throwing them *en masse* into a pit. The reader may form a general idea of the appearance of the place by imagining an immense square court-yard, paved with stone and surrounded on all sides by a building. This court is filled with the trap-doors of the tombs, of which there are nearly three hundred and sixty-five in this place alone, giving one for each day in the year. When we entered, the body of an infant in a rough coffin lay at the further end, and two old women were walking about, telling their beads and repeating prayers in a loud, monotonous tone, beating time with their feet.

We signified to the *custode* our desire to have one of the tombs opened. He consented, and with a very large lever, lifted the stone from the one which had been closed exactly one year. We looked in, and saw, of course, nothing but bones, dry, dusty bones. The quicklime which is thrown in upon them had effectually destroyed every particle of flesh.



We then requested him to open the one which had been closed the day before. To this he objected, alleging that it was prohibited, that the smell was terribly disgusting, &c.; and then, having received an additional fee, complied.

"And what do you think of it?" asked I of Von Schwartz, as we turned homeward.

"It seems to me," he replied, "as if a party of ghouls and vampires had been frightened away from a feast, and left it half devoured."

"Very melo-dramatic that," I remarked.

"How very indifferent," he continued, without heeding my comment—"how very indifferent many men become to the fate of their bodies. They seem ready, with Fichte, to bid the elements beat and break their mortal frame merely out of respect to the soul. But I hardly think"—he continued, after a short pause—"I hardly think that I could become as indifferent to the fate of my body as a certain German physician, who, having been severely injured by an explosion in some chemical experiments, was obliged to have his arm amputated. He had it cleaned, presented it to the anatomical museum of the

University, and frequently used it in illustrating his lectures."

And now, Naples, farewell! Yes, farewell to the golden city of the south—home of all that is romantic and beautiful! Farewell to thy purple sky, thy sunny shore—farewell to all the magic beauty which the enchantress gave thee far back in the morning time. Other scenes await me—other lands lie broad and wide beyond thy shores; and it may be that in seeing them, thou wilt become a veritable Atlantis land, vanishing among other recollections like a dim dream of beauty. But thy influence can never leave me. The *couleur-de-rose* existence which I have led in thee will be unconsciously recalled in everything allied to the beautiful. Thy churches, blazing with all the magnificence which Faith can lend to Religion; thy galleries, where I have lingered for days among the cold, white immortals; thy palaces; thy streets; thy strand—all have inspired me with conceptions of the Beautiful, and to all I must bid farewell!

"Napoli gentil. Napoli bello  
Dico, che sei d'Italia il ver gio jello"

## THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

BY MISS MARY GARDINER.

Oh! call us not silent,  
The throng of the dead!  
Though, in visible being,  
No longer we tread  
The pathways of earth;  
From the grave and the sky,  
From the halls of the Past,  
And the star host on high,  
We speak to the spirit  
In language divine—  
List! mortal, our song,  
Ere its burden be thine.

Our labor is finished,  
Our race it is run;  
The guerdon eternal  
Is lost or is won;  
A beautiful gift  
Is the life thou dost share—  
Bewail not its sorrow,  
Despise not its care;  
The rainbow of Hope  
Spans the ocean of Time,  
High triumph and holy  
Makes conflict sublime.

Does gladness unchecked  
Illumine thy way?  
Forget not that midnight  
Must follow the day:  
Do chill winds for ever  
Thy spirits sweep o'er?

The harps that are struck not  
No melodies pour.  
Press on in thy path,  
Be it lofty or low—  
Rejoice in the sunshine,  
But faint not with woe.

Work ever—life's moments  
Are fleeting and brief;  
Behind is the burden—  
Before the relief:  
Work nobly! the deed  
Liveth bright in the Past,  
When the spirit that planned  
Is at rest from the blast;  
Work nobly! the Infinite  
Spreads to thy sight,  
The higher thou soarest  
The stronger thy flight.

And when from thy vision  
Loved faces shall wane,  
And thy heart-strings thrill wildly  
With anguish and pain;  
The voices that now  
Are as faint as the tone  
Of the Zephyr, that stirs not  
The rose on its throne,  
Shall burst on thy soul,  
An orchestra divine,  
With seraph and cherub  
From Deity's shrine.

## THE OLD ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.—CONTINUED.

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYISTS.

BY THE REV. A. STEVENS.

WE have already mentioned that the *Englishman* followed the *Guardian*. It was, in fact, a continuation of the latter under a new name, and devoted to politics instead of literature and manners. Addison predicted its ill success, but Steele persisted in its publication until it led to his expulsion from Parliament.

A series of periodical publications proceeded from his pen afterwards, but all were of an inferior character and ephemeral duration. We have enumerated "The Lover," "The Reader," "The Town-Talk," "The Tea-Table," "The Plebeian," which occasioned his quarrel with Addison, "The Spinster," "The Theatre" and the "Anti-Theatre." These closed his publications as an essayist. He has the honor of having commenced in our language this species of writing; he was the projector and chief conductor of the *Tatler* and *Guardian*, and a main contributor to the *Spectator*.

Numerous similar attempts were made about the same period. "It may well be called," says a cotemporary writer, "the age of counselors, when every blockhead who could write his own name, attempted to inform and amuse the public." "The Lay-Monk" was commenced November 16, 1713, immediately on the termination of the *Guardian*. It was conducted by Sir Richard Blackmore. Its success was but moderate. The *dramatis personæ* of the plan consist of a company of learned gentlemen who have retired to a country-seat, that they may enjoy literary leisure and philosophical converse together. The plan is condemned as defective because it precludes the observation of life and manners. It extended to forty papers. A republication was made under the name of the "Lay Monastery."

A spirited paper, entitled the "Free-Thinker," was commenced March 24, 1718. Its contributors were eminent men. It has been reprinted in volumes several times since. "Frog's Journal" was commenced in 1728. It is said to have been very popular. Lord Chesterfield was among its contributors. "Common Sense" was a journal got up immediately on the close of the last-mentioned work, by the opposite party in politics. Chesterfield contributed largely to it; his essays are able and chiefly on subjects of morals and taste. Lord Littleton was also a contributor. "Cato's Letters" were commenced in 1720. They treat chiefly on subjects of civil and religious liberty. It was reprinted several times.

"The Craftsman" was distinguished by its attacks on the ministry of Walpole; its most eminent contributor was Bolingbroke. It was quite popular, ten or twelve thousand being sold a day. It has been reprinted in fourteen volumes.

"The Memoirs of the Grub Street Society" was conducted with much humorous satire; its contributors were distinguished men. It was continued three years and reprinted in two volumes. Many kindred papers crowded the market at the period of which we are speaking. Among the most important are "Old England," by Jeffrey Broadbottom, Esq., of Covent Garden, to which Chesterfield was a contributor; "The Free Briton," "The Templar," "The Fool," "The Prompter," &c. Many of these were in the employ of government, particularly the *Free Briton*. It is said its conductor received in four years above ten thousand pounds. Chalmers asserts that from an account in his possession, the ministry paid in ten years about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which fifty-five thousand were received by the conductor of the "*Free Briton*."

During the period we are now reviewing, Addison published "The Freeholder," one of the most able papers which appeared at the time. Its first number was issued about two years after the conclusion of the *Guardian*. It was devoted to the defence of the House of Hanover, and "exhibits," says a distinguished writer, "an exquisite specimen of political zeal without political acrimony. Of these as well as of his other essays, it may be said that in them the follies, the affections and the absurdities of life are portrayed with the lightest touches of the most delicate pencil; that never was ridicule more nicely pointed nor satire more playfully inoffensive."

The political character of the *Freeholder* has precluded it from the rank of the classical essay, yet there are portions of it equal to any of the author's productions. The *Tory Fox-hunter*, especially, has been always admired. It has been pronounced, "next to Sir Roger de Coverley, one of the most entertaining descriptions of character in our language." The merit of the portrait consists entirely in the air of reality and the pungent yet elegant humor which the writer throws over it. Reduce it to its simple elements and it is nothing: they are commonplace, even trivial, but they coalesce harmoniously, forming one conception, perfect in its kind, and that kind

most admirably adapted to the purpose of the author.

The Freeholder is traveling in the remoter parts of England, when he overtakes a country gentleman "trotting before him with a spaniel by his horse's side." They enter into conversation, as usual, about the weather, which both agree is too dry for the season. The Tory introduces a vehement declamation on the fine weather they had in the days of Charles II., and ascribes the change to the revolution. He discusses the politics of the day with great earnestness, when his passion is interrupted by "missing his dog, who was amusing himself in a bush." The spaniel was whistled up, when the fox-hunter fell into a long panegyric on him, "who was, indeed, excellent in his kind;" but the most remarkable adventure of his life was that he had once "like to have worried a dissenting minister." The master could hardly sit upon his horse for laughing, all the time he was giving the particulars of this story, "which had mightily endeared his dog to him, and had made him a great favorite with all the honest gentlemen of the country." This piece of mirth is diverted by the post-boy's horn, to whom the worthy fox-hunter "addresses a few curses." The late news, of which he knows nothing, subjects of "good breeding," "passive obedience," a lusty denunciation of foreign travel, by which the gentry had come to forsake their principles and lose their hunting-seats, fill up the conversation until they arrive at a tavern in a town, where the fox-hunter recommends the freeholder to tarry the night, eulogizing the host as "a lusty, jolly fellow, who lives well, at least three yards in the girth, and the best Church-of-England-man upon the road." As they pass through the street, the inhabitants met on the way are characterized by their votes at the last election—one is a cur, another a whelp, another a dog, &c.

They reach the inn; the landlord "had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his countenance to a standing crimson by his zeal for the church; expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropped in, by bumpers." He had not time to go to church, but had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three dissenting meeting-houses. At the table they discuss politics; over a shoulder of a mutton, the fox-hunter speaks in doleful terms of the plenty of Old England in days of yore, and her distress in the present state of affairs; curses commerce as the bane of the country, but still advocates, with true, old English naval ardor, "our wooden walls;" "they are our security, and we may bid defiance to the whole world, especially if they should attack us when the militia are out." The freeholder takes advantage of a bowl of punch to show the value of commerce, for the water alone was domestic. The fox-hunter is non-plussed, but the landlord relieves him by the remark that "no liquor was like a cup of English water, if it

only contained enough of malt." The fox-hunter laughs heartily at this witless rejoinder, and the host is invited to take a seat with them. They spend the night most jollily, the fox-hunter and host toasting with great zeal the Tories of the land, some of whom "are the greatest statesmen of the nation," though the freeholder had never heard of them before.

The simplicity and contracted views of the fox-hunter are admirably described; the incidents of the sketch are very tame, but the spirit and humor that pervade it give a most dramatic effect.

In paper 47, the Freeholder meets the Tory in London. He had never appeared there before. It was the occasion of a public masquerade. The Tory is thunderstruck at the fantastic appearance of the people, and supposes them to be foreigners introduced by the reigning family. Footmen, watermen, chimney-sweeps carried in chairs, venerable matrons with noses and chins "within very little of touching each other," Quakers, nuns, duchesses, harlequins, scaramanches, punchinello, &c. &c., all in confusion, as if the town was a bedlam for the world. The maskers, observing the periwig, long whip, jockey belt and "coat without sleeves," of the country Tory, suppose him to be one of their number in that disguise, and proceed to make merry with him in a manner that rouses his English blood; "he conceives a great indignation for them for presuming to laugh at an English gentleman." The squire at last began to suspect that these strange beings were the new sects which neglect of the church had engendered. Finally he meets with "a very lovely milk-maid, for whom he conceives a particular affection," which mollifies his Tory prejudices, but, to his confusion, he finds her to be a duchess, and has his pockets picked before he escapes the throng.

In paper 47, the Tory becomes converted. He visits the attractions of the city with the Freeholder; finds the statue of Charles the First at Charing-cross, which convinces him that Whig prejudices were not so violent as he had supposed; learns that fifty churches were building, whereas he had heard that they were nearly all demolished; enters St. Paul's, "where, having examined the dome to see if it was safe, (for the screw plot ran still in his head,) he observes that the lord-mayor, aldermen and city sword are there," and, what has more weight with him, not more than two of them had fallen asleep, though the sermon was half through; he finds that the lions are still kept well in the Tower; he goes to the top of the monument, and is surprised at the number of steeples he can see, but is alarmed at some large stone houses whose roofs look like those of barns, and which, he fears, are for the use of "dissenting assemblies." From this trouble, however, the Freeholder relieves him. He learns by the inscription of the monument, that the city was fired by the papists in "a horrid plot for extinguishing protestantism and old English liberty,"

while he had been taught that the protestants were the cause of this catastrophe. At the Royal Exchange he sees the statues of the old kings, with Charles the Second in the crowd; he is wonderfully gratified with the sight of the royal "horses at the Mews;" is amazed to find the police and business of the city in active operation, having been informed that all were suspended: and finally he sees the king's daughters ride by; their beauty absolutely overwhelms the squire; he avows he had never seen young ladies

equal to them, abandons his politics, and goes home in his senses.

This rapid outline can only show what we have remarked, that the materials of the sketch are but commonplace, if not trivial; the original must be read to estimate its fine conception. The ordinary scenes in which the squire acts his part, give, perhaps, that *naïveté* and every-day reality to his character which form its chief interest, and are, after all, the high proof of ability in the dramatic writer.

## THE PLEASANT THOUGHT.

BY GEO. W. EVELETH.

A MAIDEN roamed through a flowery dell  
Where dew-drops lay, and the sunlight fell;  
The morning breeze swayed her chestnut hair,  
And touched a glow on her visage fair.  
She met a youth with midnight eyes and a high, pale brow,  
And he bent his knee at her fairy feet,  
And raised a fond glance to her leering eye;  
And he snatched a rose from its waving seat—  
Her bosom's white blent with its crimson dye.  
The maiden laughed a scornful laugh, for she thought of love.  
  
The maiden walked in the flower-decked glen—  
Her locks hung stilt, and her fair cheek then  
Was deeply flushed by the noontide gleam,  
And in her eye shot a sunny beam.  
Within a branching elm-tree's shade, where were songs  
Of birds,

And the low, soft break of a crystal brook.  
The youth of pale brow sat beside a dame  
With a graceful form and a courtly look,  
And orbs that seemed lit by affection's flame:  
The maiden sighed a sad, deep sigh, for she thought of love.

The maiden sat 'midst the bloomy dale,  
Her eye glanced soft in the moonbeams pale;  
And, half concealed 'neath her clustering hair,  
Sat pensive thoughts on her forehead fair.  
From out a rosy bower, through which sang the evening gale,  
Came the dark-eyed youth with the queenly dame—  
"My sister, sweet maid," spake he soft and low;  
And the sister said, "In my brother's name  
Another red rose kiss thy breast of snow."  
The maiden smiled a sweet glad smile, for she thought of love.

## TO MISS JOSEPHINE G.—.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

Ox the bosom of a fairy lake a lily soft and fair  
Bloomed on its tender stem, and breathed the morning  
air;  
Warmed by the genial sun, its petals opened wide—  
Gently its white leaves floating on the lake's untroubled  
tide.  
  
But e'en in fairy lands fierce storms will sometimes  
lower,  
And rude winds howl about the softest rosy bower;  
And thus o'er the sleeping lake there swept a chilling  
blast,  
So cold and drear the hour, it seemed that lily's last.  
  
But a fairy of the dell, who had marked the lily there,  
And breathed its perfumed sweetness, and kissed its  
cheek so fair,  
In an acorn, with an oak-leaf broad, launched her from  
the shore,  
With a tiny blade of heather grass to serve her for an  
oar.

She reached the trembling lily, and a careful shelter  
made,  
To screen it from the ruthless blast and form a welcome  
shade,  
Until the sun's warm cheerful smiles dispelled the  
frowning clouds,  
The skies again unrobing from their mournful weeping  
shrouds.  
  
Thus, sweet flower, just budding on life's oft troubled  
wave,  
Oh! soft and gentle may thy path its ripples ever lave.  
With hosts of friends around thee, and hearts that love  
thee true,  
May thy ripening years be watered by Heaven's purest  
dew.  
  
But if, alas! stern fortune around thy way should lower,  
As o'er that gentle lily, in the tempest's fearful hour,  
May some kind guardian spirit extend to thee her care,  
And the lily's favored fortune be granted to thy share.

## SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

### LETTER II.—THE DAWKINS' SOIREE.

MY DEAR HETTY:—My cousin and Seraphina appeared to be highly delighted at the prospect of attending the party, for when I mentioned it to them, I thought it would appear rather too ludicrous to designate it as a literary *soirée*.

"Jeemes," as Mrs. Dawkins calls her son, called for me on the day appointed full half an hour before I expected him. No persuasion could induce him to come in, for he said as he did not stop to spruce up much before he left home, he didn't look fit to be introduced to Boston ladies. As there was a cold northwest wind blowing round the corner of the house where he had stationed himself with his wagon, which made him look very blue, I was induced from motives of compassion to hurry somewhat, which caused me to forget the books which his mother requested me to bring.

Soon after I arrived, Mrs. Dawkins rose, and as she passed me, gave my arm a pinch as a sign for me to follow her, and then whipped into a small bed-room.

"If you'd bleve it, Hepsey," said she, "our Jeemes is mightily taken with your cousin Judy's looks. He thinks she's about the prettiest gal that he ever laid his eyes on. It fairly confounded me when I found it out, for I thought his mind was sot as firm as a tree on Ruthy Kinnacum. Your Uncle Daniel, so I've heern, is as rich as a Jew, and Judy is an only darter sartainly, if she aint an only child."

"She is an only child," said I.

"Well, it seemed to run in my head that she was, and that's what I told Jeemes. Now what I want to know is, if any of the down country sparks are attentive to her?"

"I suspect not," I replied.

"Well, then, if nobody's in the way, I shan't say anything agin it, if Jeemes is a mind to pay her partic'lar attention. He's as pairsonable a lookin' youngster as you'll see in a thousand, and I shouldn't wonder if Judy should take a likin' to him. But we musn't stay here talkin' all day, for Nabby wants your opinion as to which gound she'd best wear, her green Circassian or her changeable silk. She was all fierce to have a tarnaltane when I told her that Miss Feeswind had one on to your house, but Hopson said that he had no sich stuff in his store, and there was no chance to send below arter any. Speakin' of Miss Feeswind makes me think what I meant to ask you Sabba' day, only I had no time. Do tell me if she don't think I'm one of the drollest critters she ever come acrosst to speak as I did

to your house afore the whole room full, when she begun to say over them verses she made about her goin' off down to the sea-shore in the middle of the night. Now, I didn't think the gal half so much to blame as them that had the care of bringing her up. It made me feel raly put out to think folks would be so confounded shaller as to let their darter wander off down to the water at midnight. They don't understand torturing their children as well as I do mine—if they did, sich tarnal silly notions would never come into their heads. But here comes Nabby with her changeable silk on. It's my mind for her to wear that. It's one her grandmarm Dawkins gin her. I took a mighty fancy to it the first time I ever see the old lady wear it. Jest examine it, and you'll perceive that the warp is a bright yaller—e'en jest an orange color—and that the fillin' is a dark blue. Now, if I could have my choice, I should ruther by one half have it than Miss Feeswind's tarnaltane."

"I like the stuff the gound's made on well enough," said Nabby, "but I don't like the set on't. Do you, Hepsey?"

"The waist is not quite long enough for the fashion," said I.

"That's nothin'," said Mrs. Dawkins. "Nabby never looked well in a long waist and never will. Where's your goold necklace, darter? Oh, I see it now. Pin your cape collar a little looser so as to let it come fairly in sight. Accordin' to my mind, there's nothin' in the univarsal world that sets off a gal's neck equal to a string of goold beads. Nabby's gound is ruther short, but that aint any great matter, for she's got a first rate pair of morocco shoes—and atween ourselves, I gin a first rate price for 'em. Hopson said he'd warrant 'em not to be sheepskin, and they'll show to better advantage than if her gound was longer. Here comes Jeemes. Look, Hepsey, he's got on his new full cloth coat. As good luck would have it, we'd jest got it from the mill when we concluded on havin' the sworwy, so we sent right off for Peggy Stebbins to come over, and with my help and Nabby's, she soon had the cloth convarted into a coat. Turn round, Jeemes, and let Hepsey see how it sets. Accordin' to my mind, he never looked so well in anything afore in his life. It hangs off from the back jest below the shoulders a leetle too much, and Peggy tried to remedy the evil by narrerin' the back of it, but that made it pull so on the foresides as to make 'em all of a wrinkle, so she was obleeged to give it up. Peggy felt desput bad about it,

'cause she thought 'twould hurt her repertation about cuttin' coats, but I told her we musn't expect perfection."

He looked, and no doubt felt extremely sheepish, as, in obedience to his mother's request, he turned round in the centre of the floor, for, during the whole time, he unconsciously hunched his shoulders and turned out his elbows in such a manner as to greatly increase the awkwardness of his appearance.

"There," said Mrs. Dawkins, "I don't bieve that Peggy ever hit anything righter than this 'ere coat, for all she felt so onsatisfied about it. The color, too, accordin' to my mind, is uncommonly becomin' to Jeemes. It's neither a wine color nor a snuff color, but atween 'em both."

"I don't bieve I look so desput well in it," said he.

"No matter whether you bieve it or not," said his mother. "I have my eyes, and so has Hepsy, and so will somebody else have, I guess, that I could mention if I was a mind to. But aint you goin' to put on your calf-skin shoes? I jest run 'em over this mornin' with a little white of an egg that's made 'em shine equal to anything you ever see. Come, go along and git 'em and put 'em on."

"There's no hurry about it," said he. "When Siah Cawley comes I shall have to go out to the shed to grind the axe, and shall like 's not dust 'em all over."

"What's the matter, darter?" said Mrs. Dawkins. "Don't your curls look to your likin'?"

"No," replied Nabby; "they make me look like a fright. I don't bieve Miss Feeswind's looked so."

"Well, no, they didn't, 'cause hern were black and yourn are Lunnun brown. They may, far's I know, hang down a leetle too fur. Do, Hepsy, lend Nabby a helpin' hand, and see if you wont find out the way to give 'em the right kink."

As kinks of every kind, whether right or wrong, had already nearly disappeared, I advised her to wear her hair plain, to which she at length reluctantly consented.

"There's old Miss Whittaker comin', if I live," said Mrs. Dawkins, looking out of the window. "I was obliged to ask her, 'cause we wanted to borror her silver teaspoons, and I knew the critter wouldn't lend 'em to us if I didn't. I wouldn't have you think that we aint as well off for silver teaspoons as anybody round here, and better too. Nabby bought half-a-dozen last summer, and had her name marked on 'em, for I told her a store was no sore. Speakin' of the spoons makes me think of the books. Did you think to bring 'em, Hepsy?"

"Your son came for me earlier than I expected," I replied, "which caused me to forget them."

"Well, it's no great matter, for when I went to borror the spoons, I see a whole heap of sarmon-books in a cupboard over the fireplace, so I

asked Miss Whittaker to lend 'em to me, and they'll answer jest the same purpose as any. Your cousin Judy makes varses as well as Miss Feeswind—so your Eunice told Nabby last Sabbath-day, and I mean that Jeemes shall ask her to say over some of 'em in the course of the evenin'. Run to the door, Nabby, and wait on Miss Whittaker in and help her off with her things, and then take a peep into the oven and see if the Injun pudden and beans are bakin' fast enough, and if they aint, put a shovel full of coals into the mouth of the oven. We baked all the pies and cake yesterday and this forenoon, and Nabby was at first agin havin' any pudden and beans, but when I told her that some of the boys would have to walk the matter of two or three miles right in the eye of this nor'wester, she thought as I did, that some good pork and beans wouldn't go a beggin'. Walk this way into the fore-room, Miss Whittaker, and take a cheer. You've come airy, and that's jest what I like. I don't think it's worth while for sich near neighbors as you and I to stand on ceremony. I see you've got on your new calico. What did you give a yard?"

"Hopson axed me two shilluns, but mind ye, I paid for it in perduce. He'd 'ave let me had it a cent and a half in a yard cheaper if I'd paid for it in money."

"Well, money or not money, I call two shilluns cheap. It's a sweet, pretty thing, and a good piece—jest as fairm as a board. That's a desput innocent-lookin' sprig—that green and purple one. I never could bear a great flarntin' figure. Now this 'ere that I've got on is altogether too showy to suit me. 'Twas Mr. Dawkins' choice. Men, you know, in a gin'ral way, are apt to be taken with somethin' that's gay. The gals, I find, are confaberlatin' about the table that's to be sot in the middle of the floor. It's to be kivered all over with books and newspapers, and that's what I borrored them sarmon-books of you for."

"The massy on me—you skeer me; for if them Boston gals should open 'em, I'm afeared they see where I writ my name in 'em. You know I don't have occasion to write much, so I've lost what I larnt to school, amazin'ly."

"I'm sure your writin' beats mine out and out; I always had too much of the go-ahead principle about me to stand on niceties when I was larnin' to write. Hepsy, what are you kiverin' them sarmon-books all over with newspapers for? Seein' Miss Whittaker was so obleegin' as to lend 'em to us, I think they ought to occupy a conspicuous place."

"La, ma'am, do let 'em be out of sight, jest as she's put 'em; for I should feel as if I was goin' to fly right away if I should see that Miss Feeswind goin' to open one of 'em, for fear she'd see my name."

"La, she wouldn't know whose it was if she should."

"I should be afeared she'd have the cur'osity to inquire me-out."

"Why, Miss Whittaker," said Mrs. Dawkins, "I never minded till this minute, that you'd sot yourself down in that 'ere low cheer right behind the door. Do take this 'ere rockin'-cheer afore the fire."

"I thank'ee, marm, I'd ruther not. I picked this 'ere place out on purpose, 'cause I thought it 'twas the least conspicuous in the room."

"Well, I won't insist on your settin' in the rockin'-cheer if its agin' your inclination. The company don't seem to be much in airnest about comin' airly; so, if you're amind to, I'll show you the stuff Nabby and I have been bakin' up to treat 'em with. The place you picked out behind the door shall be resarved for you, so you needn't be afear'd to leave it."

"I'll thank you kindly, marm, if you will have the goodness to resarve it for me. I shall be raly glad to see the pervision you've made for so much gentry."

"Come, Hefsey," said Mrs. Dawkins, "may be you'll like to see it too."

We therefore, all three of us, proceeded to the store-room together.

"Well, I declare," said Miss Whittaker, "what a sight of pervision you have got. It's raly worth seein'. Jest to look at them pumpkin-pies is enough to make a pairson's mouth water, they look so nice. These 'ere on the shelf are your mince pies, I spose."

"No," said Mrs. Dawkins, "them's the apple pies; these 'ere are the mince pies."

"Well, I declare, marm, what a sight of 'em there is. I spose they've got every kind o' spice in 'em that was ever heern of, besides bein' stuffed as full of reeasons as they can hold."

"Yes, there's a pretty good lot of spice and reeasons too in 'em, I can tell ye. Hopson asked awful dear for the reeasons, and we paid him in butter, too—and good butter, sich as ourn, is the best kind o' perduce—equal to cash, every bit and grain. Nabby was sot on havin' the box-reeasons, though tothers were a sight cheaper, but she said that a sworry was what we never had afore, and, like's not, should never have agin, and she was determined to go to the very top notch."

"La," said Miss Whittaker, "it's a sworry you're goin' to have. Strange I couldn't think. I went to see Aunt Jemima Kinnacum yesterday arternoon, and we both puzzled our brains till we were fairly tired, tryin' to remember what it was. I wouldn't ask, 'cause I was afear'd you'd laugh at me, the same as Aunt Jemima said you did at her."

"Well, I don't calkerlate to laugh at any pairson's mistakes—it aint perlite; but I was so desput tickled at the droll pronunsation she gin it, that I bust right out a laughin' afore I'd time to consider."

"Marm," said Nabby, coming to the store-room door, "Mike Dustin's in the kitchen, and says he's goin' right over to see Josh Day, the stage driver, so I thought 'twould be a good

chance to send word to Josh about gettin' some flowers for my bunnet."

"La, child," said her mother, "you don't want flowers to wear this fall, nor the winter nother. Hopson will have some up when it's time to wear 'em."

"But you know, marm, you wouldn't consent for me to buy any last summer, 'cause you said if I'd wait till fall they'd be cheaper."

"Well, I wouldn't send by Josh Day arter them. He always charges fourpence for doin' the most triffin' arrant. Not that I vally a fourpence, but I won't humor him. Run, darter,—I hear somebody knock. I wonder Mr. Dawkins don't come in and spruce up a leetle afore the folks all get here. But there, it's all one to him whether he has on his go-to-meetin' coat or his old tow frock. He feels jest as ondependent in one as he duz in tother. Hark! That's Nancy Thatcher's voice that's speakin' now, and I spose her brother Edmund's come with her. I ruther expect, though I don't know sartain, that he and Hefsey have taken a likin' to one tother. How is it, Hefsey?"

"Come, Miss Whittaker," said I, affecting not to hear what she said, "if you wish to secure your favorite seat, you had better be in season."

"The land! so I had. There, I hear somebody else knockin' now. I shouldn't wonder if 'twas the Boston gals."

"No, taint them," said Mrs. Dawkins. "It's Ruthy Kinnacum and Bets Beady. Nabby, step this way; has Siah Cawley come yet?"

"Yes, marm, he and Zeb, and Bill, and Sam, come half an hour ago, and Siah's helpin' James grind the axe."

"Well, I'm master glad Jeemes is like to get his axe ground, 'cause he's been calkerlatin' to have it ready to go to choppin' with airly in the mornin', and I don't like to have him disappointed. Mind, Nabby, and tell him to put on his calf-skin shoes when he comes in, if he should happen to forget it. Stop, Miss Whittaker, don't be in sich a hurry. Here's a bottle full of doctor's trade, and I want you to take a spunful of it. I've jest finished one bottle, and it's the most comfortin' stuff for the stomach I ever see."

"Do tell me if 'tis. What is't made on?"

"O, all manner of wholesome roots and airbs. I had it of Dr. Mixum, and he says it's a univarsal cure for every kind of an ail that was ever heern on."

"If you think it's good for the rheumatiz, I'll thank you kindly for a spoonful on it."

"To be sure it's good for 'em," said Mrs. Dawkins, as she filled a large tablespoon with the liquid and handed it to Miss Whittaker.

"The land!" she exclaimed, after swallowing it, "'tis jest as bitter as alloways."

"Well, it is a leetle bitter, I'll own; but Dr. Mixum says that the chief part of the virtue lays in the bitter, so, whenever my stomach feels basely, I down with a spunful of it without allowin' myself

to make a single wry face. If I was you, Miss Whittaker, I'd buy a bottle on't. Dr. Mixum appears to be a nice man, and the folks here ought to patternize him."

"Why, marm, Aunt Jemima told me that he'd airt a handsome fortin by doctorin'."

"Well, I spose he's pretty well to do in the world, and though some folks call him awful plain, accordin' to my idea, he's quite a pairsonable look-in' man. Now, for my part, I never keered about seein' a man so terrible handsome. You know he's a widderwer, and it's whispered round that he's thoughts of bein' married afore long. Now I want you, jest for the notion on't, to guess who he's picked out for a wife."

"The land, ma'am, I couldn't guess in a gine-ration. The only pairson I can think on is Peggy Stebbins."

"Why, woman alive, Peggy is near upon five and forty year old."

"Well, ma'am, 'twas her age that made me pitch on her when you axed me to guess; for aunt Jemima told me that the Dr. Mixum is up'ards o' sixty."

"Aunt Jemima don't know everything. He's a widderwer, I know, but then he hasn't a chick nor a child in the world. 'To be honest about it, folks do say that he's taken a likin' to my darter Nabby."

"Why how you talk, ma'am; I thought that Nabby had a spark. Aunt Jemima told me that Ralph Stebbins, Peggy's brother, was waitin' on her about."

"La, he's waited on her home from singin'-school a few times—that's all. But look here, Miss Whittaker, don't, for massy's sake, say a word about what I've told you consarnin' the doctor and Nabby, 'thout you hear on it some other way, 'cause you know folks would think 'twas terrible shaller for me to tell that my own darter was like to have a spark."

"No indeed—you needn't be a might skairt—I shan't speak on't to nobody."

"Well, I aint skairt, for if I hadn't been sartain 'twould go no furdur, I wouldn't 'ave mentioned a syllerble about it for the univarsal world. I'm never afeard to tell you anything, we've always been so intermate. Come, we'll go into the fore-room now if you're a mind to. It's a'most time for Miss Feeswind and Judy Mayberry to come. Do you want me to interduce 'em to you, Miss Whittaker?"

"The massy on me, no indeed—'twould skeer me e'en jest out o' my senses. I shall slip right into my cheer behind the door and set as still as a mouse in a cheese."

During this dialogue I had been busily employed in cutting the cake into slices, and being screened by the door which Nabby had left open, I had not been observed by Mrs. Dawkins.

"You critter you," said she, "I thought you went out when Nabby did. Now you've heern every word I've said to Miss Whittaker about Dr.

Mixum. 'Pon the whole, I'm glad you did heer me, if you'd on'y be persuaded to speak a word in favor of the Doctor to Nabby. 'I would 'ave a desput sight more weight with her than all Jeemes and I can say, or her father other."

We now proceeded to the "forerom," and in a few minutes Mr. Dawkins came in from the barn. After talking with Edmund Thatcher about the "nexation of Texas," and the "Mexican war," for about ten or fifteen minutes, he found time to listen to Mrs. Dawkins, who had all the while been endeavoring to represent to him the propriety of exchanging his dress. Soon afterwards, I heard "Jeemes" and the Cawleys in the kitchen, and unluckily for him, while he was exchanging his thick, heavy boots for his well-glossed shoes, Seraphina and Judithina arrived and were ushered into the "forerom."

"Hang it," said James, (for happening to be near the door, I could overhear what was said,) "I've got fairly ketched now. There's them Boston gals come, and I declare. if I hadn't rather pile up burnt logs all day than go in afore 'em. If I'd on'y been in the room when they got here, I shouldn't keerd. Siah, you shall go in fust, if I live."

"Not as you know on," said Siah. "I should look well goin' fust when it's your company."

"Come on then," said he, "right arter me. Mind and keep close to me now, and not leave me standing all alone, like the liberty-pole in Squire Beady's lot."

Bracing himself into an attitude of great courage, he approached the door with a firm and decided step. He faltered a little at the threshold, gave a glance at his glistening shoes, another to the sleeves of his new coat, compressed his lips more firmly, drew his fingers through his hair, and then boldly entered.

"Where on airth is Nabby gone to?" said Mrs. Dawkins. As she spoke Nabby was discovered in the rear of her brother and the four Cawleys, having, like the former, been so unfortunate as to be absent from the room when Seraphina and Judithina arrived.

"This is my darter Nabby, that I told you about," said Mrs. Dawkins, "and this 'ere young man," grasping her son's reluctant arm and drawing him forth from the midst of the Cawleys, "is my son Jeemes. He's naterally a little bashful at fust, but he'll soon get over it."

"How do ye do, ladies? I hope to see you well," said he, bowing and coloring, while, as a last resource for having no employment for his hands, as he had no watch chain to play with, and as they had all the time been very much in his way, he thrust them into his pockets; a movement which was instantly succeeded by a jingle of metal, much too sharp to admit of the imputation of its being nothing but copper.

Seraphina did not wholly suppress a giggle, but Judithina, by the manner she received and answered his inquiries, must I think have obtained a hint



respecting the admiration with which she had inspired him; for, I am sorry to say, that she would not probably have been withheld from following Seraphina's example by any superior benevolence of feeling. The entrance of several others, including Dr. Mixum, was a great relief to James, as the latter drew the attention of all present. He was a bustling, brisk-looking little man with a sharp, eager physiognomy, and immediately fell to shaking hands with those assembled without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction even to Seraphina, and my cousin. He then addressed a few words to Nabby in particular. "I'm charmed to see you look so blooming this evening, Miss Dawkins," said he, "even though such roses as yours may be somewhat inimical to the interests of the votaries of Æsculapius."

"Do you 'spose," said Mrs. Whittaker, grasping the skirt of Mrs. Dawkins' gown as she was passing her, "that the Mr. Eskerlapus the Doctor spoke on, is a relation of his'en?"

"I don't take it that he is," replied Mrs. Dawkins. "Dr. Mixum often speaks of him, and I expect that he's a brother physicianer, and one of his most intimate friends."

Nabby's cheeks looked much more like peonies then they did like roses, as she stole a sidelong glance at Ralph Stebbins, who appeared quite fidgety, while the doctor was addressing his sweet-heart.

Turning suddenly to Seraphina, "Was it a general time of health in Boston, when you left?" said Dr. Mixum.

"It was," she replied.

"I've had serious thoughts of going there myself," said he. "This is a respectable place—very respectable, but I want a wider field for the exercise of my professional skill. I am not what is called a regular bred physician. My genius is too buoyant—too soaring to submit to be bound down by the rules imposed, by what is called the Faculty. I am bold to say that I have so far penetrated into nature's grand arcana, as to be able to select those roots and herbs, the juices of which, when properly concocted, will, if taken in sufficiently large quantities, cure any disease under the sun."

"Nothin' but roots and airbs, mind ye, Miss Feeswind," said Mrs. Dawkins. "Dr. Mixum has nothin' to do with their pison minerals. Doctor, I make a pint of takin' a spunful of the trade you call a Univarsal Remedy, every mornin'."

"And I make, no doubt, ma'am, but that you derive great benefit from it," said Dr. Mixum.

"I sartainly do, for I tell ye there's a terrible sight of vartue in it, let who will think to the contrary."

"And have you taken some of it, Miss Nabby?" said he, turning to her with a smile.

"No, I haven't, nor don't mean to," she replied, in a tone of voice not more remarkable for its suavity than her words.

"Nabby's a great enemy to anything that's bitter," said her mother.

"Or old either," said Nabby, which the doctor did not or affected not to hear.

"You would like some of my pills better, I suspect. They contain all the essential ingredients introduced into my grand double-compound mixture, or Universal Remedy, but in a more condensed form."

"And then, Doctor, there's that good 'intment of your'n, sich as you gin me to put on my wrist when I spraint it. Why, 'twas raly amazin' how soon it began to soople the cords and sinners, and make 'em soft and plierble."

"Yes," said Dr. Mixum, "I came near forgetting the liniment. Permit me to assure you, Miss Feeswind, that there is not a sprain, dislocation, fracture, or a fever in any of its phases, that can stand before 'Mixum's Incomparable Liniment,' so called—and my 'Grand Double-compound Mixture.'"

Mrs. Dawkins now sent Nabby out to put on the tea-kettle, and as tea soon followed, I will for the present bid you adieu, leaving you to imagine the inroads, which were made in the pudding and beans, apple-pies and pumpkin-pies, and above all the mince-pies—"stuffed full of reasons,"—on which, I assure you, Miss Whittaker feasted to her heart's content. Ever yours,

HERSEY MAYBERRY.

### LETTER III.

DEAR HETTY: After tea, Seraphina and my cousin exchanged significant glances several times while listening to Dr. Mixum, and I soon found by a few remarks that I happened to overhear, that they felt satisfied that in him they had discovered the incognito poet. I suspect that the doctor overheard some of their conversation as well as myself, for he approached them and addressed them with a very self-complacent air.

"Before tea," said he, "Mrs. Dawkins did me the honor, to speak in terms of the most exalted commendation of my Incomparable Liniment, and as I understand that both of you are votaries of the celestial Nine, I will, if you please, repeat a few lines, with which, in a moment of inspiration, I apostrophized it."

He then, his "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," while he gesticulated with both head and hands, recited the subjoined lines:

"Go forth to earth's remotest bounds,  
Heal bruises, sprains and ghastly wounds:  
The joint displaced—the fractured bone,  
Thy matchless virtues still will own.  
With wrinkles on the brow of age,  
Successful warfare thou wilt wage;  
Before their conqueror they will flee—  
They'll know thou art their enemy.  
Yes, matchless liniment! still keep in motion.  
Supplying those that need thee, one and all.

Until an insect can drink up the ocean,  
Or till a turtle round the world can crawl;

for, *mors miseretur nemini, nec divitis, nec pauperis*, which, being translated into our vernacular tongue, means, Death pities no one, neither rich nor poor."

"There, that is what I call worth hearin'," said Mrs. Dawkins, who, during the recitation, had kept reeling backwards and forwards in her chair, so as to keep time to the measure. "And Miss Feeswind, did you observe, how dreadful solemn that Lating sounded? I know every word of the *varses* by heart, and the Lating too, 'cause, you know, Dr. Mixum, they're printed on the box of linnerment you gin me."

"They are, ma'am," said he, bowing; then turning to Miss Feeswind, and my cousin, "although," said he, "I value this good lady's opinion, as springing from an unsophisticated mind, I presume, it will be no harm for me to confess that the approbation, which I see painted on your countenances, is still more flattering, for though you have but just arrived at the years of adolescence, I have been informed by a young friend"—and he looked smilingly towards my brother John—"that you have woven wreaths of poesy from the choicest and most delectable flowers that were ever refreshed by the waters that flow from the heights of Parnassus, and which are so mellifluous that they fall on the tympanum of the ear—speaking of the ear, I would observe that my Liniment is an unfailing cure for deafness—like notes of celestial melody. Permit me to assure you, my young ladies, that such wreaths will never fade."

"There now, Nabby," said Mrs. Dawkins, exchanging her seat for one next her daughter, and holding a large green fan before their faces to prevent being overheard, "didn't I tell you that you would have a chance to buy a wreath of flowers for your bunnet, without sendin' by Josh Day arter it? You see, by what Dr. Mixum says, that he's heern that Mrs. Feeswind and Judy Mayberry have sot up makin' 'em while they're on their visit here, and with good fast colors too, and you know that's a great object, 'cause they look enough sight worse than nothin' arter they're all faded out."

"I don't bleve," said Nabby, "that is what Dr. Mixum meant."

"Why, Nabby, you'd make your mother out to be shaller as dishwater. I've got both ears and understandin', and the doctor sartainly said that he'd heern for sartain that both of 'em made wreaths that wouldn't fade. I shall speak to the gals about it, afore it's time for 'em to go home, and, mabby, they'll be willin' to make one for you, and take their pay in blue stockin'-yarn. That, you know, 'll suit Jeemes, for he mortally hates to have the money go for sich trinklets."

The prospect of so advantageous a trade put Mrs. Dawkins into remarkably good humor, and happening to look behind the door, where Mrs.

Whittaker sat silent and unnoticed, "I'm afear-ed," said she, "that you don't enjoy yourself, Mrs. Whittaker. Why don't you jine in the conversation?"

"O don't bother yourself to mind me, ma'am," meekly replied Mrs. Whittaker, "I'm lookin' on and larnin'!"

"How do you like the sworry?" said Mrs. Dawkins, lowering her voice.

"Why, middlin' well, ma'am. I don't raly understand all that Dr. Mixum says, his discourse is so figurey."

"Well, the doctor's so learned that it's no easy matter for him to use words to suit the curpacity of them he talks with. Now, as I told Aunt Jemima Kinnacum, I'm naterally of sich a quick turn, I'm never a mite put to it to onderstand him. Everything he says is always perfectly plain to me."

As Mrs. Dawkins turned from Mrs. Whittaker, she saw that her son had seated himself by Ruth Kinnacum, and that, from appearances, he was as well pleased with her as before he had seen my cousin Judithina.

"Jeemes," said she, "come this way a minute—I want to speak to you."

"Why, on airth," said she, drawing him aside, "don't you pay some attention to Judy Mayberry! I thought you'd takin' sich a likin' to her, that you didn't mean to have anything more to say to Ruthy."

"I said Judy was a pretty gal, and so she is, but she aint a mite prettier than Ruthy."

"But you must consider that Judy 'll have a great fortin. I've been told for sartain, that her father's got a power of brick housen in Boston, and that ary one 'em is as big as a meetin'-house."

"Well, mother, you know as well as I, that there's two sides to everything. I've been thinkin' the matter all over, and calcerlatin' the advantages and disadvantages in my head, jest as 'xact as I would a sum in the rule of three; and cum to put one agin t'other, I b'leve, 'twill be full as well for me to have Ruthy. She's jest as smart as a steel trap, and can do all the house-work herself, and the spinnin' and weavin' into the bargain. Now, if I should have Judy, there must be one hired gal to wait on her, and two more to wait on the hired gal; and I tell ye, that with on'y one pair of hands to throw in at the door, and three or four to throw out of the winder, there would soon be an end of her great fortin."

"Well, have it your own way—if you're a mind to have Ruthy, have her; I've nothin' to say agin the gal; but with all your calcerlation, I've the vanity to think that I could work the keerd a leetle more cur'ouser than you do. If you don't think of Judy for a wife, you mite make sure of her friendship and good will, by bein' perlite and attentyve to her; and then, you know; when you go to Boston to sell the perduce, you might not on'y git an invertation to go to her fa-

ther's and put up, instead of goin' to a tavern—but you might, like's not, find 'em good customers. You know, the apple-trees you grafted with the scionsees Squire Beady gin you, begin to bear a desput sight of russetings and sweetings, and if you on'y git on a sociable footin' with the old gentleman, mabby, he'll buy all his winter apples of you, and let you set your own price, for I've heern he aint a mite stingy."

"Well, I declare there's somethin' in what you say; and I guess, I'll watch my opportunity, and have a leetle talk 'long o' Judy."

"That's right—now go along, and set down in that cheer afore anybody else gits it, and if you can't think of anything else to say to her, ask her to say over some of the verses she's made up."

The prospect of a night's lodging, and two or three meals gratis, was not to be trilled with; he therefore followed his mother's advice, by taking possession of the vacant chair. After satisfying himself that his throat was perfectly clear, by several emphatic a-hems, he addressed Judithina.

"Look here, you," said he, "if you've a mind to, I don't keer if you say over some of them 'ere yarses I've heern you made up."

She made many excuses, but as Dr. Mixum, and several others, joined in the request, she concluded to comply.

"Which would you recite," said she to Seraphina, "the Lines to the Moon, or, the Meeting of the Lovers in a Shady Grove?"

"The Meeting of the Lovers is my favorite," said Seraphina.

"It will be mine too, I know," said my brother John.

"Lest I should give you reason to suspect that I am adiahorous to the subject in agitation," said Dr. Mixum, "I would observe that it is one which is as remarkably adapted to the muse, as is my Grand Double Compound Mixture to the diseases of the human frame."

The Meeting of the Lovers in a Shady Grove was, therefore, decided on, which Judithina recited, as follows:

"Rosilla walked forth to the shady grove,  
Where Philander she hoped for to meet,  
And the birds were singing their songs of love,  
In strains seraphicly sweet.  
A mighty prince in disguise was he,  
And a humble peasant-maid was she.  
He came not, so she sat herself down,  
Beneath a green willow-tree,  
And gracefully fell her russet gown,  
On the flowers so lovely to see.  
Her tears fell fast, and on them lay,  
Like pearly gems in the morning ray.

A noise!—his step it seemed to be,  
Hastening towards the willow-tree,  
Then came a rustling of the boughs,  
And she half feared 'twas but the cows,  
Cropping the green and trembling spray.  
Slowly she raised her eyes—no, 'twas not they,

But a young man decked in jewels and gold,  
Most superb and most splendid to behold.  
She started up like a frightened fawn,  
And from the spot would soon have been gone,  
Had not a voice she knew full well,  
Enchained her like some wizard's spell.  
'Tis Philander's voice,' said she,  
And he replied, 'tis surely he—  
A peasant no more, but a mighty prince,  
As this gold and this jewel will you convince.  
So fair Rosilla when you marry me,  
A high and noble princess you'll be."

"There, Dr. Mixum," said Mrs. Dawkins, when Judithina had finished her recitation, "them yarses is, what I call raly divartin': They e'en jest come up to yourn settin' aside the place, where you brought it in so cur'ous about the insect drinkin' up the ocean, and the turkle crawl-in' round the world. The place that told about the rich prince put me in mind of a song I used to sing when I was a gal. There was nine-and-forty yarses in it; I wish I could think of the whole on 'em, and I would sing 'em for the diversion of you and the rest of the company. I've a nateral voice for singin' the same as Nabby has, on'y I think mine's a leetle hair the most powerful. Howsomever, the substance of 'em was, a rich prince fell in love with a gal, that was poor as a church-mouse, but terrible handsome. Now it so happened that there were three other gals, that lived in the same neighborhood, and they every one on 'em fell in love with the prince, a circumstance that naterally made them inemies to the one he'd taken a likin' to. So they contrived all manner of means to spite her, but as good luck would have it, he found out their wicked tricks, and sentenced 'em all to be ixecuted. Though I've forgot the chief of 'em, the two windin' up lines were so purthetic like, I shall never forgit 'em, if I live to be as old as Mithusaler. You see that the prince was comfertin' and consorelin' his bride as 'twere, by tellin' her that there was no danger of their ever ventin' their spite on her any more, and then he says,

'Ome hang-ed, one drown-ed, one burn-ed shall be,  
So there'll be the sorrowful eend of all three.'

And 'twas sarvin' on 'em right, I say, 'cause they dearved it; but for all that I'd always kind of pitied the critters, 'specially when I thought how't humbled 'em to be made sich spectacles on. Now Judy—Miss Mayberry, I mean—the on'y thing I've agin your yarses is, they break off too short. You ought, arter recitin' the cur'osity to sich a degree, to 'ave told what kind of a weddin' gound she had. Now the gal that was married to the prince, I've been tellin' ye on,—her name was Sukey, I b'leve—now, next to Nabby, I always thought that Sukey was one of the prettiest soundin' names I know on—but, as I was sayin', the gal I was tellin' ye on, was married in a gound the prince gin her, and, if my memory sarves me, the ground work was the

color o' the sky, and had the sun, moon and stars all pictered out on't jest as naterel as life, in goold and silver and dimons. But never mind—yourn are fust rate fur as they go, and I mistrust by Nabby's looks, for I watched her pretty narrer, that she liked 'em as full well as I did, and so, I guess, you did, Jeemes—didn't you now?"

"Why, yes, I liked 'em pretty tol'erable well."

"I knowed so by your looks. Why don't you tell Miss Mayberry what part struck you most sinsibly."

"Taint likely she cares," said he.

"O yes, I do," said Judithina, "I should be delighted to know what particular passage was most to your taste."

"Well, on the whole," said he, "I think I liked that place best, where it spoke somethin' about the cows browsin' in the woods. It made me think of our old Brindle, for she's ravin' distracted arter browse always in the spring o' the year, but she's a fust rate cow, so we put up with it."

"That did sound naterel," said Mrs. Dawkins; "but you know I'm inclined to be a leetle more fancifuller than you are. Now that place seemed to strike me most, where it mentioned the wizard. I expected nothin', but that it would turn out that the tarnal critter had cast a mist afore the gal's eyes, and that the goold and jewels the young man was dressed out in, would turn out to be all a sham. But, Dr. Mixum, you don't say a single word about 'em. Is 'pose you'll say, I've talked so fast, you couldn't."

"By no means, ma'am—my exalted expectations were more than realized. Such a variety in the measure—such an inimitable mingling of the trifstful and the sparkling, that it makes a whole so judiciously blended as must suit every taste, the same as my Incomparable Double Compound Mixture agrees with every constitution."

"La, doctor, you always contrive to bring in everything you want to jest as slick as ile," said Mrs. Dawkins, then turning to me. "Look Hepsey," said she, "your brother Tommy and Mr. Dawkins are talkin' together jest as stidy as a mill about the new-fangled plough that's lately interduced, and I don't believe they've heern a word of Judy's varses. Mr. Dawkins never thinks of anything but farmin' and polartics, and I guess, your brother's pretty much like him. Edmund Thatcher, too, seems to be talkin' quite airnest about't, for all he's got the name of bein' sich a great Latin scholar. There, as true as I'm alive, Ralph Stebbins has got along side of our Nabby. Now, I don't despise Ralph Stebbins 'cause he's poor, but I do think it's nothin' more than rationable, that the granddarter of a major should look a little hair higher. I'll warrant Dr. Mixum will feel pretty much riled, if he takes notice how sociable she is with him, and not to blame 'nother."

Mrs. Whittaker, finding that there now began

to be more speakers than hearers, thought that she might venture to speak with the rest.

"Miss Dawkins," said she, "I've been a botherin' my head so all the evenin', tryin' to contrive who that Mr. Eskerlapus can be, Doctor Mixum spoke on, that it's come pretty near spilin' all my comfort; and I've now jest thought whether or no it aint a rich widdewer that Aunt Jemima Kin-nacum was tellin' me on t'other arternoon. All I could do and say, she wouldn't tell me his name, but she said he was a great friend to the doctor, and had made a power of money specleatin'. By what I could find out, he's arter a wife, and Aunt Jemima, I ruther guess, thinks she stands a good chance to kitch him."

"He may be arter her money," said Mrs. Dawkins, "but he aint arter her, I'll be bound. You know she had the matter of five hundred dollars left her by her brother Life a few years ago. Life was an old bachelder, and left his brothers and sisters five hundred dollars a piece. If my memory serves me, there were six on 'em, besides Aunt Jemima—two boys and four gals. Zeb was the oldest and married Pol Beady, old Squire Beady's youngest sister. Jinny come next and she married Ned Beetle, a brother to Jocky Beetle—then there was Lovey, and she married old spetacle Brock. They called him spetacle Brock's son, 'cause he always wore green glasses. The next was Ben—he lart a shoemaker's trade—sarved his time along with Zeke Brown, and married Zeke's sister. The three youngest were gals—Jemima, Beckey and Tildy. Beckey married Enos Hines, and Tildy married Jake Hines, but he wa'n't any related to Enos. Jake was light complected, and Enos was near upon as dark as a murlatter. But I declare, I've got clean a way from the subject we were talkin' on. I shouldn't wonder if the pairson Aunt Jemima meant, was the very one Dr. Mixum talks about so much. I've been goin' to ask him about him a hundred times, but some how, I never could come at it very handy, but I'll ask him now if I live."

"Well, ma'am," said Mrs. Whittaker, "don't tell him that you axed him on my account."

"Don't be afeared—I won't say a word about you. You're sertain, the one Aunt Jemima meant wa'n't a doctor."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm sertain of that."

"Well then, when I speak to Dr. Mixum about 'em, I shall call 'em squire, for I'm well enough varsed in the nater of mankind to know that it's better to alevate pairsons a leetle above what they raly be, than to fall one hair below. Dr. Mixum," said she, raising her voice, "I don't know but you'll think, it's none of my business; but for sertain reasons, that I'll tell you some other time, I've a great cur'osity to know who that Squire Eskerlapus is, I've heern you speak on so often."

"Squire Oscar Lapus," said he, musingly, "pardon me, ma'am, but I don't remember to

have ever had the honor of being acquainted with such a person."

"Why, doctor, you can't be so forgetful, as all that comes to. I've heern you speak on him over and over agin, and always in a way as if you sot a great store by him."

"Ah!" said he, "a light begins to dawn upon my mind—

Through the mists of error, there breaks a light,  
Like Luna, (Luna I would remark means the moon,) *Like Luna* piercing the clouds of night.

The mood poetic, sometimes comes upon me un-awares; the indulgence of which, I hope, all will pardon. I think, Mrs. Dawkins, that it must be *Æsculapius* you refer to. A slight difference in the manner of your pronounciation, ma'am, together with your conferring on him the title of Esquire, bewildered me a little at first. But your mistake was very natural, ma'am—very natural indeed, and very pardonable—not at all to be wondered at, ma'am."

"Well, it's no great matter whether he's a squire or not. My main object is to find out where he sprung from, and if he lives eny where in these 'ere parts."

"He's merely a being of the imagination, ma'am—

One, who seated high in fancy's realms, I oft invoke,  
But one, I never saw—one, to whom I never spoke—

that is to say in reality."

"The land! I'd no idee of that. I'm sure I always thought he was jest as much of a real pairson as you are. And I sha'n't give it up yet; but what he is," she added in an undertone to Mrs. Whittaker—"for some reason or other, he don't want me to find out who he is—but I'll work him, you see if I don't."

Seraphina, and my cousin appeared to be wonderfully pleased with Dr. Mixum's extempore rhymes; many expressions of admiration, uttered in a subdued tone, passing between them. Of this he was perfectly conscious, and by the manner he looked through an open door into the shadowy depths of a passage that led into the back entry, and by the unconscious utterance of the word roses and posies, he was evidently elaborating in his mind a couplet of somewhat softer import, when his attention, as well as that of all present, was arrested by an unlooked for and somewhat romantic incident, which I will relate to you in my next letter.

Ever yours,  
HERSEY MAYBERRY.

## MY GRAVE.

BY MARY E. LEE.

WHERE shall my grave be? Where?

And can one heart be found  
That doth a human impress bear,

And treads this being's narrow bound,  
That hath not look'd o'er earth's wide face,  
And sought to find its resting-place?

There is not *one*, for thought

Is given unto *all*;  
And man, though with vain passions fraught,  
Can never hush its secret call;  
Existence hardly knows its worth,  
Before it learns of "earth to earth."

There are some hours in life,  
When the free soul must spurn  
Its turmoil and its empty strife,  
And, like the weary captive, yearn  
To burst the bar that seems so frail,  
And lift the future's inner veil.

No matter where we lie,  
Together or apart;  
Whether our friend or foe be nigh—  
Yet it seems pleasant to the heart  
To claim a fellowship of clay  
With those we lov'd in being's day.

The grave can yield no breath  
To make its secrets known,  
Yet with the mystery of death

There comes a soft, clear under tone,  
Low whispering that a presence dwells  
Unknown to us, in those dark cells.

Each living soul, perchance  
Springing from out its tent,  
In glorious intercourse may glance  
Amid the boundless firmament,  
Then resting in its fragile mould,  
Mingle a knowledge, all untold.

Alas! their fitting theme  
No mortal tongue can tell;  
We, earth's poor prisoners, cannot dream  
Of *mind*, when, bursting from its shell,  
It soars to an immortal sky,  
And seeks to find immensity.

Too daring is the thought  
For being's lowly space,—  
These needless yearnings must be taught  
Their fruitlessness, till face to face  
We meet upon that starry shore,  
From whence the lost return no more.

Yet may my last abode  
Be where a loving band  
May deck with flowers my burial sod,  
And make the spot a pleasant land  
For souls to rest in, when they hold  
Communion, as in days of old,

# AMELIA; OR, A YOUNG LADY'S VICISSITUDES.

A NOVEL.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 263.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by L. A. GODEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER THIRD.

### THE GILLINGHAMS.

IN resuming her usual habits and occupations, our heroine soon recovered her tranquillity. She made no attempts at forced gayety, but her natural vivacity, though checked for awhile, returned as her wounded heart began to cicatrize. She went out as usual, but not *more* than usual, and as no one spoke to her of Percival Grafton, she had no occasion to speak of him. But in little more than two months, she heard incidentally that he was enjoying the delights of Paris, where he had obtained the *entrée* of fashionable English society, and was talked of as the successful suitor of a nobleman's seventh daughter. Hers was not the love that can continue when reciprocation has ceased, and when esteem for its object is diminished. Percival Grafton had "been weighed in the balance and found wanting," and her thoughts dwelt on him no longer.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Cotterell was expecting the arrival from Europe of her only sister, Mrs. Gillingham, who, after a long residence abroad, was returning home with her husband and children.

Mr. Gillingham, on succeeding to some property left him by his father, was very willing to yield to the persuasions of his wife and retire from all ostensible business; in short, to "give up the shop," and thus administer to her pride, and to his own love of ease. But they soon found that their income would not enable them to live in what is called style. To reduce their establishment within their present means, or to add to those means by resuming the desk and the counter, seemed out of the question. Therefore the Gillinghams concluded on expatriating themselves, and seeking beyond the Atlantic, a home where they might live as idly, and economically, and obscurely, as they pleased. By traveling in cheap conveyances, putting up at inferior houses, seeing no sights, and making but a very short stay in any of the large cities where they were likely to be recognized by their countrymen, the Gillinghams contrived to visit the chief countries of the Old World at a small expense; and consequently with a small portion of even such enjoy-

ment as was most congenial to their tastes. Yet it was some consolation to think that, should they ever return to America, they could always say they had actually been in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; even if, after all, they should chance to know less about the remarkable features of those countries than they might have learnt from staying at home, and reading guide-books. Each of their children was born in a different part of Europe. And by the time they had five, the Gillinghams were tired of economical traveling, and they settled down successively in two remote French villages, where they vegetated several years. Then longing to be among people that spoke their own language, they settled for another series of years in two different English villages; equally obscure, and more dull, but less uncomfortable than those of France. In this delectable manner they had dragged through twenty years of Europe, till they could bear it no longer. So they determined to return home, and see what America had now in store for them; or rather to try what could be made out of their wealthy relative Mrs. Cotterell.

The correspondence between the two sisters had languished for many years, as is generally the case where there is no congeniality of mind or heart. Their letters, never confidential, had become few and concise; for Mrs. Cotterell grew very tired of writing in a manner that was in no instance reciprocated. For certain reasons, she refrained from mentioning Amelia at all; knowing that the circumstance of her having adopted a child was likely to give great offence to her sister, and produce very unpleasant animadversions that might end in an entire cessation of intercourse. If, by any chance, Mrs. Gillingham should hear of the fact, Mrs. Cotterell thought it would then be time enough to explain its details; and by concealing it as long as possible, years of enmity might be avoided. Also, she knew that Mrs. Gillingham would talk about it to every American she met with abroad. Still her plan was not a good one, and its effects were at length most painfully manifested. It is true the secret had been disclosed by Amelia to Percival; but there was no fear of its being circulated by him.

On hearing of the intended return of the Gillingshams, Mrs. Cotterell wrote to invite them to come to her house on their arrival, and make it their home while looking out for a permanent residence.

They immediately took her at her word; hurried to Liverpool with all possible dispatch; had a surprisingly short passage; and arrived unexpectedly soon at New York. Entering the bay with a strong and favorable wind, the ship came to anchor at the wharf before Mrs. Cotterell knew what vessel they were coming in. Half an hour afterwards, the whole Gillingham family were entering her door; and with her inherent goodness of heart, she gave them a most kind reception.

Mrs. Gillingham had never been so handsome as her sister; and the lapse of twenty years, passed neither agreeably nor comfortably, had not at all improved her looks. Also, the society she had of necessity been accustomed to in Europe, being very inferior to that which she deserted on leaving America, had wrought an unfavorable change in her manners and feelings. Mr. Gillingham had sunk into a mere reflection of his wife.

There was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of their children, whose ages ranged from twelve to eighteen, and who were all born in different kingdoms; Maud Mary in England; Ninette Natalie in France; Bianca Beatrice in Italy; Leopold in Belgium; and Wolfgang in Germany.

Mrs. Cotterell now found herself in a most embarrassing situation with regard to Amelia, and would have given worlds if from the day of adopting her, she and her husband had frankly acknowledged the whole truth, and represented their *protégée* as she really was, the child of other parents. The arrival of the Gillingshams so much sooner than she expected them, had so taken her by surprise, that she had formed no plan either for disclosing or concealing the true history of Amelia; and for the present she could think of nothing but to introduce her as her daughter. She named her as such with downcast eyes, and burning cheeks.

"Daughter?"—exclaimed Mrs. Gillingham. "You astonish me, Caroline! I never knew you had a daughter. Why has she been suppressed? Or rather, why has her existence been a secret only to your sister?"

She then fixed her piercing gray eyes full upon Amelia, and observing that young lady's confusion, increased it by saying—"I never saw a daughter so strangely unlike both father and mother. Children generally resemble either one parent or the other."

"To be sure they do!"—echoed Mr. Gillingham.

Their own five imps now raised a chorus of—"I'm like pa! I'm like ma! I'm like pa' and ma' both—everybody says so!"

In a few moments Mrs. Cotterell rallied, and

requested her sister to accompany her into the boudoir. There she confided to her the history of Amelia's parentage and adoption, which Mrs. Gillingham heard with a look of horror.

"Is it possible?"—she ejaculated—"that after being guilty of the folly of taking on you the charge of a child belonging to strangers, you could add to this folly the sin of concealing it so many years; and, in fact, acting a falsehood all the time; hoping to get her along by hiding the lowliness of her origin; and thus shamefully deceiving your friends and the world."

"In what way has any one been injured by this concealment?"—inquired Mrs. Cotterell, endeavoring to suppress her resentment at this unceremonious attack, and to speak calmly.

"In what way?"—exclaimed her sister. "The dreadful consequences are yet to come—and be assured they will. Punishment even in this life, however slow, is always sure. To pass over the sinful concealment of the truth, is it nothing to have been for so many years wasting your substance on this girl that was none of yours; and thereby defrauding your blood relations, and diminishing the amount of what they have naturally a right to expect at your death? Gillingham, come here"—opening the door, and calling in her husband, who obeyed instantly. "There"—continued his wife—"we have little pleasure to expect in returning to this wretched country; for Caroline has just informed me that the girl in the next room is not even her own child, but was regularly adopted by herself and her husband; and is the daughter of a vulgar Dutchman that keeps a tavern or ale house somewhere up the country. And of course she has given Miss Amelia a costly education, and accustomed her to every sort of extravagance, and wasted thousands of dollars on her already."

"Shameful!"—ejaculated the husband. "I could not have thought of such conduct in Mrs. Cotterell."

"And why not?"—replied that lady. "Had not my husband and myself a right to indulge ourselves with the society of a lovely and affectionate child, and to expend on her improvement and her happiness, a portion of the wealth acquired by his own industry, and for which he was indebted to no one?"

"And I suppose she is to be your heiress too?"—vociferated Mrs. Gillingham, waxing furious. "Say, say, tell me if she is not?"

"No doubt of it!"—echoed her husband.

"Why need you ask?"

"I shall answer no such questions!"—said Mrs. Cotterell, indignantly. "Yet of this you may assure yourselves—in treating Amelia as a daughter during my life, I most certainly intend she shall be provided for accordingly, after my death."

"What right?"—cried her sister, frantically—"what right have you (or any one else) to leave your money away from your own blood relations?"

"What right, indeed?"—repeated her husband.

"Sister"—said Mrs. Cotterell—"I insist on doing as I please with what is certainly my own. And I desire that the fact of Amelia's being an adopted child shall not by you be published to the world. I confess my regret that it has been hitherto suppressed; for I now think it would have been far better to have made no secret of the truth, but to have spoken of it frankly from the first. Still, as that unhappily was not done, I cannot at once conquer my reluctance to make the avowal public just now. Therefore I insist on the secrecy of yourself and your family, till I myself see a fitting time for the disclosure."

"The longer the deception is continued, the greater the sin"—said Mrs. Gillingham.

"Much greater"—said Mr. Gillingham.

"Understand me once for all"—resumed Mrs. Cotterell. "You and your family are welcome to remain in my house till you have procured and prepared a home for yourselves. But it must be on the express condition that there shall be no recurrence to this topic, and no hints, even distantly alluding to it. I will not have my peace invaded, and myself insulted under my own roof, even by my sister; much less by her husband."

"Is this your idea of family affection?"—exclaimed Mrs. Gillingham—"or even of common hospitality?"

"Of the commonest hospitality even!"—cried Mr. Gillingham.

"No more"—said Mrs. Cotterell, laying her hand on her sister's arm. "I am sorry, indeed, that after a separation of twenty years, our meeting should prove so stormy. But I hope you will, on reflection, be convinced that no advantage can possibly accrue to you from acting or talking in this manner. Therefore let me counsel you to change your tone; to treat Amelia and myself as ladies should be treated by a lady."

Mrs. Cotterell then returned to the drawing-room, where she found Amelia trying to make acquaintance with the young Gillinghams. She silently sat down to recover something of her tranquillity, which had been greatly disturbed by finding that time and collision with the world had not rubbed off the asperities of her sister's character, or rendered Agnes Gillingham a wiser or a better woman.

After awhile the door of the boudoir opened, and Mrs. Gillingham came out with a forced smile on her face, and a forced softness in her voice. Mr. Gillingham ditto. Approaching Amelia she took her hand, called her "dear niece," and made a flattering speech ending in a compliment on her *air distingué*. Mr. Gillingham followed suit. His wife then went up to her sister, whom she kissed, congratulating Mrs. Cotterell on having so lovely a daughter. Mr. Gillingham did the same, except the kissing. Mrs. Cotterell now concluding that peace was restored, (at least outwardly,) waived her resentment, and they all went amicably to such a din-

ner as her guests had not seen for many long years. Mrs. Gillingham was very amiable all the afternoon; and entertained her sister and niece with the delights of France and England, though the boys undutifully insisted that they had lived chiefly at Chargay and Joigny in the one country, and at Thrapstone and Beccles in the other; seeing but a glimpse of Paris and London. In Italy they had known most of Radicofani; in Belgium of Tongres; and in Germany of Munchberg.

The evening passed away without any fresh outbreak on the part of the Gillinghams, who all grew sleepy and retired early. Mrs. Cotterell spared the feelings of Amelia by refraining from any detail of the dialogue in the boudoir; and Amelia made no remark on the relatives of her more than mother.

Next day, Mrs. Gillingham, knowing that the articles of dress they had brought from Europe were far inferior to those generally worn by the ladies of America, proposed accompanying her sister on a shopping expedition; saying—"I suppose I must get some things conformable to New York fashion. I will not say taste, for the only taste here seems to be a *parvenue* recklessness of expense. In Europe there is a natural gentility among the best classes, which renders costly apparel quite superfluous."

Truth was, no one had a greater liking for costly apparel than Mrs. Gillingham herself; but necessity had prevented her indulging in it while abroad. And in Europe, as in America, the best articles command high prices. Mrs. Gillingham was tiresome and difficult in her shopping; was certain that the things were not real French, and complained of their great inferiority to similar things in Paris, and still more of their "frightful prices." But whenever Mrs. Cotterell made a purchase for herself, her sister condescended to say—"Well, I believe I will take the same. Caroline, for the present, let it be charged with yours. We will settle it hereafter." The articles were charged to Mrs. Cotterell; but the time never came when her sister proposed a settlement.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gillingham, accompanied by the boys, was calling on some of his old acquaintances; and Amelia was taking his daughters on an exploring ride in the carriage, the effect of which was that the three young ladies, English, French and Italian, all united in despising New York; Maud Mary having been born at Hastings; Ninette Natalie at Dieppe; and Bianca Beatrice at Saluzzo. They concluded that (if New York was a fair specimen) America must be a poor place. Amelia, more amused than offended, allowed them to go on without attempting the useless trouble of controverting anything they said. Sophia Fayland, who came next day with her aunt to call on the Gillinghams, had less forbearance; and soon there was open war between her and Maud Mary.

Several weeks passed on, and the Gillingham



family could not fix on a house; though there were many to let, and the first of May was not far off; neither did they show any disposition to remove into lodgings. Why should they, when they found themselves so well accommodated at Mrs. Cotterell's—well at least for them, though not for her and Amelia. Towards our heroine they now affected the most profound respect, and the most ceremonious civility. Mrs. Gillingham herself would frequently start up to hand Amelia a chair on her entering the room, while Mr. Gillingham bustled wildly about to find her another. The children were checked whenever they said anything rude or impertinent to her, and she was besought to forgive them, and excuse their want of American manners. At all this the blood of Sophia Fayland was continually boiling, whenever she was present.

Mrs. Pelham Prideaux did not call on the Gillinghams; therefore the most ultra-fashionable friends of Mrs. Cotterell did not take them up; and Mrs. Derrington dropped them. So they complained greatly of American incivility. Now they had never been taken up in any part of Europe, having a peculiar talent for being unpopular everywhere; which talent perhaps might not have been so universally and so soon discovered if it had been gilded by wealth, or glossed over by station.

Sophia Fayland's visit to New York was now drawing to a close, and she received a letter from her mother, informing her that Major Fayland would be in the city towards the end of the ensuing week, and would then take her home. Mrs. Fayland, in her letter, sent a pressing invitation for Miss Cotterell to accompany her friend Sophia, and if she liked it, to pass the summer at the fort.

Sophia was wild with delight at the prospect of having Amelia with her at her own home, and of having her all to herself; away from the perpetual annoyance of the Gillinghams.

Amelia's only objection to accepting the invitation, was that of leaving her mother to endure their guests unassisted. But Mrs. Cotterell, the least selfish of women, saw that Amelia's peace was continually disturbed by their ill-concealed spite and jealousy oozing out from beneath the thin covering of overstrained courtesy. Also, she thought that when the chief object of their antipathy was no longer before their eyes, their malignant feelings would subside for want of daily exercise. And she every hour dreaded being brought to the painful necessity of informing her sister, that seeing the improbability of their being happy under the same roof with the beloved child of her adoption, or allowing Amelia and herself to be so, she must request them to seek another residence.

Finally, Amelia was prevailed on to comply with Mrs. Fayland's invitation, so far as to consent to go home with Sophia and pass at least a month at the fort.

At the appointed time, Major Fayland arrived, and found Amelia ready for her journey. The Gillinghams were so delighted at the prospect of getting rid of her for awhile, that they became absolutely loving; smothered her with kisses at parting; and even put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, when they saw that she and her mother were really in tears.

Mrs. Derrington grieved at losing the society of Sophia, for whom she had acquired as much affection as she could feel for any one; and her last words were a pressing invitation for her niece to spend the ensuing winter with her.

Mrs. Fayland was a charming woman, and an excellent housewife, and knew well how to assist in making a garrison life comfortable and pleasant. At a military post, as the real circumstances of every inhabitant are and must be well known, pretension would be useless, and display absurd. The rank and pay of each member of the little community being of course perfectly understood, no one affects more than they can justly claim, and no attempts are made at unnecessary and unauthorized show. Our heroine enjoyed the change from the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of city life, and found enough to amuse and enough to interest her. Also, she liked extremely the society around her. The officers were all men of high education, and polished manners, and the ladies were kind and friendly. It is true that all the young people were in love, according to the custom of the army; and the belles being already paired off, there was no particular beau left for Miss Cotterell. The generous Sophia Fayland, in the enthusiasm of her friendship for her beloved Amelia, would almost have resigned Captain Camplin, had he shown any disposition to be thus transferred. Yet though she magnanimously set forth to him all the perfections of her beautiful and accomplished friend, he remained honorably true to his first love.

A flourishing town was in the immediate neighborhood of the fort, and a fertile and well-settled country behind. All the principal inhabitants of the neighborhood were on terms of intimacy with the officers; and consequently, much attention was paid to the charming guest of the commandant's family. There were sailing parties on the lake; riding parties through the woods and hills; pic-nics out of doors; and dancing and other diversions in doors; also the music of a fine band. Amelia's letters to her mother were bright and cheerful, and Mrs. Cotterell replied as much in the same manner as possible, considering that the Gillinghams were still with her; though she forbore to make any complaint about them.

Five weeks had passed rapidly away, and our heroine, though delighted with her visit, became uneasy at receiving no reply to her last letter. Fearing that things were not going on well at home, she became anxious to return, and to assist her mother in the hard task of getting along with

the Gillingshams. Mr. and Mrs. Mitford) a gentleman and lady from the neighboring town), were going to New York; and Amelia gladly availed herself of their offer to escort her thither. She wrote to inform Mrs. Cotterell that she was coming, and of the exact time when her arrival might be expected, as the purpose of her companions was to proceed directly on.

When the time of departure came, Amelia took leave of her friends at the fort with deep regret, and many tears; and to Sophia the separation was heart-breaking.

In due time they arrived at the city of New York; having descended the Hudson from Albany in one of the night boats. On reaching the wharf, Amelia was surprised to find that her mother's carriage was not there, waiting to convey her home; and she looked in vain for one of the servants, with even a message for her. Mr. and Mrs. Mitford were very desirous of seeing her to Mrs. Cotterell's door, but unwilling to cause them any delay or trouble that could be avoided, she insisted on their proceeding at once to the hotel at which they intended to stay; after Mr. Mitford had engaged a hack for her, and seen her into it with her baggage carefully put on.

When Amelia arrived at her mother's house, Jasper, one of the men-servants, came to the door; and as she entered the vestibule, and accosted him as usual, she was surprised with the strange expression of his countenance, and at his making no reply to her question "if all were well." Instead of answering, he opened the door of the front parlor, the windows of which were closed, and said—"There, Miss Amelia, please to go and rest yourself on a sofa, till I have your baggage brought in."

Amelia began to tremble, fearing she knew not what; and in attempting to inquire farther, the words died on her quivering lips. In a moment, came in Mrs. Cotterell's maid, a Connecticut girl named Susan, who on looking at Amelia, wrung her hands, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter?"—exclaimed Amelia. "What has happened? Where is my mother?"

"Oh! Miss Amelia!"—cried Susan—"Mrs. Cotterell is dead and buried! She died on Tuesday, and was buried yesterday. Oh! have you heard it? But I see you have not. Nor of her illness neither. To think that the vile creatures never wrote to you about anything. But they'll suffer for it, some way—that they will. Your poor, dear, excellent mother was taken suddenly with a fit, and she never spoke, nor moved, nor knew anything after it; and she died the ninth day."

The girl stopped on perceiving that Amelia had fallen back in a fainting fit. She called hastily for assistance, the female servants all gathered round her, and the two men carried poor Amelia up stairs, and left her to the care of the women, who resorted to the usual means of restoring consciousness.

When Amelia revived, Susan dismissed the women, and our poor heroine found herself, not in her own spacious and handsome apartment, but in a small back chamber on the third story, usually appropriated to the seamstress who was occasionally employed by Mrs. Cotterell. She looked round bewildered; but the next moment all other thoughts subsided, and her only idea was that of her mother, and the dreadful announcement of her mother's death.

"Oh, Miss Amelia!"—cried Susan—"how ashamed we all are that you should be taken up to this bit of a place. But, indeed, it is the room Mrs. Gillingham has set aside for you—this, and no other. Oh! oh! my heart bleeds to think how she is disgracing you. And disgrace you she will, more and more—that you may depend on. Your own nice, beautiful room she has given to her eldest daughter, that Maud Mary thing with a name as ugly as herself. She has strewed her own brats all about, every one in a separate room, (set them up with it, indeed!) and she's more hateful than ever, and her husband a greater fool, and the children more impudent. And we are all going away as soon as we get suited with places. There's no abiding her English ways, and her French ways, and her own vile ways, that are worse than any. Oh! what a change from dear, good, kind, sensible Mrs. Cotterell. Poor, dear Miss Amelia, how pale and wild you look! Poor, dear young lady—for you *are* a lady, and *they* aint. No, not one of the whole fry. If you could only cry and shed tears, you would feel better. Try to cry, dear Miss Amelia."

"Oh, my mother, my dearest mother!"—said Amelia. "Is she, indeed, dead? She was ill—she died—and I not with her!"

"She would not have known you, even if you had sat beside her all the time"—proceeded Susan—"for after her fit she knew nothing. Oh! Miss Amelia, your dear good mother had a hard time with this sister of hers, and all the ugly family. If it was not wicked, I could wish they had all been sunk in the bottom of the sea, before they got home to America. Why did they not stay in their beloved foreign places? Who wanted them back?—I've always heard that folks who have lived a great while abroad, are never fit for their own country again—I'm sure these aint. Skipping their help in every mortal thing, and having all sorts of mean ways with us, and calling us servants besides. However, that last is not to be borne any way; so they'll soon have a clear house of us. Poor dear Mrs. Cotterell! What a life they led her. They were a great deal worse after you went away. If she had not been the best and kindest lady in the world, she would have ordered them all out, bag and baggage. She never said a word about them to any of us—not even to me; but kept it all to herself. May be, if she had broke out, and talked about them as they deserved, she might have been alive this day. There's nothing

does people more good than talking over their troubles, instead of smothering them up to prey upon their minds—even doctors say so. One morning the whole of the Gillinghams were at your mother, all at once, down in the back parlor. And, as most of us were passing the door nearly all the time, we could not help catching something now and then. They seemed to be abusing you, Miss Amelia, and she only had a chance of getting in a word now and then. At last, they talked themselves all out of breath, and Jasper declares he heard Mrs. Cotterell tell them, they must seek a home in another house. Then they all flew out like wolves and tigers, and turkey-buzzards, children and all. So she left them, and went to her own room, and threw herself on the bed, and a violent headache came on her; and at dinner-time she could not come down, and she sent them word to go to table without her. So I went up to see if I should bring her something up-stairs; and I was frightened to see how strange she looked, and I ran and called Sally, and we found the poor dear lady was having a fit, and we alarmed the house, and Jasper ran for the nearest doctor, and she was bled, but it did her no good. And she knew nothing and nobody, and lay motionless, and spoke no more—but she lived till the ninth day, and then went off as if going quietly to sleep."

Amelia now burst into a torrent of tears, and, burying her face in the pillow, sobbed convulsively. And Susan wept, also.

After a while the girl continued her narrative.

"As to the Gillinghams, the wicked unnatural creatures, none of us thought they had much sorrow in their hearts, though they went about with dismal faces, and were continually saying to the friends, who came to inquire after Mrs. Cotterell, that everything was done for her that could be, and that nothing was spared that could possibly do her any good; and that they had sent for two of the greatest doctors in New York—and, therefore, their conscience was clear. And think of their pretending to the visitors that they had sent for *you*, and written to you as soon as she was taken ill, and they wondered you put off coming on immediately—for they had wrote for you three or four times."

"False! false!"—sighed Amelia.

"To be sure, it was false"—proceeded Susan—"but lies cost them nothing, as I shall prove presently. Well, there was, of course, a very large funeral, for Mrs. Cotterell had lots of friends, (both up town and down), and because there were so many people to see them, the Gillinghams pretended to take on violently, and Mrs. G., as we call her, over-acted her part, and showed that her grief was altogether a sham. Well, after the funeral was over, Mr. Gillingham invited as many of the company as chose, to return to the house; and some did. Then all the servants (as they call us) were ordered up, and we gathered round the parlor doors. And then after a great

deal of humming and hawing, Mr. Gillingham spoke, but she soon took the words out of his mouth, and finished the story. And what do you think it was—They actually had the assurance to say that you, Miss Amelia, were not Mrs. Cotterell's daughter, nor any kin to either her or her husband; but that you were only an adopted child, and that your parents were common Dutch people away off in Ohio. Did you ever hear such vile nonsense? None of us believed a word of it!"

"It is too true!"—cried Amelia—"Oh! my dear, my beloved mother! Can I ever think of you by any other name?"

"Is it indeed true?"—ejaculated Susan—"How very sorry I am to hear that—dear, dear Miss Amelia—hold out, and don't own it. Everybody will believe *you*, and nobody will believe the Gillinghams—"

"I *must* own it, for it is absolutely the truth"—sobbed Amelia—"My dearest mother disclosed the secret to me, some months ago."

"Dear me!—I don't know what is to become of you, then"—said Susan, very sorrowfully—"You've fallen into bad hands—the baddest ever was."

"Susan, good Susan"—faltered Amelia—"leave me for the present—I wish to be alone. Should I want any thing, I will ring the bell."

"And then I will come to you directly, poor, dear Miss Amelia"—said Susan, wiping her eyes as she quitted the room.

When Susan had departed, Amelia gave herself up to a paroxysm of the most frantic grief, till exhausted nature subsided into a melancholy quiet. Happily none of the Gillinghams came near her. She remained in her room; and for two days saw only Susan, whom she entreated to speak of them no more.

On the third day Mrs. Gillingham made her appearance, and the sight of her mourning dress gave a fresh pang to the heart of our unfortunate heroine. Mrs. Gillingham came in, holding a handkerchief to her face, which she removed on taking a seat beside Amelia—"Still on your bed, Miss Helfenstein!"—said she.

Amelia started at the name—the color rose to her cheeks, but immediately subsided, leaving them even paler than before. She tried to answer, but was unable to speak; and Mrs. Gillingham continued—

"Perhaps, Miss Helfenstein"—(she evidently took a malicious pleasure in repeating the name)—"perhaps, you are not yet aware that your benefactress has left you nothing."

"I am not"—faltered Amelia.

"Then it is time you should know it. Most probably, my lamented sister thought that she had done quite enough for a strange child in no way connected with any member of her family, (and the child also of poor parents,) when she had educated you expensively, and brought you up, and equipped you in the style of a young lady.

No doubt, she felt that having already lavished so much upon a child that did not belong to her, it was but just that the wealth she leaves behind, (for no one, in quitting the world, can carry their property with them,) should all go into its natural channel, and devolve upon her only sister, and her sister's children."

"I care not for her wealth"—said Amelia—"I think of nothing but herself."

"Do not talk so absurdly"—said Mrs. Gillingham—"you will soon find that you will *have* to care. Pray, how do you intend to live?"

"My dear, dear mother!"—sobbed Amelia.

"Miss Helfenstein"—resumed her tormentor—"you have no right to call *my* sister your mother—that farce is over—and you must go back to the name that belongs to you. Mrs. Cotterell left no will; at least, none that can be found, after a strict search among her papers."

"Surely, she must have made one"—said Amelia.

"Girl!"—exclaimed Mrs. Gillingham, furiously—"do you mean to insult me—How dare you insinuate such a thing!"

"Insinuate what?"—inquired Amelia.

"That there *was* a will, and that we have suppressed or destroyed it. Only say that—only hint at it again, and you shall be prosecuted for slander. I defy you to prove it—you or any one else."

"Mrs. Gillingham"—said Amelia—"I have no spirits to reply to you; I can only say that I am not accustomed to this tone and manner. I have always been treated as a lady—as the daughter of a lady."

"So much the worse for you!"—exclaimed Mrs. Gillingham—"It would have been well, (and you will find it so,) had you been treated like what you really are—the child of a Dutch tavern-keeper."

Amelia covered her face with her handkerchief, and fell back on the bed. Mrs. Gillingham continued—

"Yes—it is an unwelcome truth, no doubt. But then it *is* a truth—and one that ought to have been published long ago. However, the whole town must be ringing with it, now. My business with you to-day is, to ask what you intend to do. Can you expect to live on here, and be still supported by those who have no right to do so? Remember, there is nobody now to pet and pamper you."

Amelia shook with emotion, but could not speak; and Mrs. Gillingham proceeded—"Come, come, no more of this nonsense—'tis quite time there was an end of it—you have been allowed to indulge your grief ever since you came home, or came here rather; for I need not tell you that this house is now mine. See how *I* am supported to bear the loss of one, who was really a blood-relation to me, though she *did* unjustly waste her substance on persons who were none. What can be the affliction of an alien adopted

into the family out of mistaken charity, compared with the feelings of a real sister. And yet, you see how *I* am supported—I ask again what are your plans?"

"I have none"—said Amelia—"at least none, as yet."

"Then 'tis time you had. Though you deserve no kindness from me, I am now going to speak to you as a friend. It will do you good to exert yourself; and you must speedily set about getting your own living. The best thing you can do is to look out for a place as teacher in a school. You might keep a school yourself, only that you have no capital to begin with, and it requires money to take a house and furnish it. You will have to be a teacher—it is the best way of turning to account the accomplishments for which you are indebted to my sister's mistaken generosity, and on which she wasted so much money that ought to have been saved for her heirs. I leave you to reflect on this; and shall expect an answer this evening."

She then left the room, to the great relief of poor Amelia.

In about a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Gillingham returned, and again taking a seat beside her—said—"Miss Helfenstein, upon consideration, I think I would not have much objection to taking you myself as a governess, and giving you an asylum in my own house. My eldest daughters are so nearly grown up, that they want nothing more than a year's finishing at a fashionable seminary. But Bianca Beatrice might learn something from you, as she is rather backward in her education. So I'll engage you for a year, at twenty-five dollars per quarter, which is high wages for a private governess, considering that you will be found in board and lodging. You will be expected to put out your washing and ironing. You will not come to table, of course. Governesses in England never do; at least in genteel families. But there can be easily some arrangement made about your meals—they can be sent to you up stairs. No doubt you would prefer it, for it may be irksome to you to eat with your superiors. I rather think I will give you a larger apartment than this, on account of Bianca Beatrice, who must sleep in the room with you, as neither of her sisters are willing to be troubled with her, and she is fearful at night, and has always to be coaxed to-bed, and wakens and screams out at the least noise. You shall have a couch beside her bed. And now here's another thing—I hope you don't intend to wear mourning. It will be a useless expense, and you cannot now afford it. Besides, no one will expect it of you, as Mrs. Cotterell was not really your mother."

The lacerated feelings of our unfortunate heroine could bear no more; her eyes closed, and she sunk for awhile into total unconsciousness. Mrs. Gillingham immediately rang the bell, and on Susan's appearance, she pointed to Amelia lying senseless on the bed, and said—"Susan, you

see she has fainted—I leave you to get her over it at your leisure;—you need not hurry. It will do her no harm to rest awhile in quiet. You can go and finish your work, and then come back to her. These fainting people are very inconvenient."

Mrs. Gillingham then withdrew; Susan casting after her a look of indignation—and exclaiming, as soon as she had closed the door—"The hateful creature!—I'll get Miss Amelia revived as fast as ever I can."

Our heroine passed a sleepless night, in trying to compose her mind so as to arrange some feasible plan for her subsistence, now that she was thrown entirely on her own resources. To continue with the Gillinghams, as the degraded and insulted teacher of a foolish and wayward child, or indeed to remain at all in the house where her position had hitherto been so very different, seemed out of the question; and she could not for a moment regard it as practicable. But it was necessary to decide upon something. Stay there she could not, and go away she must; for she felt nearly certain that her refusal to remain as governess, would be followed by a coarse and peremptory order to depart.

On consideration she found that she still had something to live upon till she could make a beginning in maintaining herself; an arduous task for a young and inexperienced woman, brought up in the full enjoyment of all that opulence can supply. Among the numerous friends of Mrs. Cotterell there were of course many that would have sympathized with our desolate heroine, and some whose houses and whose purses would have been open to her. But her noble spirit revolted at the idea of incurring obligations which she might never be able to requite, and she hoped that in the estimation of the good and the wise, she would not sink in conceding at once to the urgencies of her new condition, and that they would see no humiliation in her honestly and honorably exerting herself to gain a living by the industrious exercise of the talents bestowed on her by nature, and improved by cultivation.

Of the money that Mrs. Cotterell had put into the hands of Amelia previous to her departure with the Faylands, she had fifty dollars yet remaining. And she possessed various costly articles of jewellery and of dress; among the latter was a valuable India shawl. All that she did not take with her to the fort, she had left locked up in the presses and bureaux belonging to her apartment, taking the keys with her; and these keys were still in her possession. As to the wardrobe of Mrs. Cotterell (including her jewellery,) the whole had been seized on and secured

by Mrs. Gillingham on the day after her sister's death.

Finally, our heroine determined on removing to private lodgings, and endeavoring to obtain pupils in music. She was conscious of playing and singing in a manner that placed her in the first class of amateur performers; and she had often been told that in this delightful art she had no superior among the ladies of New York. Inclination would have led her to leave the city where she had recently moved in so different a position, and where so many who had known her in her prosperity would witness what they might look upon as her humiliation. But her natural good sense and strength of mind conquered this lingering vestige of false pride, and showed her that it would be best to remain in a place where she was known, and where she had friends that could assist her in procuring pupils. She thought too well of the world not to hope that there were many kind hearts who would not cast her off, though no longer the reputed daughter and heiress of Mrs. Cotterell. Her chief desire now was to get away from the Gillinghams, as soon as possible.

Fearful of another interview with Mrs. Gillingham, Amelia sent her a note, respectfully but firmly declining her offer of the governess-ship, and expressing her intention of removing to a private lodging as soon as she could find one that would be suitable for her purpose, and then endeavoring to maintain herself by giving instruction in music.

She sent this note by Susan, and in about an hour received the following answer:—

MISS HELFENSTEIN.

When your insolent billet arrived, I was just going up to your room for the purpose of informing you, that on further consideration, you need not calculate on being retained in my house as governess. When I mentioned to my daughters the kind and liberal offer I had made you in your forlorn and destitute condition, they all protested against it. And dear Bianca Beatrice assured me that she had actually taken a dislike to you. You have played your cards very badly to become so unpopular in such a family as mine. I am always glad when pride has a downfall: so I wish you all possible happiness in your new situation. The sooner you begin to enjoy it the better.

Your most obedient humble servant,

AGNES GILLINGHAM.

P. S.—What are you going to do for a piano if you give music lessons?

(To be continued.)









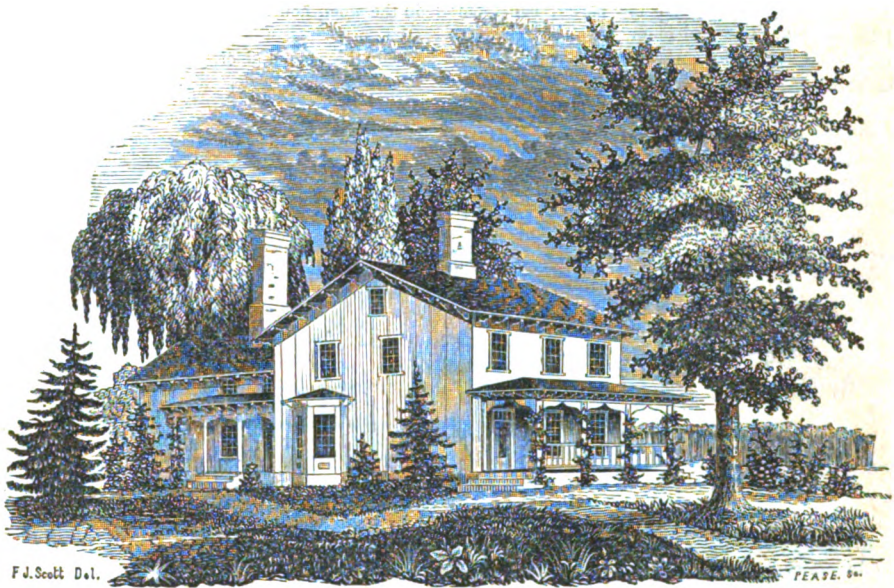








## MODEL COTTAGES.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

### *A Commodious Farm House.*

(From the Albany Cultivator.)

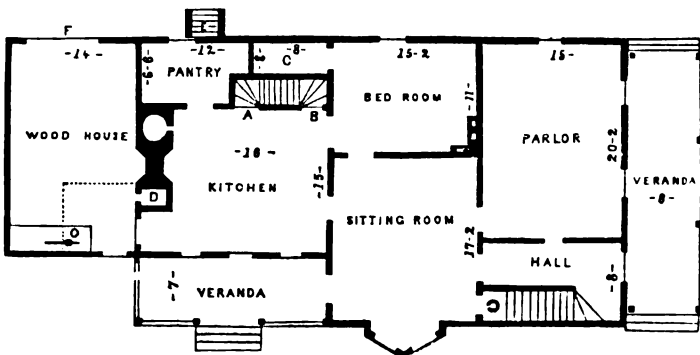
EDS. CULTIVATOR.—I herewith send you a plan and sketch of a commodious farm house. I have not endeavored, in planning this house, to get the greatest number of rooms in a certain space, or to have it most showy at a given expense, but to make it everywhere convenient, commodious and tasteful.

The main house is thirty by thirty-two feet, two

stories high, with a large, well-lighted garret. The rear is twenty-three by twenty-eight feet, including the wood house, and is a story and a half high. The first story is intended to be ten feet high, the second nine.

By a glance at the plan, *fig. 2*, it will be seen that there is a veranda extending across the front of the house. Through this we enter the hall, which is lighted by a window over the door; at the left, as we enter, is the principal stairway; on

*Fig. 2.*



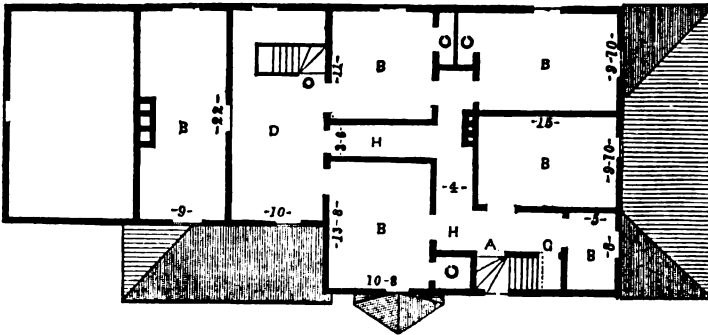
GROUND FLOOR.

the right is the parlor—a large and well-shaped room, with two windows on one side, looking out through the veranda, and one at the end, looking in another direction. Proceeding through the hall, we enter the sitting room, which is lighted by a bay window in the end, and a door-window opening into the back veranda. From this room are doors opening directly into the parlor, bed-room and kitchen. The bed-room, with the clothes-press c, is lighted by one window, and has a door

opening into the kitchen. The kitchen is entered from without, either through the back veranda or the wood-house, and is lighted by two windows looking out through the veranda. A is the chamber stairway; B, the cellar do; D, ash-bin; E, outside cellar stairs; F, large door for throwing in wood; O, cistern pump and platform. The dotted line in the wood-house represents the wall of the cistern.

On the second floor, *fig. 3*, A is the principal

*Fig. 3.*



SECOND FLOOR.

stairway; B, bed-rooms; C, closets; D is either a bed-room or lumber-room; H, H, halls; O, kitchen stairs; G, garret stairs.

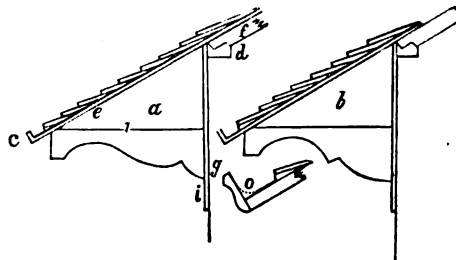
It will be seen by the perspective view above given, that the house is intended to be built in the *bracketed style*. I adopted this style in preference to the rural Gothic, not because I consider it more beautiful, but because it is less likely to be caricatured by ignorant mechanics or fashionably ambitious imitators. There is now such a passion for Gothic dwellings, that the country will soon be blotched with all kinds of gabled and rustic fantasies, and the style will be burlesqued to such an extravagant degree as to become odious. When displayed in *proper situations in the country*, the picturesque beauties of rural Gothic dwellings are unrivaled. But to see such dwellings put on town lots, or in flat, bare fields, inspires the same aver-

sion as would a bald "three story brick," situated in a quiet and picturesque valley.

I prefer the bracketed style to the common modifications of Grecian styles, for its greater availability for domestic uses, and because it is less common.

In the construction of this house the roof of the main part should extend over the walls about three feet, and the roof of the rear two feet. This, more than any other feature, will give the house a sheltered, comfortable, *home expression*. Such a projection must be supported by brackets. These may be made of almost any form to suit the fancy of the builder. *Fig. 4* represents sections of the roof projection, supported by two simple forms of brackets. *a* is a neat and common form; *b* is less common, but very pretty. In the cut, *g* represents the side of the house; *i*, frieze; *e*, roof-boards and

*Fig. 4.*



PROJECTION OF THE ROOF.

shingles; *c*, eave trough; *d*, plate; *f*, rafter. The part below the dotted line represents the brackets as displayed at the gables. The brackets should be cut out of two, or two and a half inch plank. The frieze should be of thick stuff, put on in the usual way. To this the bracket must be firmly nailed or mortised. The roof-boards to be nailed on to the brackets must be smoothed on the under side, and nicely jointed. The eave-trough is made by nailing a board at right angles to the board that projects over the bracket, as at *o*, and lining it with tin. In order that the roof may not come down too far over the upper windows, it will be necessary to make the top of the plate about two feet or eighteen inches above the floor of the garret, which will make the posts of the house about twenty-two feet long.

It will be seen that there is but one chimney, and no fire-place in the main house. Stoves, in

consequence of being more economical of fuel, and giving a more even heat, are now pretty generally preferred to fire-places. There being no fire-places, there will be no need of mantels, which, with fire-places and extra chimneys, are quite an item of expense. If a shelf is wanted for a clock, a short one can be put up where needed, supported by neatly carved brackets—opposite the bay window in the sitting-room would be an appropriate and convenient place.

The cellar can be made under the whole house, or merely under the kitchen part.

*Estimate.*—I am not able to make a very close estimate of the cost of this house, if neatly finished throughout; but, from the opinions I have gathered from builders, I think it cannot be built as it should be for less than \$1,800. This is supposing that the proprietor bestows no labor upon it himself.

F. J. SCOTT, *Toledo, O.*

## THE LAMENT OF THE MOTHERLESS.

BY CHARLES H. HAYWOOD.

At the lone midnight hour the maiden seeks her mother's grave, and there communes with the departed spirit.

Oh! list and hear my woe, mother,  
A sad and bitter tale:  
I'm glad you cannot see me now,  
I am so very pale.  
It sure would grieve your heart, mother,  
Though you're a seraph now,  
To see the grief and wretchedness  
Imprinted on my brow.

My heart is very sad, mother,  
As sad as it can be,  
But, oh, when life seems dreariest,  
I love to think of thee.  
I love to think of thee, mother,  
And remember how you smiled,  
And said once, while caressing me,  
I was your darling child.

Oh! those were happy days, mother,  
But, ah! they quickly fled;  
I have not seen one like them since  
They told me you were dead.  
My cup is running o'er, mother,  
With grief, and care, and pain;  
I drain the dregs, and tears restore  
Its bitterness again.

There's a cruel woman now, mother,  
Who lords it over me,  
With a heart more chill, and harder  
Than iceberg on the sea.  
She treats me very ill, mother—  
For that I little care,  
But her cruel slandering of thee  
Is more than I can bear.

I could have braved the whirlwind, mother,  
The earthquake or the storm;  
I could have boldly greeted death  
In any shape or form:  
But I cannot bear to see, mother,  
That stranger-woman tread  
By father's side as you were wont—  
I wish that I were dead!

I have no friend but you, mother,  
And you are far away,  
And so I mourn my wretched lot  
The livelong night and day.  
There is no one cares for me, mother,  
I hear no soothing tone,  
But the sad thought presses heavily  
That I am all alone.

I see a little star, mother,  
Apart from all the rest,  
Like a warbler that hath wandered  
From the parent songster's nest.  
That little star is mine, mother;  
When it shall fade away,  
Then shall my weary soul escape  
From this encumb'ring clay.

I see the star turn pale, mother,  
I see it slowly fade:  
Oh, blessed star, death soon shall free  
This lonely little maid.  
I shall not see the day, mother,  
Nor miss its golden light;  
I'll be with you in the morning—  
Oh, mother dear, good night!

## NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

### ARTISTIC INTELLIGENCE.



THE Summer jaunts are over.—The latest loiterer among the mountains is once more a fixture, with brick and mortar surrounding. The whilom wanderer over the hot sands of Saratoga has dropped quietly out of the "Glass of Fashion," con-

tent to let himself glide with the "upper ten" through the fashionable hour-glass of Chestnut street or Broadway. The gentleman farmer, no longer making ambitious pretensions to the "mould of form," betakes himself steadily to the mould of his farm—and last, not least, the rejuvenated Artist comes back to his studio and his easel with a heart full of beauty and portfolio full of sketches, prepared to wreak himself and all the glories that have Daguerreotyped themselves within his brain, upon the willing canvas of the coming winter-time, and—take a long breath, dear reader—it shall be no fault of Godey's if the world does not keep advised of his well-doings, and rejoice with us in his successes.

"Man is nothing without his mountain!" exclaims the venerable Priessnitz—and when we think of the blessings which flow from these fountains of health—pure air—pure water—clouds, rainbows, rosy cheeks—free thoughts and free actions, we can well share the sagacious German's enthusiasm; and it is to these annual "crises" of prickly heat which drive men from the feverish rounds of city life to the green fields and beside the still waters, that the world owes what little of health of body and soul there is yet to be found in it; while to the Artist these annual escapes from crowds and conventionalities to the glorious companionship of Nature, must be seasons of unspeakable worth, of "noble purposes and high resolve."

THE SCHOOLS OF ART—both the ANTIQUE and LIFE SCHOOL—are open to respectably-numerous classes, though there is abundant room for more; and our young aspirants for artistic honors should lose no time in hesi-

tating, but begin at once, assured that whatever expense of time or money it may cost, will be returned to them a thousand fold. And our old 'uns should not scorn to follow a good example, if they would not have their pictures go out of fashion before the varnish is fairly dry upon them! But to return to our re-turners.

MR. WINNER has been "taking off" the heads of some of the good people of Carlisle and its vicinity, and with his well-known powers of "execution," it is to be presumed that—though they may be constrained to "hang their heads"—they have not missed any part of a figure by the operation—and, while the artist is *Winner*, they are sure to be *gainers*! Mr. W. has found the time to make some pretty sketches of the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood—and a design for Miss Lynch's forthcoming volume, which is deserving of a larger canvas. "Wasted Fountains" is the subject, and we need only say that it is worthy of the Poet and of the Artist.

MR. HAMILTON has been at his usual post on the Hudson, and if old Anthony has not telegraphed the ancient welcome, with thumb on nose and extended digits—gun-cotton must answer for it; and if the shores of Sing Sing and the Palisades are not paved with pictures, it will be because they are "up to trap," and not so *easy* taken. Mr. H. has several pictures of Hudson River Scenery in progress, evincing his usual brilliancy of effect and knowledge of color; and if he could contrive to throw a little more nature—American nature—and a greater air of reality over his canvas, he might make magnificent pictures.

MR. LAMBDEN has returned from a successful professional tour to that part of this great country where a *painter is a lion*, and a great artist a great novelty; and we doubt not Mr. L. has made many happy hits at the heads of the people in the far southwest, which will result in pleasure to the patron and profit to the painter. Mr. L. may be found at his usual residence in Chestnut street.

MR. CUSHMAN has been paying court to the White Mountains, and we know not what pretty water spirits beside them; but we are sure that, with such a wilderness of beauties for a dwelling-place, with one fair spirit for a minister, we should not find such scenes "bad to take." To come down from mountains to miniatures, will our readers do themselves the favor to step into Mr. C.'s studio, Sansom and Seventh street, and take a look at the charming miniatures of this accomplished artist, which for color, character and infallibility of likeness, are not to be equaled. The painter of such miniatures as Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, Miss Lynch and Mrs. Walsh, should not be allowed to waste his time in a *graver* way, though bank-note vignettes go ungraved to "the crack of doom."

MR. ROTHERMEL's new "*Cortez*," which has been some time on the easel, draws towards completion, and will add to his reputation as an artist and a thinker. We are not quite sure of the title of the picture, but the hero is represented on the "morning after the melancholy night," surrounded by his near followers—the wounded and the dying—as they are brought from the disastrous field—soldiers quarreling for "the spoils"—the "smoke

of burning cities blotting the sun"—and all that renders war the glorious horror that it is—a picture that, in these times of "*peace conquerors*," may be seen with profit, if not with pleasure, by your "lovers of honorable war."

MR. R. has kept his picture purposely *low in tone*, as required by the sombre character of the sentiment and the early morning hour; and the struggle between the dawning day and the lingering twilight is most happily conceived and rendered. The figure of *Cortez* is a very noble impersonation, full of concentrated thought and suppressed energy. The group on the left, the wife binding up the wounded arm of her husband, with her regard half fixed on her child lying before her, is sweetly painted; while the two soldiers in the foreground, quarreling for the golden prize between them, are very powerfully conceived and vigorously drawn. In a word, for conception of character, expression, careful detail, tone and effect, this is the very best of Mr. Rothermel's efforts.

MR. WAGNER is up to the eyes in portraiture; and his happy hits at likeness and rapidity of execution make sitting to him a treat. His ability in this line seems to be fully appreciated by our citizens, and he is having a great run. We saw a pair of small fancy pictures at his room, which, when finished, will be very pretty. A young girl dictating a letter to one of the scribes so common in the street of Rome, with her bashful, half-pouting air, while the timid confession goes on, and her back turning more and more to the inquisitive old amanuensis, tells the story of the "Love Letter" very neatly—and "The Reply" is equally well pictured in the same pretty figure leaning eagerly over the chair of the same "old unloving scribe," and drinking with rapt earnestness each word that falls from his unconcerned lips. The figures are tastefully drawn—the coloring effective—and whoever gets this "Love Letter" and "Reply," need not fear a heart-ache for their pains.

MR. WILLIAMS has been engaged in filling the "vacant panel" in an old mansion in Delaware; and if he has done justice to his fine abilities, the panel, with its pretty wood scene, will never seem "vacant" to the loving groups which cluster around the old hearthstone.

MR. READ is occupied on a series of heads for the embellishment of the first volume of his "*PORTRAITS OF THE POETS*," and it cannot be doubted that they will add to his reputation as an artist—as the work in question will in a literary point of view. They are to be placed in the hands of the engraver immediately.

LEUTZE's fine picture of "*Edvard Fourth and the Countess of Salisbury*" still remains at Mr. Earle's on sale; and though the price placed upon it is above what the artist may have received, it is surely not above the value of the work, which is as beautiful in execution as it is charming in color and exquisite in effect.

"*Vandyke and the Miller's handsome Daughter*" is the title of a new picture of the Flemish school, lately brought out by MR. JACOB SNIDER, JR., which gives a good idea of the style and execution now practised in that school. It is by a young artist of the name of GREGOIRE. The great painter is represented seated on a fragment of ruined wall, in the open air, a sketch book lying beside him, and before him a pretty "female woman" in peasant costume, a basket of flowers in her

hand, and a face which the painter evidently thinks "worth looking at." The artist is, of course, all attention to this new "object;" and you almost expect to see him begin the sketch which immortalizes her in the altarpiece he painted for that church there, with its odd-looking spire just over his left shoulder! The canvas is large—six by eight feet—the figures life size, and painted with great care and fidelity; the coloring sober and well-considered, and the whole thing, though not a work of great genius, will be looked upon with pleasure by all admirers of elaborate portraiture of Nature's fair proportions. MR. M. W. BALDWIN is the present owner of the picture, to whose beautiful mansion in Spruce street it forms a fitting ornament.

BUT no work of art which has reached us from the Old World has created a more lively sensation among all lovers of painting than "*The Return of Columbus to Barcelona*," by LEUTZE, just received from Dusseldorf by MR. JAMES FERNES, of Pine street. Whatever high expectations may have been raised by the former productions of this distinguished artist, they are more than realized in this splendid production. With a beauty of coloring which is almost dazzling, there is as perfect an outworking of character as under the graver hues of the "*Anne Boleyn*," and a force of effect which beckons you to the picture from whatever distance the eye may glance upon it. The figure of Columbus, as he ascends the golden steps of the throne, is full of manly dignity and conscious power; and the beaming expression of the queen, as she leans forward to welcome the "world-finder," pressing her pretty palms to each other as if to prepare them for a warmer contact, is absolutely enchanting. You feel that there was a true elective affinity that bound those two great hearts to each other—that the one look of that loving woman could repay whole years of anxious care and unrequited toil! The king is graciously forgetful of his dignity and stoops to the hero with open arms—the monarch of might bends before the monarch of mind! ISABELLA is the sovereign of the hour. Throughout the whole vast assemblage, the joyous magnetism of that noble soul diffuses itself like sunshine. The color (that key note of the artist's thought) is as rapturously brilliant as the tone of a bugle. The whole thing is a triumph—a harmonious pan of praise to the conqueror of two worlds. The draperies are beautifully painted, so beautifully that it were needless to particularize. The group of Indians ("Native Americans" of the genuine sort) bearing in the fruit, plants and precious metals conquered from the newly-discovered world, afford a fine field for the display of the artist's perfect mastery of the figure, which he has availed himself of with consummate skill and effect. The figures throughout are beautifully arranged, the masses of light sustained with admirable skill and breadth, and out of the fifty-seven figures which unite to swell the harmony of color and tone, not one of them could be spared without a manifest marring of the beauty of the whole. But where all is perfect, it is needless to dwell on parts. We can only hope that our readers will go and see for themselves, assured that whatever they may expect of LEUTZE's great and poetical mind, in this picture of the "*Triumphant Return of Columbus to Barcelona*," there can be no disappointment.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on  
With a resistless, unremitting stream,  
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,  
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow  
And carries off the prize.—*Blair*.

THIS comparison of Time and the stream is old, but none the less impressive. We feel truly as though our "Book" is ever on this rolling wave, and our voyage seems never-ending. While the pleasant breezes of popular favor waft us thus steadily onward, we should be hardly conscious of the lapse of time were it not for the record we must make at the close of the year that another volume is completed. This close of the *thirty-fifth* volume of the Lady's Book is a memorable event in the periodical literature of our country. It is the oldest literary monthly in America, and none can boast such undeviating and great success. We are grateful to our host of friends, the tried and true of many years. We shall still depend on their favor, and trust that the commencement of the New Year and the new volume will find them all with us.

"And who art thou who boastest of thy life of idleness, complacently showest thy equipages, sumptuous cushions, appliances for folding the hands to sleep?"

"In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the waters under the earth, is none like unto thee."

So says the oracular Carlyle—and he might have added, that such an idle one was never an editor. And besides being always active, there is another condition in an editor's life, that of always finding out the new and beautiful. Notwithstanding the wisest of men declared long ages ago that there was nothing new under the sun, we shall endeavor to find several novel fashions and improvements for the ensuing year. The bright shall be brighter, the good better. Perfection has never yet been reached, nor the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" realized.

"When twin stars shine, the heavens rejoice in light and beauty," is an Arabic proverb. We have studied to understand the true meaning, and we think it must apply to the two star-like developments of the present age, the intellectual culture of the female mind and the systematic devotion of woman's talents and influence to benevolent purposes. These are great advances in the true civilization. Seminaries for young ladies are multiplied in our republic, and we have better periodicals devoted to female improvement than any other country can boast. But we have no endowed and regularly-constituted college, as they have at Glasgow, in Scotland. And there is another and better kind of college about to be established, as we learn, in London. Many gentlemen of high character and considerable influence with the middle classes of society, have determined to make a serious effort to establish "a corporate or collegiate institution of females," with somewhat similar objects in view to those of the Sisters of Charity on the continent. The proposal is, to establish an institution for the maintenance and education of nurses and visit-

ors of the sick and poor. The Bishop of London, it is said, not only sanctions the plan, but has consented to become president of the proposed institution.

An institution similar to this college has lately been established at Paris. It is called "*The Institution of Deaconesses*," and is thus described:—This institution is a vast charity establishment, in which, on one hand, Protestant deaconesses are trained for the various wants of the churches; and on the other, under their management, females who have lived in vice and are desirous of renouncing it, are received under the name of *penitents*; *sick persons* are nursed; *children* of all ages are educated, among others, *undisciplined children*, whom their parents cannot govern, and young girls who are *convicts*, whom government obliges to serve in the house the term of their imprisonment. This institution owes its existence to the Rev. Pastor Verneil, and the most valuable results may be expected from it. M. Benjamin Delassert, recently deceased, has left the house a legacy of ten thousand francs. It is an interesting circumstance, that the *municipal council* of Paris have introduced the House of Deaconesses into their budget of the present year, for a subsidy of three thousand francs, (\$562 50.)

When shall we have such an institution in America?

A lady was requested to tell what Love was like, and wrote her opinion thus:—

"*What is Love like?*" The love of the world's votaries is like a "butterfly's wing." Richly painted with gorgeous colors, it entrances the eye, and its loveliness steals upon the heart, making all but the outer covering to be forgotten; but grasp it with a firm hand and try its beauty, and, alas! the many-colored tints all fade away.

"*What is Love like?*" The love of a true-hearted friend is like a star beaming in the sky, when no other light is seen and clouds thickly surround it. It is like music that calms the troubled mind. The darker the day, the firmer the friendship. The more agitated and disturbed the heart, the more sweet and soothing are the accents of a loved one's voice.

"*What is Love like?*" The love of a Christian is like the purest diamond, like the "unsullied dew-drop," like infancy's smile, like the fragrance of sweet flowers, and like a rainbow's form. It sparkles brightest in adversity; it comes forth pure from all trials; it is humble and gentle under temptations, and it is supremely beautiful. When the spirit bids adieu to earth, and wings its way to the fountain of all love, it then decks itself in holiday attire, tunes anew its golden harp, and with a form made pure and perfect, soars far away, to chant a "*Te Deum*" of unending praise and love.

YOUTH AND FLOWERS.—Cold winter is coming, and age steals on; the flowers will fade, the young must become old. But they who can fill their veins with every hopeful, healthy thing around them, those who imbibe the sunshine of the future and transfuse life from realities not come as yet, their blood need never freeze. And such love flowers in winter, and with a little pains and care may always have a sweet, bright friend in their

parlor windows, smiling like spring, when all is cheerless abroad. The management of bulbs in glasses is very easy—the following are good hints on the subject. The bulbs best adapted for it are hycinihi, polyanthus-narcissus, van thol, and other tulips, crocus, Persian-iris, narcissus, colchicum, Guernsey lily, jonquil and others.

Spring-flowering bulbs are usually purchased in September, and the autumnal ones in July and August, and the largest and best-formed bulbs should be chosen; an abundant supply may be obtained at little cost at the seed-shops and nurseries. To be blown in winter or spring, the bulbs are placed in water in October, and so on in succession till February or March; and for autumn and early winter they are placed in the water in August and September. Dark colored glasses are the best, as they prevent the light from decomposing the roots of the plants. Rain-water is preferable to any other, and it should be changed frequently, not less than once every third or fourth day, to prevent its getting putrid; and in performing this operation, care must be taken both in withdrawing and in replacing the roots. This is necessary only till the flowers have expanded; for after this the plants may be left undisturbed until the flowers have decayed. The water which is supplied must not be colder than that which is withdrawn, or than the general temperature of the apartment.

**THE BEST COMPANIONS FOR WINTER.**—Flowers are sweet and beautiful, certainly, and we advise all our friends to cultivate flowers—but as companions in all changes and at all times, books are the true friends. Winter, cold, cloudy winter, with its long evenings, when the flowers are closed or dead—how could we pass these evenings without books?

The course of reading we have suggested to the friends who grace our Table, will, we trust, be found of much interest during the coming winter. The subject is by no means exhausted: we shall in the course of the next volume, advert to many curious and rich works, and give a short synopsis of some of the most rare and difficult to be obtained.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS are warmly thanked for their many favors, though we cannot always show our appreciation of the excellence of their articles so soon as we would like to do. Our drawers are filled with "accepted" MSS., and often these must wait months before we have room for insertion. But patience will be rewarded at last.

The following are accepted, and a number of others retained for further examination:—"Mother, Home and Heaven," "Mosaic Notes—the Illinois Gentleman," "Song of the Sunbeam," "The Evening Zephyr." The following is from a poem, "Remember the Poor," very appropriate for the season, but we have not room for the whole.

Each sweet bird of summer hath flown far away,  
And the flowers have faded and gone to decay;  
The streamlet and rill have their murmurings hushed,  
For the tyrant's cold frown has their bright spirits  
crushed;  
The evergreen only hath lingered to tell  
The fate of its kindred in garden and dell:  
Then when the fierce tempest is heard on the moor,  
Remember the poor, oh, remember the poor.

And then when thy head to thy pillow is prest,  
May good angels guard thee and soothe thee to rest;  
May the beauty be thine that springs from the heart,  
And the richest of blessings from heaven impart

Sweet solace and comfort, the purest of bliss  
That mortals can know in a world cold as this;  
And may heaven be thine when time shall be o'er,  
For thou hast remembered the suffering poor.

Rose Cottage, S. C.

SOPHIA A. LAKE.

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**—Before this number of the "Book" appears, the appointment of the important day will have been made by the governors of the several states. We do hope the last Thursday of November (falling this year on the 25th) will be the Day of Jubilee throughout the Union. The incense of gladness and thankfulness will then arise simultaneously from every part of our land, as though the universal heart of this great nation were moved by one pulse of joy and devotion. What a sublime spectacle this will be?

**A CURIOSITY.**—We received some time since by mail, *postage unpaid*, a letter, of which the following is an exact copy, *verbatim et literatim*:—

HAYESVILLE COLLEGE, Ashland Co., Ohio. }  
August 12th, A. D. 1847. }

HON. LOUIS A. GODEY, DEAR SIR:

We the undersigned being a committee appointed by the Excelsior Literary Society, of Hayesville College, for the purpose of addressing those elected honorable members of society, and requesting publications, would respectfully inform you, of your election, as an Hon. member of the above-named literary association—and that if you find it convenient, we should be very happy indeed, to receive your publications, from which we might add much to our stock of knowledge, and which would be a new incentive to application and perseverance.

Will you please, at least, to except of your election, and confer a high upon your most respectful friends—

Yours Truly,

J. E. BACON,  
J. W. ROSS, } Committee.  
L. ARMSTRONG.

Publications, letters, &c., will please be directed to James E. Bacon—Hayesville, Ashland County, Ohio.

That such a production should have emanated from a member of a literary society in a respectable college, in a county bearing the respectable name of ASHLAND, seems hardly possible. It may be a hoax, and as the signatures are apparently all in the same handwriting, we presume it is either a hoax or an attempt to obtain, through our supposed vanity and credulity, a gratuitous copy of the Lady's Book.

If it is the authorized action of a literary society, we would advise the said society, in the first place, to employ scribes who are skilled in orthography and the other parts of English grammar; and in the next place, to ascertain from parties on whom they propose to confer honorary distinctions, whether such distinctions will probably prove acceptable. For our part, we desire nothing of the kind; and with all due deference to all sorts of literary societies, we would respectfully suggest that the conferring of an honorary degree on a stranger with a view of obtaining a copy of a magazine to which the subscription is three dollars a year, is very small business, and would be stigmatized by grave scholars as an utter prostitution of literary honors.

We hope that in future we shall be troubled with no more letters of this description.

It will be seen by the following notices that our work is highly appreciated "across the water."

**THE LADY'S BOOK IN ENGLAND.**—The following com-



plimentary notice of the Lady's Book of this city is from the *West of England Conservative*, a journal of high character and fine critical taste:—

"Amongst the pleasing results of improved means of communication between the Old and the New Worlds, not the least interesting is the interchange of literature. Here we have an American periodical, published by Louis A. Godey, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and transmitted to us from the Foreign and Colonial publishing and agency establishment of Messrs. Simmonds and Ward. The publication well becomes its title—it is in very truth a 'Lady's Book,' with a selection of pleasing tales, stories and romances, poetry and music, some clever critical pieces, interesting and useful information on housekeeping, valuable notices, with illustrations of Model Cottages, and what at the present moment will be more interesting, instruction in Netting, Knitting and Crochet—a number of amusing, instructive and anecdotal pieces. Every monthly part, moreover, is accompanied with some capital steel-plate engravings, and with an illustration of the Fashions. The editor is Mrs. S. J. Hale, whose name as a writer is favorably known in this country—and the work itself is one that cannot fail to give the most complete satisfaction to the English ladies, by whom we trust it may be generously patronized. Messrs. Simmonds & Ward deserve the especial thanks of the fair sex for the introduction of so beautiful, interesting and useful a work."

From the *Ten Towns Journal*, published at Birmingham:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Philadelphia: Louis A. Godey. London: Simmonds & Ward.—Five parts of this magazine have reached us through the agency of Messrs. Simmonds & Ward, and we venture to assert that no publication would suit so precisely the peculiarities of English feminine taste. We were unaware until its receipt that our transatlantic friends had reached such a state of excellence in regard to their periodicals—its appearance has agreeably surprised us. It is not a monthly chronicle of American sayings or doings, nor does it record the yards of eloquence for which Congress is so especially remarkable. This is not its vocation—but, under the editorial management of Mrs. S. J. Hale, it contains some fifty or sixty pages of delightful reading. No startlingly terrific novels nor East-end melo-dramas are its *chef d'œuvres*, but pleasingly-written tales, most cleverly put together, with some charming poetry and some exquisite engravings—the latter, of which there are about twenty in each number, would not shame many works pretending to greater excellence and merit. Among the list of contributors it has many writers whose names are well known and whose reputation stands high. We know of no magazine written beyond the seas which has afforded us so pleasant an hour, and would gladly witness its universal circulation in England. The ladies of this country would find in its pages much to amuse as well as instruct them, and all who seek a cheerful evening's reading will be agreeably satisfied with its contents."

SOME OF THE COSTUMES WORN AT THE BALL GIVEN BY QUEEN VICTORIA TO HER MINISTERS.—The ladies' costumes—new for the occasion—were composed of the richest and most costly fabrics in silk and satin of the most elegant design, many of them remarkable for the exceeding beauty of the material in texture and color. Some wore dresses of lace of the greatest beauty and most enormous value. The dresses were most splen-

didly ornamented with diamonds, pearls and precious stones, and the head-dresses almost universally displayed magnificent ornaments of the same valuable and brilliant description.

The queen wore a very magnificent costume. The dress was of blue gauze over lilac silk and tulle, and was trimmed with roses *panachées*, white and pink. Diamonds were inserted in the roses, and the dress was also ornamented with brilliants.

Her majesty's head-dress was formed of a wreath of roses similar to those on the dress, and also ornamented with diamonds.

Her royal highness the Duchess of Kent appeared in a very splendid costume. The dress was of white-figured silk with silver, and was trimmed with red velvet and silver lace. The front, from the top to the skirt, was ornamented with bows of red velvet, having each of them diamonds in the centre. The stomacher was composed of brilliants.

Her royal highness's head-dress consisted of feathers, red velvet, and silver lace and diamonds.

THE ANNUALS. These will soon be showered upon us, bright and varied as the flowers of tulips or the leaves of autumn. We name first, because we know it best, "*The Opal—a pure Gift for the Holidays*." Edited by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. Published by J. C. Riker, New York. We took great pains to make the Opal excellent and interesting, worthy of public favor, and think we have succeeded. Read it and decide for yourself.

"*Leaflets of Memory*." Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D. Published by E. H. Butler & Co. This is a very beautiful work, and exceedingly well printed and illustrated.

"*The Christian Keepsake*"—published by Brower, Hayes & Co., is a Missionary Annual, and will be truly acceptable to the religious portion of the community. Such gift books are always "good gifts."

RODY THE ROVER; OR, THE RIBBONMAN. *A Tale of Ireland*. By Wm. Carleton. Carey & Hart. We take up any production of Carleton's with pleasure, certain of not being disappointed in its perusal. Such has been the case with Rody the Rover. Perhaps we have a particular liking for Irish stories—be it as it may, the Ribbonman is a glorious tale.

WHOM TO MARRY AND HOW TO GET MARRIED. By the author of "*Greatest Plague in Life*." Carey & Hart. Very good, but not equal to its predecessor.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Parts 5 and 6. C. S. Francis & Co., New York—Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. This work is now completed, and we would advise all who want one of the prettiest, cheapest and best illustrated editions of this amusing work, to call at once on Zieber & Co. and purchase it.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE, by Lindsey & Blakiston, with mezzotint engravings, has, we are told, had an enormous sale. It is a beautiful holiday present.

DOMBEY AND SON. No. 13. Lea & Blanchard. An admirable number. We think it one of Dickens' best works. What can equal in quiet humor the scene between Captains Bunsby and Cattle?

For want of room we have been obliged to omit our usual Ladies' Work Table and some book notices—of the former we will give a double quantity in the January number, and as regards the book notices, our friends are informed that as the January number will appear in the early part of December, their notices of books for the holidays will be in better season than if noticed now.







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